THE STRAND MAGAZINE

AN · ILLUSTRATED · MONTHLY

THE

STRAND MAGAZINE

An Illustrated Monthly

EDITED BY

GEO. NEWNES

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THE

STRAND MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1891.

INTRODUCTION.

THE Editor of THE STRAND MAGAZINE respectfully places his first number in the hands of the public.

THE STRAND MAGAZINE will be issued regularly in the early part of each month.

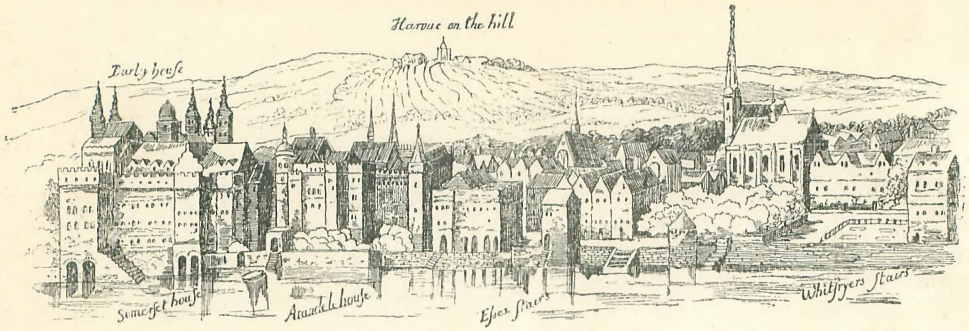
It will contain stories and articles by the best British writers, and special translations from the first foreign authors. These will be illustrated by eminent artists.

Special new features which have not hitherto found place in Magazine Literature will be introduced from time to time.

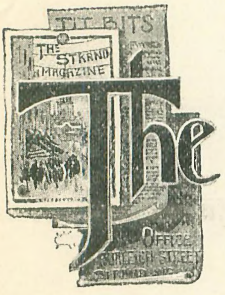
It may be said that with the immense number of existing Monthlies there is no necessity for another. It is believed, however, that THE STRAND MAGAZINE will soon occupy a position which will justify its existence.

The past efforts of the Editor in supplying cheap, healthful literature have met with such generous favour from the public, that he ventures to hope that this new enterprise will prove a popular one. He is conscious of many defects in the first issue, but will strive after improvement in the future.

Will those who like this number be so good as to assist, by making its merits, if they are kind enough to think that it has any, known to their friends.



The Strand from the Thames, Sixteenth Century



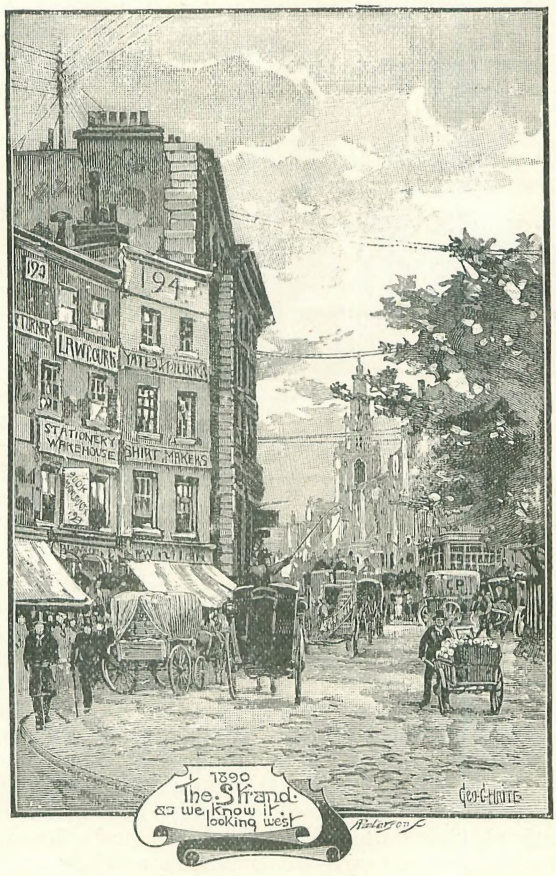
The Story of the Strand.

The STRAND is a great deal more than London's most ancient and historic street: it is in many regards the most interesting street in the world. It has not, like Whitehall or the Place de la Concorde, seen the execution of a king; it has never, like the Rue de Rivoli, been swept by grape-shot; nor has it, like the Antwerp Place de Meir, run red with massacre. Of violent incident it has seen but little; its interest is the interest of association and development. Thus it has been from early Plantagenet days, ever changing its aspect, growing from a river-side bridle-path to a street of palaces, and from the abiding-place of the great nobles, by whose grace the king wore his crown, to a row of shops about which there is nothing that is splendid and little that is remarkable. It is not a fine street, and only here and there is it at all striking or picturesque. But now, as of yore, it is the high road between the two cities—puissant London and imperial Westminster. From the days of the Edwards to this latest moment it has been the artery through which the tide of Empire has flowed. Whenever England has been victorious or has rejoiced, whenever she has been in sadness or tribulation, the Strand has witnessed it all. It has been filled with the gladness of triumph, the brilliant mailed cavalcades that knew so well how to ride down Europe; filled, too, with that historic procession which remains the high water-mark of British pageantry, in the midst of which the king came to his own again. The tide of Empire has flowed westward along the Strand for generations which we may number but not realise, and it remains to-day the most important, as it was once the sole, highway between the two cities.

What the Strand looked like when it was edged with fields, and the road, even now not very wide, was a mere bridle-path, and a painful one at that, they who know the wilds of Connemara may best realise. From the western gate of the city of London—a small and feeble city as yet—to the Westminster Marshes, where already there was an abbey, and where sometimes the king held his court, was a long and toilsome journey, with the tiny village of Charing for halting-place midway. No palaces were there; a few cabins perhaps, and footpads certainly. Such were the unpromising beginnings of the famous street which naturally gained for itself the name of Strand, because it ran along the river bank—a bank which, be it remembered, came up much closer than it does now, as we may see by the forlorn and derelict water-gate of York House, at the Embankment end of Buckingham-street. Then by degrees, as the age of the Barons approached, when kings reigned by the grace of God, perhaps, but first of all by favour of the peers, the Strand began to be peopled by the salt of the earth.

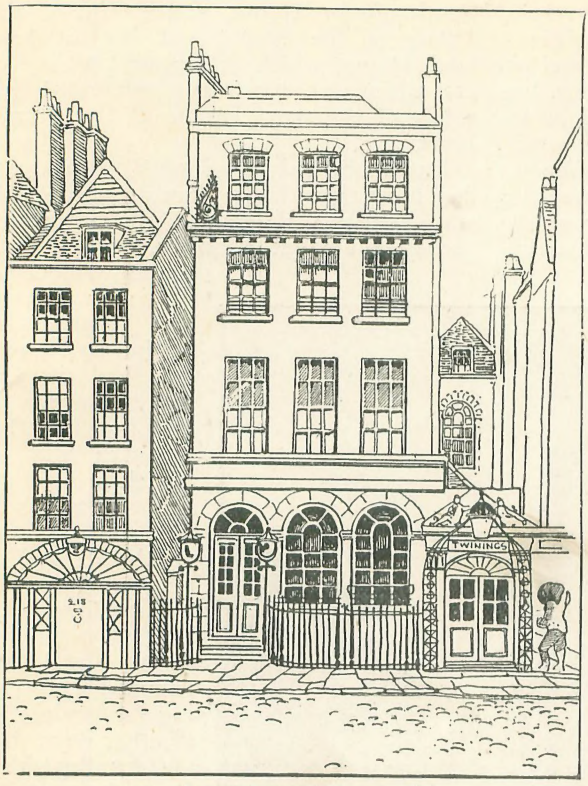
Then arose fair mansions, chiefly upon the southern side, giving upon the river, for the sake of the airy gardens, as well as of easy access to the stream which remained London's great and easy highway until long after the Strand had been paved and rendered practicable for wheels. It was upon the water, then, that the real pageant of London life—a fine and well-coloured pageant it must often have been—was to be seen. By water it was that

the people of the great houses went to their plots, their wooings, their gallant intrigues, to Court, or to Parliament. Also it was by water that not infrequently they went, by way of Traitor's Gate, to Tower Hill, or at least to dungeons which were only saved from being eternal by policy or expediency. This long Strand of palaces became the theatre of a vast volume of history which marked the rise and extension of some of the grandest houses that had been founded in feudalism, or have been built upon its ruins. Some of the families which lived there in power and pomp are mere memories now; but the names of many of them are still familiar in Belgravia as once they were in the Strand. There was, to start with, the original Somerset House, more picturesque, let us hope, than the depressing mausoleum which now daily reminds us that man is mortal. Then there was the famous York House, nearer to Charing Cross, of which nothing but the water-gate is left. On the opposite side of the way was Burleigh House, the home of the great statesman who, under God and Queen Elizabeth, did such great things for England. Burleigh is one of the earliest recorded cases of a man being killed by over-work. "Ease and pleasure," he sighed, while yet he was under fifty, "quake to hear of death; but my life, full of cares and miseries, desireth to be dissolved." The site of Burleigh House is kept in memory, as those of so many other of the vanished palaces of the Strand, by a street named after it; and the office of this magazine stands no doubt upon a part of Lord Burleigh's old garden. When Southampton House, Essex House, the Palace of the Savoy, and Northumberland House, which disappeared so lately, are added, we have still mentioned but a few of the more famous of the Strand houses.



But the Strand is distinguished for a vast deal more than that. Once upon a time, it was London's Belgravia. It was never perhaps the haunt of genius, as the Fleet-street tributaries were; it was never an Alsatia, as Whitefriars was, nor had it the many interests of the City itself. But it had a little of all these things, and the result is that the interest of the Strand is unique. It would be easy to spend a long day in the Strand and its tributaries, searching for landmarks of other days, and visiting sites which have long been historic. But the side streets are, if anything, more interesting than the main thoroughfare, and they deserve a special and separate visit, when the mile or so of road-way between what was Temple Bar and Charing Cross has been exhausted. Could Londoners of even only a hundred years ago see the Strand as we know it, they would be very nearly as much surprised as a Cockney under the Plantagenets, who should have re-visited his London in the time of the Georges. They who knew the picturesque but ill-kept London of the Angevin sovereigns found the Strand a place of torment.

In 1353 the road was so muddy and so full of ruts that a commissioner was appointed to repair it at the expense of the frontagers. Even towards the end of Henry VIII.'s reign it was "full of pits and



SNOW'S BANK: FROM A SKETCH, 1808.

sloughs, very perilous and noisome." Yet it was by this miserable road that Cardinal Wolsey, with his great and stately retinue, passed daily from his house in Chancery-lane to Westminster Hall. In that respect there is nothing in the changed condition of things to regret; but we may, indeed, be sorry for this: that there is left, save in its churches, scarcely a brick of the old Strand.

Still there are memories enough, and for these we may be thankful. Think only of the processions that have passed up from Westminster to St. Paul's, or the other way about! Remember that wonderful cavalcade amid which Charles II. rode back from his Flemish exile to the palace which had witnessed his father's death. Nothing like it has been seen in England since. Evelyn has left us a description of the scene, which is the more dramatic for being brief: "May 29, 1660. This day His Majesty Charles II. came to London, after a sad and long exile and calamitous suffering, both of the King and Church, being seventeen years. This was also his birthday, and, with a triumph above 20,000 horse and foot, brandishing their swords and shouting with inexpressible joy; the way strew'd with flowers, the bells ringing, the streets hung with tapestry, fountains running with wine; the mayor, aldermen, and all the companies in their liveries, chains of gold, and banners; lords and nobles clad in cloth of silver, gold, and velvet; the windows and balconies well set with ladies; trumpets, music, and myriads of people. . . . They were eight hours passing the city, even from two till ten at night. I stood in the Strand, and beheld it, and bless'd God." A century earlier Elizabeth had gone in state to St. Paul's, to return thanks for the destruction of the Armada. Next, Queen Anne went in triumph up to St. Paul's, after Blenheim; and, long after, the funeral processions of Nelson and Wellington were added to the list of great historic sights which the Strand has seen. The most recent of these great processions was the Prince of Wales's progress of thanksgiving to St. Paul's in 1872.

Immediately we leave what was Temple Bar, the Strand's memories begin. We have made only a few steps from Temple Bar, when we come to a house—No. 217, now a branch of the London and Westminster Bank—which, after a long and respectable history, saw its owners at length overtaken by shame and ruin. It was the banking-house of Strahan, Paul & Bates, which had been founded by one Snow and his partner Walton in Cromwell's days. In the beginning the house was "The Golden Anchor," and Messrs. Strahan & Co. have among their archives ledgers (kept in decimals!) which go back to the time of Charles II.

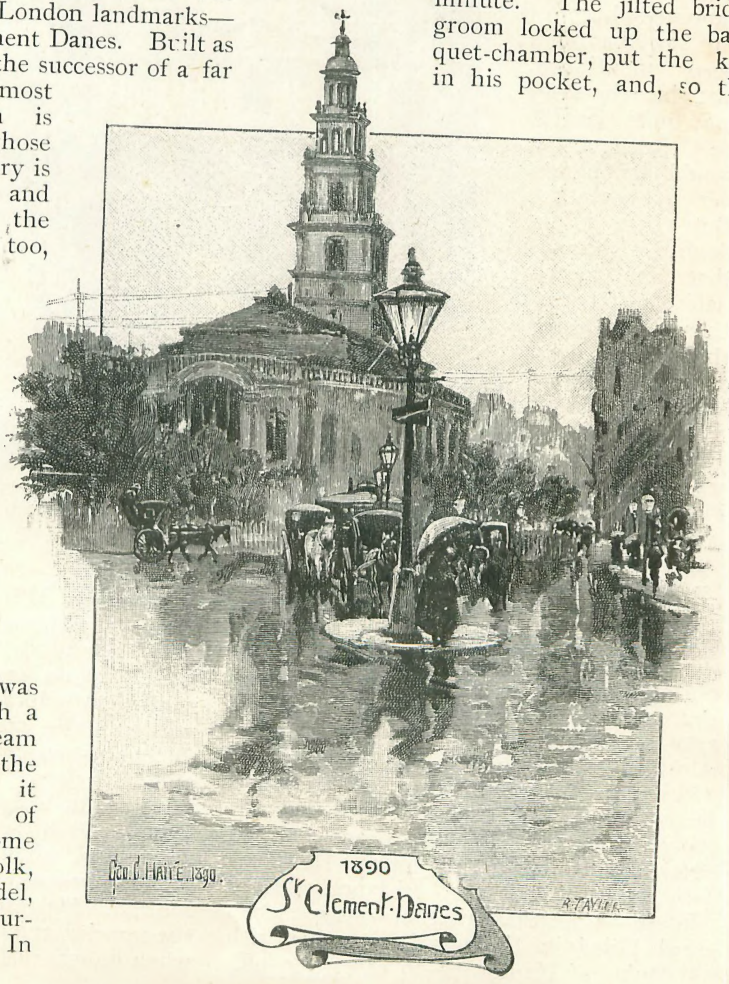
In 1855 it was discovered that some of the partners had been using their customers' money for their own pleasures or necessities. The guilty persons all went to prison; one of the few instances in which, as in the case of Fauntleroy, who was hanged for forgery, English bankers have been convicted of breach of trust. Adjoining this house is that of Messrs. Twining, who opened, in 1710, the first tea-shop in London. They still deal in tea, though fine ladies no longer go to the Eastern

Strand in their carriages to drink it, out of curiosity, at a shilling a cup.

One of the most interesting buildings in Essex-street, the "Essex Head" tavern, has only just been pulled down. There it was that Dr. Johnson founded "Sam's" Club, so named after the landlord, Samuel Graves. Dr. Johnson himself drew up the rules of the club, as we may see in Boswell's "Life." The chair in which he is reported to have sat was preserved in the house to the end. It is now cared for at the "Cheshire Cheese" in Fleet-street. A very redoubtable gentleman who formerly lived in Essex-street was Dr. George Fordyce, who for twenty years drank daily with his dinner a jug of strong ale, a quarter of a pint of brandy, and a bottle of port. And he was able to lecture to his students afterwards!

Nearly opposite Essex-street stands one of the most famous of London landmarks—the church of St. Clement Danes. Built as recently as 1682, it is the successor of a far older building. Its most interesting association is with Dr. Johnson, whose pew in the north gallery is still reverently kept, and an inscription marks the spot. In this church too, it was that Miss Davies, the heiress, who brought the potentiality of untold wealth into the family of the Grosvenors, was married to the progenitor of the present Duke of Westminster. St. Clement Danes is one of the few English churches with a *carillon*, which is of course set to psalm tunes. Milford-lane, opposite, was once really a lane with a bridge over a little stream which emptied into the Thames. Later on it marked the boundary of Arundel House, the home of the Dukes of Norfolk, who have built Arundel, Norfolk, Howard, and Surrey streets upon its site. In the time of Edward VI. the Earl of Arundel bought the property for forty pounds, which would seem to have been a good bargain even for those days. In Arundel House died "old Parr," who, according to the inscription upon his tomb in Westminster Abbey, lived to be 152 years old. Happily for himself he had lived all his life in Shropshire, and the brief space that he spent in London killed him.

The streets that have been built upon the site of old Arundel House are full of interesting associations. The house at the south-western corner of Norfolk and Howard-streets—it is now the "Dysart Hotel"—has a very curious history. A former owner—it was some sixty years since—was about to be married. The wedding breakfast was laid out in a large room on the first floor, and all was ready, except the lady, who changed her mind at the last minute. The jilted bridegroom locked up the banquet-chamber, put the key in his pocket, and, so the



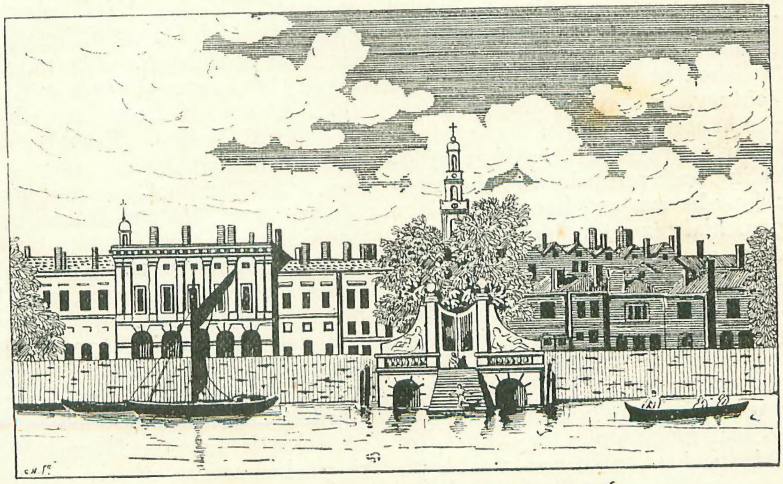
story runs, never again allowed it to be entered. There, it was said, still stood such mouldering remains of the wedding breakfast as the rats and mice had spared. Certainly the window curtains could for many years be seen crumbling to pieces, bit by bit, and the windows looked exactly as one would expect the windows of the typical haunted chamber to look. It is only of late that the room has been re-opened. The name of the supposed hero of this story has often been mentioned, but, since the story may quite possibly be baseless, it would be improper to repeat it. But there is no doubt whatever that for nearly half a century there was something very queer about that upper chamber.

This same Howard-street was the scene, in 1692, shortly after it was built, of a tragedy which remained for generations in the popular memory. It took place within two or three doors of the "Dysart Hotel." The central figure of the pitiful story was Mrs. Bracegirdle, the famous and beautiful actress. One of her many admirers, Captain Richard Hill, had offered her marriage, and had been refused. But he was not to be put off in that way. If he could not obtain the lady by fair means he was determined to get her by force. He therefore resolved, with the assistance of Lord Mohun—a notorious person, who was afterwards killed in Hyde-park in a duel with the Duke of Hamilton—to carry her off. They stationed a coach in Drury-lane, and attempted to kidnap her as she was passing down the street after the play. The lady's screams drew such a crowd that the abductors were forced to bid their men let her go. They escorted her home (a sufficiently odd proceeding in the circumstances), and then remained outside Mrs. Bracegirdle's house in Howard-street "vowing revenge," the contemporary accounts say, but against whom is not clear. Hill and Lord Mohun drank a bottle of wine in the middle of the street, perhaps to keep their courage up, and presently Mr. Will Mountfort, an actor, who lived in Norfolk-street, came along. Mountfort had already heard what had happened, and he at once went up to Lord Mohun (who, it is said, "embraced him very tenderly"), and reproached him with "justifying the rudeness of Captain Hill," and with "keeping company with such a pitiful fellow." "And then," according to the Captain's servant, "the Captain came forward and said he would justify himself, and went towards the middle of the street and drew." Some of the eye-witnesses said that they fought, but others declared that Hill ran Mountfort through the body before he could draw his sword. At all events, Hill instantly ran away, and when the watch arrived they found only Lord Mohun, who surrendered himself. He seems to have had no part in the murder, and his sword was still sheathed when he was made prisoner. It is said that

Hill already had a grudge against Mountfort, whom he suspected of being Mrs. Bracegirdle's favoured lover. But the best contemporary evidence agrees that the lady's virtue was "as impregnable as the rock of Gibraltar."

Nearly opposite the scene of this brutal tragedy, the church of St. Mary-le-Strand was built some five-and-twenty years later. It is a picturesque building, and makes a striking appearance when approached from the west. It has of late been more than once proposed that it should be demolished, at once by reason of the obstruction which it causes in the roadway, and because of its ill-repair. But since it has now been put into good condition, the people who would so gaily pull down a church to widen a road will perhaps not be again heard from. According to Hume, Prince Charles Edward, during his famous stolen visit to London, formally renounced in this church the Roman Catholic religion, to strengthen his claim to the throne; but there has never been any manner of proof of that statement. The site of St. Mary-le-Strand was long famous as the spot upon which the Westminster maypole stood, and what is now Newcastle-street was called Maypole-lane down to the beginning of the present century. At the Restoration, a new maypole, 134 feet high, was set up, the Cromwellians having destroyed the old one, in the presence of the King and the Duke of York. The pole is said to have been spliced together with iron bands by a blacksmith named John Clarges, whose daughter Anne married General Monk, who, for his services in bringing about the Restoration, was created Duke of Albemarle. Three or four suits were brought to prove that her first husband was still living when she married the Duke, and that consequently the second (and last) Duke of Albemarle was illegitimate, but the blacksmith's daughter gained them all. Near the Olympic Theatre there still exists a Maypole-alley.

It is hardly necessary to say that the present Somerset House, which is exactly opposite the church of St. Mary-le-Strand, is not the original building of that name. People—praise to their taste!—did not build in that fashion in the time of the Tudors. The old house, built by not the cleanest means, by the Protector Somerset, was "such a palace as had not been seen in England." After Somerset's attainder it became the recognised Dower House of the English Queens. It was built with the materials of churches and other people's houses. John of Padua was the architect, and it was a sumptuous palace indeed; but if Somerset ever lived in it, it was for a very brief space. One of the accusations upon which he was attainted was that he had spent money in building Somerset House, but had allowed the King's soldiers to go unpaid. It was close to the Water Gate of Somerset House that the mysterious murder of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey took place in 1678. The story of the murder is so doubtful and complicated that it is impossible to enter upon it here. Sir Edmundbury was induced to go to the spot where he was strangled under the pretence that, as a justice of the peace, he could stop a quarrel that was going on. Titus Oates, the most finished scoundrel ever born on British soil,

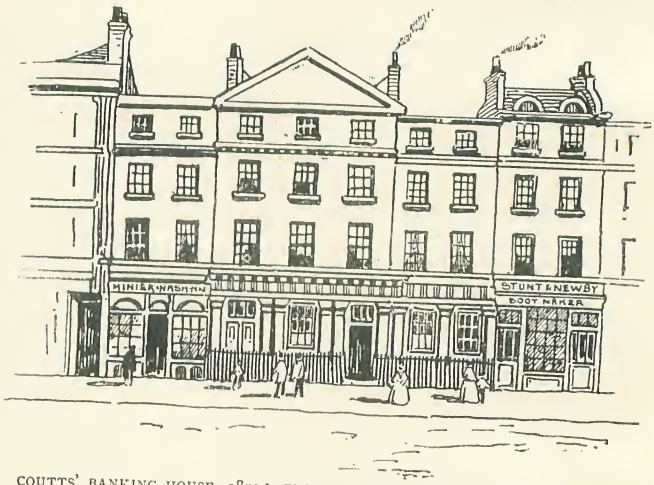


SOMERSET HOUSE: FROM A DRAWING BY S. WALE, 1776.

suggested that the Jesuits and even Queen Henrietta Maria were concerned in instigating the murder, and three men were hung at Tyburn for their supposed share in it. Around the Somerset House of that day there were extensive gardens of that square formal fashion which, although pleasing enough to the antiquary, are anathema to the artistic eye. Old Somerset House was demolished in the early days of George III., and the present building, of which Sir Wm. Chambers was the architect, was commenced in 1776.

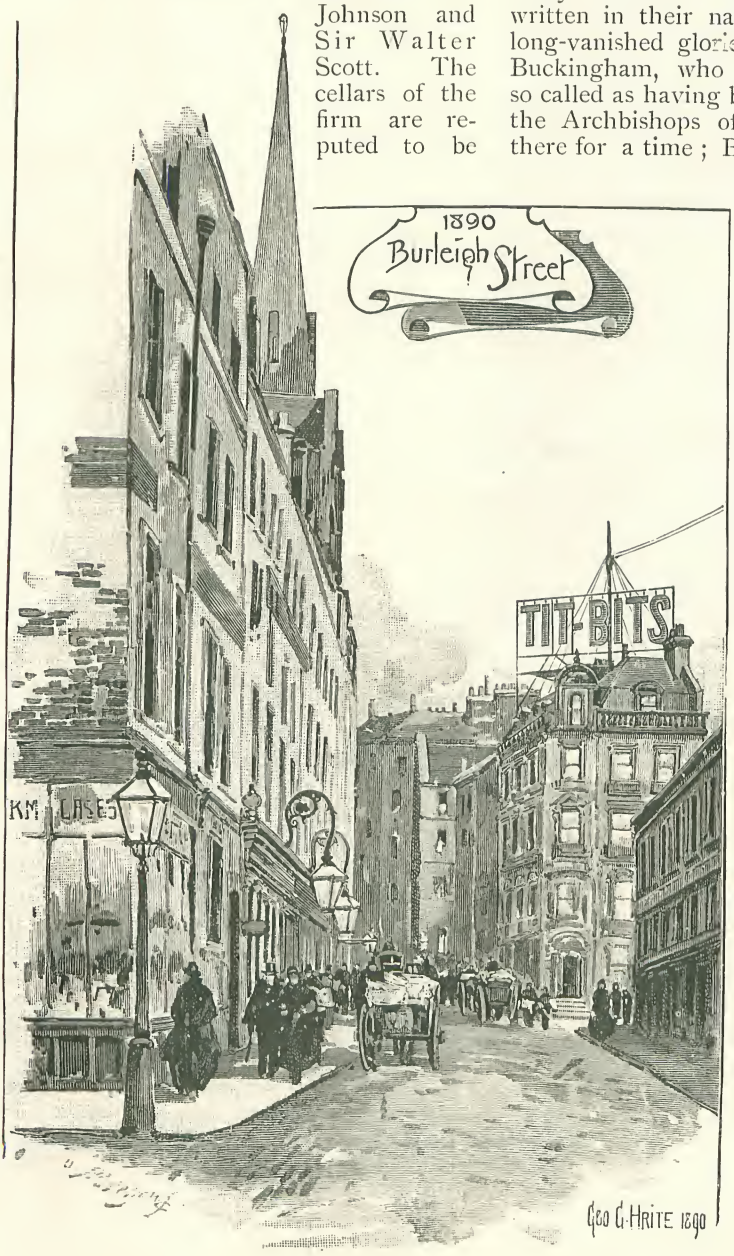
Another interesting bit of the southern side of the Strand is the region still called The Savoy. The old Palace of the Savoy was built by Simon de Montfort, but it afterwards passed to Peter of Savoy, uncle of Queen Eleanor, who gave to the precinct the name which was to become historical. There it was that King John of France was housed after he was taken prisoner at Poictiers; and there too he died. The Palace of the Savoy was set on fire and plundered by Wat Tyler and his men in 1381. It was rebuilt and turned into a hospital by Henry VII. In the new building the liturgy of the Church of England was revised after the restoration of Charles II.; but the most interesting association of the place must always be that there Chaucer wrote a portion of the "Canterbury Tales," and that John of Ghent lived there. After many vicissitudes and long ruin and neglect, the last remains of the Palace and Hospital of the Savoy were demolished at the beginning of the present century, to permit of a better approach to Waterloo Bridge.

A little farther west, in Beaufort-buildings, Fielding once resided. A contemporary tells how he was once hard put to it to pay the parochial taxes for this house. The tax-collector at last lost patience, and Fielding was compelled to obtain an advance from Jacob Tonson, the famous publisher, whose shop stood upon a portion of the site of Somerset House. He returned home with ten or twelve guineas in his pocket, but meeting at his own door an old college chum who had fallen upon evil times, he emptied his pockets, and was unable to satisfy the tax-gatherer until he had paid a second visit to the kindly and accommodating Tonson. Another of the great Strand palaces stood on this site—Worcester House, which, after being the residence of the Bishops of Carlisle, became the town house of the Earls of Worcester. Almost adjoining stood Salisbury, or Cecil House, which was built by Robert Cecil, first Earl of Salisbury, a son of the sage Lord Burghley, whose town house stood on the opposite side of the Strand. It was pulled down more than two hundred years ago, after a very brief existence, and Cecil and Salisbury streets were built upon its site. Yet another Strand palace, Durham House, the "inn" of the Bishops Palatine of Durham, stood a little nearer to Charing Cross. It was of great antiquity, and was rebuilt as long ago as 1345. Henry VIII. obtained it by exchange, and Queen Elizabeth gave it to Sir Walter Raleigh. The most interesting event that ever took place in the house was the marriage of Lady Jane Grey to Lord Guildford Dudley. Eight weeks later she was proclaimed Queen, to her sorrow. Still nearer to Charing Cross, and upon a portion of the site of Durham House, is the famous bank of the Messrs. Coutts, one of the oldest of the London banks. The original Coutts was a shrewd Scotchman, who, by his wit and enterprise, speedily became rich and famous. He married one of his brother's domestic servants, and of that marriage, which turned out very happily, Lady Burdett-Coutts is a grandchild. Mr. Coutts' second wife was Miss Harriet Mellon, a distinguished actress of her day, to whom he

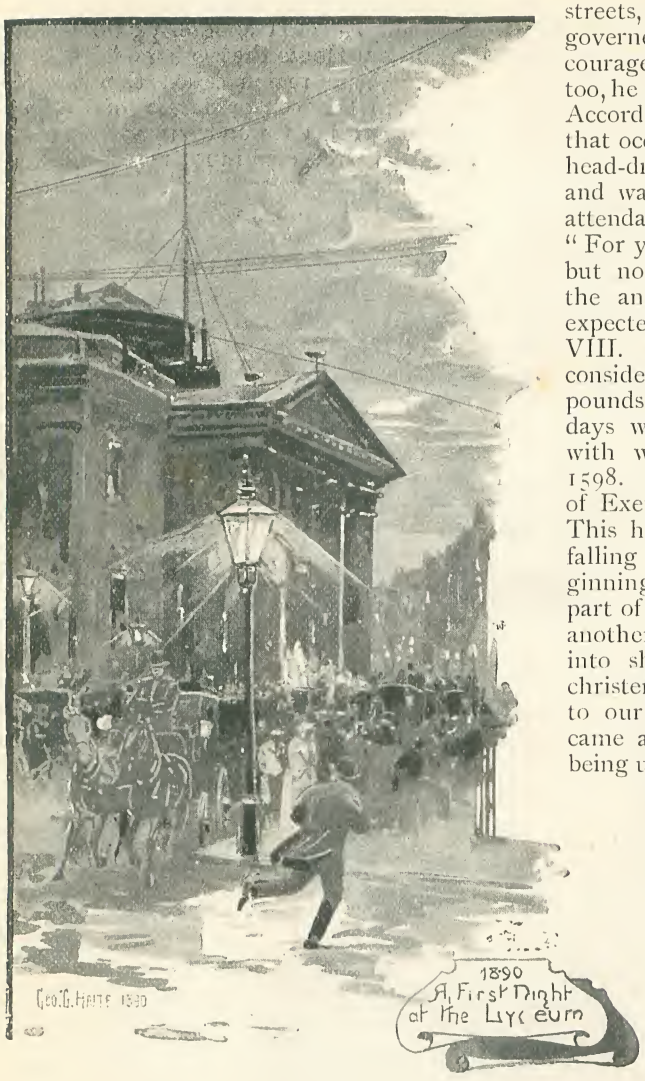


COUTTS' BANKING HOUSE, 1853: FROM A DRAWING BY T. HOSMER SHEPHERD.

left the whole of his fortune of £900,000. When the lady, who afterwards became Duchess of St. Albans, died in the year of the Queen's accession, that £900,000 formed the foundation of the great fortune of Miss Angela Burdett, better known to this generation as Lady Burdett-Coutts. Messrs. Coutts' banking-house is an interesting building, with many portraits of the early friends and customers of the house, which included Dr. Johnson and Sir Walter Scott. The cellars of the firm are reputed to be full of boxes containing coronets and patents of nobility. Upon another part of the site of Durham House the brothers Adam built, in 1768, the region called the Adelphi. There, in the centre house of Adelphi-terrace, with its wondrous view up and down the river, died in 1779 David Garrick.



Buckingham-street and Villiers-street, which lie between the Adelphi and Charing Cross Station, carry their history, like so many other of the Strand tributaries, written in their names. They recall the long-vanished glories of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, who lived at York House, so called as having been the town palace of the Archbishops of York. Wolsey lived there for a time; Bacon was living there when he was degraded. The Crown granted it to George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, by whom it was splendidly rebuilt. The second Duke sold it to pay his debts, making it a condition that he should be commemorated in the names of the streets placed on the site—George, Villiers, Duke, and Buckingham streets. The only remaining relic of York House is the fine water-gate at the bottom of Buckingham-street. Close to this water-gate, in a house marked by a Society of Arts tablet, for a short time lived Peter the Great; opposite lived Samuel Pepys; and No. 14 was occupied by Etty. In Villiers-street both Evelyn and Steele lived; but it is now the haunt of anything rather than genius. Northumberland House, the last and best known of the river-side palaces, which was demolished only at the end of 1874,



was not, properly speaking, in the Strand at all. It may therefore be sufficient to recall that it was built in 1605, and became the home of the Percies in 1642. It was sold to the Metropolitan Board of Works, with great and natural reluctance, for half a million of money; and the famous blue lion of the Percies, which for so long stood proudly over the building, was removed to Sion House.

The northern side of the Strand is not quite so rich in memories as the side which faced the river, but its associations with Lord Burleigh, that calm, sagacious, and untiring statesman, must always make it memorable. Burleigh House, the site of which is marked by Burleigh and Exeter-streets, was the house from which he governed England with conspicuous courage, devotion, and address. There, too, he was visited by Queen Elizabeth. According to tradition she wore, on that occasion, the notorious pyramidal head-dress which she made fashionable, and was besought by an esquire in attendance to stoop as she entered. "For your master's sake I will stoop, but not for the King of Spain," was the answer which might have been expected from a daughter of Henry VIII. Lord Burleigh lived there in considerable state, spending thirty pounds a week, which in Elizabethan days was enormous. There, broken with work and anxiety, he died in 1598. When his son was made Earl of Exeter he called it Exeter House. This historical house was not long in falling upon evil days. By the beginning of the eighteenth century a part of it had been demolished, while another part was altered and turned into shops, the new building being christened "Exeter Change." Nearer to our own time the "Change" became a kind of arcade, the upper floor being used as a wild-beast show. When it was "Pidcock's Exhibition of Wild Beasts" an imitation Beef-eater stood outside, in the Strand, inviting the cockney and his country cousin to "walk up." The roaring of the animals is said to have often frightened horses in the Strand. "Exeter Change" was the home of "Chunee," an elephant as famous in his generation—it was more than sixty years since—as "Jumbo" in our own. "Chunee," which weighed five tons, and was eleven feet high, at last became unmanageable, and was shot by a file of soldiers, who fired 152 bullets into his body before killing him. His skeleton is still in the Museum of the College of Surgeons, in Lincoln's-inn-fields. It should be remembered that in Exeter-street Dr. Johnson lodged (at a cost of 4½d. per day) when he began his struggle in London. A little farther east once stood Wimbledon House, built some three centuries ago by Sir Edward Cecil, Viscount Wimbledon, a cadet of the great house founded by Lord Burleigh. Stow records that the house was burned down in 1628, the day after an accidental explosion

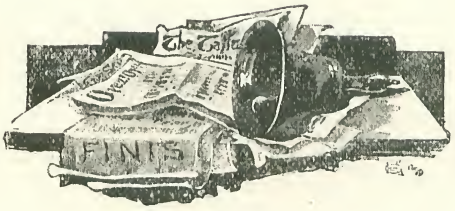
of gunpowder demolished the owner's country seat at Wimbledon. Nearly all the land hereabouts still belongs to the Cecils. Upon a portion of the site of Wimbledon House arose the once famous "D'Oyley's Warehouse," where a French refugee sold a variety of silk and woollen fabrics, which were quite new to the English market. He achieved great success, and a "D'Oyley" is still as much a part of the language as an "antimacassar"—that abomination of all desolation. The shop lasted, at 346, Strand, until some thirty years ago. The Lyceum Theatre, which also stands upon a piece of the site of Exeter House, occupies the spot where Madame Tussaud's waxworks were first exhibited in 1802.

With Bedford House, once the home of the Russells, which stood in what is now Southampton-street, we exhaust the list of the Strand palaces. There is but little to say of it, and it was pulled down in 1704. Southampton-street—so called after Rachel, the heroic wife of Wm. Lord Russell, who was a daughter of Thomas, Earl of Southampton—Tavistock-street, and some others were built upon its site. It was in Southampton-street that formerly stood the "Bedford Head," a famous and fashionable eating-house. Pope asks:—

> "When sharp with hunger, scorn you to be fed,
> Except on pea-chicks at the 'Bedford Head'?"

He who loves his London, more especially he who loves his Strand, will not forget that No. 332, now the office of the *Weekly Times*, was the scene of Dickens' early work in journalism for the *Morning Chronicle*.

It would be impossible to find a street more entirely representative of the development of England than the long and not very lovely Strand. From the days of feudal fortresses to those of penny newspapers is a far cry; and of all that lies between it has been the witness. If its stones be not historic, at least its sites and its memories are; and still it remains, what it ever has been, the most characteristic and distinctive of English highways.



A Deadly Dilemma.

By Grant Allen.

WHEN Netta Mayne came to think it over afterward in her own room by herself, she couldn't imagine what had made her silly enough to quarrel that evening with Ughtred Carnegie. She could only say, in a penitent mood, it was always the way like that with lovers. Till once they've quarrelled a good round quarrel, and afterwards solemnly kissed and made it all up again, things never stand on a really firm and settled basis between them. It's a move in the game. You must thrust in tierce before you thrust in quarte. The Roman playwright spoke the truth, after all: a lovers' quarrel begins a fresh chapter in the history of their love-making.

"NETTA AND UGHTRED HAD STROLLED OUT TOGETHER.

It was a summer evening, calm, and clear, and balmy, and Netta and Ughtred had strolled out together, not without a suspicion at times of hand locked in hand, on the high chalk down that rises steep behind Holmbury. How or why they fell out she hardly knew. But they had been engaged already some months, without a single disagreement, which of course gave Netta a natural right to quarrel with Ughtred by this time, if she thought fit: and as they returned down the hanging path through the combe where the wild orchids grow, she used that right at last, out of pure unadulterated feminine perversity. The ways of women are wonderful; no mere man can fathom them. Something that Ughtred said gave her the chance to make a half petulant answer. Ughtred very naturally defended himself from the imputation of rudeness, and Netta retorted. At the end of ten minutes the trifle had grown apace into as pretty a lovers' quarrel as any lady novelist could wish to describe in five chapters.

Netta had burst into perfectly orthodox tears, refused to be comforted, in the most approved fashion, declined to accept Ughtred's escort home, and bidden farewell to him excitedly for ever and ever.

It was all about nothing, to be sure, and if two older or wiser heads had only stood by unseen, to view the little comedy, they would sagely have remarked to one another, with a shake, that before twenty-four hours were out the pair would be rushing into one another's arms with mutual apologies and mutual forgiveness. But Netta Mayne and Ughtred Carnegie were still at the age when one takes love seriously—one does before thirty—and so they turned away

along different paths at the bottom of the combe, in the firm belief that love's young dream was shattered, and that henceforth they two were nothing more than the merest acquaintances to one another.

"Good-bye, Mr. Carnegie," Netta faltered out, as in obedience to her wishes, though much against his own will, Ughtred turned slowly and remorsefully down the footpath to the right, in the direction of the railway.

"Good-bye, Netta," Ughtred answered, half choking. Even at that moment of parting (for ever—or a day), he couldn't find it in his heart to call her "Miss Mayne" who had so long been "Netta" to him.

He waved his hand and turned along the foot-path, looking back many times to see Netta still sitting inconsolable where he had left her, on the stile that led from the combe into the Four-acre meadow. Both paths, to right and left, led back to Holmbury over the open field, but they diverged rapidly, and crossed the railway track by separate gates, and five hundred yards from each other. A turn in the path, at which Ughtred lingered long, hid Netta at last from his sight. He paused and hesitated. It was growing late, though an hour of summer twilight still remained. He couldn't bear to leave Netta thus alone in the field. She wouldn't allow him to see her home, to be sure, and that being so, he was too much a gentleman to force himself upon her. But he was too much a man, too, to let her find her way back so late entirely by herself. Unseen himself, he must still watch over her. Against her will, he must still protect her. He would go on to the railway, and there sit by the side of the line, under cover of the hedge, till Netta crossed by the other path. Then he'd walk quietly along the six-foot way to the gate she had passed through, and follow her, unperceived, at a distance along the lane, till he saw her back to Holmbury. Whether she wished it or not he could never leave her.

He looked about for a seat. One lay most handy. By the side of the line the Government engineers had been at work that day, repairing the telegraph system. They had taken down half a dozen mouldering old posts, and set up new ones in their place—tall, clean, and shiny. One of the old posts still lay at full length on the ground by the gate, just as the men had left it at the end of their day's work. At the point where the footpath cut the line, was a level crossing, and there Ughtred sat down on the fallen post by the side, half-concealed from view by a tall clump of willow-herb, waiting patiently for Netta's coming. How he listened for that light footfall. His heart was full, indeed, of gall and bitterness. He loved her so dearly, and she had treated him so ill. Who would ever have believed that Netta, his Netta, would have thrown him over like that for

"NETTA WAS STILL SITTING INCONSOLABLE."

such a ridiculous trifle? Who, indeed? and least of all Netta herself, sitting alone on the stile with her pretty face bowed deep in her hands, and her poor heart wondering how Ughtred, her Ughtred, could so easily desert her. In such strange ways is the feminine variety of the human heart constructed. To be sure, she had of course dismissed him in the most peremptory fashion, declaring with all the vows propriety permits to the British maiden, that she needed no escort of any sort home, and

that she would ten thousand times rather go alone than have him accompany her. But, of course, also, she didn't mean it. What woman does? She counted upon a prompt and unconditional surrender. Ughtred would go to the corner, as in duty bound, and then come back to her, with profuse expressions of penitence for the wrong he had never done, to make it all up again in the orthodox fashion. She never intended the real tragedy that was so soon to follow. She was only playing with her victim—only trying, woman-like, her power over Ughtred.

So she sat there still, and cried and cried on, minute after minute, in an ecstasy of misery, till the sunset began to glow deeper red in the western sky, and the bell to ring the curfew in Holmbury Tower. Then it dawned upon her slowly, with a shock of surprise, that after all—incredible! impossible!—Ughtred had positively taken her at her word, and wasn't coming back at all to-night to her.

At that, the usual womanly terror seized upon her soul. Her heart turned faint. This was too terrible. Great heavens, what had she done? Had she tried Ughtred too far, and had he really gone? Was he never going to return to her at all? Had he said good-bye in earnest to her for ever and ever?

Terrified at the thought, and weak with crying, she rose and straggled down the narrow footpath toward the further crossing. It was getting late now, and Netta by this time was really frightened. She wished with all her heart she hadn't sent away Ughtred—if it were only for the tramps: a man is such a comfort. And then there was that dreadful dog at Milton Court to pass. And Ughtred was gone, and all the world was desolate.

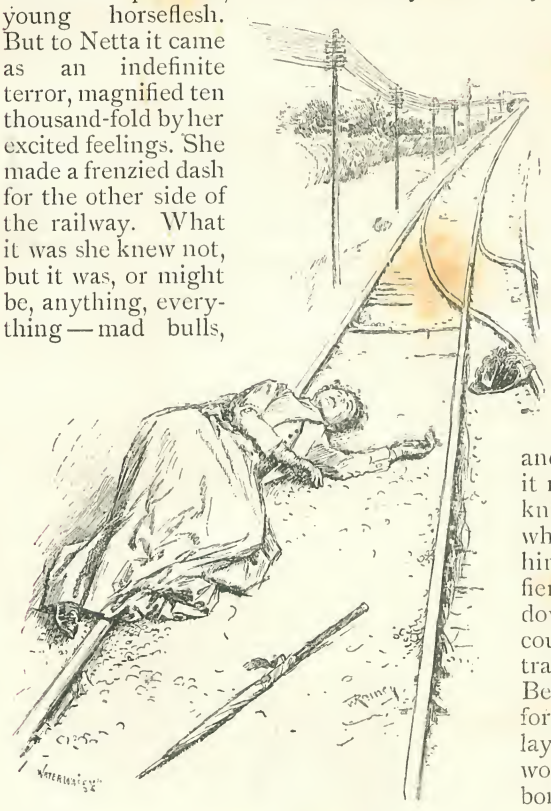
Thinking these things in a tumult of fear to herself, she staggered along the path, feeling tired at heart, and positively ill with remorse and terror. The colour had faded now out of her pretty red cheeks. Her eyes were dim and swollen with crying. She was almost half glad Ughtred couldn't see her just then, she was such a fright with her long spell of brooding. Even her bright print dress and her straw hat with the poppies in it, couldn't redeem, she felt sure, her pallor and her wretchedness. But Ughtred was gone, and the world was a wilderness. And he would never come back, and the dog at Milton Court was so vicious.

As she walked, or rather groped her way (for she couldn't see for crying) down the path by the hedge, at every step she grew fainter and fainter. Ughtred was gone; and the world was a blank; and there were tramps and dogs; and it was getting dark; and she loved him so much; and Mamma would be so angry.

Turning over which thoughts with a whirling brain, for she was but a girl after all, she reached the little swing-gate that led to the railway, and pushed it aside with vague numbed hands, and stood gazing vacantly at the long curved line in front of her.

"SHE CRIED AND CRIED."

Suddenly, a noise rose sharp in the field behind her. It was only a colt, to be sure, disturbed by her approach, dashing wildly across his paddock, as is the way with young horseflesh. But to Netta it came as an indefinite terror, magnified ten thousand-fold by her excited feelings. She made a frenzied dash for the other side of the railway. What it was she knew not, but it was, or might be, anything, everything—mad bulls,



"IT WAS A TERRIBLE POSITION."

drunken men, footpads, vagabonds, murderers.

Oh, how could Ughtred ever have taken her at her word, and left her like this, alone, and in the evening? It was cruel, it was wicked of him; she hated to be disloyal, and yet she felt in her heart it was almost unmanly.

As she rushed along wildly, at the top of her speed, her little foot caught on the first rail. Before she knew what had happened, she had fallen with her body right across the line. Faint and terrified already, with a thousand vague alarms, the sudden shock stunned and disabled her. Mad bull or drunken man, they might do as they liked now. She was bruised and shaken. She had no thought left to rise or recover herself. Her eyes closed heavily. She lost consciousness at once. It was a terrible position. She had fainted on the line, with the force of the situation.

As for Ughtred, from his seat on the telegraph post on the side of the line five hundred yards farther up, he saw her pause by the gate, then dash across the road, then stumble and trip, then fall heavily forward. His heart came up into his mouth at once at the sight. Oh, thank heaven he had waited. Thank heaven he was near. She had fallen across the line, and a train might come along before she could rise up again. She seemed hurt, too. In a frenzy of suspense he darted forward to save her.

It took but a second for him to realise that she had fallen, and was seriously hurt, but in the course of that second, even as he realised it all, another and more pressing terror seized him.

Hark! what was that? He listened and thrilled. Oh no, too terrible. Yes, yes, it must be—the railway, the railway! He knew it. He felt it. Along the up line, on which Netta was lying, he heard behind him—oh, unmistakable, unthinkable, the fierce whirr of the express dashing madly down upon him. Great heavens, what could he do? The train was coming, the train was almost this moment upon them. Before he could have time to rush wildly forward and snatch Netta from where she lay, full in its path, a helpless weight, it would have swept past him resistlessly, and borne down upon her like lightning.

The express was coming—to crush Netta to pieces.

In these awful moments men don't think: they don't reason; they don't even realise what their action means; they simply act, and act instinctively. Ughtred felt in a second, without even consciously feeling it, so to speak, that any attempt to reach Netta now before that devouring engine had burst upon her at full speed would be absolutely hopeless.

His one chance lay in stopping the train somehow. How, or where, or with what, he cared not. His own body would do it if nothing else came. Only stop it, stop it. He didn't think of it at all that moment as a set of carriages containing a precious freight of human lives. He thought of it only as a horrible, cruel, devouring creature, rushing headway on at full speed to Netta's destruction. It was a senseless wild beast, to be combated at all hazards. It was a hideous, ruthless, relentless thing, to be checked in its mad career in no matter

what fashion. All he knew, indeed, was that Netta, his Netta, lay helpless on the track, and that the engine, like some madman, puffing and snorting with wild glee and savage exultation, was hastening forward with fierce strides to crush and mangle her.

At any risk he must stop it—with anything—anyhow.

As he gazed around him, horror-struck, with blank inquiring stare, and with this one fixed idea possessing his whole soul, Ughtred's eye happened to fall upon the dismantled telegraph post, on which but one minute before he had been sitting. The sight inspired him. Ha, ha! a glorious chance. He could lift it on the line. He could lay it across the rails. He could turn it round into place. He could upset the train! He could place it in the way of that murderous engine.

No sooner thought than done. With the wild energy of despair, the young man lifted the small end of the ponderous post bodily up in his arms, and twisting it on the big base as on an earth-fast pivot, managed, by main force and with a violent effort, to lay it at last full in front of the advancing locomotive. How he did it he never rightly knew himself, for the weight of the great balk was simply enormous. But horror and love, and the awful idea that Netta's life was at stake, seemed to supply him at once with unwonted energy. He lifted it in his arms as he would have lifted a child, and straining in every limb stretched it at last full across both rails, a formidable obstacle before the approaching engine.

Hurrah! hurrah! he had succeeded now. It would throw the train off the line—and Netta would be saved for him.

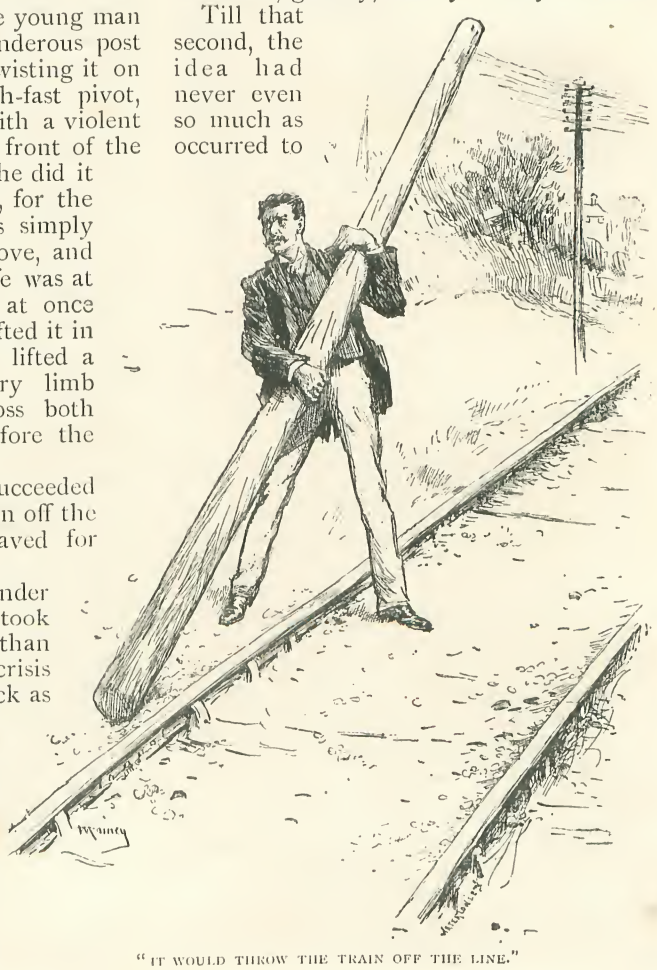
To think and do all this under the spur of the circumstances took Ughtred something less than twenty seconds. In a great crisis men live rapidly. It was quick as thought. And at the end of it all, he saw the big log laid right across the line with infinite satisfaction. Such a splendid obstacle that—so round and heavy! It must throw the train clean off the metals! It must produce a fine first-class catastrophe.

As he thought it, half aloud, a sharp curve brought the train round the corner close to where he stood, great drops of sweat now oozing clammily from every pore with his exertion. He looked at it languidly, with some vague, dim sense of a duty accomplished, and a great work well done for Netta and humanity. There would be a real live accident in a moment now—a splendid accident—a first-rate catastrophe!

Great heavens! An accident!

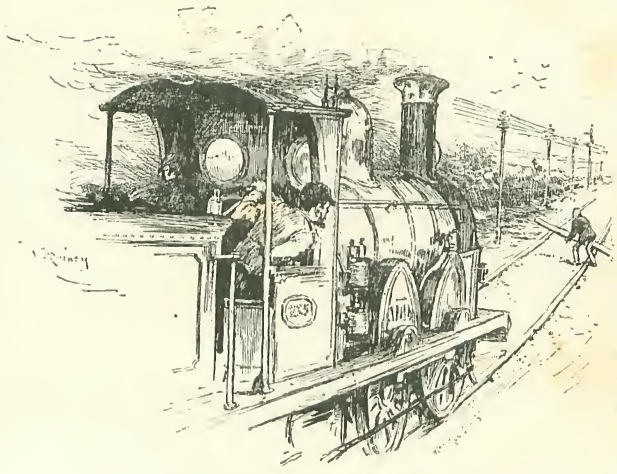
And then, with a sudden burst of inspiration, the other side of the transaction flashed in one electric spark upon Ughtred's brain. Why—this—was murder! There were *people* in that train—innocent human beings, men and women like himself, who would next minute be wrecked and mangled corpses, or writhing forms, on the track before him! He was guilty of a crime—an awful crime. He was trying to produce a terrible, ghastly, bloody railway accident!

Till that second, the idea had never even so much as occurred to



"IT WOULD THROW THE TRAIN OFF THE LINE."

him. In the first wild flush of horror at Netta's situation, he had thought of nothing except how best to save her. He had regarded the engine only as a hateful, cruel, destructive living being. He had forgotten the passengers, the stoker, the officials. He had been conscious only of Netta and of that awful thing, breathing flame and steam, that was rushing on to destroy her. For another indivisible second of time Ughtred Carnegie's soul was the theatre of a terrible and appalling struggle. What on earth was he to do? Which of the two was he to sacrifice? Should it be murder or treachery? Must he wreck the train or let it mangle Netta? The sweat stood upon his brow in great clammy drops, at that dread dilemma. It was an awful question for any man to solve. He shrank aghast before that deadly decision.



"THE DRIVER'S HEART STOOD STILL WITH TERROR."

They were innocent, to be sure, the people in that train. They were unknown men, women, and children. They had the same right to their lives as Netta herself. It was crime, sheer crime, thus to seek to destroy them. But still—what would you have? Netta lay there all helpless on the line—his own dear Netta. And she had parted from him in anger but half an hour since. Could he leave her to be destroyed by that hideous, snorting, puffing thing? Has not any man the right to try and save the lives he loves best, no matter at what risk or peril to others? He asked himself this question, too, vaguely, instinctively, with the rapid haste of a life-and-death struggle, asked himself with horror, for he had no strength left now to do one thing or the other—to remove the obstacle from the place where he had laid it or to warn the driver. One second alone remained and then all would be over. On it came, roaring, flaring, glaring, with its great bulls' eyes now peering red round the corner—a terrible, fiery dragon, resistless, unconscious, bearing down in mad glee upon the pole—or Netta.

Which of the two should it be—the pole or Netta?

And still he waited; and still he temporised. What, what could he do? Oh heaven! be merciful. Even as the engine swept, snorting and puffing steam round the corner, he doubted yet—he doubted and temporised. He reasoned with his own conscience in the quick shorthand of thought. So far as intent was concerned he was guiltless. It wouldn't be a murder of malice prepense. When he laid that log there in the way of the train, he never believed—nay, never even knew—it was a train with a living freight of men and women he was trying to imperil. He felt to it merely as a mad engine unattached. He realised only Netta's pressing danger. Was he bound now to undo what he had innocently done—and leave Netta to perish? Must he take away the post and be Netta's murderer?

It was a cruel dilemma for any man to have to face. If he had half an hour to debate and decide, now, he might perhaps have seen his way a little clearer. But with that hideous thing actually rushing red and wrathful on his sight—why—he clapped his hands to his ears. It was too much for him—too much for him.

And yet he must face it, and act, or remain passive, one way or the other. With a desperate effort he made up his mind at last just as the train burst upon him, and all was over.

He made up his mind and acted accordingly.

As the engine turned the corner, the driver, looking ahead in the clear evening light, saw something in front that made him start with sudden horror and alarm. A telegraph pole lay stretched at full length, and a man, unknown, stood agonised by its side, stooping down as he thought to catch and move it. There was no time left

to stop her now; no time to avert the threatened catastrophe. All the driver could do in his haste was to put the brake on hard and endeavour to lessen the force of the inevitable concussion. But even as he looked and wondered at the sight, putting on the brake, meanwhile, with all his might and main, he saw the man in front perform, to his surprise, a heroic action. Rushing full upon the line, straight before the very lights of the advancing train, the man unknown lifted up the pole by main force, and brandishing its end, as it were, wildly in the driver's face, hurled the huge balk back with a terrible effort to the side of the railway. It fell with a crash, and the man fell with it. There was a second's pause, while the driver's heart stood still with terror. Then a jar—a thud—a deep scratch into the soil. A wheel was off the line; they had met with an accident.

For a moment or two the driver only knew that he was shaken and hurt, but not severely. The engine had left the track, and the carriages lay behind slightly shattered. He could see how it happened. Part of the pole in falling had rebounded on to the line. The base of the great timber had struck the near-side wheel, and sent it off the track in a vain effort to surmount it. But the brake had already slackened the pace and broken the force of the shock, so the visible damage was very inconsiderable. They must look along the carriages and find out who was hurt. And above all things, what had become of the man who had so nobly rescued them? For the very last thing the engine-driver had seen of Ughtred as the train stopped short was that the man who flung the pole from the track before the advancing engine was knocked down by its approach, while the train to all appearance passed bodily over him. For good or evil, Ughtred had made his decision at last at the risk of his own life. As the train dashed on, with its living freight aboard, his native instinct of preserving life got the better of him in spite of himself. He couldn't let those innocent souls die by his own act——though if he removed the pole, and Netta was killed, he didn't know himself how he could ever outlive it.

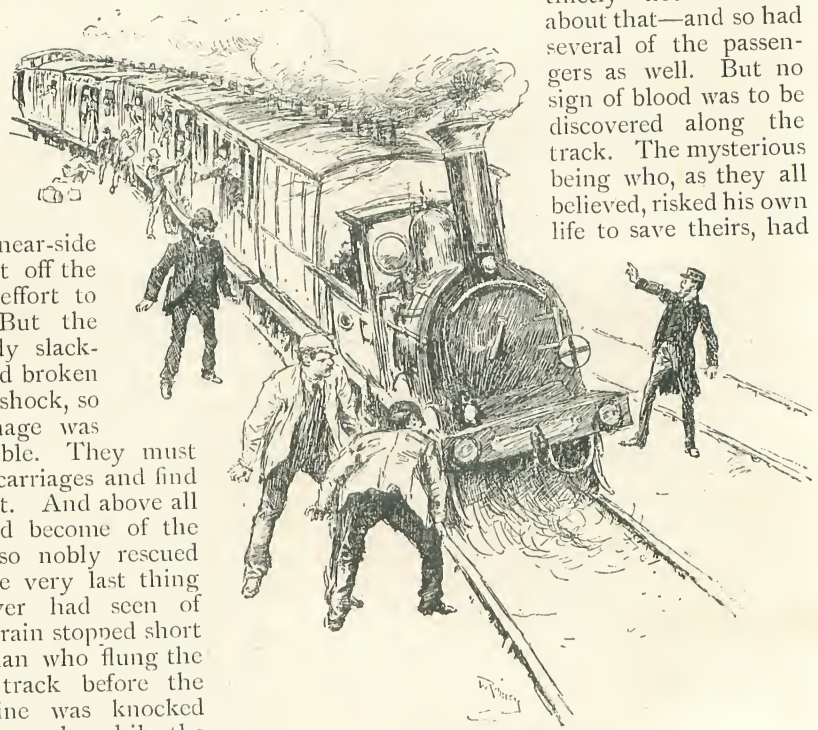
He prayed with all his heart that the train might kill him.

The guard and the driver ran hastily along the train. Nobody was hurt, though many were shaken or slightly bruised. Even the carriages had escaped with a few small cracks. The Holmbury smash was nothing very serious.

But the man with the pole? Their preserver, their friend. Where was *he* all this time? What on earth had become of him?

They looked along the line. They searched the track in vain. He had disappeared as if by magic. Not a trace could be found of him.

After looking long and uselessly, again and again, the guard and the driver both gave it up. They had seen the man distinctly—not a doubt about that—and so had several of the passengers as well. But no sign of blood was to be discovered along the track. The mysterious being who, as they all believed, risked his own life to save theirs, had vanished as he had come, one might almost say by a miracle.



"THE HOLMBURY SMASH."

And indeed, as a matter of fact, when

Ughtred Carnegie fell on the track before the advancing engine, he thought for a moment it was all up with him. He was glad of that, too; for he had murdered Netta. He had saved the train; but he had murdered Netta. It would dash on, now, unresisted, and crush his darling to death. It was better he should die, having murdered Netta. So he closed his eyes tight and waited for it to kill him.

But the train passed on, jarring and scraping, partly with the action of the brake, though partly, too, with the wheel digging into the ground at the side; it passed on and went over him altogether, coming, as it did so, to a sudden standstill. As it stopped, a fierce joy rose uppermost in Ughtred's soul. Thank heaven, all was well. He breathed once more easily. He had fallen on his back across the sleepers in the middle of the track. It was not really the train that had knocked him down at all, but the recoil of the telegraph post. The engine and carriages had gone over him safely. He wasn't seriously hurt. He was only bruised, and sprained, and jarred, and shaken.

Rising up behind the train as it slackened, he ran hastily along on the off side, towards where Netta lay still unconscious on the line in front of it. Nobody saw him run past; and no wonder either, for every eye was turned toward the near side and the obstruction. A person running fast by the opposite windows was very little likely to attract attention at such a moment. Every step pained him, to be sure, for he was bruised and stiff; but he ran on none the less till he came up at last to where Netta lay. There, he bent over her eagerly. Netta raised her head, opened her eyes, and looked. In a moment the vague sense of a terrible catastrophe averted came somehow over her. She flung her arms round his neck. "Oh, Ughtred, you've come back!" she cried in a torrent of emotion.

"Yes, darling," Ughtred answered, his voice half choked with tears. "I've come back to you now, for ever and ever."

He lifted her in his arms, and carried her some little way off up the left-hand path. His heart was very full. 'Twas a terrible moment. For as yet he hardly knew what harm he might have done by his fatal act. He only knew he had tried his best to undo the wrong he had half unconsciously wrought; and if the worst came, he would give himself up now like a man to offended justice.

But the worst did not come. Blind fate had been merciful. Next day the papers were full of the accident to the Great Southern Express; equally divided between denunciation of the miscreant who had placed the obstruction in the way of the train, and admiration for the heroic, but unrecognisable stranger who had rescued from death so many helpless passengers at so imminent a risk to his own life or safety. Only Ughtred knew that the two were one and the same person. And when Ughtred found out how little harm had been done by his infatuated act—an act he felt he could never possibly explain in its true light to any other person—he thought it wisest on the whole to lay no claim to either the praise or the censure. The world could never be made to understand the terrible dilemma in which he was placed—the one-sided way in which the problem at first presented itself to him—the deadly struggle through which he had passed before he could make up his mind, at the risk of Netta's life, to remove the obstacle. Only Netta understood; and even Netta herself knew no more than this, that Ughtred had risked his own life to save her.

The Metropolitan Fire Brigade.

ITS HOME AND ITS WORK.

FIRE! Fire!"

This startling cry aroused me one night as I was putting the finishing touches to some literary work. Rushing, pen in hand, to the window, I could just perceive a dull red glare in the northern sky, which, even as I gazed, became more vivid, and threw some chimneys near at hand into strong relief. A fire undoubtedly, and not far distant!

The street, usually so quiet at night, had suddenly awakened. The alarm which had reached me had aroused my neighbours on each side of the way, and every house was

CAPTAIN SHAW.

"well alight" in a short space of time. Doors were flung open, windows raised, white forms were visible at the casements, and curiosity was rife. Many men and some venturesome women quitted their houses, and proceeded in the direction of the glare, which was momentarily increasing, the glow on the clouds waxing and waning according as the flames shot up or temporarily died down.

"Where is it?" people ask in a quick, panting way, as they hurry along. No one can say for certain. But just as we think it must be in Westminster, we come in sight of a huge column of smoke, and turning a corner are within view of the emporium—a tall, six-storied block, stored with inflammable commodities, and blazing fiercely. Next door, or rather the next warehouse, is not yet affected.

The scene is weird and striking; the intense glare, the shooting flames which dart viciously out and upwards, the white and red faces of the crowd kept back by the busy police, the puff and clank of the engines, the rushing and hissing of the water, the roar of the fire, and the columns of smoke which in heavy sulky masses hung gloating over the blazing building. The bright helmets of the firemen are glinting everywhere, close to the already tottering wall, on the summit of the adjacent buildings, which are already smoking. Lost on ladders, amid smoke, they pour a torrent of water on the burning and seething premises. Above all the monotonous "puff, puff" of the steamer is heard, and a buzz of admiration ascends from the attentive, silent crowd.

Suddenly arises a yell—a wild, unearthly cry, which almost makes one's blood run cold even in that atmosphere. A tremor seizes us as a female form appears at an upper window, framed in flame, curtained with smoke and noxious fumes.

"Save her! Save her!"

The crowd sways and surges; women scream; strong men clench their hands and swear—Heaven only knows why. But before the police have headed back the people the escape is on the spot, two men are on it, one outstrips his mate, and darting up the ladder, leaps into the open window.

He is swallowed up in a moment—lost to our sight. Will he ever return out of that fiery furnace? Yes, here he is, bearing a senseless female form, which he passes out to his mate, who is calmly watching his progress, though the ladder is in imminent danger. Quick! The flames approach!

The man on the ladder does not wait as his mate again disappears and emerges with a child about fourteen. Carrying this burthen easily, he descends the ladder. The first man is already flying down the escape, head-first, holding the woman's dress round her feet. The others, rescuer and rescued, follow. The ladder is withdrawn, burning.

A mighty cheer arises 'mid the smoke. Two lives saved! The fire is being mastered. More engines gallop up. "The Captain" is on the spot, too. The Brigade is victorious.

In the early morning hour, as I strolled home deep in thought, I determined to see these men who nightly risk their lives and stalwart limbs for the benefit and preservation of helpless fire-scorched people. Who are these men who go literally through fire and water to assist and save their fellow creatures, strangers to them—unknown, save in that they require help and succour?

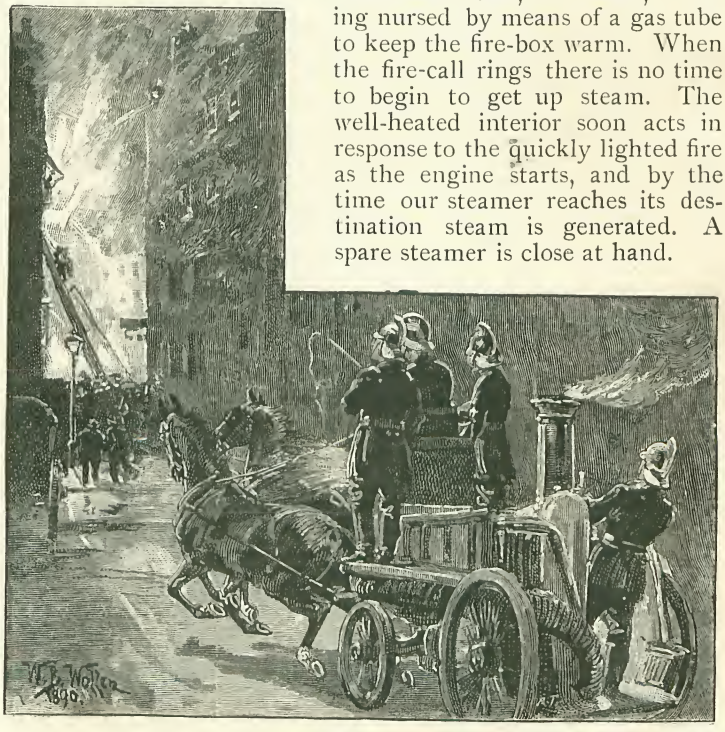
I determined there and then to see these brave fellows in their daily work, or leisure in their homes, amid all the surroundings of their noble calling. I went accompanied by an artistic friend, to whose efforts the illustrations which accompany this record are due.

Emerging from Queen-street, we find ourselves upon Southwark Bridge, and we at once plunge into a flood of memories of old friends who come, invisibly, to accompany us on our pilgrimage to old Winchester House, now the head-quarters of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, in the Southwark Bridge-road. On the bridge—once a "tolled" structure known as the Iron Bridge—we find "Little Dorrit" herself, and her suitor, young John Chivery, in all his brave attire; the young aspirant is downhearted at the decided refusal of Miss Amy to marry him, as they pace the then almost unfrequented bridge. Their ghosts cross it in our company, with Clennan and Maggie behind us, till we reach the Union-road, once known as Horsemonger-lane, where young John's ghost quits us to meditate in the back yard of Mr. Chivery's premises, and become that "broken-down ruin," catching cold beneath the family washing, which he feared.

The whole neighbourhood is redolent of Dickens. From a spot close by the head office we can see the buildings which have been erected on the site of the King's Bench Prison, where Mr. Micawber waited for something to turn up, and where Copperfield lost his box and money. The site of the former "haven of domestic tranquillity and peace of mind," as Micawber styled it, is indicated to us by Mr. Harman—quite a suitable name in such a connection with Dickens—by whom we are courteously and pleasantly received in the office of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade.

Our credentials being in order there is no difficulty experienced in our reception. Nothing can exceed the civility and politeness of the officials, and of the rank and file of the Brigade. Fine, active, cheerful fellows, all sailors, these firemen are a credit to their organisation and to London. The Superintendent hands us over to a bright young fellow, who is waiting his promotion—we hope he has reached it, if not a death vacancy—and he takes us in charge kindly.

Standing in the very entrance, we had already remarked two engines. The folding, automatic doors are closed in front of these machines. One, a steamer, is being nursed by means of a gas tube to keep the fire-box warm. When the fire-call rings there is no time to begin to get up steam. The well-heated interior soon acts in response to the quickly lighted fire as the engine starts, and by the time our steamer reaches its destination steam is generated. A spare steamer is close at hand.



ENGINES GALLOP UP.

Very bright and clean is the machine, which in a way puts its useful ally, the "manual," in the shade ; though at present the latter kind are more numerous, in the proportion of seventy-eight to forty-eight. Turning from the engines, we notice a row of burnished helmets hanging over tunics, and below these, great knee-boots, which are so familiar to the citizen. When the alarm is rung, these are donned rapidly ; but we opine the gates will occupy some time in the opening.

Our guide smiles, and points out two ropes hanging immediately over the driving seat of each engine.

"When the engine is ready the coachman pulls the rope, and the gates open of their own accord, you may say. See here ! "

He turns to the office entrance, where two ropes are hanging side by side. A pull on each, and the doors leading to the back-yard open and unfold themselves. The catch drops deftly into an aperture made to receive it, and the portals are thus kept open. About a second and a half is occupied in this manœuvre.

We consider it unfortunate that we shall not see a "turn out," as alarms by day are not usual. The Superintendent looks quizzical, but says nothing then. He gives instructions to our guide to show us all we want to see, and in this spirit we examine the instrument room close at hand.

Here are fixed a number of telephonic apparatus, labelled with the names of the stations :—Manchester-square, Clerkenwell, Whitechapel, and so on, five in number, known by the Brigade as Superintendents' Stations, A, B, C, D, E Districts. By these means immediate communication can be obtained with any portion of the Metropolis, and the condition and requirements of the fires reported. There is also a frame in the outer office which bears a number of electric bells, which can summon the head of any department, or demand the presence of any officer instantly.

It is extraordinary to see the quiet way in which the work is performed, the ease and freedom of the men, and the strict observance of discipline withal. Very few men are visible as we pass on to the repairing shops. (Illustration, p. 29.) Here the engines are repaired and inspected. There are eleven steamers in the shed, some available for service, and so designated. If an outlying station require a steamer in substitution for its own, here is one ready. The boilers are examined every six months, and tested by water-pressure up to 180 lbs. on the square inch, in order to sustain safely the steam pressure up to 120 lbs., when it "blows off."

Passing down the shed we notice the men—all Brigade men—employed at their various tasks in the forge or carpenters' shop. Thus it will be perceived that the head-quarters enclose many different artizans, and is self-contained. The men were lifting a boiler when we were present, and our artist "caught them in the act."

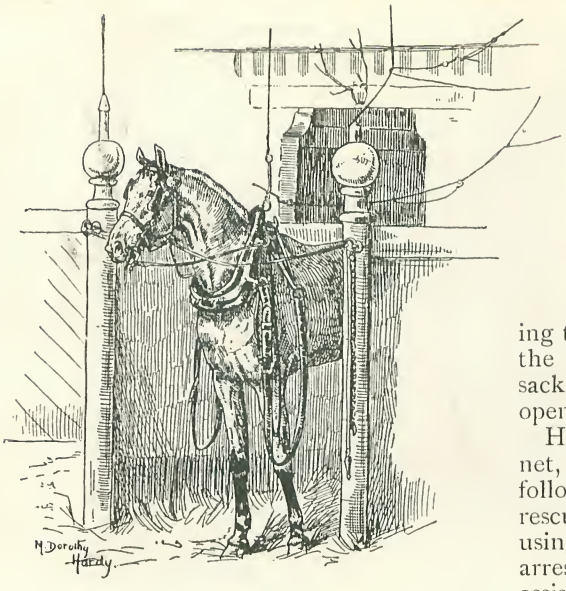
Close to the entrance is a high "shoot" in which hang pendant numerous ropes and many lengths of drying hose. The impression experienced when standing underneath, and gazing upwards, is something like the feeling one would have while gazing up at the tops of the trees in a pine wood. There is a sense of vastness in this narrow lofty brick enclosure, which is some 70 ft. high. The hose is doubled in its length of 100 ft., and then it drains dry, for the moisture is apt to conceal itself in the rubber lining, and in the nozzles and head-screws of the hoses.

No precaution is neglected, no point is missed. Vigilant eyes are everywhere ; bright responsive faces and ready hands are continually in evidence, but unobtrusively.

Turning from the repairing shops we proceed to the stables, where we find things in the normal condition of preparedness. "Be ready" is evidently the watchword of the Brigade. Ready, aye ready ! Neatness and cleanliness are here scrupulously regarded. Tidiness is the feature of the stables. A pair of horses on either side are standing, faces outward, in their stalls. Four handsome, well-groomed, lithe animals they look ; and as we enter they regard us with considerable curiosity, a view which we reciprocate.

Round each horse's neck is suspended his collar. A weight let into the woodwork of the stall holds the harness by means of a lanyard and swivel. When the alarm rings the collar is dropped, and in "half a second" the animals, traces and splinter-bar hanging on their sleek backs and sides, are trotted out and harnessed. Again we express our regret that no kind householder will set fire to his tenement, that no nice children will play with matches or candle this fine morning, and let us "see everything," like Charles Middlewick.

Once more our guide smiles, and passes on through the forage and harness-rooms,



IN THE STABLES.

where we also find a coachman's room for reading, and waiting on duty.

It is now nearly mid-day, and we turn to see the fire-drill of the recruits, who, clad in slops, practise all the necessary and requisite work which alone can render them fit for the business. They are thus employed from nine o'clock to mid-day, and from two till four p.m. During these five hours the squads are exercised in the art of putting the ladders and escapes on the wagons which convey them to the scene of the fire. The recruit must learn how to raise the heavy machine by his own efforts, by means of a rope rove through a ring-bolt. We had an opportunity to see the recruits raising the machine together to get it off the wagon. The men are practised in leaping up when the vehicle is starting off at a great pace after the wheels are manned to give an impetus to the vehicle which carries such a burthen.

But the "rescue drill" is still more interesting, and this exhibited the strength and dexterity of the firemen in a surprising manner. It is striking to notice the different ways in which the rescue of the male and female sexes is accomplished. The sure-footed fireman rapidly ascends the ladder, and leaps upon the parapet. The escape is furnished with a ladder which projects beyond the net. At the bottom a canvas sheet or "hammock" is suspended, so that the rescued shall not suffer from contusions, which formerly were frequent in consequence of the rapid descent.

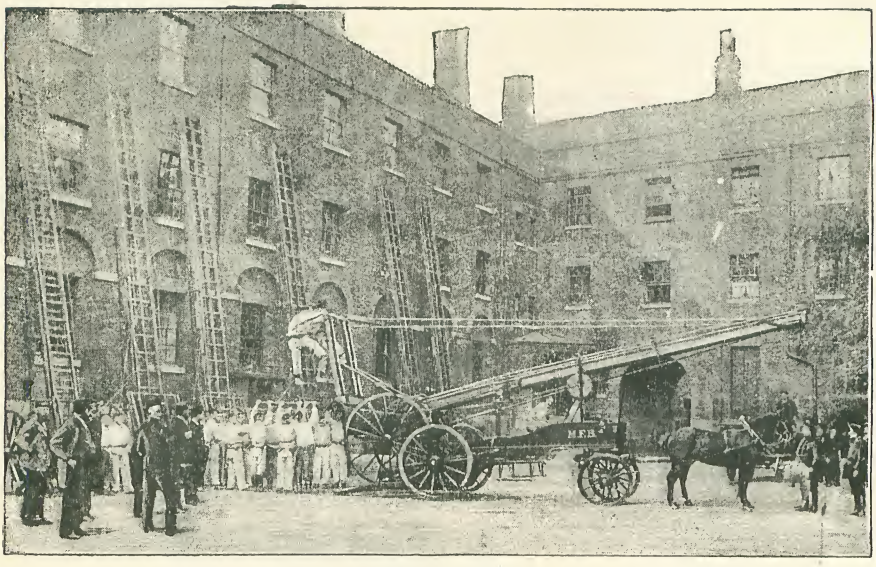
One fireman passes into a garret window and emerges with a man. He makes no pause on the parapet, where already, heedless of glare and smoke and the risk of a fall, he has raised on his shoulders the heavy, apparently inanimate, form, and grasping the man round one leg, his arm inside the thigh, he carries him steadily, like a sack of coals, down the ladder as far as the opening of the bag-net of the escape.

Here he halts, and puts the man into the net, perhaps head downwards, he himself following in the same position. The man rescued is then let down easily, the fireman using his elbows and knees as "breaks" to arrest their progress. So the individual is assisted down, and not permitted to go unattended.

The rescue of a female is accomplished in a slightly different manner. She is also carried to the ladder, but the rescuer grasps both her legs below the knees, and when he reaches the net he places her head downwards and grasps her dress tightly round her ankles, holding her thus in a straight position. Thus her dress is undisturbed, and she is received in the folds of the friendly canvas underneath, in safety.

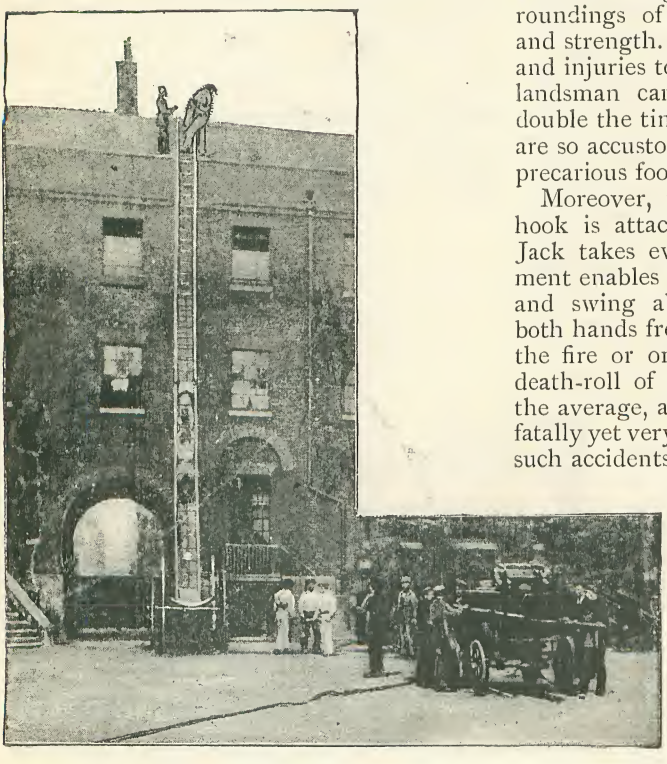
There is also a "jumping drill" from the windows into a sheet held by the other men. This course of instruction is not so

FIRE ESCAPES



RECRUITS DRILLING.

popular, for it seems somewhat of a trial to leap in cold blood into a sheet some twenty feet below. The feat of lifting a grown man (weighing perhaps sixteen stone) from the parapet to the right knee, then, by grasping the waist, getting the limp arm around his neck, and then, holding the leg, to rise up and walk on a narrow ledge amid all the terrible surroundings of a fire, requires much nerve and strength. Frequently we hear of deaths and injuries to men of the Brigade, but no landsman can attain proficiency in even double the time that sailors do—the latter are so accustomed to giddy heights, and to precarious footing.



RESCUE DRILL.

Moreover, the belt, to which a swivel hook is attached, is a safeguard of which Jack takes every advantage. This equipment enables him to hang on to a ladder and swing about like a monkey, having both hands free to save or assist a victim or the fire or one of his mates. There is a death-roll of about five men annually, on the average, and many are injured, if not fatally yet very seriously, by falling walls and such accidents. Drenched and soaked, the men have a terrible time of it at a fire, and they richly deserve the leisure they obtain.

This leisure is, however, not so pleasant as might be imagined, for the fireman is always on duty; and, no matter how he is occupied, he may be wanted on the engine, and must go.

Having inspected the American ladder in its shed, we glanced at the stores and pattern rooms, and at the firemen's quarters. Here the men live with their wives and families, if they are married, and in single blessedness, if Love the Pilgrim has not come their way. Old Winchester House, festooned with creepers, was never put to more worthy use than in sheltering these retiring heroes, who daily risk their lives uncomplainingly. Somewhat different now the scenes from those when the stately palace of Cardinal Beaufort extended to the river, and the spacious park was stocked with game and venison. As our conductor seeks a certain key we muse on the old time, the feasts and pageants held here, the wedding banquet of James and Jane Somerset, when the old walls and precincts rang with merry cheer. Turning, we can almost fancy we perceive the restless Wyatt quitting the postern-gate, leaving fragments of the mutilated books of Winchester's proud bishop. These past scenes vanish as our guide returns and beckons us to other sights.

A SAD RECORD.

Of these, by far the most melancholy interest is awakened by the relics of those brave firemen who have died, or have been seriously injured, on duty. In a cupboard, in a long, rather low apartment, in the square or inner quadrangle of the building, are a number of helmets; bruised, battered, broken, burnt; the fragments of crests twisted by fire, dulled by water and dust and smoke. Here is a saddening record indeed. The visitor experiences much the same sensations as those with which he gazes at the bodies at the Great Saint Bernard, only in this instance the cause of death is fire and heat, in the other snow and vapour, wind and storm; but all "fulfilling His word," Whose fiat has gone forth, "To dust shalt thou return."

Aye, it is a sad moment when on a canvas pad we see all that remains of the brave Fireman Jacobs, who perished at the conflagration in Wandsworth in September, 1889.

It was on the 12th of that month that the premises occupied by Messrs. Burroughs and Wellcome, manufacturing chemists, took fire. Engineer Howard and two third-class firemen, Jacobs and Ashby, ran the hose up the staircase at the end of the building. The two latter men remained, but their retreat was suddenly cut off, and exit was sought by the window. The united ladder-lengths would not reach the upper story, and a builder's ladder came only within a few feet of the casement at which the brave men were standing calling for a line.

Ashby, whose helmet is still preserved, was fortunately able to squeeze himself through the bars, drop on the high ladder, and descend. He was terribly burned. But Jacobs being a stout man—his portrait is hanging on the wall in the office waiting-room in Southwark—could not squeeze through, and he was burned to a cinder, almost. What remained of him was laid to rest with all Brigade honours, but in this museum are his blackened tunic-front, his hatchet and spanner, the nozzle of the hose he held in his death-grip. That is all! But his memory is green, and not a man who mentions but points with pride to his picture. "Did you tell him about Jacobs?" is a question which testifies to the estimation in which this brave man is held; and he is but a sample of the rest.

For he is not alone represented. Take the helmets one by one at random. Whose was this? Joseph Ford's? Yes, read on, and you will learn that he saved six lives at a fire in Gray's Inn-road, and that he was in the act of saving a seventh when he lost his life. Poor fellow!

STANLEY GUERNSEY; T. ASHFORD; HOAD; BERG, too, the hero of the Alhambra fire in 1882. But the record is too long. *Requiescant in pace.* They have done their duty; some have survived to do it again, and we may be satisfied. . . . Come away, lock the cupboard, good Number 109. May it be long ere thy helmet is placed with sad memento within this press.

Descending the stairs we reach the office once again. Here we meet our Superintendent. All is quiet. Some men are reading, others writing reports, mayhap; a few are in their shirt-sleeves working, polishing the reserve engine: a calm reigns. We glance up at the automatic fire-alarm which, when just heated, rings the call, and "it will warm up also with your hand." See? Yes! but suppose it should ring, suppose—

Ting, ting, ting, ting-g-g-g!

What's this? The call? I am at the office door in a second. Well it is that I proceed no farther. As I pause in doubt and surprise, the heavy rear doors swing open by themselves as boldly and almost as noiselessly as the iron gate which opened for St. Peter. A clattering of hoofs, a running to and fro for a couple of seconds; four horses trot in, led by the coachman; in the twinkling of an eye the animals are hitched to the ready engines; the firemen dressed, helmeted, and booted are seated on the machines; a momentary pause to learn at the traces; the passers-by scatter helter-skelter as the horses plunge into the street and then dash round the corner to their stables once again.

"A false alarm?"

"Yes, sir. We thought you'd like to see a turn out, and that is how it's done!"

A false alarm! Was it true? Yes, the men are good-temperedly doffing boots and helmets, and quietly resuming their late avocations. They do not mind. Less than twenty seconds have elapsed, and from a quiet hall the engine-room has been transformed into a bustling fire station. Men, horses, engines all ready and away! No one knew whither he was going. The call was sufficient for all of them. No questions put save one, "Where is it?" Thither the brave fellows would have hurried, ready to do and die, if necessary.

It is almost impossible to describe the effect which this sudden transformation scene produces; the change is so rapid, the effect is so dramatic, so novel to a stranger. We hear of the engines turning out, but to the writer, who was not in the secret, the result was most exciting, and the remembrance will be lasting. The wily artist had placed himself outside, and secured a view, an instantaneous picture of the start; but the writer was in the dark, and taken by surprise. The wonderful rapidity, order, discipline, and exactness of the parts secure a most effective tableau.

A TURN OUT.

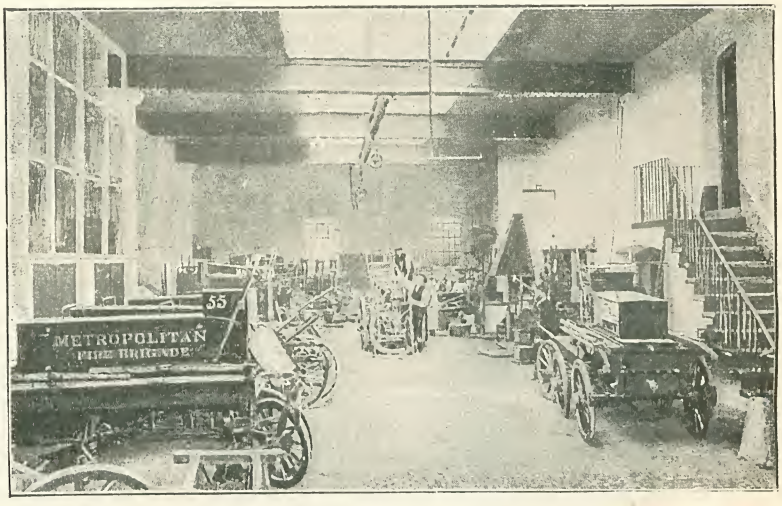
their destination ere the coachman pulls the ropes suspended over head; the street doors fold back, automatically, the prancing, rearing steeds impatient, foaming, strain

After such an experience one naturally desires to see the mainspring of all this machinery, the hub round which the wheel revolves—Captain Eyre M. Shaw, C.B.

But the chief officer has slipped out, leaving us permission to interview his empty chair, and the apartments which he daily occupies when on duty in Southwark.

This unpretending room upstairs is plainly but comfortably furnished—though no carpet covers the floor, oilcloth being cooler. Business is writ large on every side. On one wall is a large map of the fire stations of the immense area presided over by Captain Shaw. Here are separately indicated the floating engines, the escapes, ladders, call points, police stations, and private communications.

The chair which "the Captain" has temporarily vacated bristles with speaking tubes. On the walls beside the fire-place are portraits of men who have died on duty; the chimney-piece is decorated with nozzles — hose-nozzles—of various sizes. Upon the table are reports, map of Paris, and many documents, amid which a novel shines, as indicating touch with the outside world. There is a book-case full of carefully arranged pamphlets, and on the opposite wall an illuminated address of thanks from the Fire Brigade Association to Captain Shaw, which concludes with the expression of a hope "That his useful life may long be spared to fill the high position in the service he now adorns."



THE REPAIRING SHOP.

With this we cordially concur, and we echo the "heartfelt wishes" of his obliged and faithful servants as we retire, secure in our possession of a picture of the apartment.

There are many interesting items in connection with the Brigade which we find time to chronicle. For instance, we learn that the busiest time is, as one would expect, between September and December. The calls during the year 1889 amounted to 3,131. Of these 594 were false alarms, 199 were only chimneys on fire, and of the remainder 153 only resulted in serious damage, 2,185 in slight damage. These calls are exclusive of ordinary chimney fires and small cases, but in all those above referred to engines and men were turned out. The grand total of fires amounted to 4,705, or on an average 13 fires, or supposed fires, a day. This is an increase of 350 on those of 1888, and we find that the increment has been growing for a decade. However, considering the increase in the number of houses, there is no cause for alarm. Lives were lost at thirty-eight fires in 1889.

The *personnel* of the Brigade consists of only seven hundred and seven of all ranks. The men keep watches of twelve hours, and do an immense amount of work besides. This force has the control of 158 engines, steam and manual of all sorts; 31½ miles of hose, and 80 carts to carry it; besides fire-floats, steam tugs, barges, and escapes; long ladders, trolleys, vans, and 131 horses. These are to attend to 365 call points, 72 telephones to stations, 55 alarm circuits, besides telephones to police stations and public and private building and houses, and the pay is 3s. 6d. per day, increasing!

From these, not altogether dry, bones of facts we may build up a monument to the great energy and intense *esprit de corps* of Captain Shaw and his Brigade. In their hands we place ourselves every night. While the Metropolis sleeps the untiring Brigade watches over its safety. Whether at the head-quarters or at the outer stations, at the street stations, boxes, or escape stations, the men are continually vigilant; and are most efficiently seconded by the police.

But for the latter force the efforts of the firemen would often be crippled, and their heroic attempts perhaps rendered fruitless, by the pressure of the excited spectators.

We have now seen the manner in which the Metropolitan Fire Brigade is managed, and how it works; the splendid services it accomplishes, for which few rewards are forthcoming. It is true that a man may attain to the post of superintendent, and to a house, with a salary of £245 a year, but he has to serve a long probation. For consider that he has to learn his drill and the general working of the Brigade. Every man must be competent to perform all the duties. During this course of instruction he is not permitted to attend a fire; such experience being found unsuitable to beginners. In a couple of months, if he has been a sailor, the recruit is fit to go out, and he is sent to some station, where, as fireman of the fourth class, he performs the duties required.

By degrees, from death or accident, or other causes, those above him are removed, or promoted, and he ascends the ladder to the first class, where, having passed an examination, he gets a temporary appointment as assistant officer on probation. If then satisfactory, he is confirmed in his position as officer, proceeds to head-quarters, and superintends a section of the establishment as inspector of the shops, and finally as drill instructor.

After this service, he is probably put under the superintendent at a station as "engineer-in-charge," as he is termed. He has, naturally, every detail of drill and "business" at his fingers' ends. The wisdom of such an arrangement is manifest. As the engineer-in-charge has been lately through the work of drill instructor, he knows exactly what is to be done, and every other officer in similar position also knows it. Thus uniformity of practice is insured.

There are many other points on which information is most courteously given at head-quarters. But time presses. We accordingly take leave of our pleasant guide, and the most polite of superintendents, and, crossing the Iron Bridge once more, plunge into the teeming thoroughfares of the City, satisfied.

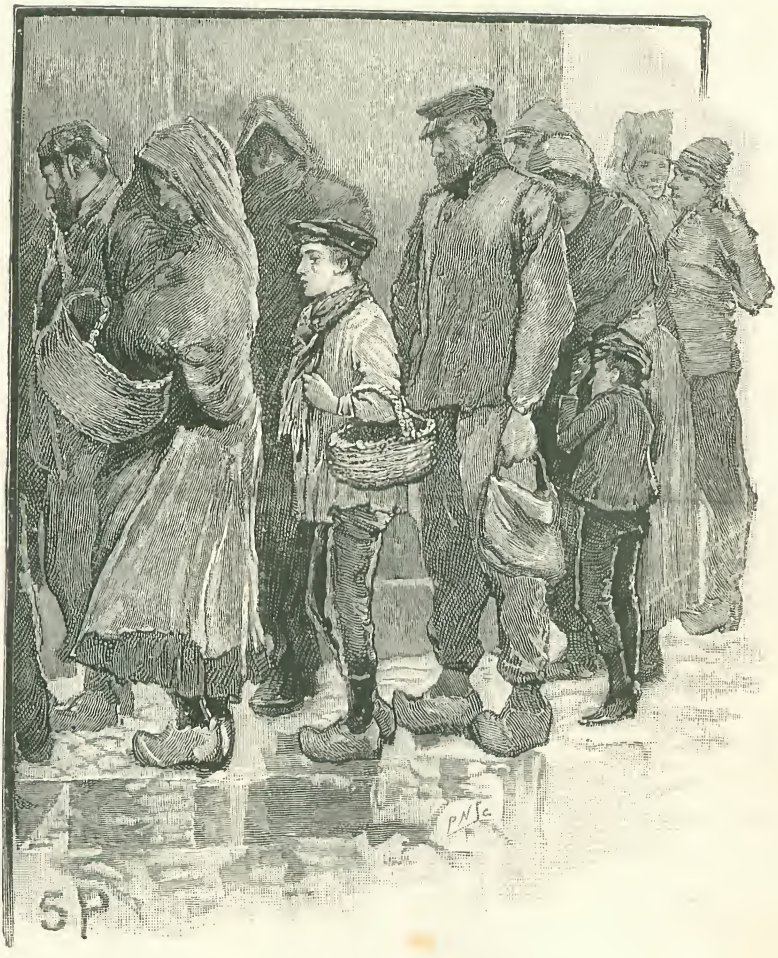
CAPTAIN SHAW'S SANCTUM.

Scenes of the Siege of Paris.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ALPHONSE DAUDET.

[ALPHONSE DAUDET, the most brilliant of French novelists alive, was born at Nimes in 1840. His parents were not rich, and he started life by drudging as an usher. Then he resolved to break his chains, and to earn his bread at Paris with his pen. He began by painting in the *Figaro*, with great graphic power, the miseries of ushers in provincial schools. Then he turned to writing stories, with the success to which he owes his world-wide fame. Most of his novels are well known in England; but the characteristic little stories here translated will probably be new to English readers.]

I.—THE BOY SPY.



"HE WOULD TAKE HIS PLACE IN THE LONG LINE."

THIS name was Stenne: they called him Little Stenne.

He was a thorough child of Paris; delicate-looking, pale, about ten years old—perhaps fifteen—one never can tell the ages of these scaramouches. His mother was dead; his father, an old marine, used to guard a square in the Temple quarter. Babies, nursemaids, the old women with folding-chairs, poor mothers—all the leisurely-moving world of Paris which puts itself out of the way of carriages in those gardens—knew Father Stenne, and worshipped him. People knew that under that bristling moustache, the terror of dogs and

tramps, there lurked a tender, pleasant, almost a maternal smile; and that to see it one had only to say to the good man—

"How is your little boy?"

Father Stenne was very fond of his son. He was never so happy as in the evening after school when the little fellow came to fetch him, and when they went together round the walks, halting at every bench to speak to the regular loungers, and to reply to their civil greetings.

With the siege all this unfortunately changed. The square was closed; petroleum had been stored in it, and poor Stenne, obliged to keep watch incessantly, passed his life amid the deserted, and partly destroyed, clumps of trees without being able to smoke, and without the company of his son until he returned home late in the evening. You should have seen his moustache when he spoke of the Prussians!

Little Stenne, however, did not complain very much of this new life. A siege is such fun for the street boys! No more school; no lessons; holidays all the time, and the streets just like a fair! The lad stayed out all day till quite evening, running about. He would accompany the battalions of the quarter on their turn of duty to the ramparts, choosing those specially which had good bands; and on this question little Stenne was quite critical. He would have told you plainly that the band of the Ninety-sixth was not good for much; but that the Fifty-fifth had an excellent one. At other times he watched the mobiles drilling, and then there were the *queues* to occupy him.

With his basket on his arm he would take his place in the long lines which, in the half-light of the winter mornings—those gasless mornings—were formed outside the gates of the butchers and bakers. There the people, waiting for rations, their feet in the puddles, talked politics and made acquaintances; and, as the son of M. Stenne, every one asked the lad his opinion. But the greatest fun of all was the cork-throwing parties—the famous game of *galoche*—which the Breton mobiles had introduced during the siege. When little Stenne was not on the ramparts, or at the distribution of rations, you would surely find him in the Place Château d'Eau. He did not play *galoche* himself, you must understand: too much money was needed for that. He contented himself by watching the players "with all his eyes."

One lad—a big fellow in a blue jacket—who never ventured aught but five-franc pieces, especially excited the admiration of little Stenne. When this fellow moved about you could hear the coins jingling in his pocket.

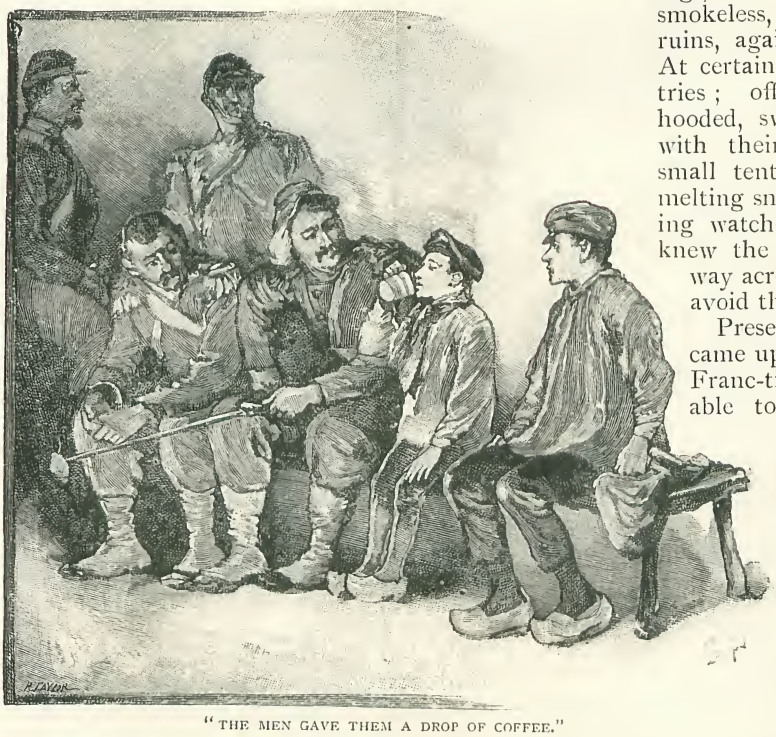
One day, when picking up a piece that had rolled to the feet of our hero, the big boy said to him:

"Ah! that makes your mouth water, eh? Well, if you wish, I will tell you where to find some like this."

"LET US PASS, GOOD SIR."

When the game was finished he led Stenne to a corner of the Place, and proposed that he should go with him and sell newspapers to the Germans—at thirty

francs the trip! At first Stenne indignantly refused, and he did not go again to watch the game for three whole days—three terrible days. He no longer ate nor slept. At night he had visions of heaps of



"THE MEN GAVE THEM A DROP OF COFFEE."

galoches at the foot of his bed, and five-franc pieces rolling and shining brightly. The temptation was too strong. On the fourth day he returned to the Château d'Eau, saw the big boy again, and permitted himself to be led astray!

One snowy morning they set out carrying a linen bag, and with a number of newspapers stuffed under their blouses. When they reached the Flanders Gate it was scarcely daylight. The big boy took Stenne by the hand and approaching the sentry—a brave "stay-at-home," who had a red nose, and a good-natured expression—said to him, in a whining tone:

"Let us pass, good sir; our mother is ill, papa is dead. We are going—my little brother and I—to pick up some potatoes in the fields."

He began to cry. Stenne, shame-faced, hung down his head. The sentry looked at the lads for a moment, and then glanced down the white, deserted road.

"Get on with you, quick!" he said, turning away; and then they were in the Aubervilliers-road. The big boy laughed heartily!

Confusedly, as in a dream, little Stenne saw the factories, now converted into barracks; abandoned barricades decked out with wet rags, and high chimneys, now smokeless, standing up, half in ruins, against the misty sky. At certain distances were sentries; officers, cloaked and hooded, sweeping the horizon with their field glasses; and small tents saturated by the melting snow beside the expiring watch-fires. The big boy knew the paths, and took his way across the fields so as to avoid the outposts.

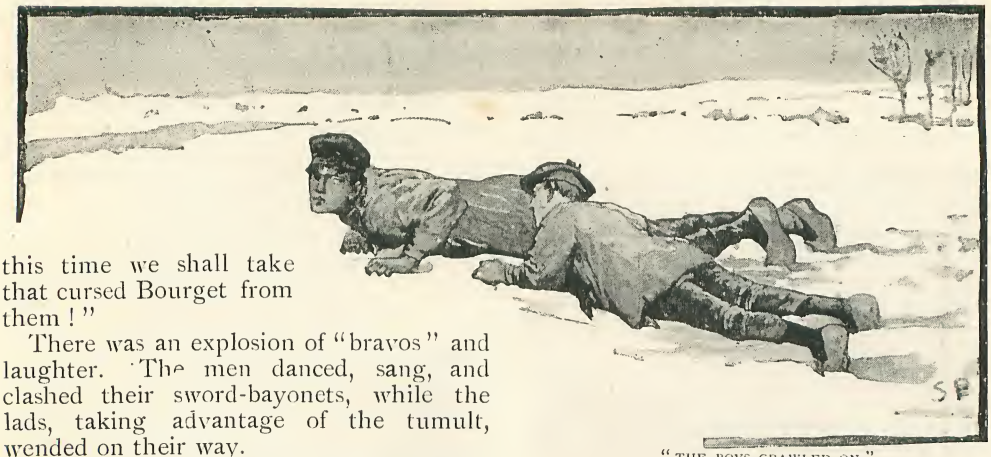
Presently, however, they came upon a strong guard of Franc-tireurs, and were unable to pass by unnoticed. The men were in a number of small huts concealed in a ditch full of water all along the line of the Soissons railway. Here it was no avail for the big boy to tell his story; the Franc-tireurs would not let him pass. But while he was lamenting, an old sergeant, with white hair and wrinkled face, came out from the guard-house; he was something like Father Stenne.

"Come, come, you brats, don't cry any more!" he said. "You may go and fetch your potatoes; but first come in and warm yourselves a little. The youngster there looks nearly frozen!"

Alas! little Stenne was not trembling from cold, but for fear, for very shame!

In the guardhouse were some soldiers huddled round a very poor fire—a true "widow's fire," at which they were toasting biscuits on the points of their bayonets. The men sat up close to make room for the boys, and gave them a drop of coffee. While they were drinking it an officer came to the door and summoned the sergeant of the guard. He spoke to him very rapidly in a low tone and went off in a hurry.

"My lads," said the sergeant, as he turned round with a beaming countenance, "*There will be tobacco* to-night! The watch-word of the Prussians has been discovered, and



"THE BOYS CRAWLED ON."

this time we shall take that cursed Bourget from them!"

There was an explosion of "bravos" and laughter. The men danced, sang, and clashed their sword-bayonets, while the lads, taking advantage of the tumult, wended on their way.

The trench crossed, the plain lay extended in front of them; beyond it was a long white wall, loopholed for musketry. Towards this wall they made their way, halting at every step, pretending to pick up potatoes.

"Let us go back; do not go there," little Stenne kept saying. But the other only shrugged his shoulders, and continued to advance. Suddenly they heard the click of a fire-lock.

"Lie down," cried the big boy, throwing himself flat on the ground as he spoke.

As soon as he was down he whistled.

"THEIR FACES BECAME MORE GRAVE."

Another whistle came across the snow in reply. The boys crawled on. In front of the wall, on the level of the plain, appeared a pair of yellow moustaches under a dirty forage-cap. The big boy leaped into the trench beside the Prussian.

"This is my brother," he said, indicating his companion.

He was so small, this little Stenne, that the Prussian laughed when he looked at him, and he was obliged to lift him up to the embrasure.

On the further side of the wall were great mounds of earth, felled trees, dark holes in the snow, and in every hole was a dirty cap and a yellow moustache, whose wearer grinned as the lads passed.

In one corner stood a gardener's cottage, casemated with trunks of trees. The lower storey was filled with soldiers playing cards, or busy making soup over a clear fire. How good the cabbage and bacon smelt! What a difference from the bivouac of the Franc-tireurs! Upstairs the officers were quartered. Someone was playing a piano, while from time to time the popping of champagne corks was also audible.

When the Parisians entered a cheer of welcome assailed them. They distributed their newspapers, had something to drink, and the officers "drew them out." These officers wore a haughty and disdainful air, but the big boy amused them with his street slang and vulgar smartness. Little Stenne would rather have spoken, to have proved that he was not a fool, but something restrained him. Op-

posite to him was seated a Prussian older and more serious than the rest, who was reading, or rather pretending to read, for his gaze was fixed on little Stenne. In his steadfast look were tenderness and reproach, as if he had at home a child of the same age as Stenne—as if he was saying to himself—

"I would rather die than see my own son engaged in such a business!"

From that moment Stenne felt as if a heavy hand had been laid upon his heart, and that its beatings were checked—stifled.

To escape from this terrible feeling he began to drink. Soon the room and its occupants were turning round him. In a vague way he heard his companion, amidst loud laughter, making game of the National Guard—of their style of drill; imitating a rush to arms; a night alarm on the ramparts. Subsequently the "big fellow" lowered his tone, the officers drew nearer, their faces became more grave. The wretch was about to tell them of the intended attack of the Franc-tireurs.

Then little Stenne stood up in a rage, as his senses returned to him; he cried out, "None of that, big one, none of that!" but the other only laughed and continued. Ere he had finished, all the officers were on their feet. One of them opened the door.

"Get out," he said to the boys. "Be off!"

Then they began to converse among themselves in German. The big boy walked out as proud as the Doge, clinking his money in his pocket. Stenne followed him with drooping head, and as he passed the elderly Prussian, whose glance had so discomposed him, he heard him say in a sad tone in broken French, "This is bad! Very bad!"

Tears came into Stenne's eyes. Once in the plain again, the lads set out running, and returned quickly. The bag was full of potatoes which the Prussians had given them, and with it they passed the Franc-tireurs unmolested. The troops were preparing for the attack that night; bodies of men were coming up silently and massing themselves behind the walls. The old sergeant was present, engaged in posting his men, and seemed quite happy. As the lads passed he nodded at them, and smiled kindly in recognition.

Ah! how bad Stenne felt when he saw that smile: he felt inclined to cry out—

"Don't advance yonder; we have betrayed you!"

But the "big one" had told him that if he said anything they would both be shot; and fear restrained him.

At La Courneuve the pair went into an empty house to divide the money. Truth compels me to state that the division was honourably made, and little Stenne did not feel his crime weigh so heavily on his mind when he heard the coins jingling in his pocket, and thought of the prospective games of *galoche!*

But—unhappy child!—when he was left alone! When, after they had passed the gate, and his companion had left him—oh, then his pocket weighed heavily, and the hand which pressed upon his heart was hard indeed! Paris was no longer the same. The people passing looked at him severely, as if they were aware of his mission. The word *spy* seemed to ring in his ears, and he heard it above the din of carriages, and in the rolling of the drums along the canal.

At length he reached home, and was very glad to find that his father had not yet come in. He hurried upstairs to his room to hide the crowns which had become so burdensome to him.

Never had Father Stenne been in such spirits, never in such good humour, as on that evening when he returned home. News had come in from the provinces: things were going better. As he ate his supper the old soldier gazed at his musket which was hanging on the wall, and exclaimed: "Hey, my lad, how you would go at the Prussians if you were big enough!"

About eight o'clock the sound of cannon was heard.

"That's Aubervilliers; they are fighting at Bourget," said the good old man, who knew all the forts. Little Stenne turned pale, and feigning fatigue went to bed, but not to sleep. The thunder of the cannon continued. He pictured to himself the Franc-tireurs marching in the darkness to surprise the Prussians, and falling into an ambuscade themselves. He recalled the sergeant who had smiled, and pictured him, with many others, extended lifeless on the snow. The price of all this blood was then under his pillow, and he—he, the son of M. Stenne, a soldier—what had he done? Tears choked him. He could hear his father walking about in the next room; he heard him open the window. In the Place below the *rappel* was being beaten; a battalion of mobiles was mustering. Yes'

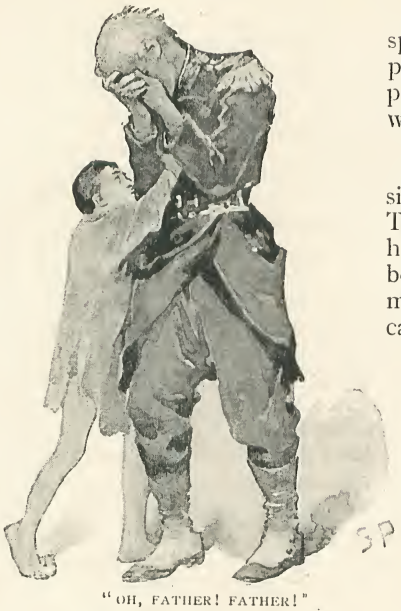
it was a real battle—no mistake about it! The unhappy lad could not repress his sobs.

"Why, what's the matter?" cried Father Stenne, coming into the bedroom.

The lad could bear it no longer; he jumped out of bed, and was about to throw himself at his father's feet when the silver coins rolled out upon the floor.

"What's this? Have you robbed anyone?" asked the old soldier in a tremulous voice.

Then, all in a breath, little Stenne told him how he had gone to the Prussian lines and what he had done. As he continued to speak the weight on his heart grew less—it was a relief to accuse himself. Father Stenne listened; his face was terrible to see. When the lad had finished his narrative the old man buried his face in his hands and wept aloud.



"OH, FATHER! FATHER!"

"Oh, father! father!"—The boy would have spoken, but the old man pushed him aside, and picked up the money without a word.

"Is this all?" he asked.

Little Stenne made a sign in the affirmative. The old soldier took down his musket and cartouche-box, and putting the silver money in his pocket, said calmly:

"Very well; I am going to pay it back to them!"

Then, without another word, without even turning his head, he descended the stairs, and joined the mobiles who were marching out into the darkness.

No one ever saw him again!

II.—BELISAIRE'S PRUSSIAN.

HERE is a story which I heard this very week in a drinking-shop at Montmartre. To do the tale justice I ought to possess the faubourg accents of Master Belisaire, and his great carpenter's apron; and to drink two or three cups of that splendid white wine of Montmartre, which is capable of imparting a Parisian accent to even a native of Marseilles. Then I might be able to make your flesh creep, and your blood run cold, as Belisaire did when he related this lugubrious and veracious story to his boon companions.

"It was the day after the 'amnesty' (Belisaire meant armistice). My wife wished me to take our child across to Villeneuve-la-Garenne to look after a little cottage we had there, and of which we had heard and seen nothing since the siege had commenced. I felt nervous about taking the little chap with me, for I knew that we should fall in with the Prussians; and as I had not yet encountered them, I was afraid that something unpleasant would happen. But his mother was determined. 'Get out!' she cried. 'Let the lad have a breath of fresh air!'

"And the fact is he wanted it badly, poor little chap, after five months of the siege operations and privations.

"So we started off together across the fields. I suppose he was happy, poor mite, in seeing the trees and the birds again, and in dabbling himself with mud in the ploughed land; but I was not so comfortable myself; there were too many spiked helmets about for me. All the way from the canal to the island we met them every moment; and how insolent they were! It was as much as I could do to restrain myself from knocking some of them down. But I did feel my temper getting the better of me as we reached Villeneuve, and saw our poor gardens all in disorder, plants rooted up, the houses open and pillaged, and those bandits established in them! They were shouting to each other from the windows, and drying their clothes on our trellises. Fortunately the lad was trotting along close beside me, and I thought

"WE STARTED OFF TOGETHER."

when I looked at him, if my hands itched more than usual, 'Keep cool, Belisaire; take care that no harm befall the brat!'

"Nothing but this feeling prevented me from committing some foolish act. Then I understood why his mother had been so determined about my bringing the boy out.

"The hut is at the end of the open space, the last on the right hand on the quay. I found it empty from top to bottom, like all the others. Not an article of furniture, not a pane of glass, was left in it! There was nothing except some bundles of straw and the last leg of the big arm-chair, which was smouldering in the chimney. These signs were Prussian all over; but I could see nothing of the Germans.

"Nevertheless it seemed to me that

"I SEIZED THE BENCH IRON."

somebody was stirring in the basement. I had a bench down there at which I used to amuse myself on Sundays. So I told the child to wait for me, and went down.

"No sooner had I opened the door than a great hulking soldier of William's army rose growling from the shavings and came at me, his eyes starting from his head, swearing strange oaths which I did not understand. I could perceive that the brute meant mischief, for at the first word that I attempted to speak he began to draw his sword.

"My blood boiled in a second. All the bile which had been aroused during the previous hour or so rushed to my face. I seized the bench-iron and struck him with it. You know, my lads, whether my fist is usually a light one, but it seemed to me that that day I had a thunderbolt at the end of my arm. At the first blow the Prussian measured his length upon the floor. I thought he was only stunned. Ah! well, yes! But all I had to do was to clear out, to get myself out of the pickle.

"It seemed queer to me, who had never killed anything—not even a lark—in my life, to see the great body lying there. My faith! but he was a fine fair-haired fellow, with a curly beard like deal shavings. My legs trembled as I looked—and now the brat upstairs was beginning to feel lonely, and to yell out, 'Papa, papa!' at the top of his voice.

"There were some Prussians passing along the road. I could see their sabres and their long legs through the casement of the underground room. Suddenly the idea struck me—'If they enter the child is lost.' That was enough. I trembled no longer. In a second I dragged the corpse under the bench, covered it with planks and shavings, and hurried up the stairs to join the child.

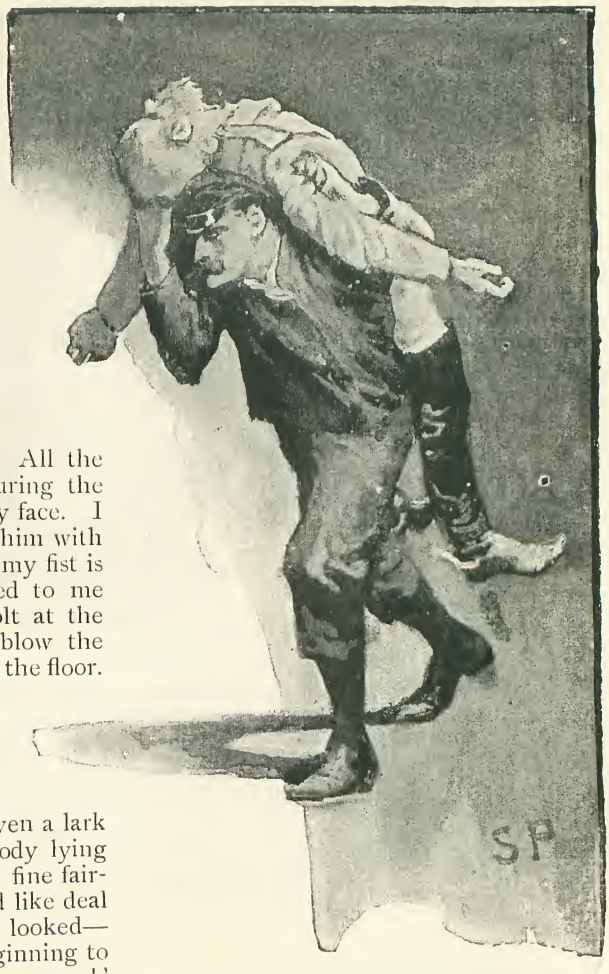
"'Here I am!' I said.

"'What is the matter, papa? How pale you are!'

"'Come, let us get on!'

"I declare to you that the 'Cossacks' might hustle me, or regard me with suspicion, but I would not take any notice of them. It seemed that some one was running after me, and crying out behind us all the time. Once when a horseman came galloping up, I thought I would have fallen down in a faint! However, after I had passed the bridges I began to pull myself together. Saint Denis was full of people. There was no risk of our being fished out of the crowd. Then I only thought of our little cottage. The Prussians would surely burn it when they found their comrade, to say nothing of the risk of Jaquot, my neighbour, the water-bailiff, who, being the only Frenchman left in the hamlet, would be held responsible for the dead soldier! Truly it was scarcely plucky to save myself in such a way!

"I felt that I must arrange for the concealment of the body somehow! The nearer we came to Paris the closer I cherished this idea. I could not leave that Prussian in my basement. So at the ramparts I hesitated no longer.



"I RAISED HIM ON MY BACK."

"'You go on,' I said to the brat, 'I have another place to visit in Saint Denis.'

"I embraced him, and turned back. My heart was beating rather fast, but all the same I felt easier in my mind, not having the child with me then.

"When I again reached Villeneuve, night was approaching. I kept my eyes open, you may depend, and advanced foot by foot. The place seemed quiet enough, however. I could discern the hut still standing yonder in the mist. There was a long black line, or row, upon the quay. This 'palisade' was composed of Prussians calling the roll. A splendid opportunity to find the house deserted. As I made my way along I noticed Father Jaquot engaged in drying his nets. Decidedly nothing was known yet. I entered my house, I went down into the basement and felt about among the shavings. The Prussian was there! There were also a couple of rats already busy at work at his helmet, and, for a moment, I had a horrible fright, when I felt his chinstrap move! Was he reviving? No; his head was heavy and cold.

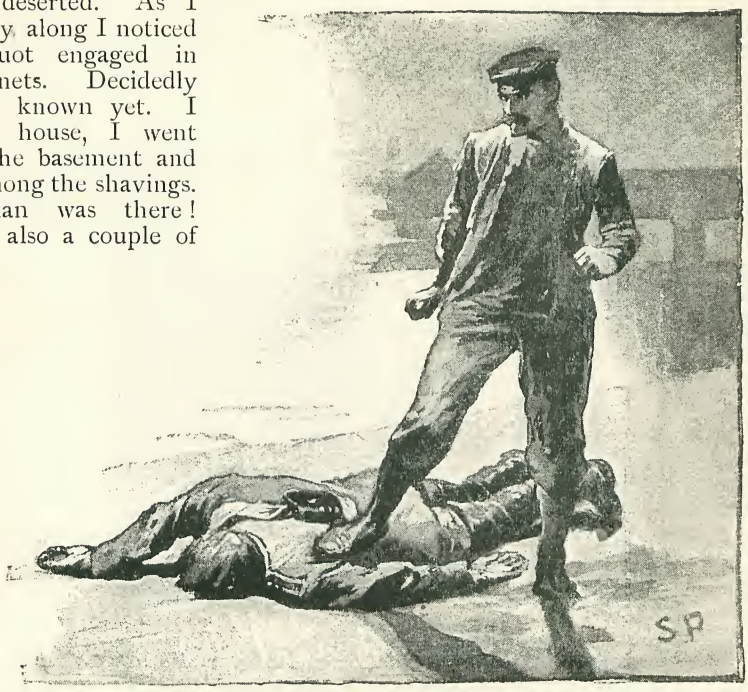
"I crouched in a corner and waited. I had the idea to throw the body into the Seine when the others were all asleep.

"I do not know whether it was the proximity of the dead, but I was uncommonly sorry when the Prussians sounded the 'retreat' that night. Loud trumpet blasts resounded—Ta-ta-ta! three by three, regular toad's music. It is not to such music that our fellows wish to go to bed!

"For some five minutes I heard the clanking of sabres, the tapping at doors; and then the soldiers entered the court-yard and began to shout—

"'Hofmann! Hofmann!'

"Poor Hofmann remained quite quiet under his shavings; but 'twas I who was on the alert. Every instant I expected to see the guard enter. I had picked up the dead man's sabre, and there I was ready, but saying to myself, 'If you get out of this scrape, my boy, you will owe a splendid wax taper to Saint John the Baptist of Belleville!'



"I PUSHED AND PUSHED."

"However, after they had called several times my tenants decided to return. I could hear their heavy boots upon the staircase, and in a few moments the whole house was snoring like a country clock. This was all I had been waiting for. I looked out.

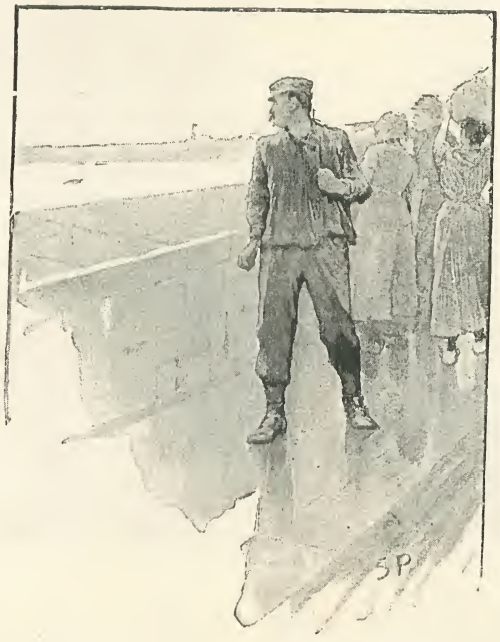
"The place was deserted; all the houses were in darkness. Good for me! I redescended quickly, drew my Hofmann from beneath the bench, stood him upright, raised him on my back, like a burden, or a bale. But wasn't he heavy, the brigand! What with his weight, my terror, and the want of food, I was afraid that I should not have strength to reach my destination.

Then no sooner had I reached the centre of the quay than I heard someone walking behind me. I turned round. There was no one! The moon was rising. I said to myself, 'I must look out; the sentries will fire!'

"To add to my trouble the Seine was low. If I had cast the corpse on the bank it would have remained there as in a cistern. I went on; no water! I could not go out any farther: my breath came thick and short. I panted. At length when I thought I had gone far enough, I threw down my load. There he goes into the mud! I pushed and pushed! *Hue!* There!

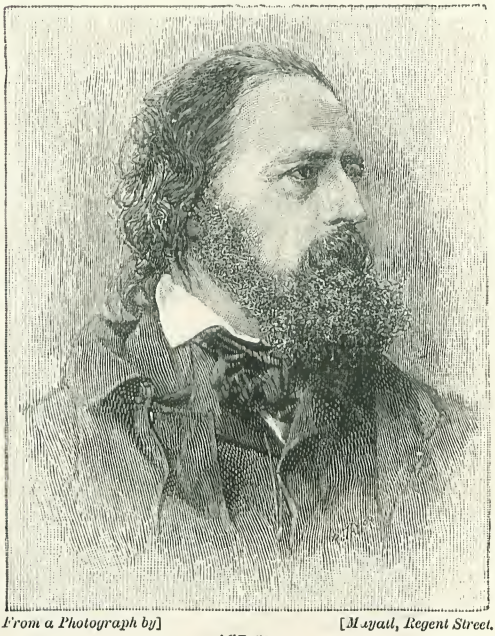
"Fortunately a puff of wind came up from the east, the river rose a little, and I felt the 'Maccabee' leave his moorings gently. Pleasant journey to him! I took a draught of water, and quickly mounted the bank.

"As I passed the bridge at Villeneuve the people were gazing at something black in the water. At that distance it had the appearance of a wherry. It was my Prussian, who was coming down on the current, in the middle of the stream!"



From a Painting by] [*Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.*

AGE 22.



From a Photograph by] [*Mayall, Regent Street.*

AGE 52.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

BORN 1809.

THE novel portrait gallery which is here commenced, and in which it is our purpose to give portraits, month by month, of the most eminent men and women of the day at different times of life, cannot be more fitly opened than with those of the great poet whose name has been for more than fifty years the glory of our literature. Portraits of Lord Tennyson in youth are rare; but Lord Tennyson himself has had the kindness to assist us. "Mayall, of Regent-street," he writes, "has done the best photograph, and Cameron, of 70, Mortimer-street, has a photograph, as a young man, from a portrait by Lawrence." These are the two here reproduced. Both have a special interest, besides the interest of comparison which belongs to all the series: the first, as a portrait of the poet, by one of the best artists of that day, at an age when his first volume—tiny, but of dazzling promise—had just been given to the world; and the second, as that which Lord Tennyson regards as the best portrait of himself in later life.

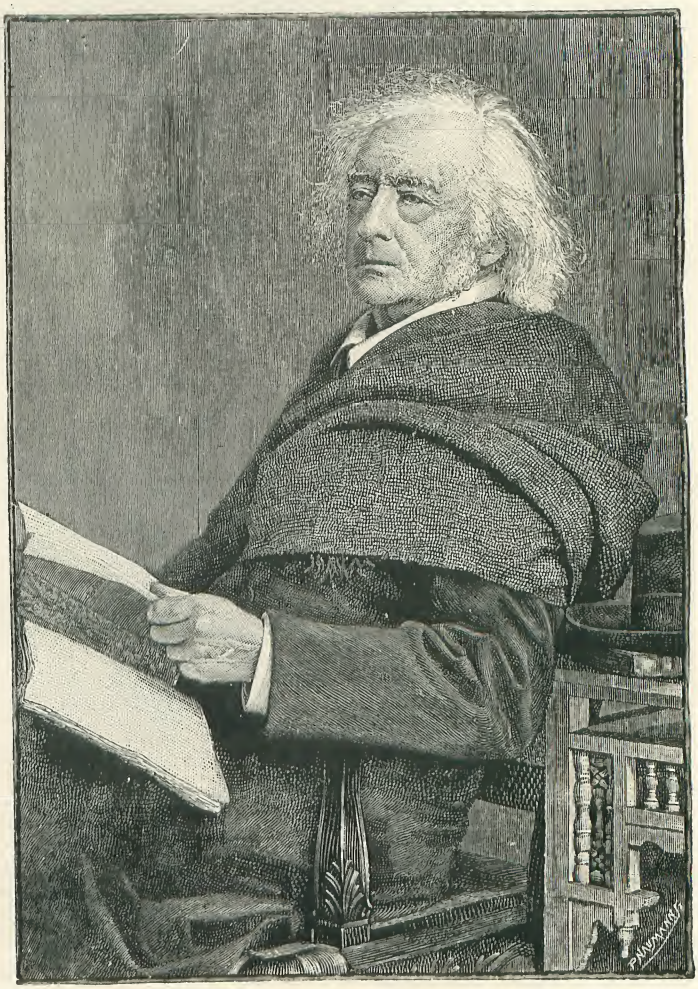
From a] AGE 5. *[Painting.*

From a] AGE 45. *[Lithograph.*

PROF. BLACKIE.

BORN 1809.

WE are indebted to the kindness of Professor Blackie for three portraits of himself at widely different ages. Three-quarters of a century is so vast a span of human life, that the resemblance between the charming little boy of five in frills and the grey Professor of eighty, who might be his great-grandfather, though distinctly traceable, may not at first be visible to all. At five years old John Stuart Blackie was, we may assume, most interested in tops and pop-guns ; at forty-five he was a University Professor, and just returning from his tour to Athens, which was the origin of his well-known advocacy of the study of modern Greek ; at eighty he was—as he still is, and as we trust he may long be—at once the most learned and the most popular of living Scotchmen.



From a Photograph by] AGE 80. *[Messrs. Elliott & Fry.*

AGE 21.

AGE 30.

AGE 36.

AGE 54.

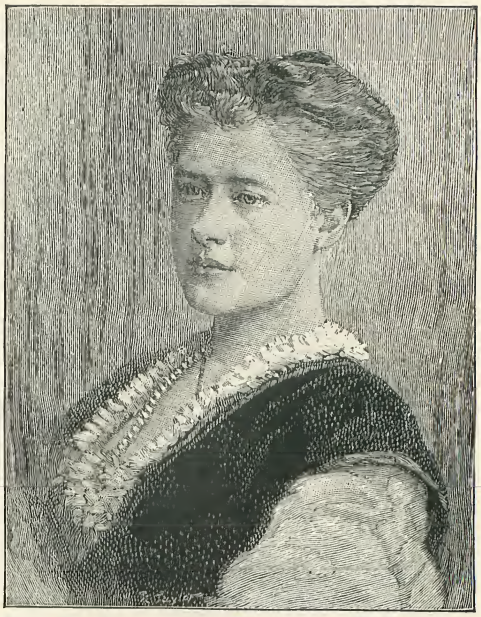
THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

BORN 1834.

MOST men born to be great preachers have, at the age of twenty-one, not yet attempted their first sermon. Four years before that age Mr. Spurgeon, "the boy preacher," was speaking every Sunday to a crowd which overflowed the chapel doors and mobbed the very windows. Before 1855—the date of our first portrait—he had been called to London, and was drawing such a throng to the chapel in New Park-street, that the building had speedily to be enlarged. That year was also memorable for another reason; in January Mr. Spurgeon issued the first sermon of the unexampled series which was to run without an interruption, week by week, for five-and-thirty years. Long before the date of our second portrait, the New Park-street chapel, in spite of its enlargement, had become too small to hold the congregation. The Metropolitan Tabernacle was erected, and from that time down to this has been crowded every Sunday to the doors.

For leave to reproduce the portraits above given, our thanks are due alike to Mr. Spurgeon, and to Messrs. Passmore & Alabaster, to whom the copyright belongs.

From a Photo. by] AGE 8. *[Miss Bond, Southsea.*



From a Photo. by] AGE 18. *[Window & Grove.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 28. *[Window & Grove.*

From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Window & Grove.*

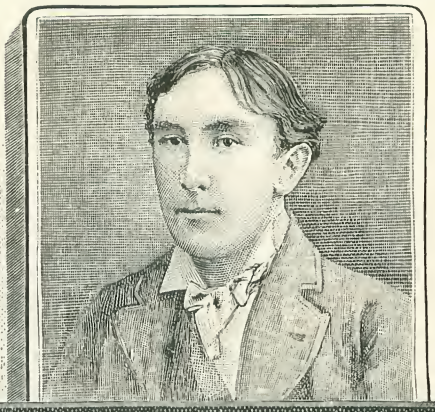
MISS ELLEN TERRY.

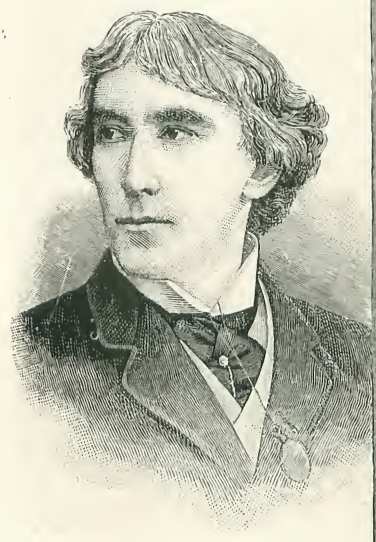
THERE is an old wives' saying, that pretty children often grow up plain, and *vice versâ;* but, as our readers may determine for themselves, Miss Ellen Terry has been always charming. And she has always been an actress. At the age of eight, as our first portrait shows her, she was playing as the child *Mamillius* in the "The Winter's Tale," with Charles Kean's company, at the Princess's, and was already giving promise of the mingled power and charm which perhaps have never been more fully manifest than in the part of *Lucy Ashton*, which all London is now crowding the Lyceum to see.

For all the photographs here reproduced we have to thank the kindness of Miss Terry.

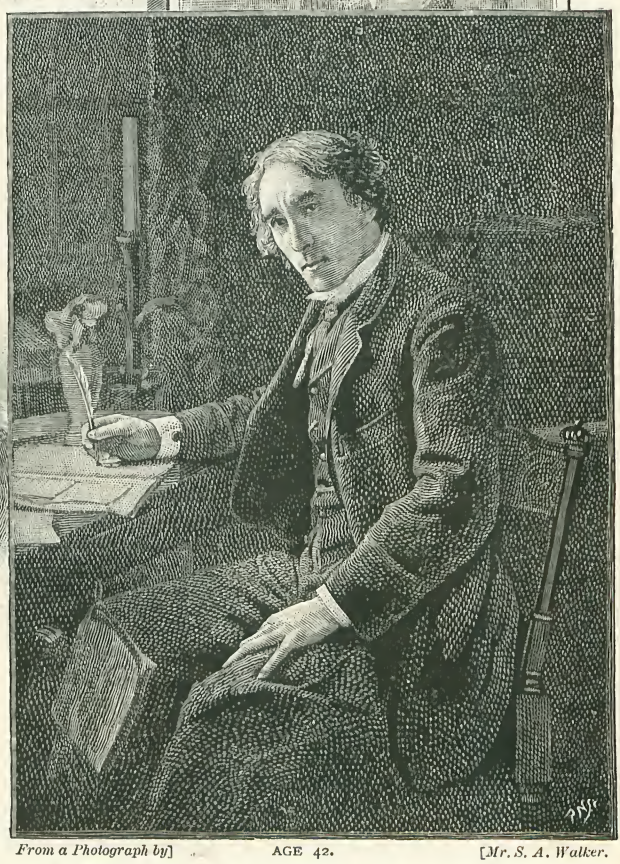
From a Photograph by] AGE 29. *[Messrs. Walker & Sons.*

From a Photograph by] AGE 30. *[Messrs. Lock & Whitfield.*





From a] AGE 39. *[Photograph.*

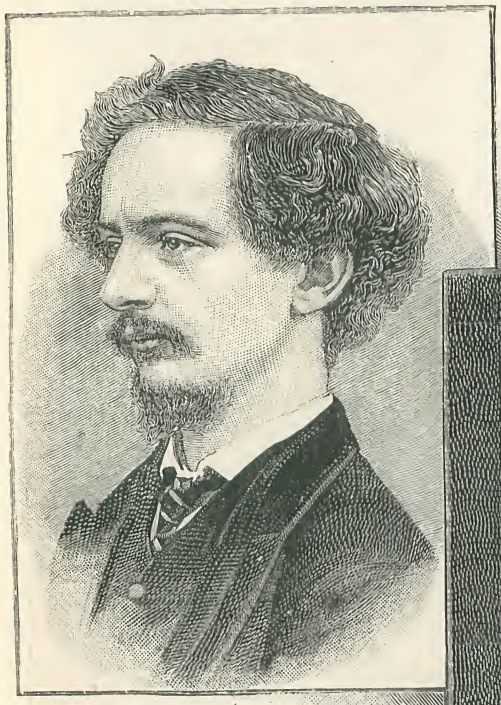


From a Photograph by] AGE 42. *[Mr. S. A. Walker.*

HENRY IRVING.

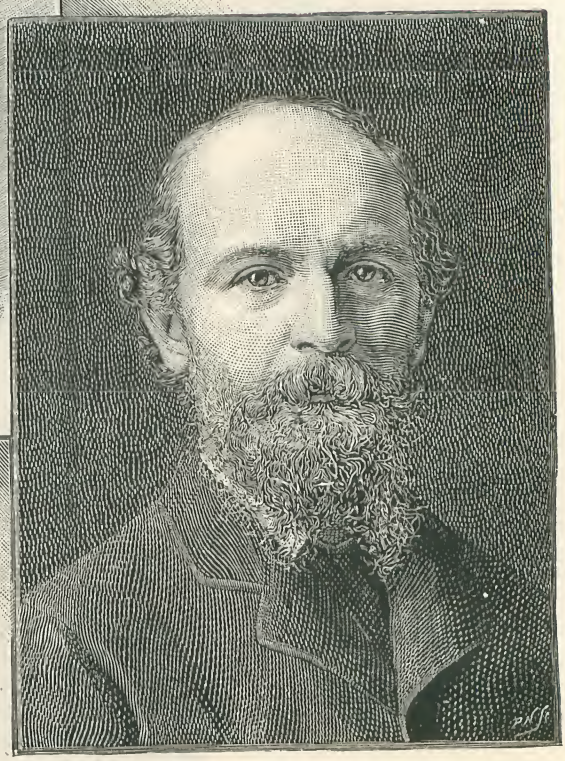
BORN 1838.

MR. IRVING wearing a moustache presents an unfamiliar aspect; but such was his appearance when, in 1867, he had just made his great success in "Hunted Down," at Manchester. The year after, Mr. Irving deprived himself of his moustache in order to play *Dorincourt* in "The Belle's Stratagem," and appeared as in our second portrait—which, however, he assures us, is a shade too plump to be his accurate presentment. Ten years later, when Mr. Irving was preparing to amaze the world as *Hamlet*, at the Lyceum, his features had assumed the well-known aspect which they wear in our third portrait, and which is still more visible in the last of the series, which has been selected as one of Mr. Irving's favourites among the stock of photographs which he has very kindly placed at our disposal.



AGE 29.

From a Photograph by Messrs. Elliott & Fry.



From a Photograph by] AGE 52. *[Messrs. Elliott & Fry.*

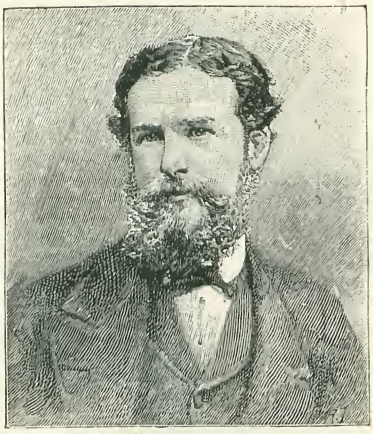
ALGERNON C. SWINBURNE.

BORN 1837.

IT has been said that every poet destined to become famous has written a great poem before five-and-twenty. Mr. Swinburne is, however, an exception to this rule. He was seven-and-twenty when, 1864, he published "Atalanta in Calydon," his first great work, and the finest imitation of a Greek play ever written. Two years later, the first series of "Poems and Ballads" proved conclusively that the new singer who had arisen must be classed with Shelley at the head of all the lyric bards of England. Mr. Swinburne's appearance at that time is given in the first of our two portraits, which is said by those who knew him to be an admirable likeness.

Nearly a quarter of a century has since elapsed, and it is interesting to notice how the course of years, which has failed to tame the fiery vigour of his verse, has wrought the younger aspect of the poet into the older and still finer one.

From a Photograph by Messrs. Maull & Co.
AGE 19



From a Photo. by Messrs. Sayer & Bird, Norwich.
AGE 28.

From a Photograph by] AGE 55. *[Messrs. Elliott & Fry.*

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, BART.

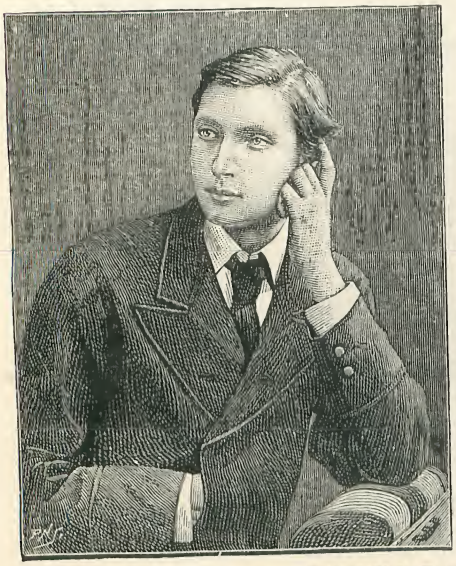
BORN 1834.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, at nineteen, was already showing, in his father's bank in Lombard-street, the remarkable capacity for business which he combines beyond example with pre-eminence in literature and science. At twenty-eight, the age at which our second portrait represents him, he was already meditating his great work on "Prehistoric Times"—a book which has been translated into all the leading languages, and to which the writer chiefly owes his fame. Sir John Lubbock's mind, as is well known, is of the enviable kind which can find its interests alike in the great and in the little, in the past and in the present—which can pass from the wigwam of a prehistoric savage to the London of to-day, and turn with equal gusto from canoes to County Councils, and from banks to bees.

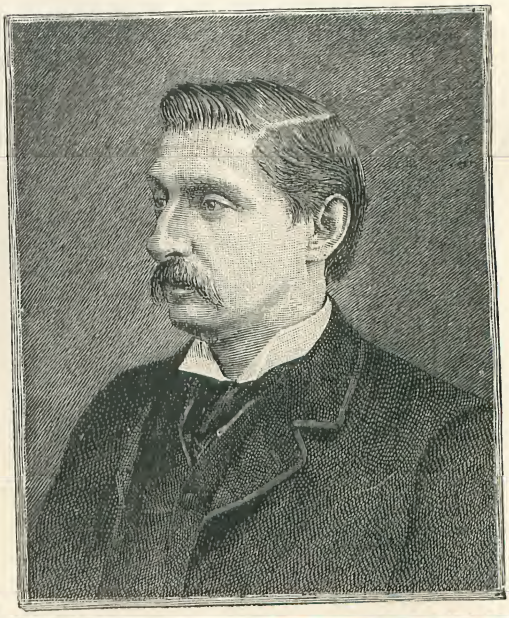
Our portraits are reproduced from photographs kindly lent by Sir John Lubbock for the purpose.

From a] AGE 3. *[Daguerreotype.*

From a] AGE 7. *[Photograph.*



From a Photograph] AGE 19. *[by M. G. Blaize, Tours.*



From a Photograph] AGE 34. *[by Mr. A. J. Melhuish.*

H. RIDER HAGGARD.

BORN 1856.

IT is not often possible to present a portrait of a well-known writer taken in his nursery days; but in the case of Mr. Rider Haggard, he has obligingly enabled us to do so, as well as to reproduce a portrait of himself when, as a boy of seven, he was probably about to quit the nursery for the schoolroom. The third portrait of the series represents him when, at nineteen, as secretary to Sir Henry Bulwer, he was about to pay a lengthy visit to Natal—there to acquire the thorough familiarity with the scenery and the people of South Africa, which he was afterwards to turn to excellent account, especially in "Jess." Our final portrait, which is taken from a recent photograph, represents him as he is at present, when he has proved himself the best romantic writer of the day.

A Fair Smuggler.

FROM THE RUSSIAN OF MICHAEL LERMONTOFF.

[MICHAEL LERMONTOFF was born at Moscow in the year 1814. His father was an officer on active service; and, his mother having died while he was still in petticoats, he was brought up by his grandmother, a rich old lady, who had a pretty house at the village of Tarkhanui. Michael, who was in temperament a kind of Russian Hotspur, and who was petted and spoilt at home, was sent in due course to the University, where he picked a quarrel with a bullying tutor, and was speedily expelled. Then he entered the Military College at St. Petersburg, and obtained a commission in the Horse Guards. His bitter wit and biting tongue involved him in perpetual duels. His genius was still sleeping; but the sound of the pistol which killed Pushkin awoke it suddenly to life. Pushkin's works had long been his delight; and, indeed, their characters had much in common—though in appearance, with his tall and powerful figure, his fair and waving hair, his large blue eyes and chiselled mouth, Lermontoff was exactly the reverse of the dusky little gipsy-looking Pushkin. His fate also was to be the same. In a piece of fiery verse he called upon the Czar to avenge the death of the great poet. The poem was regarded by the Czar as an impertinence, and Lermontoff was banished to the Caucasus. The wild and savage mountains suited well his fiery temper, and he became "the poet of the Caucasus," the singer of the lives, the legends, and the adventures of the stern and rocky mountaineers. He wrote also one prose work, "A Hero of our Times," from which we take the present story. Something in the book involved him in a duel—the last he was to fight, though he was only twenty-seven. As the challenged party, he possessed the choice of weapons and the mode of fighting; and he chose to fight with pistols on the margin of a precipice, so that, if either of the rivals staggered from a wound, he must infallibly fall over and be dashed to pieces. This strange encounter actually took place; and Lermontoff, struck by his opponent's bullet, reeled, and fell back into the terrible abyss.]

TAMAN is the most wretched of all our maritime towns. I almost died of hunger there, besides being nearly drowned.

I arrived very late at night in a wretched *telega*. The coachman stopped his tired horses close to a stone building, which stands by itself at the entrance to the town. A Black Sea Cossack, who was on guard, heard the bells of my carriage, and cried out, with the sharp accent of a person suddenly waked up, "Who goes there?"

Out came the sergeant and corporal. I told them I was an officer, travelling by order of the Crown, and that I wanted a billet somewhere.

The corporal took us into the town. All the houses we tried were already occupied. The weather was cold; I had been three nights without sleep. I was very tired, and our useless inquiries ended by irritating me.

"My friend," I said to the corporal, "take me to some place where I can at least lie down, no matter where it is."

"OUT CAME THE SERGEANT AND CORPORAL."

"I know a hut in the neighbourhood," replied the corporal, "where you might sleep; but I am afraid it would scarcely suit your honour."

"Go on," I said, paying no attention to his observation.

After much walking through dirty little streets, we at last reached a sort of cabin on the edge of the sea.

The full moon cast its light on the thatched roof and the white walls of my proposed habitation. In the court, surrounded by a sort of palisade, I saw a hut, older and more broken down than the principal one. From this hut the ground sloped rapidly through the court down towards the sea, and I saw at my feet the foam of the troubled waters. The moon seemed to be contemplating the restless element, which was undergoing her influence. By the rays of the ruler of the night, I could make out, at a considerable distance from the shore, two ships, whose black sails stood out like spiders' webs against the dull tints of the sky. "This will do," I said to myself, "to-morrow morning I shall start for Ghelendchik."

A Cossack of the line was acting as my servant. I told him to take out my trunk and send away the postilion; after which I called the master of the house. I could get no answer. I knocked, but there was still no reply. What could it mean? I knocked again, and at last a boy of about fourteen showed himself.

"Where's the master of the house?"

"There is none," returned the child, in the dialect of Little Russia.

"No master! then where is the mistress?"

"Gone into the village."

"Who will open the door then?" I cried, at the same time kicking at it.

The door opened of itself, and out came a wave of damp steam.

I struck a match, and saw by its light a blind boy, standing motionless before me.

I must here say that I am strongly prejudiced against the blind, the deaf, the lame, the hunchbacked; in short, against the deformed in general. I have remarked that there is always a singular correspondence between the physical formation of a man and his moral nature; as though by the loss of a member the individual lost certain faculties of the soul.

I examined the child's face; but what can one make of a physiognomy without eyes? I looked at him for some time, with a feeling of compassion, when suddenly I saw on his lips a cunning smile, which produced upon me a very disagreeable impression. "Could this blind boy be not so blind as he appeared?" I said to myself. Answering my own question I said that the boy was evidently suffering from cataract, and that the appearance of cataract cannot be simulated. Why, moreover, should he affect blindness? Yet in spite of my argument I still remained vaguely suspicious.

"Is the mistress of the cabin your mother?" I said to the boy.

"No."

"Who are you, then?"

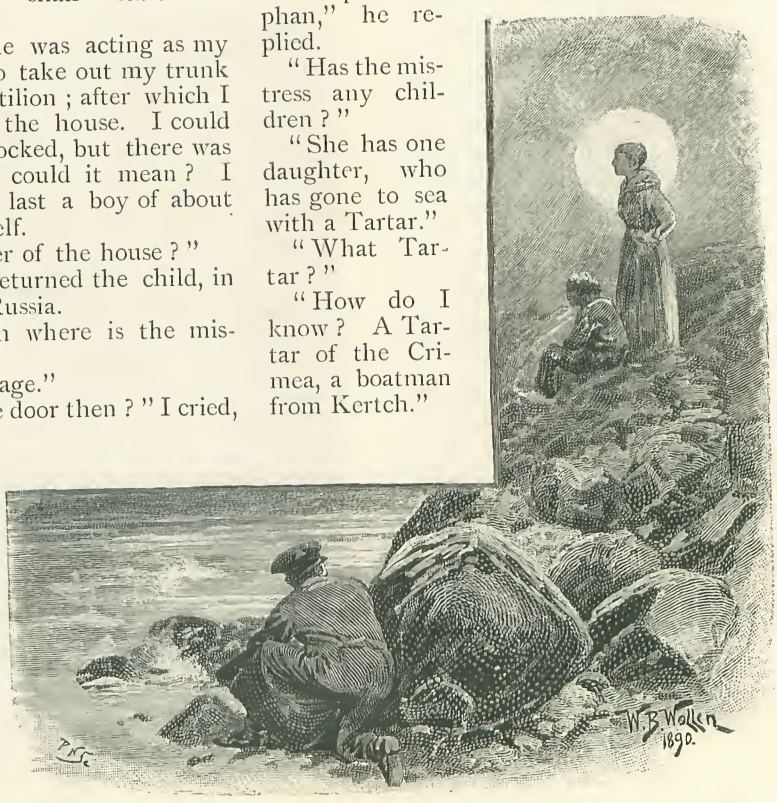
"A poor orphan," he replied.

"Has the mistress any children?"

"She has one daughter, who has gone to sea with a Tartar."

"What Tartar?"

"How do I know? A Tartar of the Crimea, a boatman from Kertch."



"THE WOMAN TRIED TO PIERCE THE DARKNESS."

I went into the hut. Two benches, a table, and a large wardrobe, placed near the stove, composed the whole of the furniture. No holy image against the wall —bad sign !

The sea-breeze came in through the broken panes of the window. I took a wax candle from my portmanteau, and after lighting it prepared to install myself. I placed on one side my sabre and my carbine, laid my pistols on the table, stretched myself out on a bench, and, wrapping myself up in my fur-lined coat, lay down.

My Cossack took possession of the other bench. Ten minutes afterwards he was fast asleep ; I, however, was still awake, and could not drive from my mind the impression made upon me by the boy, with his two white eyes.

An hour passed. Through the window fell upon the floor the fantastic light of the moon.

Suddenly a shadow was cast, where before there had been bright light. I sprang up, and went to the window. A human figure passed once more, and then disappeared — heaven knows where. I could scarcely believe that it had escaped by the slope into the sea ; yet there was no other issue.

Throwing on my overcoat, and taking my sabre, I went out of the cabin, and saw the blind boy before me. I concealed myself behind the wall, and he passed on confidently, but with a certain cautiousness. He was carrying something under his arm, and advanced slowly down the slope towards the sea. "This is the hour," I said to myself, "in which speech is restored to the dumb and sight to the blind."

"WHERE WERE YOU GOING LAST NIGHT?"

I followed him at some distance, anxious not to lose sight of him.

During this time the moon became covered with clouds, and a black fog rose over the sea. It was just possible to distinguish in the darkness a lantern on the mast of a ship at anchor, close to the shore. The waves were rolling in, and threatened, if he continued to advance, to swallow up my blind adventurer. He was now so near the sea, that with another step he would be lost. But this was not the first of his nocturnal expeditions ; so at least I concluded from the agility with which he now sprang from rock to rock, while the sea poured in beneath his feet. Suddenly he stopped as though he had heard some noise, sat down upon a rock, and placed his burden by his side. He was now joined by a white figure walking along the shore. I had concealed myself behind one of the rocks, and overheard the following conversation.

"The wind," said a woman's voice, "is very violent ; Janko will not come."

"Janko," replied the blind boy, "Janko is not afraid of the wind."

"But the clouds get thicker and thicker."

"In the darkness it is easier to escape the coast-guard."

"And what if he gets drowned ? "

"You will have no more bright ribbons to wear on Sunday."

As I listened to this colloquy, I remarked that the blind boy, who had spoken to me in the Little Russian dialect, talked quite correctly the true Russian language.

"You see," he continued, clapping his hands, "I was right. Janko fears neither the sea, nor the wind, nor the fog, nor the

coast-guard. Listen! It is not the breaking of the waves I hear. No, it is the noise of his oars."

The woman got up, and, with an anxious look, tried to pierce the darkness. "You are wrong," she said, "I hear nothing."

I also tried to see whether there was not some sort of craft in the distance, but could distinguish nothing. A moment later, however, a black speck showed itself among the waves, now rising, now falling. At last I could make out the form of a boat dancing on the waters, and rapidly approaching the shore.

The man who was guiding it must have been a bold sailor to cross on such a night an arm of the sea some fourteen miles across, and must have had good reasons for braving so much danger. I watched the frail little craft which was now diving and plunging like a duck through the breakers. It seemed as though she must the next moment be dashed to pieces on the shore, when suddenly the skilful rower turned into a little bay, and there, in comparatively calm water, effected a landing.

The man was of middle height, and wore on his head a cap of black sheepskin. He made a sign with his hand, when the two mysterious persons who had been talking together, joined him. Then the three united their forces to drag from the boat a burden which seemed to be so heavy, that I cannot even now understand how so slight a craft could have supported such a weight. They at last hoisted the cargo on their shoulders, then walked away and soon disappeared.

The best thing for me to do now was to return to my resting-place. But the strange scene I had witnessed had so struck me that I waited impatiently for daybreak.

My Cossack was much surprised when, on waking up, he found me fully dressed. I said nothing to him about my nocturnal excursion. I remained for some little time looking through the window with admiration at the blue sky, studded with little clouds, and the distant shore, the Crimea, stretched along the horizon like a streak of violet, ending in a rock, above which could be seen the tower of a lighthouse. Then I went out, and walked to the fort of Chanagora to ask the commandant when I could go to Ghelendchik.

Unfortunately the commandant could give me no positive answer; the only vessels in port were stationary ones, and trading ships which had not yet taken in their cargo. "Perhaps," he said, "in three or four days a mail packet will come in, and then something can be arranged."

I went back in a very bad humour to my lodging. At the door stood the Cossack, who, coming towards me with rather a scared look, said inquiringly:—

"Bad news?"

"Yes," I answered. "Heaven knows when we shall get away from here."

At these words the anxiety of the soldier seemed to increase. He came close to me, and murmured, in a low voice:—

"This is not a place to stop at. I met just now a Black Sea Cossack of my acquaintance—we were serving in the same detachment last year. When I told him where we had put up: 'Bad place,' he said; 'bad people.' And what do you think of that blind boy? Did anyone ever before see a blind person running about from one place to another; going to the bazaar, bringing in bread and water? Here they seem to think nothing of it."

"Has the mistress of the place come in?"

"This morning, while you were out, an old woman came with her daughter."

"What daughter? Her daughter is away."

"I don't know who it is, then. But look, there is the old woman sitting down in the cabin."

I went in. A good fire was shining in the stove, and a breakfast was being prepared, which, for such poor people, seemed to me rather a luxurious one. When I spoke to the old woman, she told me that she was stone deaf.

It was impossible, then, to talk with her. I turned to the blind boy, and, taking him by the ear, said:—

"I say, you little wizard, where were you going last night with that parcel under your arm?"

He at once began to moan and cry, and then sobbed out:

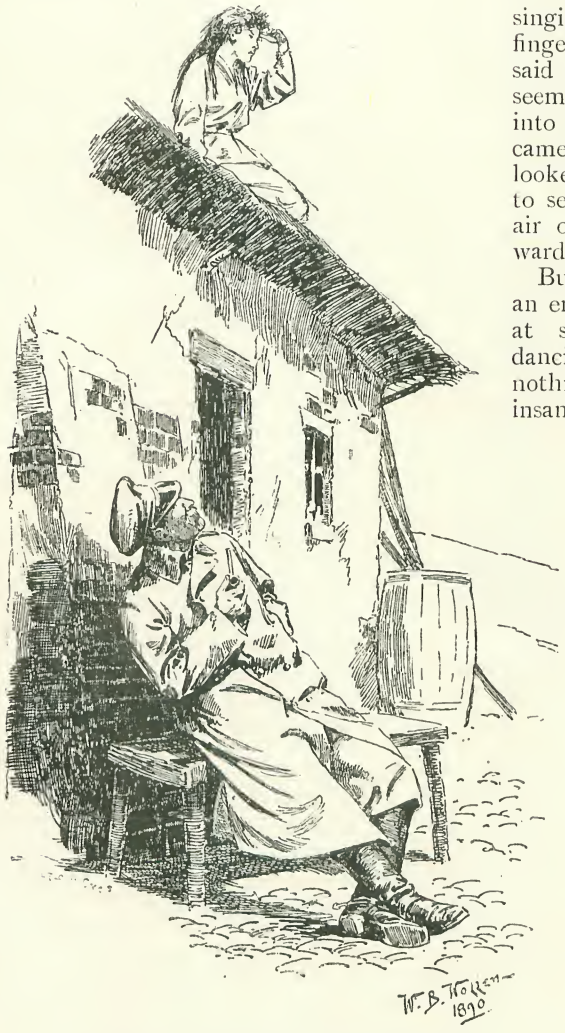
"Where was I going last night? I went nowhere. And with a parcel! What parcel?"

The old woman now proved that her ears, when she so desired it, were by no means closed.

"It is not true," she cried. "Why do you tease an unfortunate boy? What do you take him for? What harm has he done you?"

I could stand the noise no longer. So I went out, determined somehow or other to find the solution of this riddle.

Wrapped up in my overcoat, I sat down on a bench before the door. Before me broke the waves of the sea, still agitated by the tempest of the night. Their monotonous noise seemed to resemble the confused murmurs of a town. As I listened I thought of bygone years—of the years I had passed in the north, of our bright, fresh capital; and little by little I became absorbed in my recollections.



"ON THE ROOF OF THE CABIN I SAW A YOUNG GIRL."

About an hour passed, perhaps more. Suddenly the cadences of a singing voice struck my ear. I listened, and heard a strange melody, now slow and sad, now rapid and lively. The sounds seemed to fall from the sky. I looked up, and on the roof of the cabin I saw a young girl, in a straight dress, with dishevelled hair, like a naiad. With one hand placed before her eyes to keep off the rays of the sun, she looked towards the distant horizon and still continued her song.

It seemed to me that this was the woman whose voice I had heard the night before on the sea-shore. I looked again towards the singer, but she had disappeared. A moment after she passed rapidly before me, singing another song and snapping her fingers. She went to the old woman and said something to her. The old woman seemed annoyed. The young girl burst into a laugh. Then, with a bound, she came close to me, suddenly stopped and looked at me fixedly, as though surprised to see me. Then turning away with an air of indifference, she walked quietly towards the shore.

But her manœuvres were not yet at an end. All the rest of the day I saw her at short intervals, always singing and dancing. Strange creature! There was nothing in her physiognomy to denote insanity. On the contrary, her eyes were intelligent and penetrating. They exercised on me a certain magnetic influence, and seemed to expect a question. But whenever I was on the point of speaking she took to flight with a sly smile on her lips.

I had never seen such a woman before. She could scarcely be called beautiful; but I have my own ideas on the subject of beauty. There was a thoroughbred look about her, and with women as with horses, there is nothing like breed. It can be recognised chiefly in the walk and in the shape of the hands and feet. The nose is also an important feature. In Russia regular noses are more rare than little feet. My siren must have been about eighteen years of age.

What charmed me in her was the extraordinary suppleness of her figure, the singular movements of her head, and her long, fair hair, hanging down in waves of gold on her neck, and her nose, which was perfectly formed.

In her sidelong glance there was something dark and wild; as there was something fascinating in the pure lines of her nose. The light-hearted singer recalled to me the Mignon of Goethe, that fantastic creation of the German mind. Between these two personages there was indeed a striking resemblance. The same sudden transitions from restless agitation

"THEN SHE DISAPPEARED."

to perfect calm; the same enigmatic words and the same songs.

Towards the evening I stopped my Undine at the door of the hut, and said to her:

"Tell me, my pretty one, what you were doing to-day on the roof?"

"I was seeing in what direction the wind blew."

"How did that concern you?"

"Whence blows the wind, thence comes happiness."

"And your singing was to bring you good fortune?"

"Where singing is heard, there is joy."

"But what should you say if your singing caused unhappiness?"

"If unhappiness arrives it must be borne. And from grief to joy the distance is not great."

"Who taught you these songs?"

"No one; I dream and I sing; those who understand me listen to me, and those who do not listen to me cannot understand me."

"What is your name?"

"Ask those who baptized me."

"And who baptized you?"

"I do not know."

"Ah! you are very mysterious; but I know something about you."

There was no sign of emotion on her face; her lips did not move.

"Last night," I continued, "you were on the sea-shore." Then I told her the scene I had witnessed. I thought this would have caused her to evince some symptom of anxiety, but it had no such effect.

"You assisted at a curious interview," she said to me with a laugh, "but you do not know much, and what you do know you had better keep under lock and key, as you would keep some precious treasure."

"But if," I continued, with a grave and almost menacing air, "I were to relate what I saw to the commandant?"

At these words she darted away, singing, and disappeared like a frightened bird. I was wrong in addressing this threat to her. At the moment I did not understand all its gravity.

The night came. I told my Cossack to prepare the tea urn, lighted a wax candle, and sat down at the table, smoking my long pipe. I was drinking my tea when the door opened, and I heard the rustling of a dress. I rose hastily and recognised my siren.

She sat down silently before me, and fixed me with a look which made me tremble; one of those magical looks which had troubled my life in earlier days. She seemed to expect me to speak to her, but some undefinable emotion deprived me of the faculty of speech. Her countenance was as pale as death. In this paleness I

thought I could see the agitation of her heart. Her fingers struck mechanically on the table; her body seemed to shudder; her bosom rose violently and the moment afterwards seemed compressed.

This species of comedy tired me at last, and I was about to bring it to an end, in the most prosaic manner, by offering my fair visitor a cup of tea; when suddenly she rose, and taking my head in her hands, gazed at me with all the appearance of passionate tenderness.

A cloud covered my eyes, and I wished in my turn to kiss her, but she escaped like a snake, murmuring as she did so, "To-night, when everything is quiet, meet me on the shore." Then she disappeared, upsetting as she did so my tea-urn and my solitary light.

"She is the very mischief!" cried my Cossack, who had been looking out for his share of the tea.

He then lay down on his bench; and gradually my agitation subsided.

"Listen," I said to him. "If you hear a pistol-shot, hurry down as fast as you can to the shore."

He rubbed his eyes, and replied mechanically, "Yes, sir."

I placed my pistol in my belt, and went out. The siren was waiting for me at the top of the path leading down to the sea, lightly clad in a stuff which clung to her waist like a scarf.

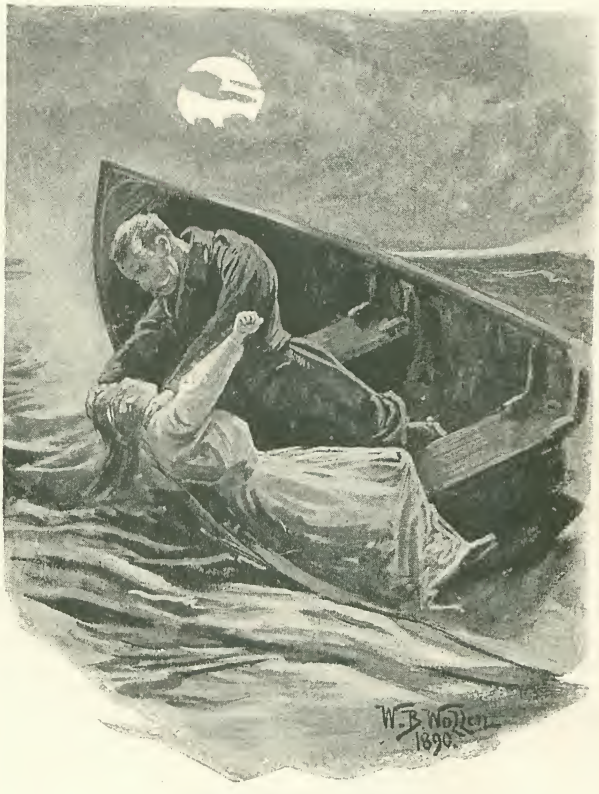
"Follow me," she said, taking me by the hand.

We walked down the rocky path in such a manner that I cannot understand how I failed to break my neck. Then we turned sharply to the right, as the blind boy had done the night before. The moon was not yet up. Two little stars, like the fires of lighthouses, relieved the darkness. The agitated waves lifted and let fall in regular cadence a solitary boat close to the shore.

"Get in," she said. I hesitated, for I confess that I have not the least taste for sentimental excursions on the sea. But it was impossible to refuse. She leapt into the bark, I followed her, and off we went.

"What does all this mean?" I said getting angry.

"It means," she replied, making me sit down on a bench, and putting her arms round my waist, "it means that I love you." Her burning cheek was close to mine, and I felt her hot breath on my face. Suddenly I heard something fall into the water. Instinctively my hand went to my belt. The pistol was no longer there!



"I THREW HER INTO THE SEA."

A horrible suspicion seized me. The blood rushed to my brain. I looked at her. We were far from the shore and I could not swim. I tried to escape from her embrace, but she clung to me like a cat, and almost succeeded by a sudden jerk in throwing me out of the boat, which was already on one side. I contrived, however, to restore the equilibrium; and then began, between my perfidious companion and myself, a desperate struggle, in which I employed all my strength, while feeling that the abominable creature was overcoming me by her agility.

"What do you mean?" I said to her, squeezing her little hands so tightly that I heard her fingers crack; but whatever pain I may have caused her she did not utter a word. Her reptile nature could not thus be overcome.

"You saw us," she cried at last. "You want to denounce us." Then by a rapid and violent effort she threw me down. Her body and mine were now bending over the side of the frail craft, and her hair was in the water. The moment was a critical one. I got up on my knees, took her with one hand by the hair, with the other by the throat, and when I had at last compelled her to unclutch my clothes, I threw her into the sea.

Twice her head reappeared above the foaming waves. Then I saw her no more.

In the bottom of the boat I found an old oar, with which, after much labour, I succeeded in getting to the shore. As I walked back to the hut by the path leading to the sea, I looked towards the place where the night before the blind boy had been awaiting the arrival of the sailor. The moon at this moment was shining in the sky, and I fancied I could discern on the seashore a white figure. Filled with curiosity, I concealed myself behind a sort of promontory, from which I could remark what was going on around me. What was my surprise, and I almost say my joy, when I saw that the white figure was my naiad? She was wringing the water out of her long, fair locks, and her wet dress clung to her body. A boat, which I could just see in the distance, was coming towards us. Out of it sprang the same boatman whom I had seen the night before, with the same Tartar cap. I now saw that his hair was cut in the Cossack fashion, and that from his girdle hung a large knife.

"Janko," cried the young girl, "all is lost."

Then they began to talk, but in so low a voice that I could not hear them.

"Where is the blind boy?" said Janko at last, raising his voice.

"He will be here soon," was the answer.

At that very moment the blind boy appeared, carrying on his back a packet, which he placed in the bark.

"Listen," said Janko, "keep a good watch here; the things you know are valuable. Tell"—(here a name was uttered which I could not catch) "that I am no longer in his service. Things have taken a bad turn. He will see me no more. The situation is so dangerous that I must get something to do elsewhere. He will not find such another very easily. You may add that, if he had rewarded more liberally the dangerous services rendered to him, Janko would not have left him in the lurch. If he wants to know where to find me—where the wind howls, where the sea foams, that is where I am at home."

After a moment's silence, Janko went on: "Say she accompanies me. She cannot remain here. Tell the old woman that she has done her time, and that she ought to be satisfied. We shall not see her again."

"And I?" murmured the blind boy.

"I cannot be troubled about you."

The young girl leapt into the boat, and with her hand made a sign to her companion.

"Here," he said to the blind boy, "that will do to buy a gingerbread."

"Nothing more?" replied the child.

"Yes, take this," and a piece of money fell upon the sands.

The blind boy did not pick it up.

Janko took his place in the boat. The blind boy remained sitting down on the seashore, and he seemed to be crying. Poor fellow! his grief afflicted me. Why had fate thrown me in the midst of this peaceful circle of smugglers? As a stone troubles the water, I had brought disorder into these lives, and like the stone, moreover, I had very nearly sunk.

When I got back to the cabin, my Cossack was so fast asleep that it would have been cruel to disturb him. I lighted the candle, and saw that my little box containing my valuables, my sabre with silver mountings, my Circassian dagger (given to me by a friend), had all been carried off. I now understood what the packet placed in the boat by the blind boy must have contained.

I woke up my Cossack with a blow, reproached him for his negligence, and fairly lost my temper. But my anger could not make me find what I had lost.

And how could I complain to the authorities? Should not I have been laughed at if I had told them that I had been robbed by a blind boy, and almost drowned by a young girl?

The Maid of Treppi.

FROM THE GERMAN OF PAUL HEYSE.

[PAUL HEYSE, the greatest German novelist now living, was born in 1830, at Berlin. His father was a celebrated scholar and professor at the University; and he himself, while still a student, undertook a special tour in Italy in order to examine manuscripts in the libraries of Florence, Rome, and Venice. He was only twenty-four, when King Maximilian of Bavaria invited him to Munich, where he married the daughter of the eminent art critic, Franz Kugler, and where he has ever since resided. He had already turned from the dry bones of scholarship to the more congenial task of writing dramas, poems, and romances. His short stories—of which "The Maid of Treppi" is an excellent example—are his best achievements, and are full of passion, character, and romantic charm.]

CHAPTER I.

ON the summit of the Apennines, just between Tuscany and the northern part of the States of the Church, there lies a solitary little village called Treppi. The paths that lead up to it are not fit for driving. Some miles further south the road for the post and "vetturine" goes winding through the mountains. None but the peasants who have to deal with the shepherds pass by Treppi; occasionally, too, a painter or pedestrian anxious to avoid the highroad, and at night the smugglers with their pack-mules, who, better than anyone, know of wild rocky paths by which to reach the solitary little village at which they make but a short stay.

"THE DOG RUBBED HIS NOSE IN HER HAND."

It was towards the middle of October, a season when up in those heights the nights are still very clear and bright. But after the burning hot sun of the day in question, a fine mist rose up from the ravine, and spread itself slowly over the bare but noble-looking rocks of the highland. It was about nine in the evening. A faint light from the fires was still visible in the scattered low stone huts, which, during the day, were taken care of by the oldest women and the youngest children only. The shepherds with their families lay sleeping round the hearths where the great kettles were swinging; the dogs had stretched themselves amongst the ashes; one sleepless old grandmother still sat upon a heap of skins, mechanically moving to and fro her spindle, and muttering a prayer or rocking a restless child in its cradle. The damp, autumnal night breeze came in through large crevices in the walls, and the smoke from the expiring flames on the hearth encountering the mist was forced back heavily and thickly, and floated beneath the ceiling of the hut without seeming to inconvenience the old woman. Presently she, too, slept as well as she could, but with wide open eyes.

In one house alone the dwellers were

still stirring. Like the other houses it had only one storey, but the stones were better put together, the door was broader and higher, and adjoining the large square formed by the actual dwelling house were various sheds, extra rooms, stables, and a well-built brick oven. A group of well-laden horses stood before the door ; one of the farm servants was just removing the empty mangers, while six or seven armed men emerged from the house into the fog and began hastily getting their steeds ready. A very ancient dog, lying near the door, merely wagged its tail at their departure. Then he raised himself wearily from the ground and went slowly into the hut, where the fire was still burning brightly.

His mistress stood by the hearth, turned towards the fire ; her stately form was motionless, her arms hanging loosely at her sides. When the dog gently rubbed his nose in her hand, she turned round as though startled out of some dream. "Fuoco," she said, "poor fellow, go to bed, you are ill!" The dog whined and wagged its tail gratefully. Then he crept on to an old skin by the hearth, and lay down coughing and moaning.

Meanwhile a few menservants had come in and seated themselves round the large table on which stood the dishes left by the departing smugglers. An old maid-servant filled these again with polenta out of the big kettle, and taking her spoon sat down and joined the others. Not a word was spoken whilst they were eating ; the flames crackled, the dog growled hoarsely in his sleep, the grave and solemn girl sitting on the stone slab by the hearth left untouched the little dish of polenta specially put there for her by the old maid, and gazed about the room buried in thought. In front of the door the fog was like a dense white wall. But at that moment the half-moon appeared, rising above the edge of the rock.

Then there was a sound of horses' hoofs and footsteps approaching up the path. "Pietro!" called out the young mistress of the house in quiet but admonishing tones. A tall young fellow immediately got up from the table and disappeared into the fog.

Steps and voices were heard drawing nearer, till the horse stopped at the door. After a pause, three men appeared in the doorway and entered with a brief greeting. Pietro went up to the girl who was gazing at the fire without showing the slightest interest. "These are two men from Porretta," he said to her, "without any wares ; they are conducting a gentleman across the mountains ; his passport is not quite in order."

"Nina!" called the girl. The old maid-servant got up and went across to the hearth.

"It is not only that they want something to eat, Padrona," continued the man, "can the gentleman have a bed for the night? He does not wish to go further before daybreak."

"Get ready a bed of straw for him in the chamber." Pietro nodded and went back to the table.

The three new arrivals had seated themselves without any particular attention being paid to them on the part of the servants. Two of them were contrabandists, well armed, their jackets thrown carelessly across their shoulders, and hats pushed well down over their brows. They nodded to the others as though they were old acquaintances, and leaving a good space between their companion and themselves they crossed themselves and began to eat.

The traveller who had come with them ate nothing. He removed his hat from a rather high forehead, passed his hand through his hair, and let his eyes survey the place and company. He read the pious proverbs traced with charcoal on the walls, looked at the picture of the Virgin with its little lamp in the corner, the hens sleeping beside it on their perches, then at the heads of maize hanging on a string from the ceiling, at a shelf with bottles, and jars, and skins, and baskets, all heaped up together. At last his eyes were attracted by the girl at the hearth. Her dark profile stood out clear and beautiful against the flickering red of the fire. A great nest of black plaits lay low on her neck, and her joined hands were clasped round one knee, while the other foot rested on the rocky floor of the room. He could not tell how old she was, but he could see from her manner that she was the mistress of the house.

"Have you any wine in the house, Padrona?" he asked at last.

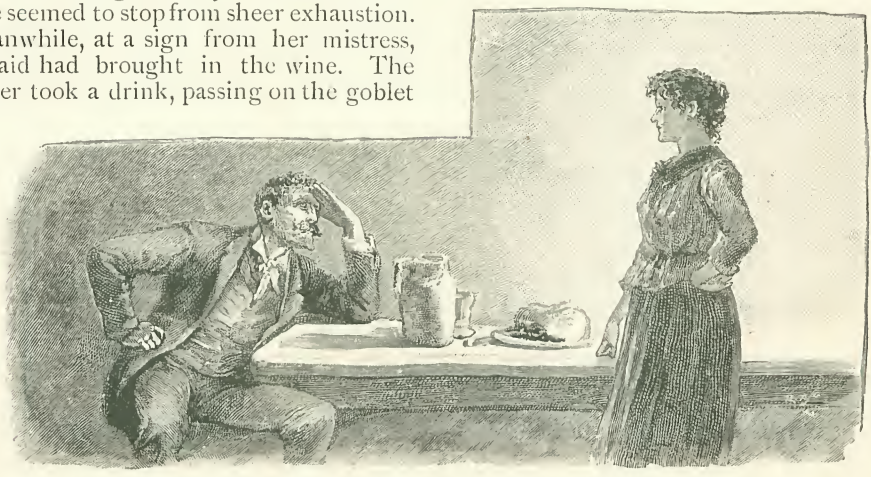
Hardly were the words out of his mouth before the girl started as though struck by lightning, and stood upright on the hearth, leaning with both arms on the slab. At the same moment the dog woke up out of his sleep, a savage growl issuing from his wheezing chest. Suddenly the stranger saw four fiery eyes fixed on him.

"May one not ask whether you have any wine in the house, Padrona?" he

repeated. The last word was still unspoken when the dog, in quite inexplicable fury, rushed at him, barking loudly, seized his cloak with his teeth, and tore it from his shoulder, and would have flown at him again if his mistress had not promptly called him off.

"Down, Fuoco, down! Quiet! Quiet!" The dog stood in the middle of the room, whisking his tail angrily, and keeping his eye on the stranger. "Shut him up in the stable, Pietro!" said the girl in an undertone. She still stood petrified by the hearth, and repeated her order, seeing Pietro hesitate. For many years the old dog's nightly resting place had been by the fireside. The men all whispered together as the dog followed most reluctantly, howling and barking terribly outside until at last he seemed to stop from sheer exhaustion.

Meanwhile, at a sign from her mistress, the maid had brought in the wine. The stranger took a drink, passing on the goblet



"HAVE YOU ANY WINE IN THE HOUSE, PADRONA?"

to his companions, and meditated in silence on the very extraordinary scene he had unconsciously been the cause of. One after another the men laid down their spoons, and went out with a "Good-night, Padrona!" At last the three were left alone with the hostess and the old maid.

"The sun rises at four o'clock," said one of the smugglers in an undertone to the stranger. "Your Excellency need not rise any earlier—we shall reach Pistoja in good time. Besides, we must think of the horse, which must have six hours' rest."

"Very well, my friends. Go to bed!"

"We will waken your Excellency."

"Do so in any case," answered the stranger, "although the Madonna knows I do not often sleep six hours at a stretch. Good-night, Carlone; good-night, Master Baccio!"

The men raised their hats respectfully, and got up. One of them went up to the hearth, and said:—

"I have a greeting for you, Padrona, from Costanzo of Bologna; he wants to know if he forgot his knife here last Saturday?"

"No," she answered shortly and impatiently.

"I told him you would certainly have sent it back to him if it had been left here. And then—"

"Nina," interrupted the girl, "show them the way to their room, in case they have forgotten it."

The maid got up from her seat. "I only wanted to tell you, Padrona," continued the man with great calmness and a slight blinking of the eyes, "that the gentleman there would not grudge the money if you give him a softer bed than what we get. That is what I wanted to say, Padrona, and now may the Madonna give you a good night, Signora Fenice!"

Thereupon he turned to his companion, and both bowing before the picture in the corner they crossed themselves and left the room with the maid. "Good night, Nina!" called out the girl. The old woman turned on the threshold and made a sign of inquiry; then quickly and obediently closed the door after her.

Hardly were they alone before Fenice took up a brass lamp which stood by the fireside and lit it hurriedly. The flames from the hearth were gradually dying out, and the three little red flames of the lamp only sufficed to light up quite a small por-

tion of the large room. It seemed as though the darkness had made the stranger sleepy, for he sat at the table with his head bowed on his arms, his cloak well wrapped round him, as if he intended passing the night there. Then he heard his name called, and looked up. The lamp was burning before him on the table, and opposite stood the young hostess who had called him. Her glance met his with the utmost firmness.

"Filippo," she said, "do you not know me again?"

For a short time he gazed inquiringly into the beautiful face which glowed partly from the rays of the lamp and partly from fear as to what would be the answer to her question. The face was indeed one worthy to be remembered. The long silky eyelashes as they rose and fell softened the severity of the forehead and delicately-cut nose. The mouth was rosy—red in freshest youth; save only when silent there was a touch of mingled grief, resignation, and fierceness not gainsayed by the black eyes above. And as she stood there by the table the charm of her figure, and especially the beauty of her head and neck, were plainly visible. Still, however, after some consideration, Filippo merely said:

"I really do not know you, Padrona!"

"It is impossible," she answered in a strange low tone of certainty. "You have had time these seven years to keep me in your memory. It is a long time—long enough for a picture to be imprinted on the mind."

It was only then that the strange words seemed fully to rouse him out of his own thoughts.

"Indeed, fair maid," he answered, "he who for seven years has nothing else to do but think of one fair girl's face, must end at last in knowing it by heart."

"Yes," she said meditatively, "that is it; that is just what you used to say, that you would think of nothing else."

"Seven years ago? I was a gay and merry youth seven years ago. And you seriously believed that?"

She nodded gravely three times. "Why should I not believe it? My own experience shows me that you were right."

"Child," he said, with a good-natured look that suited his decided features, "I am very sorry for that. I suppose seven years ago I thought all women knew that the tender speeches of a man were worth about as much as counters in a game, which certainly can be exchanged for true gold, if expressly settled and arranged so. How much I thought of all you women seven years ago! Now, I must honestly confess, I seldom think of you at all. Dear child, there is so much to think of far more important."

She was silent, as though she did not understand it all, and was quietly waiting till he should say something that really concerned her.

After a pause, he said: "It seems to dawn upon me now that I have once before wandered through this part of the mountain. I might possibly have recognised the village and this house, if it had not been for the fog. Yes, indeed, it was certainly seven years ago that the doctor ordered me off to the mountains, and I, like a fool, used to rush up and down the steepest paths."

"I knew it," she said, and a touching gleam of joy spread over her face. "I knew well you could not have forgotten it. Why, Fuoco, the dog, has not forgotten it and his old hatred of you in those bygone days—nor I, my old love."

She said this with so much firmness and so cheerfully, that he looked up at her, more and more astonished.

"I can remember now," he said, "there was a girl whom I met once on the summit of the Apennines, and she took me home to her parents' house. Otherwise, I should have been obliged to spend the night on the cliffs. I remember, too, she took my fancy——"

"Yes," she interrupted, "very much."

"But I did not suit *her*. I had a long talk with her, when she hardly uttered ten words. And when I at last sought by a kiss to unseal her lovely sullen little mouth—I can see her before me now—how she darted to one side and picked up a stone in each hand, so that I hardly got away without being pelted. If *you* are that girl, then, how can you speak to me of your old love?"

"I was only fifteen then, Filippo, and I was very shy. I had always been very defiant, and left much alone, and I did not know how to express myself. And then I was afraid of my parents. They were still living then, as you can remember. My father owned all the flocks and herds, and this inn here. There are not many changes since then. Only that he is no longer here to look after it all—may his soul rest in Paradise! But I felt most ashamed before my mother. Do you remember how you sat just at that very place and praised the wine that we had got from Pistoja? I heard

no more. Mother looked at me sharply, and I went outside and hid myself by the window, that I might still look at you. You were younger, of course, but not any handsomer. You have still the same eyes with which you then could win whomsoever you would, and the same deep voice that made the dog mad with jealousy, poor thing! Until then I had loved him alone. He felt that I loved you more; he felt it more than you did yourself."

"Yes," he said, "he was like a mad creature that night. It was a strange night! You had certainly captivated me, Fenice. I know I could not rest because you did not

SOMETIMES ABUSING YOU

come back to the house, and I got up and went to look for you outside. I saw the white kerchief on your head and then nothing more, for you fled into the room next the stable. Even now I feel ashamed when I think of the rage I was in as I went angrily away and lay the whole night through in one long dream of you."

"I sat up all through the dark night," said she. "Towards morning sleep overcame me, and when at last I started up and saw the sun was high—what had become of you? No one told me, and I dared not ask. I felt such a horror and dislike of seeing anyone, just as though they had killed you on purpose that I might never see you again. I ran right away, just as I was, up and down the mountains, sometimes calling aloud for you and sometimes abusing you, for I knew I could never love anyone again, and all through you. At last I descended to the plain; then I took fright and went home again. I had been away two days. My father beat me when I got back, and mother would not speak to me. Well, they knew why I had run away. Fuoco the dog had been away with me, but whenever in my solitude I called aloud for you, he always howled."

There ensued a pause; the eyes of each of them were fastened on the other. Then Filippo said: "How long is it since your parents died?"

"Three years. They both died in the same week—may their souls rest in Paradise! Then I went to Florence."

"To Florence?"

"Yes. You had told me you came from Florence. Some of the contrabandists sent me to the wife of the 'caffetiere' out at San Miniato. I lived there for a month, and used to send her into the town every day to ask for you. In the evening I went down to the town myself and sought you. At last we heard that you had long since gone away, but no one quite knew where."

Filippo got up and paced the room with long strides. Fenice turned and followed him with her eyes, but she showed no signs of such emotion as he in his restlessness evinced. At last he approached, and looking at her for a little, said, "And wherefore do you confess all this to me, my poor child?"

"Because I have had seven long years in which to summon up courage to do it. Ah! if only I had confessed it to you then, this cowardly heart of mine would never have caused me such grief. I knew you would come again, Filippo, but I did not think you would have waited so long; that grieved me. But it is childish of me to talk like this. What does it matter now all is past and over? Here you are, Filippo, and here am I; and I am yours for ever and ever!"

"Dear child!" said he softly; but then was silent and kept back the words trembling on his lips. She, however, did not notice how silent and absorbed he was as he stood thus before her, gazing above her head at the wall beyond. She went on talking quite calmly; it was as though her own words were all well known to her, as

if she had thousands of times pictured to herself: He will come again, and then I will say this or that to him.

"Many have wanted to marry me, both up here and when I was in Florence. But I would have none but you. When anyone asked me, and made sweet speeches to me, at once I seemed to hear your voice that memorable night—your words, sweeter far than any words ever spoken on this earth. For many years now they have let me be in peace, although I am not old or ugly. It is just as if they all knew that you were soon to come again." Then continuing: "And now, whither will you take me? Will you stay up here? But no, that would never do for you. Since I have been to Florence I know that it is dull up in the mountains. We will sell the house and the flocks, and then I shall be rich. I have had enough of this wild life with the people here. At Florence they were obliged to teach me everything that was proper for a town maiden to know, and they were astonished that I understood it all so quickly. To be sure, I had not much time, and all my dreams told me that it would be up here that you would come to seek me. I have consulted a fortune-teller too, and it has all come to pass as she said."

"And what if I already have a wife?"

She looked at him in amazement. "You want to try me, Filippo! You have no wife. The gipsy told me that, too. But she could not tell me where you lived."

"She was right, Fenice, I have no wife. But how could she or you tell that I ever intended to take one?"

"How could you not want to take me?" asked she in unwavering confidence.

"Sit down here beside me, Fenice! I have much to tell you. Give me your hand. Promise me that you will hear me quietly and sensibly to the end."

As she did not comply with his request, he continued with a beating heart, standing erect before her with his eyes fixed on her sadly, while hers, as though appre-

"FILIPPO PACED THE ROOM WITH LONG STRIDES."

hending danger to her life, were sometimes closed, and sometimes roamed restlessly about the room.

"It is some years since I was obliged to flee from Florence," he resumed. "You know, it was just the time of those political tumults, and they lasted a long time. I am a lawyer, and know a great many people, and I write and receive a quantity of letters throughout the year. Besides, I was independent, proclaimed my opinion when necessary, and was hated accordingly, although I never took part in any of their secret plots and plans. At last I was obliged to leave the country with nothing in prospect, if I did not wish to be im-

prisoned, and go through endless trials. I went to Bologna, and lived there very quietly, attended to my own business, and saw very few people, least of all any women ; for nothing now is left of the mad youth whose heart you so grievously wounded seven years ago, save only that my head, or if you will, my heart, is fit to burst when I cannot overcome any difficulty in my path. You may, perhaps, have heard that Bologna is in an unsettled state, too, latterly. Men of high position have been arrested, and amongst them one whose life and habits have long been known to me, and of whom I knew that all such things were foreign to his mind. My friend asked me to undertake his case, and I helped him to liberty. Hardly was this made public, when one day a wretched individual accosted me in the street, and loaded me with insults. He was drunk and unworthy of notice ; but I could not get rid of him otherwise than by giving him a blow on the chest. No sooner had I made my way out of the crowd and entered a café, when I was followed by a relative of his, not drunk with wine, but mad with rage and indignation. He accused me of having retaliated with a blow instead of acting as every man of honour would have done. I answered him as moderately as I could, for I saw through the whole thing ; it was all arranged by the Government in order to render me powerless. But one word followed another, and my enemies at last won the day. The other man pretended that he was obliged to go to Tuscany, and insisted on having the affair settled there. I agreed to this, for it was high time that one of our prudent party should prove to the unruly ones that it was not want of courage that restrained us, but solely and entirely the hopelessness of all secret revolutionary movements, when opposed to so superior a power. But when I applied for a passport the day before yesterday, it was refused, without their even deigning to give me a reason for it ; I was told it was by order of the highest authorities. It was evident that they either wished to expose me to the disgrace of having shirked the duel, or else to force me to cross the frontier in some disguise, and thereby certainly cause my detention. Then they would have had an excuse for bringing an action against me, and letting it drag on as long as they thought fit."

"The wretches ! The ungodly sinners ! " interrupted the girl, and clenched her fists.

"Nothing then was left me but to give myself up to the contrabandists at Porretta. They tell me we shall reach Pistoja tomorrow morning early. The duel is fixed for the afternoon in a garden outside the town."

Suddenly she seized his hand in hers. "Do not go down there, Filippo," she said. "They will murder you."

"Certainly they will, my child. But how do you know ? "

"I feel it here and—here ! " and she pointed with her finger to her brow and heart.

"You, too, are a fortune-teller, an enchantress," he continued, with a smile. "Yes, child, they will murder me. My adversary is the best shot in the whole of Tuscany. They have done me the honour of confronting me with a goodly enemy. Well, I shall not disgrace myself. But who knows whether it will be all fair play ? Who can tell ? Or can your magic arts foretell that too ? Yet what would be the use, child ! it would make no difference."

After a short silence he went on : "You must banish entirely from your thoughts any further encouragement of your former foolish love. Perhaps all this has come about so that I might not leave this world without first setting you free, free from yourself, poor child, and your unlucky constancy. Perhaps, too, you know, we should have suited each other badly. You have been true to quite a different Filippo, a young fellow full of vain desires and without a care save those of love. What would you do with such a brooding, solitary being as I ? "

He drew near to her, muttering the last words as he walked up and down, and would have taken her hand, but was startled and shocked to see the expression of her face. All trace of softness had left her features, and her lips were ashy pale.

"You do not love me," she said, slowly and huskily, as though another voice were speaking in her, and she were listening to hear what was meant. Then she pushed away his hand with a scream ; the little flames of the lamp were nearly blown out, and outside the dog began suddenly barking and howling furiously. "You do not love me, no, no ! " she exclaimed, like one beside herself. "Would you rather go to the arms of death than come to me ? Can you meet me like this after seven years, only to say farewell ? Can you speak thus

calmly of your death, knowing it will be mine too? Better had it been for me had my eyes been blinded before they saw you again, and my ears deaf before they heard the cruel voice by which I live and die. Why did the dog not tear you to pieces before I knew that you had come to rend my heart? Why did your foot not slip on the chasm's brink? Alas! woe is me! Madonna, save me!"

She flung herself down before the picture, her forehead bowed to the ground. Her hands were stretched out before her; she seemed to pray. Her companion listened to the barking of the dog, and with it the mutterings and groanings of the unhappy girl, while the moon increasing in power shone through the room. But before he could collect himself or utter a word he again felt her arms round his neck, and the hot tears falling on his face.

"Do not go to meet your death, Filippo," sobbed the poor thing. "If you stay with me, who could find you? Let them say what they will, the murderous pack, the malicious wretches, worse than Apennine wolves. Yes," she said, and looked up at him radiant through her tears, "you will stay with me; the Madonna has given you to me that I might save you. Filippo, I do not know what wicked words I may have spoken, but I feel they were wicked; I knew it by the cold chill they sent to my heart. Forgive me. It is a thought fit only for hell, that love can be forgotten, and faithful constancy crushed and destroyed. But now let us sit down and discuss everything. Would you like a new house? We will build one. Other servants? We will send these all away, Nina too, even the dog shall go. And if you still think that they might betray you—why, we will go away ourselves, to-day, now; I know all the roads, and before the sun has risen we should be down in the valley away northwards, and wander, wander on to Genoa, to Venice, or wherever you will."

"Stop!" said he harshly. "Enough of this folly. You cannot be my wife, Fenice. If they do not kill me to-morrow, it will only be put off a short time. I know how much I am in their way." And gently, but firmly, he loosed her arms from round his neck.

"See here, child," he continued, "it is sad enough as it is; we do not need to make it harder to bear through our own foolishness. Perhaps when in years to come you hear of my death, you will look round at your husband and your lovely children, and will feel thankful that he who is dead and gone was more sensible than you at this interview, although on that night of seven years ago, it may have been otherwise. Let me go to bed now, and go you too, and let us settle not to see each other to-morrow. Your reputation is a good one, as I heard from my companions on the way here. If we were to embrace to-morrow, and you made a scene—eh, dear child? And now—good-night, good-night, Fenice!"

Then again he offered her his hand. But she would not take it. She looked as pale as ashes in the moonlight, and her eyebrows and downcast lashes seemed all the darker. "Have I not already suffered enough," she said in an undertone, "for having acted too coyly that one night seven long years ago? And now he would again make me miserable with this wretched prudence, and this time my misery would last to all eternity! No, no, no! I will not let him go—I should be disgraced in the eyes of all if I let him go and he were to die."

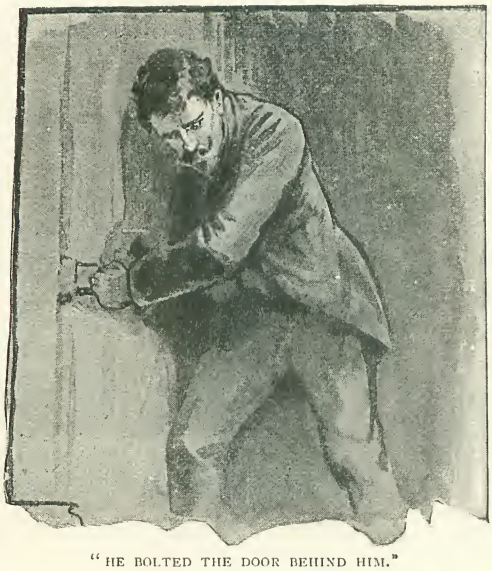
"Do you not understand that I wish to sleep now, girl," he interrupted angrily, "and to be alone? Why do you go on talking in this wild fashion and making yourself ill? If you do not feel that my honour forces me to leave you, then you would never have suited me. I am no doll in your lap to fondle and play with. My path is cut out for me, and it is too narrow for two. Show me the skin on which I am to lie to-night; and then—let us forget one another!"

"And if you were to drive me from you with blows I will not leave you! If death were to come and stand between us, I would rescue you from him with these strong arms of mine. In life and death—you are mine, Filippo!"

"Silence!" cried he, very loudly. The colour rushed to his very brow as he with both arms pushed the passionate pleader from him. "Silence! And let there be an end of this, to-day, and for ever. Am I a creature or thing to be seized upon by whoever will and whoever takes a fancy to me? I am a man, and whoever would have me I must give myself up to freely. You have sighed for me for seven years—have you any right therefore in the eighth year to make me act to my dishonour? If you would bribe me, you have chosen the means ill. Seven years ago I loved you because you were different from what you now are. If you had flown round my neck

then and sought to wrest my heart from me with threats, I would have met your threats with defiance as I do to-day. All is over now between us, and I know that the pity I felt for you was not love. For the last time, where is my room?"

He had said all this in harsh and cutting tones, and as he stopped speaking the sound of his own voice seemed to give him a pang. But he said no more, though wondering silently that she took it much more quietly than he had expected. He would gladly now, with friendly words, have appeased any stormy outbreak of her grief. But she passed coldly by him, opened a heavy wooden door not far from the hearth,



"HE BOLTED THE DOOR BEHIND HIM."

pointed silently to the iron bolt on it, and then stepped back again to the fireside.

So he went into the room and bolted the door behind him. But he stayed for some time close by the door, listening to what she was doing. No movement was heard in the room, and in the whole house there was no sound save from the restless dog, the horse stirring in the stable, and the moaning of the wind outside as it scattered the last remains of the fog. For the moon in all its splendour had risen, and when he pulled away a large bundle of heather out of the hole in the wall that served as a window, the room was lit up by its rays. He saw then that he was evidently in Fenice's room. Against the wall stood her clean, narrow bed, an open chest beside it, a small table, a wooden bench; the walls were hung with pictures, saints and Madonnas; a holy water bowl was seen beneath the crucifix by the door.

He sat himself down on the hard bed, and felt that a storm was raging within him. Once or twice he half rose up to hasten to her and tell her that he had only thus wounded her in order to comfort her afterwards. Then he stamped on the floor, vexed at his own soft-heartedness. "It is the only thing left for me to do," he said to himself, "unless I would add to my guilt. Seven years, poor child!" Mechanically he took in his hand a comb ornamented with little pieces of metal that was lying on the table. This recalled to him her splendid hair, the proud neck on which it lay, the noble brow round which the curls clustered, and the dusky cheek. At last he tossed the tempting object into the chest, in which he saw dresses, kerchiefs, and all sorts of little ornaments neatly and tidily put away. Slowly he let fall the lid and turned to look out at the hole in the wall.

The room was at the back of the house, and none of the other huts in Treppi interfered with the view across the mountains. Opposite was the bare ridge of rock rising up from behind the ravine, and all lit up by the moon, then just over the house. On one side were some sheds, past which ran the road leading down to the plain. One forlorn little fir-tree, with bare branches, was growing among the stones; otherwise the ground was covered with heather only, and here and there a miserable bush. "Certainly," thought he, "this is not the place to forget what one has loved. I would it were otherwise. In truth, she would have been the right wife for me; she would have loved me more than dress and gaiety, and the whisperings of gallants. What eyes my old Marco would make if I suddenly came back from my travels with a lovely wife! We should not need to change the house; the empty corners were always so uncanny. And it would do me good, old grumbler that I am, if a laughing child——but this is folly, Filippo, folly! What would the poor thing do left a widow in Bologna? No, no! no more of this! Let me not add a fresh sin to the old ones. I will wake the men an hour earlier, and steal away before anyone is up in Treppi."

He was just going to move away from the window and stretch his limbs, wearied from the long ride, on the bed, when he saw a woman's figure step out from the

shadow of the house into the moonlight. She never turned her head, but he did not for a moment doubt that it was Fenice. She walked away from the house with slow, steady steps down the road leading to the ravine. A shudder ran through his frame as at that moment the thought flashed across his mind that she would do herself some injury. Without stopping to think, he flew to the door and pulled violently at the bolt. But the rusty old iron had stuck so obstinately fast in its place that he spent all his strength in vain. The cold sweat stood on his brow; he shouted and shook and beat the door with fists and feet, but it did not yield. At last he gave up, and rushed back again to the window. Already one of the stones had given way to his fury, when suddenly he saw the figure of the girl reappear on the road and come towards the hut. She had something in her hand, but in the uncertain light he could not make out what it was, but he could see her face distinctly. It was grave and thoughtful—no trace of passion in it. Not a single glance did she send to his window, and disappeared again into the shade.

As he still stood there and drew a deep breath after his fright and exertion, he heard a great noise which seemed to come from the old dog, but it was no barking or whining. This puzzled him more than ever, it was so uncanny. He stretched his head far out of the opening, but could see nothing save the still night in the mountains. Suddenly there was a short, sharp howl, then a low convulsive groan from the dog, but after that, though he listened long and anxiously, not another sound the whole night through, save that the door of the adjoining room was opened and Fenice's step was heard on the stone floor. In vain he stood for long at the bolted door, listening at first, then asking and begging and imploring the girl for one little word only—all remained still and quiet.

At length he threw himself on the bed in

"NO ONE SHALL EVER DRINK OUT OF IT AGAIN.

a fever, and lay awake thinking and thinking, till at last the moon went down an hour after midnight, and fatigue conquered his thousand fleeting thoughts. But still in his uneasy slumber he seemed to see the lovely face continually before his eyes, and to hear the pleading and impassioned voice still ringing in his ears.

When he awoke next morning, the light around him was dim; but as he raised himself from the bed and collected his thoughts, he was aware that it was not the dim light of dawn. On one side a faint ray of sunlight reached him, and he soon saw that the hole in the wall which he had left open before he fell asleep, had, nevertheless, been filled up again with branches. He pushed them out, and was

dazzled by the bright rays of the morning sun. In a towering rage with the contrabandists, with himself for having slept, but above all with the girl to whom he attributed this treachery, he hurried to the door, the bolt of which yielded easily to his pressure, and stepped out into the other room.

He found Fenice there alone, sitting quietly by the fire, as though she had long been expecting him. Every trace of the stormy scenes of the day before had left her face ; no sign of any grief, and no mark of any painfully acquired composure, met his stern glance.

"This is your fault," he said, angrily, "my sleeping beyond the time."

"Yes, it is," she answered, indifferently. "You were tired. You will reach Pistoja early enough, if you do not need to meet your murderers before the afternoon."

"I did not ask you to take heed of my fatigue. Do you still mean to force yourself on me ? It will avail you nothing, girl. Where are my men ? "

"Gone."

"Gone ? Would you make a fool of me ? Where are they ? As if they would go away before I paid them ! " And he strode rapidly to the door, thinking to leave.

Fenice remained sitting where she was, and said, in the same placid voice : "I have paid them. I told them that you needed sleep, and also that I would accompany you down the mountain myself ; for my supply of wine is at an end, and I must buy fresh at about an hour's distance from Pistoja."

For a moment he was speechless with rage. "No," he burst out at last, "not with you ; never again with you ! It is absurd for you to think that you can still entangle me in your smooth meshes. We are now more completely parted than ever. I despise you, that you should think me soft and weak enough to be won by these poor devices. I will not go with you ! Let one of your men go with me ; and here—pay yourself what you gave to the contrabandists."

He flung a purse to her, and opened the door to look for some one who could show him the way down. "Do not trouble yourself," she said, "you will not find any of the men ; they are all in the mountains. And there is nobody in Treppi who can be of use to you. Poor feeble old women and men, and children who have to be taken care of themselves. If you do not believe me—go and look ! "

"And altogether," she went on, as he, in vexation and anger, stood undecided in the doorway, turning his back to her, "why does it seem to you so impossible and so dangerous for me to be your guide ? I had dreams last night, from which I can tell that you are not destined for me. It is true enough that I still have a liking for you, and it would be a pleasure to me to have a few more hours' talk with you. But I do not, on that account, wish to intrude. You are free to go from me for ever, and wherever you will, to death or to life. Only I have so arranged it that I may walk beside you part of the way. I swear to you, if it will ease your mind, that it will only be part of the way—on my honour, not as far as Pistoja. Only just until I have put you in the right direction. For if you were to go away alone, you would lose your way, and would neither get forward nor backward. Surely you must remember that, from your first journey in the mountains."

"Plague upon it ! " muttered he, biting his lips. He saw, however, that the sun was getting higher, and all things well considered, what grave cause for fear had he ? He turned to her, and thought, from the indifferent look in her large eyes, that he could take it for granted there was no treachery hidden in her words. She really seemed to him to be a different person from the day before ; and there was almost a feeling of discontent mingled with his surprise as he was forced to allow that her fit of grief and passion on the preceding day had passed away so soon, and left no trace. He looked at her for some time, but she did not in any way arouse his suspicions.

"Well," he said dryly, "since you have become so very prudent, let us start. Come ! "

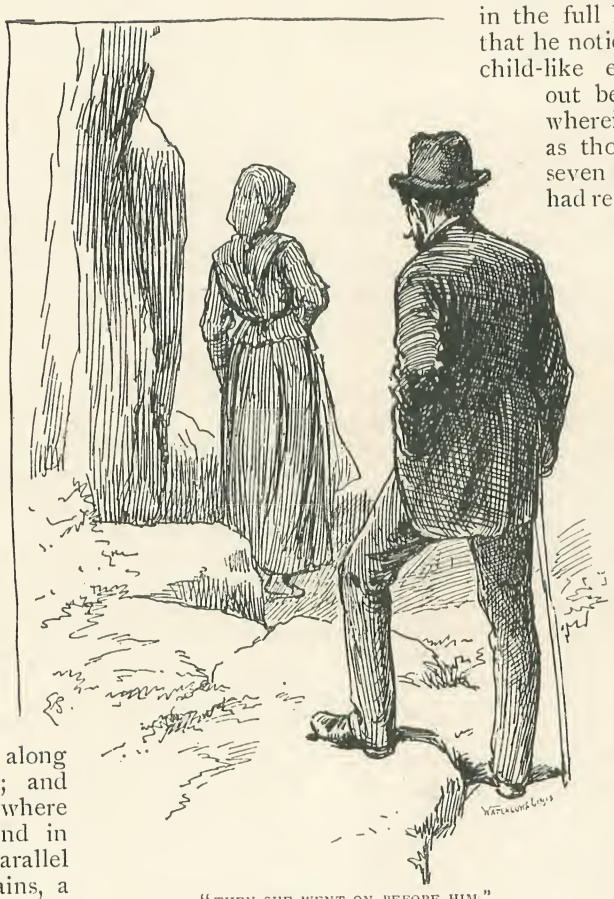
Without any particular sign of delight she got up, and said : "We must eat first ; we shall get nothing for many hours." She put a dish before him and a pitcher, and ate something herself, standing at the hearth, but did not touch a drop of wine. But he, to get it over, ate some spoonfuls, dashed down the wine, and lit his cigar from the ashes on the hearth. All this time he had not deigned to look at her, but when he chanced to look up, standing near her, he saw a strange red in her cheeks, and something like triumph in her eyes. She now rose hurriedly, seized the pitcher, and, flinging it on the stone floor, shattered it at a blow. "No one shall ever drink out of it again," she said, "after your lips have touched it."

He started up in alarm, and, for a second,

the suspicion crossed his mind: "Has she poisoned me?" but then he chose to think that it was the last remains of her lovesick idolatry which she had forsworn, and without further comment he followed her out of the house.

"They took the horse back with them to Porretta," she said to him outside, as he seemed to be searching for it. "You would not have been able to ride down without danger. They are steeper roads than those of yesterday."

Then she went on before him, and they soon left behind them the huts, which, deserted and without the faintest cloud of smoke from the chimneys, stood out clear in the bright sun. It was then only that Filippo became fully aware of the majestic scenery of this desolate place, with the clear transparent sky above it. The path, now hardly visible, like a faint track in the hard rock, ran northward along the broad ridge; and here and there, where there was a bend in the opposite parallel range of mountains, a narrow strip of sea shone in the far horizon to the left. There was still no sign of vegetation, far or near, except the hard and stunted mountain plants and interwoven bush and bramble. But then they left the summit, and descended into the ravine, which had to be crossed in order to climb the rocky ridge on the other side. Here they soon came upon fir-trees, and streams, which flowed into the glen; and far below them they heard the roaring of the water. Fenice now went on in front, stepping with sure feet upon the safest stones, without looking round, or uttering a single word. He could not help letting his eyes rest on her, and admiring the graceful strength of her limbs. Her face was entirely hidden from him by the great white kerchief on her head, but when it so chanced that they walked side by side, he had to force himself to look before him, and away from her, so greatly was he attracted by the wondrous regularity of her features. It was only when in the full light of the sun that he noticed her strangely child-like expression, without being able to say wherein it lay. It was as though for the last seven years something had remained unaltered in her face, while all else had grown and developed.



"THEN SHE WENT ON BEFORE HIM."

At last he began to talk to her of his own accord, and she answered him in a sensible and even easy way. Only that her voice, which as a rule was not so dull and harsh as is the case with the generality of the women in the mountains, sounded to him monotonous and sad, though only speaking of the most indifferent things.

While thus talking, Filippo never noticed how the sun had climbed higher and higher and still no glimpse of the Tuscan plains came in view. Neither did he give a thought to what awaited him at the close of the day. It was so refreshing to be walking along the thickly wooded paths, fifty paces above the waterfall, to feel the spray sometimes reach him, to watch the lizards darting over the stones, and the fluttering butterflies chasing the sun's rays, that he never even noticed that they walked on towards the stream, and had not as yet

"IS THIS THE WAY, YOU TREACHEROUS CREATURE?"

turned off to the left. There was a magic in the voice of his companion which made him forget everything which, the day before, had so occupied him in the society of the contrabandists. But when they left the ravine and saw an endless, unknown mountainous tract, with fresh peaks and cliffs lying barren and deserted before them, he awoke suddenly from his enchanted dreams, stood still, and looked at the heavens. He saw clearly that she had brought him in an utterly opposite direction, and that he was some miles further from his destination than when they started.

"Stop!" said Filippo. "I see betimes that you are still deceiving me. Is this the way to Pistoja, you treacherous creature?"

"No," she said fearlessly, but with downcast eyes.

"Then, by all the infernal powers, the fiends might learn deceit from you. A curse upon my infatuation!"

"One who loves can do all things—love is more powerful than devil or angel," said she in deep, mournful tones.

"No," shouted he, in maddened anger, "do not triumph yet, you insolent girl, not yet! A man's will cannot be broken by what a mad wench calls love. Turn back with me at once, and show me the shortest paths—or I will strangle you, with these very hands—you fool, not to see that I must hate you, who would make me seem a scoundrel in the eyes of the world."

He went up to her with clenched fists, beside himself with passion.

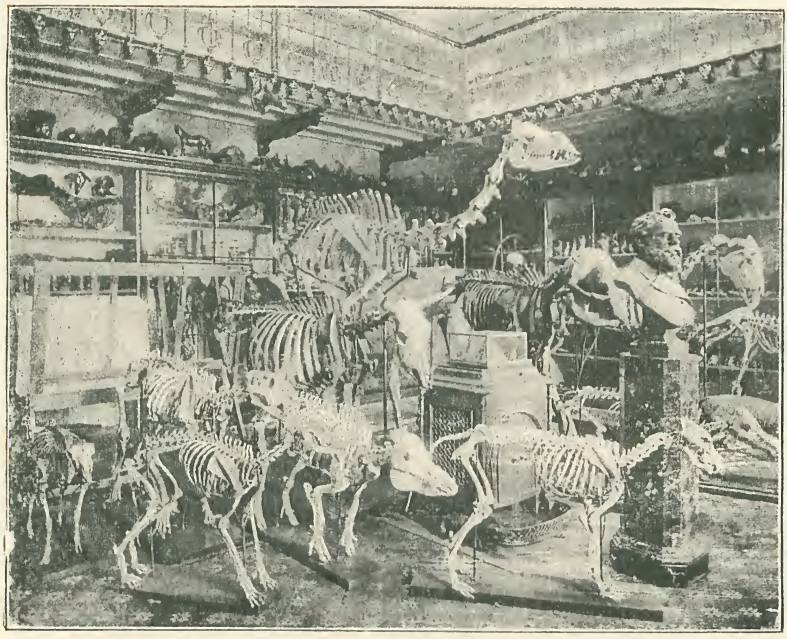
"Strangle me, then!" she said in a clear but trembling voice; "do it, Filippo. But, when the deed is done, you will cast yourself on my body and weep tears of blood that you cannot bring me to life again. Your place will be here beside me; you will fight with the vultures that will come to eat my flesh; the sun by day will burn you; the dew at night will drench you; till you fall and die beside me—for you can never more tear yourself away from me. Do you think that the poor, silly thing, brought up in her mountain home, would throw away seven years like one day? I know what they have cost me, how dear they were, and that I pay an honest price in buying you with them. Let you go to meet your death? It would be absurd. Turn from me as you will, you will soon feel that I can force you back to me for all eternity. For in the wine which you drank to-day I mixed a love-potion, which no man under the sun has been able to withstand!"

Most queenly did she look as she uttered these words, her arm stretched out towards him, as though her hand wielded a sceptre over one who had deserted her. But he laughed defiantly, and exclaimed, "Your love-potion will do you a bad turn, for I never hated you more than at this moment. But I am a fool to take the trouble to hate a fool like you. May you be cured of all your folly as of your love when you no longer see me near you. I do not need you to guide me. On yonder slope I see a shepherd's hut, and the flocks are near. A fire, too, is burning. They will show me the right way up there. Farewell, you poor hypocrite; farewell!"

She answered not a word as he left her, but sat down quietly in the shadow of a rock by the ravine, burying her great eyes in the dark green of the fir trees growing below by the stream.

(*To be continued.*)

At the Animals' Hospital.



A HAPPY FAMILY IN BONE.

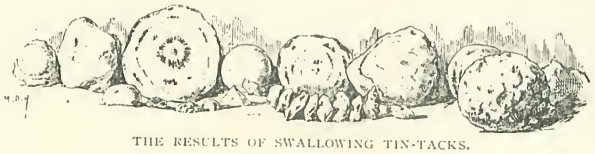
ONE hundred years ago! A century since the first two stones were joined together from which was to spring a veritable boon to the sick and suffering amongst all sorts and conditions of domesticated animals—an abiding-place where horse and dog, calf and sheep, even down to the maligned and sorely-tried drawer of the costermonger's cart might receive assistance and advice to meet the thousand and one ills to which their flesh and bones are heir. The Royal Veterinary College is within a month of claiming a hundred years' good labour to its credit.

Hence the reason of our mounting the "knife-board" of a yellow-bodied 'bus, conspicuously painted "Camden Town," with a view of obtaining a preliminary interview with the driver regarding the ills of most animals in general, and of horse-flesh in particular. He knew little, and kept that meagre knowledge to himself, regarding us with suspicion, probably as a spy in the employ of an opposition company, and screwed his mouth artfully when a question was volleyed, and met it with a knowing crack of the whip in irritating response.

"Orf side down, 'Arry. Just show the way where the donkeys is doctored, and the 'osses waccinated. Whoa! Whoa! 'Er', 'pon my word, 'Arry, if I didn't forget to give Betsy"—a frisky-looking mare on the near side—"her cough mixture. Wot time does the Wet'inary College shut?"

The way pointed out by the conductor was King-street, at the top of which runs Great College-street, where the great gates of the Hospital for Animals are facing you. Here, congregated together about the entrance, are a dozen or twenty students, the majority of them arrayed in garments of a decidedly "horsey" cut, their appearance suggesting that they are somewhere about one remove from the medical student proper, though in full possession of all their traditional love of fun and irrepressible spirits. For a charge of sixty guineas these young men may revel in the anatomy of a horse for a period of three years, walk the straw-carpeted floor of the sick stable, pay periodical visits, and learn how to prescribe the necessary remedies for the inmates of the dogs' ward. The secretary, Mr. R.

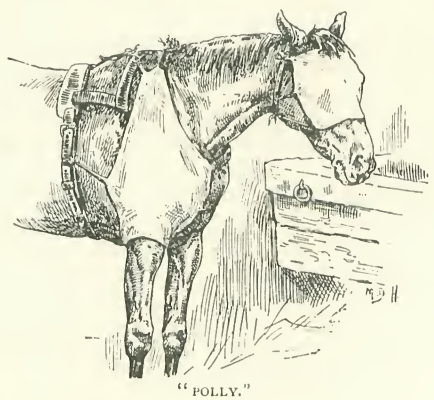
A. N. Powys, assures us that three hundred students are at present located here, and, together with the educational staff, numbering, amongst others, such veterinary authorities as Professors Axe, Penberthy, McQueen, Coghill, and Edwards, they visit the beds of some fifty horses every day, together with those of some ten or a dozen dogs, to say nothing of pigs and sheep weakly inclined, and cows of nervous temperament. During the past twelve months 1,174 horses have been examined for unsoundness. More than four thousand animals were treated either as in-patients or out-patients during that period.



THE RESULTS OF SWALLOWING TIN-TACKS.

Passing through the gateway, a fine open space is immediately in front, with a roadway laid down for the purpose of testing the soundness of horses. Just at this moment a fine prancing steed, a typical shire horse, with his coat as brown as a new chestnut, and his limbs and quarters as they should be, is led out by a stalwart groom. For all the animal's 16½ hands, there is a question as to his soundness. A professor hurries up, followed by a score of students, with note-books and pencils ready. The horse is trotted round the gravel-path, then galloped with a rider bare-back. A thoughtful consultation follows, and the verdict pronounced upon its respiratory organs is: "As sound as a bell."

There is an estimable and enterprising gentleman touring the London streets who is the proprietor of a group of animals which he facetiously calls "The Happy Family." These are in the flesh, alive and frolicsome; but here in Camden Town, where all things veterinary are studied, is a happy family—in the bone. They are gathered together in unison around the bust of the late Professor Robertson. The "ship of the desert" has on its left an elephant of formidable size, near which stands an ostrich. On the camel's right is a cow, and a lion, originally part of a menagerie in the Edgware-road. A pig is readily recognised, and a fine dog seems to be looking up to the late Professor as an old friend. This interesting collection will shortly be added to by all that is left of the celebrated race-horse "Hermit."



"POLLY."

It is to the Museum that the students repair two or three times a week, and gain a practical knowledge of the ailments which are associated with animals.

The glass cases contain horses' mouths, showing the various stages of the teeth. Innumerable are the bottles holding preserved portions of each and every animal. In one of the cases is a very interesting specimen of the students' work. It illustrates the anatomy of a dog's leg. The bone is taken in hand by the student, and by an ingenious arrangement of red sealing wax the blood-vessels are faithfully and realistically introduced.

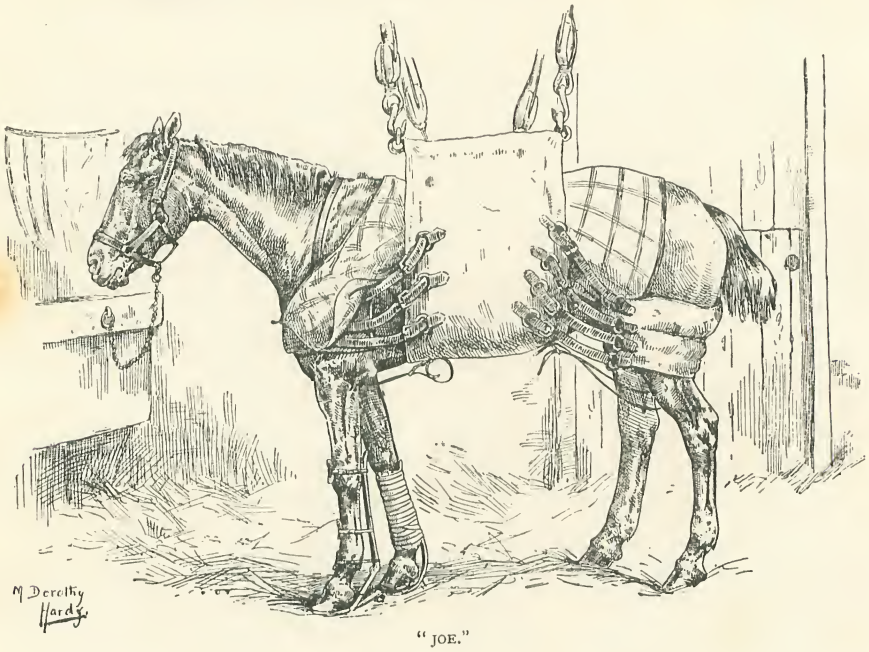
Every case contains a curiosity—one is full of the feet of horses, and its next-door neighbour protects a wonderful array of horseshoes. The ideal horse-shoe is one which requires no nails. The nearest approach to this is a shoe which clamps the hoof, is screwed up tightly, and the whole thing kept in place by an iron band. The great amount of pressure which is required to keep the shoe from shifting, and the possible injury it may cause the wearer, has prevented its universal use.

Here is an old-fashioned drenching bit—the old idea of administering medicine to horses. The bit is hollow and a funnel is attached to it, to be inserted in the animal's mouth and the mixture poured in. To-day, however, a tin drenching can of a somewhat pyramidical shape is simply used.

At the door one may brush against what appears to be a mop of extra size. It is—to use a homely expression—a calf's leg with "a housemaid's knee." This curious growth is five feet in circumference and a foot and a half in

depth. But perhaps the most remarkable corner is that devoted to the storing of massive stones and cement, hardened together, which have been taken from the bodies of various animals.

These are of all shapes and sizes. Two of them taken from a mare, weigh fifty-four pounds, and many of them would turn the scale at thirty-five to forty pounds. The formation of such stones is curious. Above is a drawing—in miniature—of a huge stone formed inside a cow. The cow—by no means a careful one—enjoyed the green grass of the meadow in blissful ignorance that even tin-tacks and nails get lodged on the sward occasionally. The cow, in her innocence, swallowed the nail—there it is, imbedded in the centre. Lime and earth deposited and hardened round it, with the result that an immense stone was formed of nearly forty pounds in weight.



"JOE."

Next comes the instrument room. This is an apartment not calculated to act as a sedative upon the visitor who is forced to be a frequent caller on the dentist. The forceps for drawing horses' teeth are more than a yard long, and it requires a man of might and muscle to use them with effect. The tracheotomy tubes—inserted when a horse has difficulty in breathing—stand out brightly from amongst the dull and heavy appearance of the firing irons, which are employed in lameness, as a blister on the limb. It is interesting to be told that there are a number of horses in the hunting field, in the streets, and the park, wearing silver tracheotomy tubes, as an assistance to their breathing, and, to put it in the words of a doctor, "doing well."

The pharmacy is by no means to be hurriedly passed by. It is the chemist's shop of the establishment, the place where students enter to be initiated into all the mysteries of compounding a prescription. They may crush the crystals into powder in a mortar of diminutive size, or pound them in one as big as a copper with a pestle as long as a barber's pole. A great slate is covered with veterinary hieroglyphics; the shelves are decorated with hundreds of blue bottles, the drawers brimming over with tiny phials and enormous gallipots. Step behind a substantial wooden screen, which practically says "Private," and you have the most approved of patterns in the way of a chemist's counter. Here is every item, down to the little brass scales and weights, the corks and sealing wax, the paper and string.

From the pharmacy to the Turkish bath is but a step. Veterinary authorities have arrived at the conclusion that a Turkish bath is the finest remedy that can be found for skin disease in horses. This takes the

form of a square stable, heated by a furnace at the back. Not an outlet is permitted for the escape of the hot air, and it can be heated to any temperature required. The horse, too, can enjoy all the luxuriousness of a shower bath, and if necessary can dabble his four feet in a foot-bath handy. Indeed, everything goes to prove the whole system of treating sick animals is founded on the same principle as that meted out to human beings.

One must needs look in at the open door of the shoeing-forge. The clang of the blacksmith's hammer makes a merry accompaniment to the prancing of a dozen fine creatures just entering to be shod. The whistling of the bellows, and the hissing of the roused-up flames vie with the snorting of a grand bay mare who cannot be numbered amongst the most patient of her sex.

"Stand over, miss—stand over," cries a strapping, brawny lad. "She'll take a number five;" and from a stock of three hundred and fifty dozen new shoes which adorn the walls—and, if numbers count for anything, good luck should pervade every nook and corner of the forge—a five-inch shoe is quickly adjusted, and the bay, not yet realising the new footing upon which she stands, enlists the services of a pair of men to hold her in.

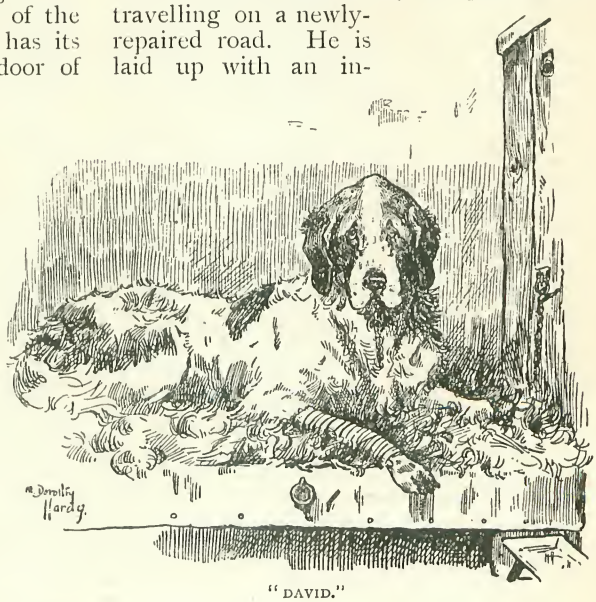
The paddock in the immediate neighbourhood of the forge is the sick-ward of the hospital for horses. Every horse has its own apartment—a loose box, the door of which is fitted with iron bars through which the doctor can inspect his patient. The inmate's card, which tells its sex and colour, date of entrance, number, disease, and treatment prescribed, is affixed to the door, and every day a professor goes his rounds. The hospital surgeon also pays continual visits, and medicine is administered at intervals varying from two or three hours to three or four days.

Here is one of the most patient of the inmates, "Polly," a pretty creature who would add to the picturesqueness of any hunting-field in the country, and who has dislocated her shoulder. Polly might be held up as a credit to any hospital. She bore her bandaging—not always a painless operation, for the linen must needs be fastened firmly—without moving a muscle, only heaving a sigh of relief as soon as the tying-up was over.

A slip of linen or calico is carefully cut to size and strapped on with strong tapes. It is likewise considered beneficial that the patient should be kept in ignorance as to its whereabouts: for the horror of "hospital" which pervades most people's minds exists in the imaginations of animals as well. Therefore the sick Polly must needs submit to having her eyes bandaged that she may realise the position of being in the dark as to her lodging for a week or two. A strip of the same material from which the shoulder-strap was cut is tied on to the head-collar.

"Polly's" next-door neighbour, however, presents a much more serious case.

"Joe" has recently been gaining experience in the fact that life is but a chapter of accidents. Joe could not be characterised as a careless creature; indeed, it is chronicled of him that he would positively feel for every step he took, and pick out the safest spots in the line of route. Poor Joe! His careful line of action and method of travelling did not meet with that reward to which it was entitled. Alas! he now rests here as a warning to his fellow-horses not to put trust in the treacherous smoothness of the agreeable asphalt, or too much faith in the comfort afforded by the pleasures of travelling on a newly-repaired road. He is laid up with an injured thigh, and a severe fracture has befallen one half of what he depended upon to carry him through life.



"DAVID."

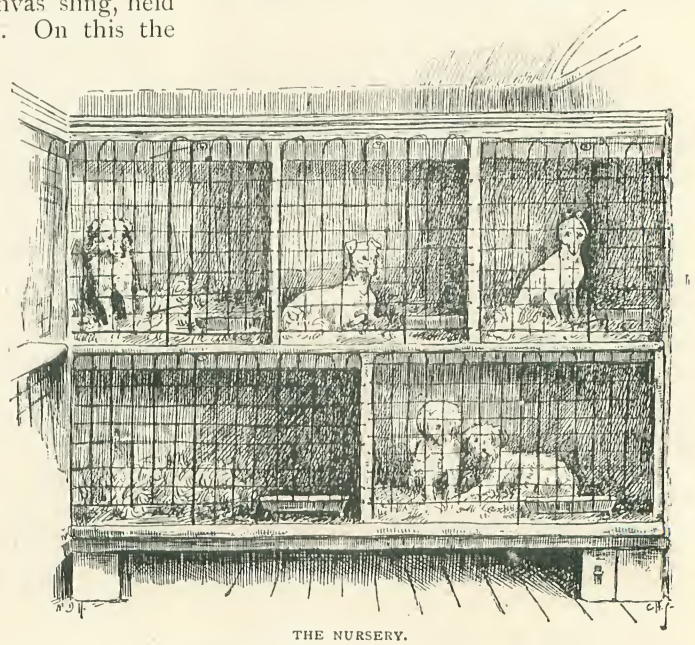
"Rest, complete rest, is what he needs," remarks a passing doctor. And a very ingenious arrangement is provided in order to attain the desired end.

This consists of a big canvas sling, held up by half a dozen pulleys. On this the whole weight of the body is supported, and the comfort afforded is equivalent to that provided by a good bed to a weary man. The animal is so weak that, if he tumbled down, it is doubtful whether he would get up again. Here he will remain until completely recovered, which means enjoying the repose afforded by this horsey hammock for a period between six weeks and six months.

The two fractured limbs are, for the time being, imbedded in iron splints with leather bands, and fitted with little pads in front in order not to cut the leg. All these surgical appliances are in every way as perfect as if they were intended for the human frame, instead of for a horse's.

Sickness does not seem to diminish the appetites of the inmates, and doses of iron and quinine are not of frequent occurrence. It may take three or four months to cure a case of lameness, and long terms of confinement may possibly be needed for diseases of the respiratory or digestive organs, or of the skin. But the bill for food, hay and straw, amounted to the comfortable sum of £1,510 0s. 8d. last year, against the modest outlay of £166 11s. 5d. which was spent in drugs. The number of horse-patients confined to well-kept beds of straw and healthy peat-moss, in admirably ventilated apartments, averages fifty at one time. Their paddock—or sick-ward—is a pattern of cleanliness, neatness, and good order.

There is only a moment to spend in the operating theatre, acknowledged to be the finest in Europe. It is a huge space covered with a glass canopy, where four or five horses can be operated on at once. There is ample accommodation for every student in the hospital to obtain a good view of the proceedings. Only a moment also to peep in at a little apartment in the far corner—a small operating room fitted up with a trevis, a wooden structure where the animal to be operated upon is placed, and strapped in with ropes, so that movement



THE NURSERY.

is impossible; only a moment, such a barking and a whining breaks upon the peaceful air—troublous cries that find an outlet from the open door of an upper room, to which ascends a stable staircase. It is the dogs' ward!

The barking of the inmates is to be interpreted into an unmistakable welcome. Here, in corners of the cosiest, and beds of the whitest wood-fibre, reclines many a magnificent specimen. These fine St. Bernard pups are worth £250 a piece, and only a week or two ago a patient was discharged as convalescent, upon whose head rested the figure of £1,200. Most of them are suffering from skin disease; but here is a pup, with a coat of impenetrable blackness, afflicted with St. Vitus's dance. He wears a pitiful expression; but, save for an occasional twitter of a muscle, rests very quietly. Every cage is occupied, save one, and that is an apartment with double iron gates. It is set apart for mad dogs. Every creature bears its affliction with remarkable resignation, and, as one passes from bed to bed, runs out to the length of its chain and stands looking up the sawdust-strewn floor which leads to "the nursery."

One fine fellow, however, rests in a

corner, near the bath, the very personification of all that is dignified.

"David" is a grand St. Bernard, upon whom a coat of shaggy beauty has been bestowed and the blessing of a majestic presence. He sits there with his front paw dangling over the bed-side; helpless, but not uncared for. His leg is broken, and he holds it out, tightly tied up and bandaged, as token thereof. Cheer up, David, old boy—look a bit pleasant, David, my brave fellow. But David only shakes his head in grateful thanks for a word of sympathy. He is a credit to his breed, and his noble disposition would lead him to forget what brought him there. It is a touching story. His owner's little daughter was his mistress; David followed her wherever she went, and—save at night-time—never allowed her out of his sight, and even then he would nestle outside her door on the mat, until the child woke in the morning. Just a week ago the little girl had wandered down the river bank, climbing over the iron railings separating the pathway from the tiny valley which led down to the water. David did not notice this action, and when he turned his head saw that his mistress had disappeared. With his mind bent on the water, he took a leap, intending to spring over the rails; but his front paw caught the iron bars, and his leg was broken. The child was quite safe; she was only gathering flowers.

"The Nursery" is a room set apart a

DISSECTING ROOM.

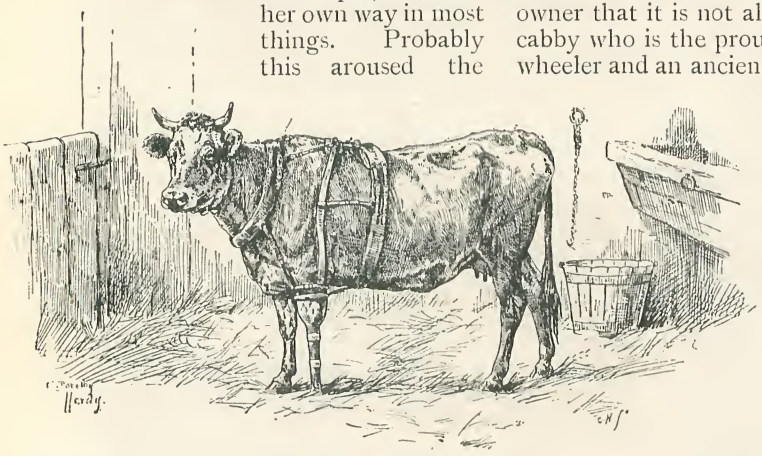
the far end for the reception of the smaller species of the canine tribe.

The two little Skye terriers fondling one another are suffering from ingrown toe-nails and must needs have them cut. The cot next to them is empty; but a "King Charles" will convert the apartment into a royal one on the morrow. His Majesty, too, requires the application of the scissors to his royal toes. Above is a terrier—beautifully marked—but, withal, wearing a remarkably long expression of countenance. Something is wrong with one of his ears, and his face is tied up like that of an individual writhing beneath the tortures of toothache. "Dot" envies his brother terrier next door. There is nothing wrong with *him;* he is not an inmate, but a boarder, and the property of one of the officials. A pretty little couple of colleys are sympathising with each other in their affliction as they lie cuddled up in the corner. They are both queer—something wrong with their lungs.

Out in the open again, we look in upon a fine bullock with a very ugly swollen face. But here, in a corner all to itself, we

meet with a veritable curiosity—a cow with a wooden leg!

This is a strapping young Alderney, of such value that it was deemed advisable to provide her with a wooden support instead of killing her at once. "Susan" was a pet, and had her own way in most things. Probably this aroused the green-eyed monster within the breast of a mare who sometimes shared her meadow. Whether the cause was jealousy or not, one thing is certain—after a particularly hearty meal, which seems to have endowed the mare with exceptional strength and vigour, to say nothing of a wicked and revengeful mind, she deliberately, and without warning, kicked the fair Susan. Susan had to lie up for three or four months, and now a wooden leg supports her injured frame.



"SUSAN."

A strap is fastened round the body of the cow; then a wooden support is placed near the neck and attached to the main strap with leather bands. Finally, the iron-bound timber leg is set in place; and it is said that the animal sustains but little inconvenience.

Following a number of students, we are soon within the precincts of the dissecting room. This is a square room containing a dozen or twenty dead donkeys, each laid out on a table for dissection. The enterprising students repair to Islington Cattle Market, and for a pound or thirty shillings purchase a likely subject from an obliging costermonger. Half a dozen of them will each take a share in the expense incurred, and work together at a table, passing from head to tail until a complete examination has been made.

But what most interests the casual visitor is "The Poor Man's Corner," a portion of the yard set apart for out-patients, and termed by the hospital authorities their "cheap practice."

Every day—excepting Sundays—between the hours of two and four, a motley crowd assembles here, bringing with them an animal which has betrayed signs to its owner that it is not altogether "fit." The cabby who is the proud possessor of a four-wheeler and an ancient-looking steed comes with a face which tells another tale than that which betokens a small fare. The coster thrusts his hands deep into his trousers pockets and waits in gloomy meditation. Visions of his donkey being condemned to death on the spot flash through his mind, and he almost regrets he came.

"Guvnor—I say, guvnor, it ain't a 'opeless case, is it? Don't say it's all up wi' it. Yer see, guvnor, I couldn't help but bring it along. I'm a rough 'un, but I've got a 'art, and, there, I couldn't stand it no longer, seein' the poor creeter a limpin' along like that. On'y say it ain't a 'opeless case."

He will soon be out of his suspense, for his donkey will be examined in its turn.

Not only is advice given gratis and the animal thoroughly examined, but, should it need medicine, or call for an operation, this is readily done, the students generally performing it under the superintendence of one of the professors.

The "poor man's" gate has just been opened, and Mr. E. R. Edwards, the hospital surgeon, holds the bridle of the first horse for examination as the students gather round. One of the professors appears upon the scene, and asks the owner what is the matter with his horse.

"He can 'ardly walk, sir."

"Lame, eh?"

"I expec's so, sir."

"What are you?"

"Hawks wegetables about, sir."

The horse is trotted up the yard and back again. Then the professor turns to a student and asks what he considers is wrong with the animal.

"Lame in both hind legs;"—and, the student having diagnosed the case correctly,

the animal is walked off to be further treated and prescribed for.

Case after case is taken. One horse that draws firewood from seven in the morning until ten or eleven at night, cannot eat. Away it goes for examination, and the temperature of its pulse is taken. A lad, evidently not used to the stubborn disposition and immovable spirit of donkeys in general, has brought his own, which he informs the professor he only purchased "the week afore last." Now, nothing under the sun in the shape of argument with whip or words will make it go at anything like the pace which the man from whom he bought it guaranteed.

"Why, sir, I had to drag it here. 'Pon my word, I believe as 'ow he knew where I was a takin' 'im, for he crawled more'n ever. I thought as 'ow there might be something wrong wi' his wind."

"Trot him along," said the professor; but the donkey turned a deaf ear to the inviting cries of forty or fifty students to "go on," and bravely stood his ground. The victor was placed on one side to be dealt with later on.

The next case was one connected with a pathetic story. The horse—a poor creature which had evidently seen better days—was owned by a laundryman, a widower, who had eleven children to support, the oldest of whom was only fifteen years of age, and the youngest six months. He depended entirely on his horse to carry the laundry round from house to house.

The poor fellow stood quietly by and seemed to read in the professor's face and gather from his hurried consultation with a brother "vet." that something out of the common was the matter with his horse. In response to the doctor's beckoning, he approached the spot where the animal stood, and, with tears in his eyes, asked in a choking voice, "Not an operation, I hope, sir?"

The professor shook his head.

Then the truth flashed upon the laundryman's mind. He stood dumbfounded for a moment. The students ceased their chatter, and, save for the movement of a horse's foot upon the uneven stones, the yard was as still as the ward of a hospital where human beings lie. The horse was condemned to death!

The poor fellow threw his arms about the animal's neck, and the horse turned its head in response to his master's caresses, and the cry which came from the man's heart could not have been more pitiful had he been parting from his only friend.

"POOR MAN'S CORNER."

The Mirror.

From the French of LÉO LESPÈS.

[LÉO LESPÈS was born at Bonchain, June the 18th, 1815—the day of Waterloo. At seventeen he was compelled to take up arms as a conscript of Fusiliers, and for eight years passed his life amidst the scenes of camps and guard-rooms. But Lespès was not born to be a soldier; nature had meant him for a man of letters. As soon as he obtained his liberty, he began to write for newspapers and magazines; and from that time until his death in 1875 he lived a busy but uneventful life, as one of the most popular of authors. He was one of the chief founders of the *Petit journal*, which, owing largely to the tales and articles which he wrote under the signature of "Timothy Trimm," attained at once to a gigantic circulation. During his lifetime, his brilliant little stories were the delight of thousands; but beyond the limits of his native country his fame has never been so great as it deserves.]

LETTER I.

YOU wish me to write to you, my dear Anaïs—me, a poor blind creature whose hand moves faltering in the darkness? Are you not afraid of the sadness of my letters, written as they are in gloom? Have you no fear of the sombre thoughts which must beset the blind?

Dear Anaïs, *you* are happy; you can see. To see! Oh, to see! to be able to distinguish the blue sky, the sun, and all the different colours—what a joy! True, I once enjoyed this privilege, but when I was struck with blindness, I was scarcely ten years old. Now I am twenty-five. It is fifteen long years since everything around me became as black as night! In vain, dear friend, do I endeavour to recall the wonders of nature. I have forgotten all her hues. I smell the scent of the rose, I guess its shape by the touch; but its boasted colour, to which all beautiful women are compared, I have forgotten—or, rather, I cannot describe. Sometimes under this thick veil of darkness strange gleams flit. The doctors say that this is the movement of the blood, and that this may give some promise of a cure. Vain delusion! When one has lost for fifteen years the lights which beautify the earth, they are never to be found again except in heaven.

The other day I had a rare sensation. In groping in my room I put my hand upon—oh! you would never guess—upon a mirror! I sat down in front of it, and arranged my hair like a coquette. Oh! what would I have given to be able to regard myself!—to know if I was nice!—if my skin is as white as it is soft, and if I have pretty eyes under my long lashes!—Ah! they often told us at school that the devil comes in the glasses of little girls who

look at themselves too long! All I can say is, if he came in mine he must have been nicely caught—my lord Satan. I couldn't have seen him!

You ask me in your kind letter, which they have just read to me, whether it is true that the failure of a banker has ruined my parents. I have heard nothing about it. No, they are rich. I am supplied with every luxury. Everywhere that my hand rests it touches silk and velvet, flowers and precious stuffs. Our table is abundant, and every day my taste is coaxed with dainties. Therefore, you see, Anaïs, that my beloved folks are happily well off.

Write to me, my darling, since you are now back from that aristocratic England, and you have some pity for the poor blind girl.

LETTER II.

You have no idea, Anaïs, what I am going to tell you! Oh! you will laugh as if you had gone crazy. You will believe that with my sight I must have lost my reason. I have a lover!

Yes, dear; I, the girl without eyes, have a wooer as melting and as importunate as the lover of a duchess. After this, what is to be said? Love, who is as blind as blind can be, undoubtedly owed me this as one of his own kind.

How *he* got in amongst us I don't know; still less, what he is going to do here. All I can tell you is that he sat on my left at dinner the other day, and that he looked after me with extreme care and attention.

"This is the first time," I said, "that I have had the honour of meeting you."

"True," he answered, "but I know your parents."

"You are welcome," I replied, "since you know how to esteem them—my good angels!"

"They are not the only people," he continued, softly, "for whom I feel affection."

"Oh," I answered, thoughtlessly, "then whom else here do you like?"

"You," said he.

"Me? What do you mean?"

"That I love you."

"Me? You love *me?*"

"Truly! Madly!"

At these words I blushed, and pulled my scarf over my shoulders. He sat quite silent.

"You are certainly abrupt in your announcement."

"Oh! it might be seen in my regards, my gestures, all my actions."

"That may be, but I am blind. A blind girl is not wooed as others are."

"What do I care about the want of sight?" said he, with a delightful accent of sincerity; "what matters it to me if your eyes are closed to the light? Is not your figure charming, your foot as tiny as a fairy's, your step superb, your tresses long and silky, your skin of alabaster, your complexion carmine, and your hand the colour of the lily?"

He had finished his description before his words ceased sounding in my ears. So then, I had, according to him, a beautiful figure, a fairy foot, a snowy skin, a complexion like a rose, and fair and silky hair. Oh, Anaïs, dear Anaïs, to other girls such a lover, who describes all your perfections, is nothing but a suitor; but to a blind girl he is more than a lover, he is a mirror.

I began again: "Am I really as pretty as all that?"

"I am still far from the reality."

"And what would you have me do?"

"I want you to be my wife."

I laughed aloud at this idea.

"Do you mean it?" I cried. "A marriage between the blind and the seeing, between the day and the night? Why, I should have to put my orange blossoms on by groping! No! no! my parents are rich: a single life has no terrors for me; single I will remain, and take the service of Diana, as they say—and so much the worse for her if she is waited on amiss!"

He went away without saying a word more. It is all the same: he has taught me that I am nice! I don't know how it is that I catch myself loving him a little, Mr. Mirror mine!

LETTER III.

Oh, dear Anaïs, what news I have to tell you! What sad and unexpected things befall us in this life! As I tell you what has happened to me, the tears are falling from my darkened eyes.

Several days after my conversation with the stranger whom I call *my mirror*, I was walking in the garden, leaning on my mother's arm, when she was suddenly and loudly called for. It seemed to me that the maid, in haste to find my mother, betrayed some agitation in her voice.

"What is the matter, mother?" I asked her, troubled without knowing why.

"Nothing, love; some visitor, no doubt. In our position we owe something to society."

"In that case," I said, embracing her, "I will not keep you any longer. Go and do the honours of the drawing-room."

She pressed two icy lips upon my forehead. Then I heard her footsteps on the gravel path receding in the distance.

She had hardly left me when I thought I heard the voices of two neighbours—two workmen—who were chatting together, thinking they were alone. You know, Anaïs, when God deprives us of one of our faculties, he seems, in order to console us, to make the others keener: the blind man has his hearing sharper than his whose gaze can traverse space. I did not lose a word of their remarks, although they spoke in a low tone. And this is what they said:

"I HEARD VOICES."

"Poor things! how sad! The brokers in again!"

"And the girl has not the least suspicion. She never guesses that they take advantage of her loss of sight to make her happy."

"What do you mean?"

"There isn't any doubt about it. All that her hand touches is of mahogany or velvet; only the velvet has grown shabby and the mahogany has lost its lustre. At table she enjoys the most delicious dishes without dreaming, in her innocence, that the domestic misery is kept concealed from her, and that alongside of that very table her father and mother seldom have anything except dry bread."

Oh, Anaïs, you can understand my agony! They have practised on me for my happiness; they have made me live in luxury amidst my darkness—and me alone. Oh! marvellous devotion. All the wealth which a most grateful heart can offer cannot pay this everlasting debt.

LETTER IV.

I HAVE not told anyone that I have guessed this sad yet charming secret. My mother would be overwhelmed to learn that all her trouble to conceal her poverty from me has been useless. I still affect a firm belief in the flourishing condition of our house. But I am determined to save it.

M. de Sauves, as my lover is called, came to see me—and may Heaven forgive me!—I set myself to play the coquette with him.

So I said: "Have you still the same esteem for me?"

"Yes," said he. "I love you because you are beautiful with the noblest beauty, which is pure and modest."

"And my figure?"

"As exquisite and graceful as a vine."

"Ah! and my forehead?"

"Large, and smooth as the ivory which it outshines."

"Really?" And I began to laugh.

"What makes you so merry?"

"An idea—that you are my mirror. I see myself reflected in your words."

"Dearest, I would that it might be so always."

"Would you agree, then——?"

"To be your faithful mirror, to reflect your qualities, your virtues. Consent to be my wife. I have some fortune; you shall want for nothing, and I will

strive with all my power to make you happy."

At these words I thought of my poor parents, whom my marriage would relieve of an enormous burden.

"If I consent to marry you," I answered, "your self-love, as a man, would suffer. I could not see you."

"Alas!" he cried, "I owe you a confession."

"Go on," I said.

"I am a graceless child of nature. I have neither charm of countenance, nor dignity of carriage. To crown my misfortune, a scourge, nowadays made powerless by the art of vaccination, has mercilessly scarred my features. In marrying a blind girl, therefore, I show that I am selfish and without humility."

I held out my hand to him.

"I don't know whether you are too hard on yourself, but I believe you to be good and true. Take me, then, such as I am. Nothing, at any rate, will turn my thoughts from yours. Your love will be an oasis in the desert of my night."

Am I doing right, or wrong? I know not, dear Anaïs, but I am going to my parents' rescue. Perhaps, in my groping, I have found the right way.

LETTER V.

I THANK you for your kind friendliness, for the compliments and congratulations with which your letter is filled.

Yes, I have been married for two months, and I am the happiest of women. I have nothing to desire; idolised by my husband, and adored by my parents, who have not left me, I do not regret my infirmity, since Edmond sees for both of us.

The day I was married, my mirror—as I call him—reflected complacently my bridal pomp. Thanks to it, I knew that my veil was nicely made, and that my wreath of orange-blossoms was not all on one side. What could a Venetian mirror have done more?"

In the evening we walk out together in the gardens, and he makes me admire the flowers by their perfume, the birds by their song, the fruit by its taste and its soft touch. Sometimes we go to the theatre, and there, too, he reproduces, by his wit, all that my closed eyes cannot see. Oh! what does his ugliness matter to me? I no longer know what is beautiful, or what is ugly, but I *do* know what is kind and loving.

Farewell, then, dear Anaïs, rejoice in my happiness.

LETTER VI.

I AM a mother, Anaïs, the mother of a little girl, and I can't see her! They say she looks sweet enough to eat. They make out that she is a living miniature of me, and I can't admire her! Oh, how mighty is a mother's love! I have borne without a murmur not to look upon the blue of heaven, the glamour of the flowers, the features of my husband, of my parents, of those who love me; but it seems that I cannot bear with resignation not to see my child! Oh, if the black band which covers my sight would fall for a minute, a second only; if I could look at her as one looks at the vanishing lightning, I should be happy—I should be proud for the remainder of my life!

Edmond this time cannot be my mirror. It is in vain that he tells me that my cherub has fair curly hair, great wayward eyes, and a vermilion smile. What good is that to me? I cannot see my little darling when she stretches out her arms to me!

LETTER VII.

MY husband is an angel. Do you know what he is doing? He has had me cared for during the past year without my knowing it. He wishes to restore the light to me, and the doctor is—himself!—he who for my sake has adopted a profession from which his sensibility recoils.

"Angel of my life," he said to me yesterday, "do you know what I hope?"

"Is it possible?"

"Yes; those lotions which I made you use under the pretext that they would beautify the skin, were really preparations for an operation of a very different importance."

"What operation?"

"For the cure of cataract."

"Will not your hand tremble?"

"No; my hand will be sure, for my heart will be devoted."

"Oh!" said I, embracing him, "you are not a man, you are a ministering angel."

"Ah!" he said, "kiss me once more, dearest. Let me enjoy these last few moments of illusion."

"What do you mean, dear?"

"That soon, with the help of God, you will regain your sight."

"And then——?"

"Then you will see me as I am—small, insignificant, and ugly."

At these words it seemed to me as if a

flash shot through my darkness : it was my imagination which was kindling like a torch.

"Edmond, dearest," I said rising, "if you do not trust my love, if you think that, whatever your face may be, I am not your willing slave, leave me in my nothingness, in my eternal night."

He answered nothing, but pressed my hand.

The operation, my mother told me, might be attempted in a month.

I called to mind the details which I had asked about my husband. Mamma had told me that he was marked by small-pox ; papa maintains that his hair is very thin : Nicette, our servant, will have it that he is old.

To be marked by the small-pox is to be the victim of an accident. To be bald is a sign of intellectual power : so said Lavater. But to be old—that is a pity. And then, if, unfortunately, in the course of nature, he were to die before me, I should have less time to love him.

In fact, Anaïs, if you remember the stories in the fairy book which we read together, you with eyes and voice, I in heart and spirit, you will admit that I am rather in the interesting situation of "The Beauty and the Beast," without having the resource of the transformation miracle. Meanwhile, pray for me ; for, with God's help, who knows whether I shall not soon be able to read your precious letters !

"MY CHILD! OH, HOW LOVELY SHE IS!"

LAST LETTER.

Oh, my friend, don't look at the end of this letter before you have read the beginning. Take your share of my griefs, my vicissitudes, and my joys, by following their natural course.

The operation took place a fortnight ago. A trembling hand was placed upon my eyes. I uttered two piercing cries ; then I seemed to see day, light, colour, sun. Then instantaneously a bandage was replaced upon my burning forehead. I was cured ! only a little patience and a little courage were required. Edmond had restored me to the sweetness of life.

But, must I confess it ? I did a foolish thing. I disobeyed my doctor—he will not know it : besides, there is no danger in my rashness now. They had brought me my little one to kiss. Nicette was holding her in her lap. The child said in her soft voice, "Mamma !" I could resist no longer. I tore off the bandage.

"My child ! oh, how lovely she is !" I cried out. "I see her ! oh, I see her !"

Nicette quickly put the bandage on again. But I was no longer lonely in the darkness. This cherub face, restored by memory, from that moment lighted up my night.

Yesterday my mother came to dress me. We were long over my toilette. I had on a beautiful silk dress, a lace collar, my hair dressed *à la* Marie Stuart. When my arrangements were complete, my mother said to me :—

"Take off the bandage."

I obeyed, and though only a twilight prevailed in the room, I thought that I had never seen anything so beautiful. I pressed to my heart my mother, my father, and my child.

"You have seen," said my father, "everybody but yourself."

"And my husband," I cried out, "where is my husband ?"

"He is hiding," said my mother.

Then I remembered his ugliness, his attire, his thin hair, and his scarred face.

"Poor dear Edmond," I said, "let him come to me. He is more beautiful than Adonis."

"While we are waiting for your lord and master," mamma answered, "admire yourself; look in the glass. You may admire yourself for a long time without blame, if you are to make up for lost time."

I obeyed; a little from vanity, a little from curiosity. What if I was ugly? What if my plainness, like my poverty, had been concealed from me? They led me to my pier-glass. I uttered a cry of joy. With my slender figure, my complexion like a rose, my eyes a little dazed, and like two shimmering sapphires, I was charming. Nevertheless, I could not look at myself quite at my ease, for the glass was trembling without cessation, and my image reflected on its brilliant surface seemed as if it danced for joy.

I looked behind the glass to see what made it tremble.

A young man came out—a fine young man, with large black eyes and striking figure, whose coat was adorned by the rosette of the Legion of Honour. I blushed to think that I had been so foolish in in the presence of a stranger.

"Just look," said my mother to me, without taking any notice of him, "how fair you are; like a white rose."

"Mamma!" I cried.

"Only look at these white arms," and she pulled my sleeves above the elbow without the smallest scruple.

"But, mamma," I said, "what are you thinking of, before a stranger!"

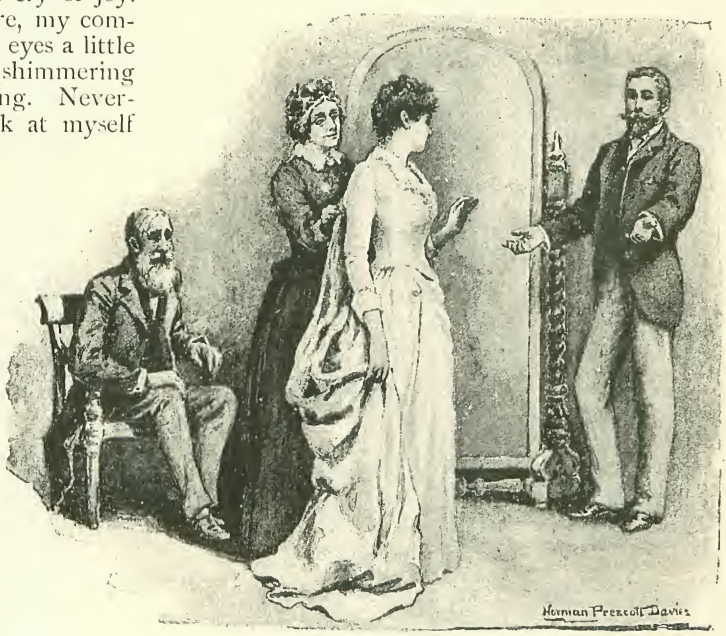
"A stranger? it is a mirror."

"I don't mean the glass, but this young gentleman who was behind it, like a lover in a comedy."

"Eh! goose," cried my father, "you need not be so bashful. It is your husband."

"Edmond!" I cried out, and made a step forward to embrace him.

Then I fell back. He was so beautiful! I was so happy! Blind, I had loved in confidence. What made my heart beat now was a new love, swollen by the generosity of this truly noble man, who had ordered everyone to say that he was ugly, in order to console me for my blindness



"A YOUNG MAN CAME OUT."

Edmond fell at my knees. Mamma put me in his arms, as she wiped away her tears.

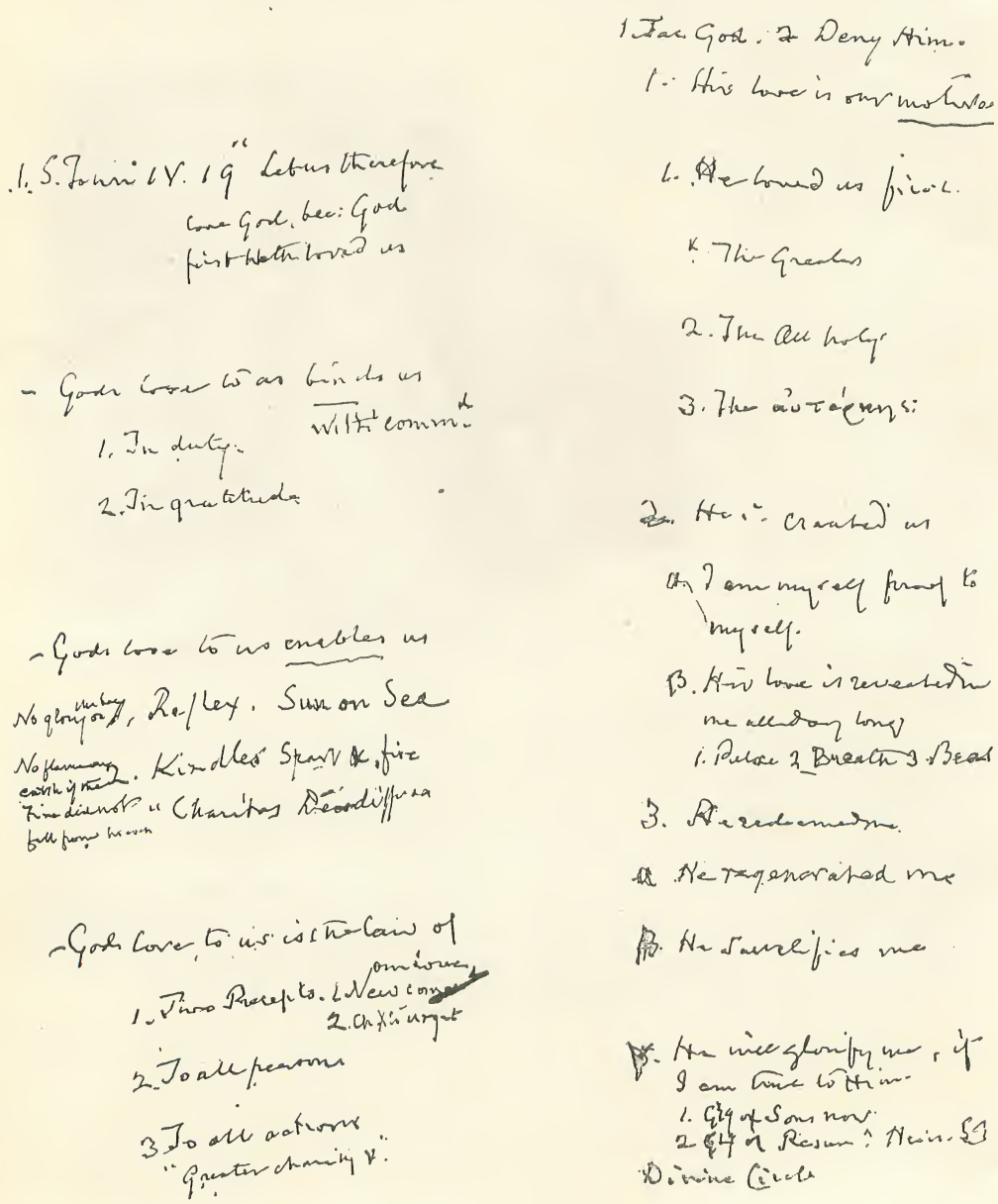
"How lovely you are," said my husband to me, in an ecstasy.

"Flatterer!" I answered, looking down at him.

"No, when I alone was your mirror I always told you so—and see! my colleague, here, whom you have just consulted, is of the same opinion, and declares that I am right!"

Fac-simile of the Notes of a Sermon by Cardinal Manning.

By the kindness of Cardinal Manning, we are able to present our readers with a fac-simile of the Cardinal's synopsis of a sermon on Charity, preached on the 9th of July, 1890, in the chapel of the Sisters of Charity, Carlisle Place, Westminster. The fac-simile shows the Cardinal's handwriting at the age of 83, and also his peculiar method of jotting down his notes on long, narrow slips, two of which are here given to a page. These notes are for a sermon of an hour's duration.


1. S. John IV. 19 "Let us therefore love God, because God first hath loved us
- God's love to us binds us with command
1. In duty.
2. In gratitude
- God's love to us enables us
No glory in sky, Ruler. Sun or Sea
No harmony. Kindles Spirit & fire
Charitas Dei diffusa
- God's love to us is the law of
1. Two Precepts. 2 New commandment
2. Christ's exemplar
2. To all persons
3. To all actions
"Greater charity"
1. For God. 2. Deny Him.
1. His love is our motive
1. He loved us first.
K. The Creator
2. The All holy
3. The all-bounteous
2. He created us
A. I am myself bound to myself.
B. His love is revealed in me all day long
1. Pulse 2. Breath 3. Head.
3. He redeemed me
A. He regenerated me
B. He sanctifies me
B. He will glorify me, if I am true to Him.
1. Glory of Sons now
2. Glory of Risen Heirs
Divine Circle

2. His love is our measure
i.e. "Whole heart &c."

1. His love eternal with all His love.
α "I have loved Thee with
β "Having loved His own
γ. All true love is Eternal
1. Eternal.
2. Temporal
3. Personal.

2. He has no limit in Himself.
Deus mensura sui i.e.
Immensity
α God is Charity
β. Δ.
γ. Antecedent & Consequent
Antecedent. 1. He wd have all men
Consequent. 2. Every man must bear

3. No limit but in us.
1. Eternl. 2. Temp. 3. Personal
α Our Sin 1. Obex.
2. Remora
β Our love of creatures
γ. Our unloving hearts.
1. Apathy.
2. Antipathy.

4. The Degrees of D. Love
Esp. 1. B. M. V
2. S. John
3. S. M. Mag. Dn

3. His love is our Example

1. Disinterested,
α. Not for fear
β. Nor for gain
γ. Nor for anything out of
α below God
δ. But for Himself. Love Light Home.

2. Pure
α God for Himself
β All things as means to Him
γ. All things in Him

3. Efficacious. 1.
α Gods love ever active & generous
β. Not waiting but seeking.

"Charitas Xti urget nos."

Two kinds

Accidental	Essential
Effective	Effective
Sensible	Rational & Essential

1. Without love the greatest things are worthless.
The Soul without Chy is dead or alive in chy

1. Cor xiii

1. Knowledge.

2. Charities

3. Preaching

4. Martyrdom

1. M M of Africa

2. Sapricus

1. The motive is the life
2. The desire is —
Will for deed

2. With it the least things are precious.
Every commonplace life is
fuck of occasions
Sarah & Sandhills.

1. Half a Cloak.

2. A little cake

3 Two mites

4. Cup of cold Water.

1. Sisters 1. Motes 2. Rule 3 Loisters
2. In a world of sin & death
3. In London. Homeless
Helpless
Toilers
God only can redeem

2. Friends
1. Give gladly.
2. Give purely

1. In money
2. In kind. Work
3. In cooperation
4. In desire.
Will for deed.

— Reward now 1. Sweetness
2. Providence

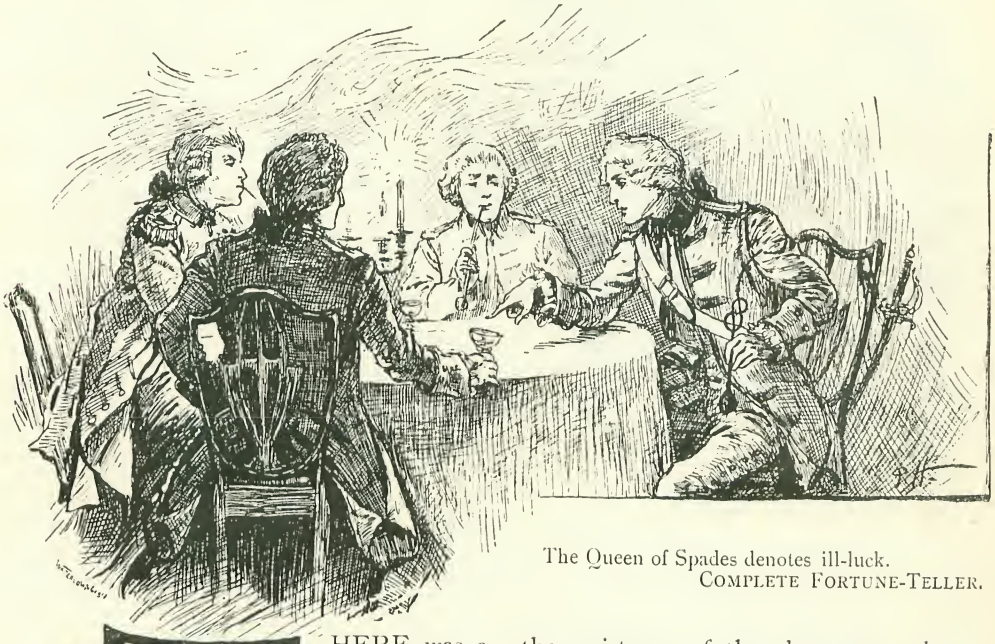
— In Eternity

— Full measure is taken &c

The Queen of Spades.

Translated from the Russian of Alexander Pushkin.

[Alexander Sergeivitch Pushkin, the first of the great Russian writers, was born at Moscow on Ascension Day, 1799. His father was a Russian nobleman, an officer, a courtier, and a wit, but so fiery-tempered that he threw up his commission in a rage at being reprimanded on parade for having used his cane to poke the fire. Pushkin's mother was the granddaughter of a negro slave named Abraham Hannibal, whom Peter the Great had made a favourite and at last had raised to be an admiral—a piece of history stranger than romance. Pushkin's African descent was visible in his appearance—in his crisp black hair, his irregular though mobile features, and his swarthy skin. At school he hated work—his sums always made him cry—and he was the ringleader in every prank. When scarcely yet of age he wrote an "Ode to Liberty," for which he was condemned to exile in Bessarabia. There for some years he continued to pour forth the lofty, fiery, and romantic poems which have caused him to be termed the Byron of the North. Besides his poems Pushkin also wrote a striking volume of prose stories, from which "The Queen of Spades" is taken. When Nicholas was crowned he was recalled to Court, and in 1831 he married. For five years he lived in happiness; but the husband of his wife's sister, who was named George Danthès, preferred the wife of Pushkin to his own. Pushkin, who was as jealous as Othello, challenged Danthès to a duel. On the 29th of January, 1837, the brothers-in-law met with pistols at six paces, and Pushkin was shot through the body. Two days afterwards he breathed his last. He was buried, at his own desire, at a monastery near his early home, where his grave is still denoted by a cross of marble, bearing simply the initials A. S. P.]



The Queen of Spades denotes ill-luck.
Complete Fortune-Teller.

THERE was a card party at the rooms of Naroumoff, a lieutenant in the Horse Guards. A long winter night had passed unnoticed, and it was five o'clock in the morning when supper was served. The winners sat down to table with an excellent appetite; the losers let their plates remain empty before them. Little by little, however, with the assistance of the champagne, the conversation became animated, and was shared by all.

"How did you get on this evening, Surin?" said the host to one of his friends.

"Oh, I lost, as usual. I really have no luck. I play *mirandole*. You know that I keep cool. Nothing moves me; I never change my play, and yet I always lose."

"Do you mean to say that all the evening you did not once back the red? Your firmness of character surprises me."

"What do you think of Hermann?" said one of the party, pointing to a young

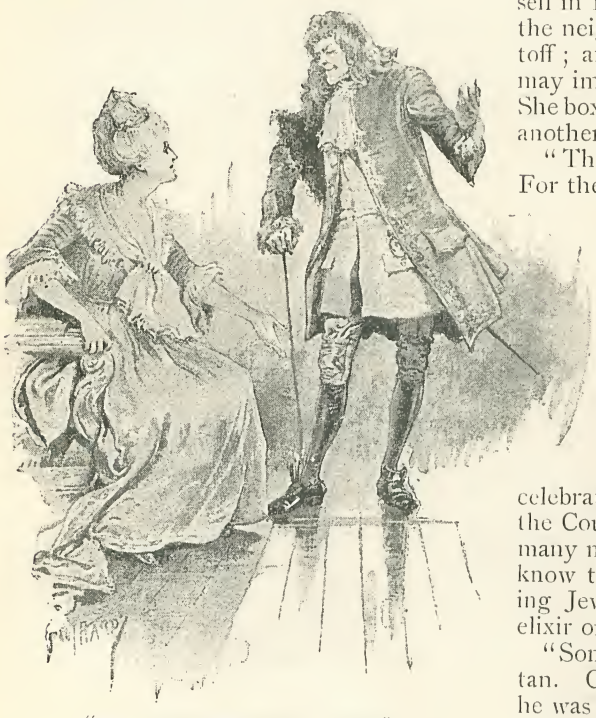
Engineer officer. "That fellow never made a bet or touched a card in his life, and yet he watches us playing until five in the morning."

"It interests me," said Hermann; "but I am not disposed to risk the necessary in view of the superfluous."

"Hermann is a German, and economical: that is the whole of the secret," cried Tomski. "But what is really astonishing is the Countess Anna Fedotovna!"

"How so?" asked several voices.

"Have you not remarked," said Tomski, "that she never plays?"



"THE OLD MAGICIAN CAME AT ONCE."

"Yes," said Naroumoff, "a woman of eighty, who never touches a card; that is indeed something extraordinary!"

"You do not know why?"

"No; is there a reason for it?"

"Just listen. My grandmother, you know, some sixty years ago, went to Paris, and became the rage there. People ran after her in the streets, and called her the 'Muscovite Venus.' Richelieu made love to her, and my grandmother makes out that, by her rigorous demeanour, she almost drove him to suicide. In those days women used to play at faro. One evening at the Court she lost, on *parole*, to the Duke of Orleans, a very considerable sum. When she got home, my grandmother removed her beauty-spots, took off her hoops, and in this tragic costume went to my grandfather, told him of her misfortune, and asked him for the money she had to pay. My grandfather, now no more, was, so to say, his wife's steward. He feared her like fire; but the sum she named made him leap into the air. He flew into a rage, made a brief calculation, and proved to my grandmother that in six months she had got through half a million roubles. He told her plainly that he had no villages to sell in Paris, his domains being situated in the neighbourhood of Moscow and of Saratoff; and finally refused point blank. You may imagine the fury of my grandmother. She boxed his ears, and passed the night in another room.

"The next day she returned to the charge. For the first time in her life, she condescended to arguments and explanations. In vain did she try to prove to her husband that there were debts and debts, and that she could not treat a Prince of the blood like her coachmaker.

"All this eloquence was lost. My grandfather was inflexible. My grandmother did not know where to turn. Happily she was acquainted with a man who was very celebrated at this time. You have heard of the Count of St. Germain, about whom so many marvellous stories were told. You know that he passed for a sort of Wandering Jew, and that he was said to possess an elixir of life and the philosopher's stone.

"Some people laughed at him as a charlatan. Casanova, in his memoirs, says that he was a spy. However that may be, in spite of the mystery of his life, St. Germain was much sought after in good society, and was really an agreeable man. Even to this day my grandmother has preserved a genuine affection for him, and she becomes quite angry when anyone speaks of him with disrespect.

"It occurred to her that he might be able to advance the sum of which she was in need, and she wrote a note begging him to call. The old magician came at once, and found her plunged in the deepest despair. In two or three words she told him everything; related to him her misfortune and the cruelty of her husband, adding that she had no hope except in his friendship and his obliging disposition.

"'Madam,' said St. Germain, after a few moments' reflection, 'I could easily advance you the money you want, but I am sure that you would have no rest until you had repaid me, and I do not want to get you out of one trouble in order to place you in another. There is another way of settling the matter. You must regain the money you have lost.'

"'But, my dear friend,' answered my grandmother, 'I have already told you that I have nothing left.'

"'That does not matter,' answered St. Germain. 'Listen to me, and I will explain.'

"He then communicated to her a secret which any of you would, I am sure, give a good deal to possess."

All the young officers gave their full attention. Tomski stopped to light his Turkish pipe, swallowed a mouthful of smoke, and then went on.

"That very evening my grandmother went to Versailles to play at the Queen's table. The Duke of Orleans held the bank. My grandmother invented a little story by way of excuse for not having paid her debt, and then sat down at the table, and began to stake. She took three cards. She won with the first; doubled her stake on the second, and won again; doubled on the third, and still won."

"Mere luck!" said one of the young officers.

"What a tale!" cried Hermann.

"Were the cards marked?" said a third.

"I don't think so," replied Tomski, gravely.

"And you mean to say," exclaimed Naroumoff, "that you have a grandmother who knows the names of three winning cards, and you have never made her tell them to you?"

"That is the very deuce of it," answered Tomski. "She had three sons, of whom my father was one; all three were determined gamblers, and not one of them was able to extract her secret from her, though it would have been of immense advantage to them, and to me also. Listen to what my uncle told me about it, Count Ivan Ilitch, and he told me on his word of honour.

"SEATED BEFORE HER LOOKING-GLASS."

"Tchaplitzki—the one you remember who died in poverty after devouring millions—lost one day, when he was a young man, to Zoritch about three hundred thousand roubles. He was in despair. My grandmother, who had no mercy for the extravagance of young men, made an exception—I do not know why—in favour of Tchaplitzki. She gave him three cards, telling him to play them one after the other, and exacting from him at the same time his

word of honour that he would never afterwards touch a card as long as he lived. Accordingly Tchaplitzki went to Zoritch and asked for his revenge. On the first card he staked fifty thousand roubles. He won, doubled the stake, and won again. Continuing his system he ended by gaining more than he had lost.

"But it is six o'clock! It is really time to go to bed."

Everyone emptied his glass and the party broke up.

CHAPTER II.

The old Countess Anna Fedotovna was in her dressing-room, seated before her looking-glass. Three maids were in attendance. One held her pot of rouge, another a box of black pins, a third an enormous lace cap, with flaming ribbons. The Countess had no longer the slightest pretence to beauty, but she preserved all the habits of her youth. She dressed in the style of fifty years before, and gave as much time and attention to her toilet as a fashionable beauty of the last century. Her companion was working at a frame in a corner of the window.

"Good morning, grandmother," said the young officer, as he entered the dressing-room. "Good morning, Mademoiselle Lise. Grandmother, I have come to ask you a favour."

"What is it, Paul?"

"I want to introduce to you one of my friends, and to ask you to give him an invitation to your ball."

"Bring him to the ball and introduce him to me there. Did you go yesterday to the Princess's?"

"Certainly. It was delightful! We danced until five o'clock in the morning. Mademoiselle Eletzki was charming."

"My dear nephew, you are really not difficult to please. As to beauty, you should have seen her grandmother, the Princess Daria Petrovna. But she must be very old, the Princess Daria Petrovna!"

"How do you mean old?" cried Tomski thoughtlessly; "she died seven years ago."

The young lady who acted as companion raised her head and made a sign to the officer, who then remembered that it was an understood thing to conceal from the Princess the death of any of her contemporaries. He bit his lips. The Countess, however, was not in any way disturbed on hearing that her old friend was no longer in this world.

"Dead!" she said, "and I never knew it! We were maids of honour in the same year, and when we were presented, the Empress"—and the old Countess related for the hundredth time an anecdote of her young days. "Paul," she said, as she finished her story, "help me to get up. Lisabeta, where is my snuff-box?"

And, followed by the three maids, she went behind a great screen to finish her toilet. Tomski was now alone with the companion.

"Who is the gentleman you wish to introduce to madame?" asked Lisabeta.

"Naroumoff. Do you know him?"

"No. Is he in the army?"

"Yes."

"In the Engineers?"

"No, in the Horse Guards. Why did you think he was in the Engineers?"

The young lady smiled, but made no answer.

"Paul," cried the Countess from behind the screen, "send me a new novel; no matter what. Only see that it is not in the style of the present day."

"What style would you like, grandmother?"

"A novel in which the hero strangles neither his father nor his mother, and in which no one gets drowned. Nothing frightens me so much as the idea of getting drowned."

"But how is it possible to find you such a book? Do you want it in Russian?"

"Are there any novels in Russian? However, send me something or other. You won't forget?"

"I will not forget, grandmother. I am in a great hurry. Good-bye, Lisabeta. What made you fancy Naroumoff was in the Engineers?" and Tomski took his departure.

Lisabeta, left alone, took out her embroidery, and sat down close to the window. Immediately afterwards, in the street, at the corner of a neighbouring house, appeared a young officer. The sight of him made the companion blush to her ears. She lowered her head, and almost concealed it in the canvas. At this moment the Countess returned, fully dressed.

"Lisabeta," she said, "have the horses put in; we will go out for a drive."

Lisabeta rose from her chair, and began to arrange her embroidery.

"Well, my dear child, are you deaf? Go and tell them to put the horses in at once."

"I am going," replied the young lady, as she went out into the ante-chamber.

A servant now came in, bringing some books from Prince Paul Alexandrovitch.

"Say, I am much obliged to him. Lisabeta! Lisabeta! Where has she run off to?"

"I was going to dress."

"We have plenty of time, my dear. Sit down, take the first volume, and read to me."

The companion took the book and read a few lines.

"Louder," said the Countess. "What is the matter with you? Have you a cold? Wait a moment, bring me that stool. A little closer; that will do."

Lisabeta read two pages of the book.

"Throw that stupid book away," said the Countess. "What nonsense! Send it back to Prince Paul, and tell him I am much obliged to him; and the carriage, is it never coming?"

"Here it is," replied Lisabeta, going to the window.

"And now you are not dressed. Why do you always keep me waiting? It is intolerable!"

Lisabeta ran to her room. She had scarcely been there two minutes when the Countess rang with all her might. Her maids rushed in at one door and her valet at the other.

"You do not seem to hear me when I ring," she cried. "Go and tell Lisabeta that I am waiting for her."

At this moment Lisabeta entered, wearing a new walking dress and a fashionable bonnet.

"At last, miss," cried the Countess. "But what is that you have got on? and why? For whom are you dressing? What sort of weather is it? Quite stormy, I believe."

"No, your Excellency," said the valet; "it is exceedingly fine."

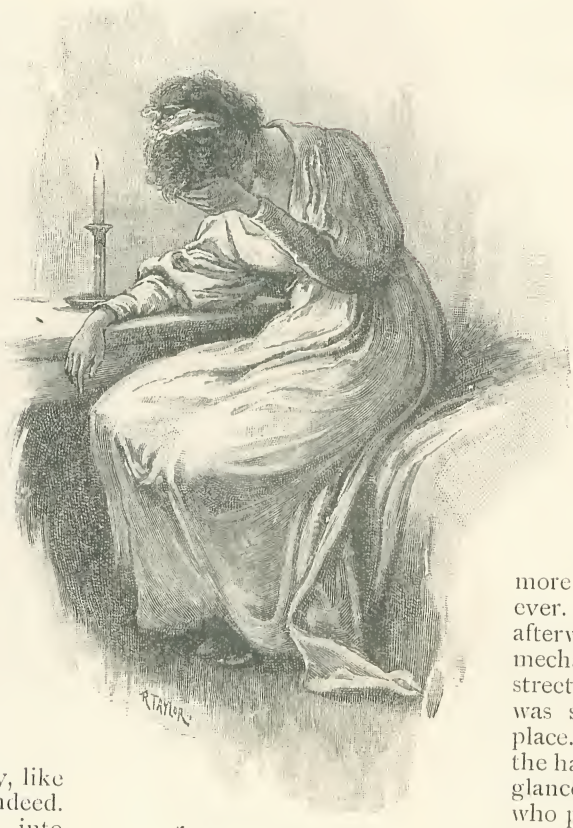
"What do you know about it? Open the ventilator. Just what I told you! A frightful wind, and as icy as can be. Unharness the horses. Lisabeta, my child, we will not go out to-day. It was scarcely worth while to dress so much."

"What an existence!" said the companion to herself.

Lisbeta Ivanovna was, in fact, a most unhappy creature. "The bread of the stranger is bitter," says Dante, "and his staircase hard to climb." But who can tell the torments of a poor little companion attached to an old lady of quality? The Countess had all the caprices of a woman spoilt by the world. She was avaricious and egotistical, and thought all the more of herself now that

PAUL AND LISABETA.

she had ceased to play an active part in society. She never missed a ball, and she dressed and painted in the style of a bygone age. She remained in a corner of the room, where she seemed to have been placed expressly to serve as a scarecrow. Every one on coming in went to her and made her a low bow, but this ceremony once at an end no one spoke a word to her. She received the whole city at her house, observing the strictest etiquette, and never failing to give to everyone his or her proper name. Her innumerable servants, growing pale and fat in the ante-chamber, did absolutely as they liked, so that the house was pillaged as if its owner were really dead. Lisabeta passed her life in continual torture. If she made tea she was reproached with wasting the sugar. If she read a novel to the Countess she was held responsible for all the absurdities of the author. If she went out with the noble lady for a walk or drive, it was she who was to blame if the weather was bad or the pavement muddy. Her salary, more than modest, was never punctually paid, and she was expected to dress "like everyone else"; that is to say, like very few people indeed. When she went into society her position was sad. Everyone knew her; no one paid her any attention. At a ball she sometimes danced, but only when a *vis-à-vis* was wanted. Women would come up to her, take her by the arm, and lead her out of the room if their dress required attending to. She had her portion of self-respect, and felt deeply the misery of her position. She looked with impatience for a liberator to break her chain. But the young men, prudent in the midst of their affected giddiness, took care not to honour her with their attentions; though Lisabeta Ivanovna was a hundred times prettier than the shameless or stupid girls whom they surrounded with their homage. More than once she slunk away from the splendour of the drawing-room, to shut herself up alone in her little bed-room, furnished with an old screen and a pieced carpet, a chest of drawers, a small looking-glass, and a wooden bedstead. There she shed tears at her ease, by the light of a tallow candle in a tin candlestick.



"THERE SHE SHED TEARS."

One morning—it was two days after the party at Naroumoff's, and a week before the scene we have just sketched—Lisabeta was sitting at her embroidery before the window, when, looking carelessly into the street, she saw an officer, in the uniform of the Engineers, standing motionless with his eyes fixed upon her. She lowered her head, and applied herself to her work more attentively than ever. Five minutes afterwards she looked mechanically into the street, and the officer was still in the same place. Not being in the habit of exchanging glances with young men who passed by her window, she remained with her eyes fixed on her work for nearly two hours, until she was told that lunch was ready. She got up to put her embroidery away, and, while doing so, looked into the street, and saw the officer still in the same place. This seemed to her very strange. After lunch she went to the window with a certain emotion, but the officer of Engineers was no longer in the street.

She thought no more of him. But two days

afterwards, just as she was getting into the carriage with the Countess, she saw him once more, standing straight before the door. His face was half concealed by a fur collar, but his black eyes sparkled beneath his helmet. Lisabeta was afraid, without knowing why, and she trembled as she took her seat in the carriage.

On returning home, she rushed with a beating heart towards the window. The officer was in his habitual place, with his eyes fixed ardently upon her. She at once withdrew, burning at the same time with curiosity, and moved by a strange feeling, which she now experienced for the first time.

No day now passed but the young officer showed himself beneath the window. Before long a dumb acquaintance was established between them. Sitting at her work she felt his presence, and when she raised her head she looked at him for a long time every day. The young man seemed full of gratitude for these innocent favours.

She observed, with the deep and rapid perceptions of youth, that a sudden redness covered the officer's pale cheeks as soon as their eyes met. After about a week she would smile at seeing him for the first time.

When Tomski asked his grandmother's permission to present one of his friends, the heart of the poor young girl beat strongly, and when she heard that it was Naroumoff, she bitterly repented having compromised her secret by letting it out to a giddy young man like Paul.

Hermann was the son of a German settled in Russia, from whom he had inherited a small sum of money. Firmly resolved to preserve his independence, he had made it a principle not to touch his private income. He lived on his pay, and did not allow himself the slightest luxury. He was not very communicative; and his reserve rendered it difficult for his comrades to amuse themselves at his expense.

Under an assumed calm he concealed strong passions and a highly-imaginative disposition. But he was always master of himself, and kept himself free from the ordinary faults of young men. Thus, a gambler by temperament, he never touched a card, feeling, as he himself said, that his position did not allow him to "risk the necessary in view of the superfluous." Yet he would pass entire nights before a card-table, watching with feverish anxiety the rapid changes of the game. The anecdote of Count St. Germain's three cards had struck his imagination, and he did nothing but think of it all that night.

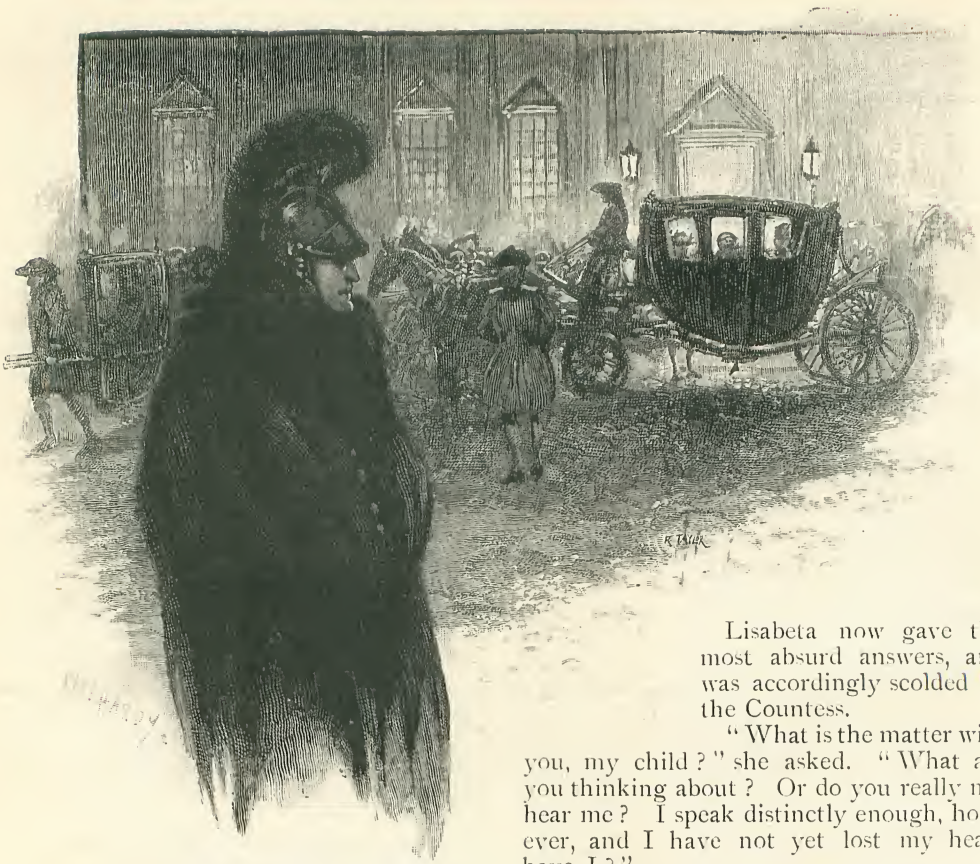
"If," he said to himself next day as he was walking along the streets of St. Petersburg, "if she would only tell me her secret—if she would only name the three winning cards! I must get presented to her, that I may pay my court and gain her confidence. Yes! And she is eighty-seven! She may die this week—to-morrow perhaps. But after all, is there a word of truth in the story? No! Economy, Temperance, Work; these are my three winning cards. With them I can double my capital; increase it tenfold. They alone can ensure my independence and prosperity."

Dreaming in this way as he walked along, his attention was attracted by a house built in an antiquated style of architecture. The street was full of carriages, which passed one by one before the old house, now brilliantly illuminated. As the people stepped out of the carriages Hermann saw now the little feet of a young woman, now the military boot of a general. Then came a clocked stocking; then, again, a diplomatic pump. Fur-lined cloaks and coats passed in procession before a gigantic porter.

Hermann stopped. "Who lives here?" he said to a watchman in his box.

"The Countess Anna Fedotovna." It was Tomski's grandmother.

Hermann started. The story of the three cards came once more upon his imagination. He walked to and fro before the house, thinking of the woman to whom it belonged, of her wealth and her mysterious power. At last he returned to his den. But for some time he could not get to sleep; and when at last sleep came upon him, he saw, dancing before his eyes, cards, a green table, and heaps of roubles and bank-notes. He saw himself doubling stake after stake, always winning, and then filling his pockets with piles of coin, and stuffing his pocket-book with countless bank-notes. When he awoke, he sighed to find that his treasures were but creations of a disordered fancy; and, to drive such thoughts from him, he went out for a walk. But he had not gone far when he found himself once more before the house of the Countess. He seemed to have been attracted there by some irresistible force. He stopped, and looked up at the windows. There he saw a girl's head with beautiful black hair, leaning gracefully over



"HERMANN SAW THE LITTLE FEET."

a book or an embroidery-frame. The head was lifted, and he saw a fresh complexion and black eyes.

This moment decided his fate.

CHAPTER III.

LISABETA was just taking off her shawl and her bonnet, when the Countess sent for her. She had had the horses put in again.

While two footmen were helping the old lady into the carriage, Lisabeta saw the young officer at her side. She felt him take her by the hand, lost her head, and found, when the young officer had walked away, that he had left a paper between her fingers. She hastily concealed it in her glove.

During the whole of the drive she neither saw nor heard. When they were in the carriage together the Countess was in the habit of questioning Lisabeta perpetually.

"Who is that man that bowed to us? What is the name of this bridge? What is there written on that signboard?"

Lisabeta now gave the most absurd answers, and was accordingly scolded by the Countess.

"What is the matter with you, my child?" she asked. "What are you thinking about? Or do you really not hear me? I speak distinctly enough, however, and I have not yet lost my head, have I?"

Lisabeta was not listening. When she got back to the house she ran to her room, locked the door, and took the scrap of paper from her glove. It was not sealed, and it was impossible, therefore, not to read it. The letter contained protestations of love. It was tender, respectful, and translated word for word from a German novel. But Lisabeta did not read German, and she was quite delighted. She was, however, much embarrassed. For the first time in her life she had a secret. Correspond with a young man! The idea of such a thing frightened her. How imprudent she had been! She had reproached herself, but knew not now what to do.

Cease to do her work at the window, and by persistent coldness try and disgust the young officer? Send him back his letter? Answer him in a firm, decided manner? What line of conduct was she to pursue? She had no friend, no one to advise her. She at last decided to send an answer. She sat down at her little table, took pen and paper, and began to think. More than once she wrote a sentence and then tore up the

paper. What she had written seemed too stiff, or else it was wanting in reserve. At last, after much trouble, she succeeded in composing a few lines which seemed to meet the case. "I believe," she wrote, "that your intentions are those of an honourable man, and that you would not wish to offend me by any thoughtless conduct. But you must understand that our acquaintance

"SHE TORE IT INTO A HUNDRED PIECES."

cannot begin in this way. I return your letter, and trust that you will not give me cause to regret my imprudence."

Next day as soon as Hermann made his appearance, Lisabeta left her embroidery, and went into the drawing-room, opened the ventilator, and threw her letter into the street, making sure that the young officer would pick it up.

Hermann, in fact, at once saw it, and, picking it up, entered a confectioner's shop in order to read it. Finding nothing discouraging in it, he went home sufficiently pleased with the first step in his love adventure.

Some days afterwards, a young person with lively eyes called to see Miss Lisabeta, on the part of a milliner. Lisabeta wondered what she could want, and suspected, as she received her, some secret intention. She was much surprised, however, when she recognised, on the letter that was now handed to her, the writing of Hermann.

"You make a mistake," she said, "this letter is not for me."

"I beg your pardon," said the milliner, with a slight smile; "be kind enough to read it."

Lisabeta glanced at it. Hermann was asking for an appointment.

"Impossible!" she cried, alarmed both at the boldness of the request, and at the manner in which it was made. "This letter is not for me," she repeated; and she tore it into a hundred pieces.

"If the letter was not for you, why did you tear it up? You should have given it me back, that I might take it to the person it was meant for."

"True," said Lisabeta, quite disconcerted. "But bring me no more letters, and tell the person who gave you this one that he ought to blush for his conduct."

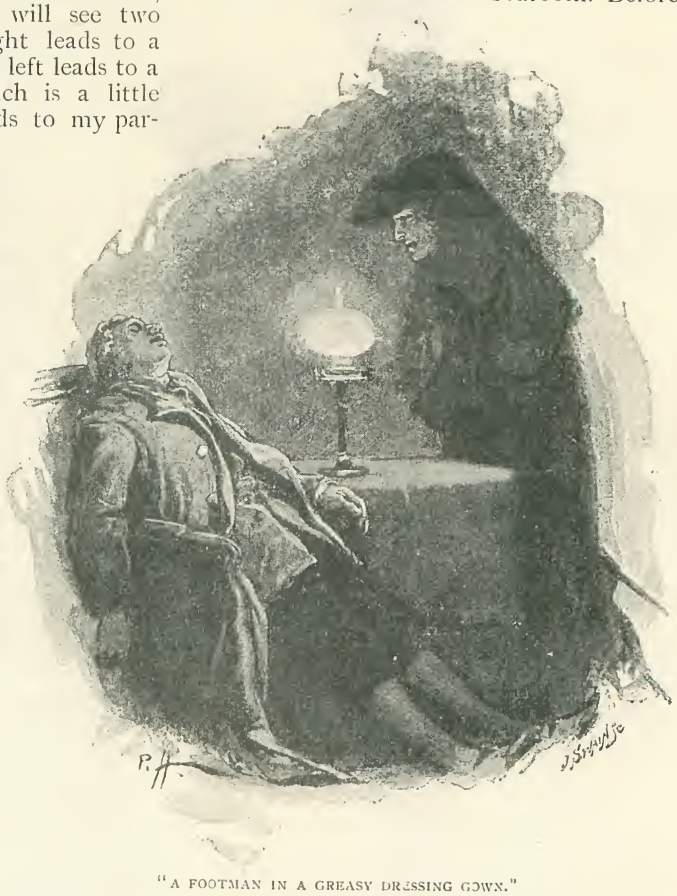
Hermann, however, was not a man to give up what he had once undertaken. Every day Lisabeta received a fresh letter from him, —sent now in one way, now in another. They were no longer translated from the German. Hermann wrote under the influence of a commanding passion, and spoke a language which was his own. Lisabeta could not hold out against such torrents of eloquence. She received the letters, kept them, and at last answered them. Every day her answers were longer and more affectionate, until at last she threw out of the window a letter couched as follows:—

"This evening there is a ball at the Embassy. The Countess will be there. We shall remain until two in the morning. You may manage to see me alone. As soon as the Countess leaves home, that is to say towards eleven o'clock, the servants are sure to go out, and there will be no one left but the porter, who will be sure to

be asleep in his box. Enter as soon as it strikes eleven, and go upstairs as fast as possible. If you find anyone in the ante-chamber, ask whether the Countess is at home, and you will be told that she is out, and, in that case, you must resign yourself, and go away. In all probability, however, you will meet no one. The Countess's women are together in a distant room. When you are once in the ante-chamber, turn to the left, and walk straight on, until you reach the Countess's bedroom. There, behind a large screen, you will see two doors. The one on the right leads to a dark room. The one on the left leads to a corridor, at the end of which is a little winding staircase, which leads to my parlour."

At ten o'clock Hermann was already on duty before the Countess's door. It was a frightful night. The winds had been unloosed, and the snow was falling in large flakes; the lamps gave an uncertain light; the streets were deserted; from time to time passed a sleigh, drawn by a wretched hack, on the look-out for a fare. Covered by a thick overcoat, Hermann felt neither the wind nor the snow. At last the Countess's carriage drew up. He saw two huge footmen come forward and take beneath the arms a dilapidated spectre, and place it on the cushions, well wrapped up in an enormous fur cloak. Immediately afterwards, in a cloak of lighter make, her head crowned with natural flowers, came Lisabeta, who sprang into the carriage like a dart. The door was closed, and the carriage rolled on softly over the snow.

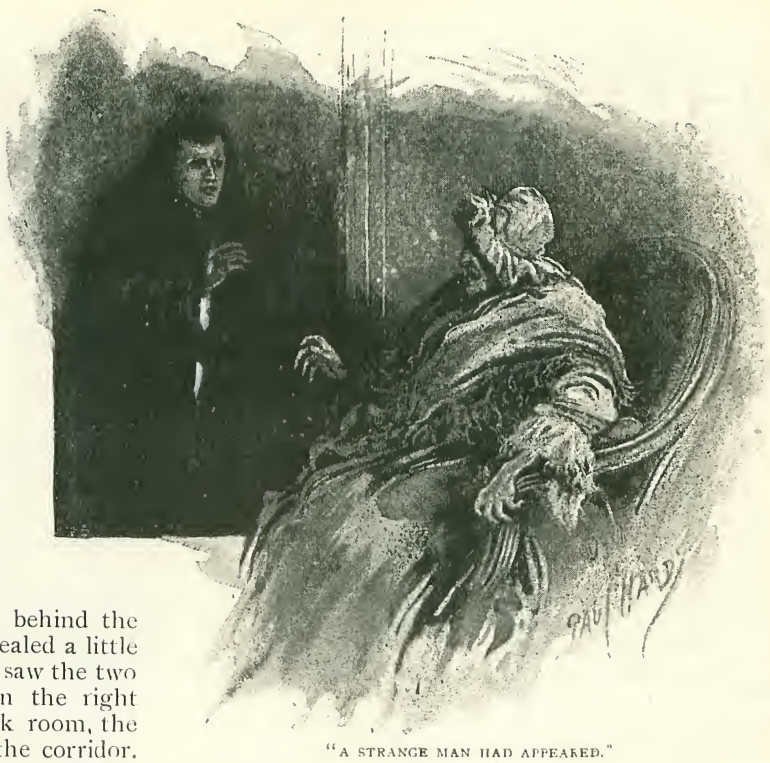
The porter closed the street door, and soon the windows of the first floor became dark. Silence reigned throughout the house. Hermann walked backwards and forwards; then coming to a lamp he looked at his watch. It was twenty minutes to eleven. Leaning against the lamp-post, his eyes fixed on the long hand of his watch, he counted impatiently the minutes which had yet to pass. At eleven o'clock precisely Hermann walked up the steps, pushed open the street door, and went into the vestibule, which was well lighted. As it happened the porter was not there. With a firm and rapid step he rushed up the staircase and reached the ante-chamber. There, before a lamp, a footman was sleeping, stretched out in a dirty greasy dressing-gown. Hermann passed quickly before him and crossed the dining-room and the drawing-room, where there was no light But the lamp of the ante-chamber helped him to see. At last he reached the Countess's bedroom. Before



"A FOOTMAN IN A GREASY DRESSING GOWN."

a screen covered with old icons [sacred pictures] a golden lamp was burning. Gilt arm-chairs, sofas of faded colours, furnished with soft cushions, were arranged symmetrically along the walls, which were hung with China silk. He saw two large portraits, painted by Madame le Brun. One represented a man of forty, stout and full coloured, dressed in a light green coat, with a decoration on his breast. The second portrait was that of an elegant young woman, with an aquiline nose, powdered

hair rolled back on the temples, and with a rose over her ear. Everywhere might be seen shepherds and shepherdesses in Dresden china, with vases of all shapes, clocks by Leroy, work-baskets, fans, and all the thousand playthings for the use of ladies of fashion, discovered in the last century, at the time of Montgolfier's balloons and Mesmer's animal magnetism.



"A STRANGE MAN HAD APPEARED."

Hermann passed behind the screen, which concealed a little iron bedstead. He saw the two doors; the one on the right leading to the dark room, the one on the left to the corridor. He opened the latter, saw the staircase which led to the poor little companion's parlour, and then, closing this door, went into the dark room.

The time passed slowly. Everything was quiet in the house. The drawing-room clock struck midnight, and again there was silence. Hermann was standing up, leaning against the stove, in which there was no fire. He was calm; but his heart beat with quick pulsations, like that of a man determined to brave all dangers he might have to meet, because he knows them to be inevitable. He heard one o'clock strike; then two; and soon afterwards the distant roll of a carriage. He now, in spite of himself, experienced some emotion. The carriage approached rapidly and stopped. There was at once a great noise of servants running about the staircases, and a confusion of voices. Suddenly the rooms were all lit up, and the Countess's three antiquated maids came at once into the bedroom. At last appeared the Countess herself.

The walking mummy sank into a large Voltaire arm-chair. Hermann looked through the crack in the door; he saw Lisabeta pass close to him, and heard her hurried step as she went up the little winding staircase. For a moment he felt something like remorse; but it soon passed off, and his heart was once more of stone.

The Countess began to undress before a looking-glass. Her head-dress of roses was taken off, and her powdered wig separated from her own hair, which was very short and quite white. Pins fell in showers around her. At last she was in her dressing-gown and her night-cap, and in this costume, more suitable to her age, was less hideous than before.

Like most old people, the Countess was tormented by sleeplessness. She had her armchair rolled towards one of the windows, and told her maids to leave her. The lights were put out, and the room was lighted only by the lamp which burned before the holy images. The Countess, sallow and wrinkled, balanced herself gently from right to left. In her dull eyes could be read an utter absence of thought; and as she moved from side to side, one might have said that she did so not by any action of the will, but through some secret mechanism.

Suddenly this death's-head assumed a new expression; the lips ceased to tremble,

and the eyes became alive. A strange man had appeared before the Countess!

It was Hermann.

"Do not be alarmed, madam," said Hermann, in a low voice, but very distinctly. "For the love of Heaven, do not be alarmed. I do not wish to do you the slightest harm; on the contrary, I come to implore a favour of you."

The old woman looked at him in silence, as if she did not understand. Thinking she was deaf, he leaned towards her ear and repeated what he had said; but the Countess still remained silent.

"You can ensure the happiness of my whole life, and without its costing you a farthing. I know that you can name to me three cards——"

The Countess now understood what he required.

"It was a joke," she interrupted. "I swear to you it was only a joke."

"No, madam," replied Hermann in an angry tone. "Remember Tchaplitzki, and how you enabled him to win."

The Countess was agitated. For a moment her features expressed strong emotion; but they soon resumed their former dulness.

"Cannot you name to me," said Hermann, "three winning cards?"

The Countess remained silent. "Why keep this secret for your great-grandchildren," he continued. "They are rich enough without; they do not know the value of money. Of what profit would your three cards be to them? They are debauchees. The man who cannot keep his inheritance will die in want, though he had the science of demons at his command. I am a steady man. I know the value of money. Your three cards will not be lost upon me. Come!"

He stopped tremblingly, awaiting a reply. The Countess did not utter a word. Hermann went upon his knees.

"If your heart has ever known the passion of love; if you can remember its sweet ecstasies; if you have ever been touched by the cry of a new-born babe; if any human feeling has ever caused your heart to beat, I entreat you by the love of a husband, a lover, a mother, by all that is sacred in life, not to reject my prayer. Tell me your secret! Reflect! You are old; you have not long to live! Remember that the happiness of a man is in your hands; that not only myself, but my children and my grandchildren will bless your memory as a saint."

"ONE GLANCE SHOWED HER THAT HE WAS NOT THERE."

The old Countess answered not a word.

Hermann rose, and drew a pistol from his pocket.

"Hag!" he exclaimed, "I will make you speak."

At the sight of the pistol the Countess for the second time showed agitation. Her head shook violently; she stretched out her hands as if to put the weapon aside. Then suddenly she fell back motionless.

"Come, don't be childish!" said Hermann. "I adjure you for the last time; will you name the three cards?"

The Countess did not answer. Hermann saw that she was dead!

CHAPTER IV.

LISABETA was sitting in her room, still in her ball dress, lost in the deepest meditation. On her return to the house, she had sent away her maid, and had gone upstairs to her room, trembling at the idea of finding Hermann there; desiring, indeed, *not* to find him. One glance showed her that he was not there, and she

gave thanks to Providence that he had missed the appointment. She sat down pensively, without thinking of taking off her cloak, and allowed to pass through her memory all the circumstances of the intrigue which had begun such a short time back, and had already advanced so far. Scarcely three weeks had passed since she had first seen the young officer from her window, and already she had written to him, and he had succeeded in inducing her to make an appointment. She knew his name, and that was all. She had received a quantity of letters from him, but he had never spoken

"THE DOOR OPENED AND HERMANN ENTERED."

to her; she did not know the sound of his voice, and until that evening, strangely enough, she had never heard him spoken of.

But that very evening Tomski, fancying he had noticed that the young Princess Pauline, to whom he had been paying assiduous court, was flirting, contrary to her custom, with another man, had wished to revenge himself by making a show of indifference. With this noble object he had invited Lisabeta to take part in an interminable mazurka; but he teased her immensely about her partiality for Engineer officers, and pretending all the time to know much more than he really did, hazarded purely in fun a few guesses which were so happy that Lisabeta thought her secret must have been discovered.

"But who tells you all this?" she said with a smile.

"A friend of the very officer you know, a most original man."

"And who is this man that is so original?"

"His name is Hermann."

She answered nothing, but her hands and feet seemed to be of ice.

"Hermann is a hero of romance," continued Tomski. "He has the profile of Napoleon, and the soul of Mephistopheles. I believe he has at least three crimes on his conscience. . . . But how pale you are!"

"I have a bad headache. But what did this Mr. Hermann tell you? Is not that his name?'

"Hermann is very much displeased with his friend, with the Engineer officer who has made your acquaintance. He says that in his place he would behave very differently. But I am quite sure that Hermann himself has designs upon you. At least, he seems to listen with remarkable interest to all that his friend tells him about you."

"And where has he seen me?"

"Perhaps in church, perhaps in the street; heaven knows where."

At this moment three ladies came forward according to the custom of the mazurka, and asked Tomski to choose between "forgetfulness and regret."*

And the conversation which had so painfully excited the curiosity of Lisabeta came to an end.

The lady who, in virtue of the infidelities permitted by the mazurka, had just been chosen by Tomski, was the Princess Pauline. During the rapid evolutions which the figure obliged them to make, there was a grand explanation between them, until at last he conducted her to a chair, and returned to his partner.

But Tomski could now think no more, either of Hermann or Lisabeta, and he tried in vain to resume the conversation. But the mazurka was coming to an end, and

*The figures and fashions of the mazurka are reproduced in the cotillon of Western Europe.—TRANSLATOR.

immediately afterwards the old Countess rose to go.

Tomski's mysterious phrases were nothing more than the usual platitudes of the mazurka, but they had made a deep impression upon the heart of the poor little companion. The portrait sketched by Tomski had struck her as very exact; and with her romantic ideas, she saw in the rather ordinary countenance of her adorer something to fear and admire. She was now sitting down with her cloak off, with bare shoulders; her head, crowned with flowers, falling forward from fatigue, when suddenly the door opened and Hermann entered. She shuddered.

"Where were you?" she said, trembling all over.

"In the Countess's bedroom. I have just left her," replied Hermann. "She is dead."

"Great heavens! What are you saying?"

"I am afraid," he said, "that I am the cause of her death."

Lisabeta looked at him in consternation, and remembered Tomski's words: "He has at least three crimes on his conscience."

Hermann sat down by the window, and told everything. The young girl listened with terror.

So those letters so full of passion, those burning expressions, this daring obstinate pursuit—all this had been inspired by anything but love! Money alone had inflamed the man's soul. She, who had nothing but a heart to offer, how could she make him happy? Poor child! she had been the blind instrument of a robber, of the murderer of her old benefactress. She wept bitterly in the agony of her repentance. Hermann watched her in silence; but neither the tears of the unhappy girl, nor her beauty, rendered more touching by her grief, could move his heart of iron. He had no remorse in thinking of the Countess's death. One sole thought distressed him—the irreparable loss of the secret which was to have made his fortune.

"You are a monster!" said Lisabeta, after a long silence.

"I did not mean to kill her," replied Hermann coldly. "My pistol was not loaded."

They remained for some time without speaking, without looking at one another. The day was breaking, and Lisabeta put out her candle. She wiped her eyes, drowned in tears, and raised them towards Hermann. He was standing close to the window, his arms crossed, with a frown on his forehead. In this attitude he reminded her involuntarily of the portrait of Napoleon. The resemblance overwhelmed her.

"How am I to get you away?" she said at last. "I thought you might go out by the back stairs. But it would be necessary to go through the Countess's bedroom, and I am too frightened."

"Tell me how to get to the staircase, and I will go alone."

She went to a drawer, took out a key, which she handed to Hermann, and gave him the necessary instructions. Hermann took her icy hand, kissed her on the forehead, and departed.

He went down the staircase, and entered the Countess's bedroom. She was seated quite stiff in her armchair; but her features were in no way contracted. He stopped for a moment, and gazed into her face as if to make sure of the terrible reality. Then he entered the dark room, and, feeling behind the tapestry, found the little door which opened on to a staircase. As he went down it, strange ideas came into his head. "Going down this staircase," he said to himself, "some sixty years ago, at about this time, may have been seen some man in an embroidered coat with powdered wig, pressing to his breast a cocked hat: some gallant who has long been buried; and now the heart of his aged mistress has ceased to beat."

At the end of the staircase he found another door, which his key opened, and he found himself in the corridor which led to the street.

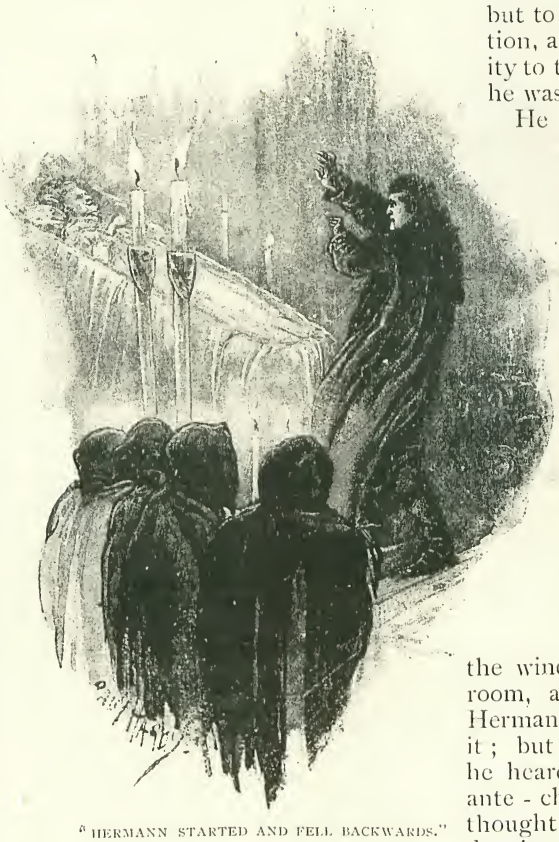
CHAPTER V.

THREE days after this fatal night, at nine o'clock in the morning, Hermann entered the convent where the last respects were to be paid to the mortal remains of the old Countess. He felt no remorse, though he could not deny to himself that he was the poor woman's assassin. Having no religion, he was, as usual in such cases, very superstitious; believing that the dead Countess might exercise a malignant influence on his life, he thought to appease her spirit by attending her funeral.

The church was full of people, and it was difficult to get in. The body had been placed on a rich catafalque, beneath a canopy of velvet. The Countess was reposing in an open coffin, her hands joined on her breast, with a dress of white satin, and head-dress of lace. Around the

catafalque the family was assembled, the servants in black caftans with a knot of ribbons on the shoulder, exhibiting the colours of the Countess's coat of arms. Each of them held a wax candle in his hand. The relations, in deep mourning—children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren—were all present; but none of them wept.

To have shed tears would have looked like affectation. The Countess was so old that her death could have taken no one by surprise, and she had long been looked upon as already out of the world. The funeral sermon was delivered by a celebrated preacher. In a few simple, touching phrases he painted the final departure of the just, who had passed long years of contrite preparation for a Christian end. The service concluded in the midst of respectful silence. Then the relations went towards the defunct to take a last farewell. After them, in a long procession, all who had been invited to the ceremony bowed, for the last time, to her who for so many years had been a scarecrow at their entertainments. Finally came the Countess's household; among them was remarked an old governess, of the same age as the deceased, supported by two women. She had not strength enough to kneel down, but tears flowed from her eyes, as she kissed the hand of her old mistress.



"HERMANN STARTED AND FELL BACKWARDS."

In his turn Hermann advanced towards the coffin. He knelt down for a moment on the flagstones, which were strewed with branches of yew. Then he rose, as pale as death, and walked up the steps of the catafalque. He bowed his head. But suddenly the dead woman seemed to be staring at him; and with a mocking look she opened and shut one eye. Hermann by a sudden movement started and fell backwards. Several persons hurried towards him. At the same moment, close to the church door, Lisabeta fainted.

Throughout the day, Hermann suffered from a strange indisposition. In a quiet restaurant, where he took his meals, he, contrary to his habit, drank a great deal of wine, with the object of stupefying himself. But the wine had no effect but to excite his imagination, and give fresh activity to the ideas with which he was preoccupied.

He went home earlier than usual; lay down with his clothes on upon the bed, and fell into a leaden sleep. When he woke up it was night, and the room was lighted up by the rays of the moon. He looked at his watch; it was a quarter to three. He could sleep no more. He sat up on the bed and thought of the old Countess. At this moment someone in the street passed the window, looked into the room, and then went on. Hermann scarcely noticed it; but in another minute he heard the door of the ante-chamber open. He thought that his orderly, drunk as usual, was returning from some nocturnal excursion; but the step was one to which he was not accustomed. Somebody seemed to be softly walking over the floor in slippers.

The door opened, and a woman, dressed entirely in white, entered the bedroom. Hermann thought it must be his old nurse, and he asked himself what she could want at that time of night.

But the woman in white, crossing the room with a rapid step, was now at the foot of his bed, and Hermann recognised the Countess.

"I come to you against my wish," she said in a firm voice. "I am forced to grant your prayer. Three, seven, ace, will win, if played one after the other; but you must

"THREE, SEVEN, ACE."

not play more than one card in twenty-four hours, and afterwards as long as you live you must never touch a card again. I forgive you my death, on condition of your marrying my companion, Lisabeta Ivanovna."

With these words she walked towards the door, and gliding with her slippers over the floor, disappeared. Hermann heard the door of the ante-chamber open, and soon afterwards saw a white figure pass along the street. It stopped for a moment before his window, as if to look at him.

Hermann remained for some time astounded. Then he got up and went into the next room. His orderly, drunk as usual, was asleep on the floor. He had much difficulty in waking him, and then could not obtain from him the least explanation. The door of the ante-chamber was locked.

Hermann went back to his bedroom, and wrote down all the details of his vision.

CHAPTER VI.

Two fixed ideas can no more exist together in the moral world than in the physical two bodies can occupy the same place at the same time; and "Three, seven, ace" soon drove away Hermann's recollection of the old Countess's last moments. "Three, seven, ace" were now in his head to the exclusion of everything else.

They followed him in his dreams, and appeared to him under strange forms. Threes seemed to be spread before him like magnolias, sevens took the form of Gothic doors, and aces became gigantic spiders.

His thoughts concentrated themselves on one single point. How was he to profit by the secret so dearly purchased? What if he applied for leave to travel? At Paris, he said to himself, he would find some gambling-house where, with his three cards, he could at once make his fortune.

Chance soon came to his assistance. There was at Moscow a society of rich gamblers, presided over by the celebrated Tchekalinski, who had passed all his life playing at cards, and had amassed millions. For while he lost silver only, he gained bank-notes. His magnificent house, his excellent kitchen, his cordial manners, had brought him numerous friends and secured for him general esteem.

When he came to St. Petersburg, the young men of the capital filled his rooms, forsaking balls for his card-parties, and preferring the emotions of gambling to the fascinations of flirting. Hermann was taken to Tchekalinski by Naroumoff. They passed through a long suite of rooms, full of the most attentive, obsequious servants. The place was crowded. Generals and high officials were playing at whist; young men were stretched out on the sofas, eating ices and smoking long pipes. In the principal room at the head of a long table, around which were assembled a score of players, the master of the house held a faro bank.

He was a man of about sixty, with a sweet and noble expression of face, and hair white as snow. On his full, florid countenance might be read good humour and benevolence. His eyes shone with a perpetual smile. Naroumoff introduced Hermann. Tchekalinski took him by the

hand, told him that he was glad to see him, that no one stood on ceremony in his house; and then went on dealing. The deal occupied some time, and stakes were made on more than thirty cards. Tchekalinski waited patiently to allow the winners time to double their stakes, paid what he had lost, listened politely to all observations, and, more politely still, put straight the corners of cards, when in a fit of absence some one had taken the liberty of turning them down. At last when the game was at an end, Tchekalinski collected the cards, shuffled them again, had them cut, and then dealt anew.

"Will you allow me to take a card?" said Hermann, stretching out his arm above a fat man who occupied nearly the whole of one side of the table. Tchekalinski, with a gracious smile, bowed in consent. Naroumoff complimented Hermann, with a laugh, on the cessation of the austerity by which his conduct had hitherto been marked, and wished him all kinds of happiness on the occasion of his first appearance in the character of a gambler.

"There!" said Hermann, after writing some figures on the back of his card.

"How much?" asked the banker, half closing his eyes. "Excuse me, I cannot see."

"Forty-seven thousand roubles," said Hermann.

Every one's eyes were directed toward the new player.

"He has lost his head," thought Naroumoff.

"Allow me to point out to you," said Tchekalinski, with his eternal smile, "that you are playing rather high. We never put down here, as a first stake, more than a hundred and seventy-five roubles."

"Very well," said Hermann; "but do you accept my stake or not?"

Tchekalinski bowed in token of acceptation. "I only wish to point out to you," he said, "that although I am perfectly sure of my friends, I can only play against ready money. I am quite convinced that your word is as good as gold; but to keep up the rules of the game, and to facilitate calculations, I should be obliged to you if you would put the money on your card."

Hermann took a bank-note from his pocket and handed it to Tchekalinski, who, after examining it with a glance, placed it on Hermann's card.

Then he began to deal. He turned up on the right a ten, and on the left a three.

"I win," said Hermann, exhibiting his three.

A murmur of astonishment ran through the assembly. The banker knitted his eyebrows, but speedily his face resumed its everlasting smile.

"Shall I settle at once?" he asked.

"If you will be kind enough to do so," said Hermann.

Tchekalinski took a bundle of bank-notes from his pocket-book, and paid. Hermann pocketed his winnings and left the table.

Naroumoff was lost in astonishment. Hermann drank a glass of lemonade and went home.

The next evening he returned to the house. Tchekalinski again held the bank. Hermann went to the table, and this time the players hastened to make room for him. Tchekalinski received him with a most gracious bow. Hermann waited, took a card, and staked on it his forty-seven thousand roubles, together with the like sum which he had gained the evening before.

Tchekalinski began to deal. He turned up on the right a knave, and on the left a seven.

Hermann exhibited a seven.

There was a general exclamation. Tchekalinski was evidently ill at ease, but he counted out the ninety-four thousand roubles to Hermann, who took them in the calmest manner, rose from the table, and went away.

The next evening, at the accustomed hour, he again appeared. Everyone was expecting him. Generals and high officials had left their whist to watch this extraordinary play. The young officers had quitted their sofas, and even the servants of the house pressed round the table.

When Hermann took his seat, the other players ceased to stake, so impatient were they to see him have it out with the banker, who, still smiling, watched the approach of his antagonist and prepared to meet him. Each of them untied at the same time a pack of cards. Tchekalinski shuffled, and Hermann cut. Then the latter took up a card and covered it with a heap of bank-notes. It was like the preliminaries of a duel. A deep silence reigned through the room.

Tchekalinski took up the cards with trembling hands and dealt. On one side he put down a queen and on the other side an ace.

"Ace wins," said Hermann.

"HE SAW BEFORE HIM A QUEEN OF SPADES."

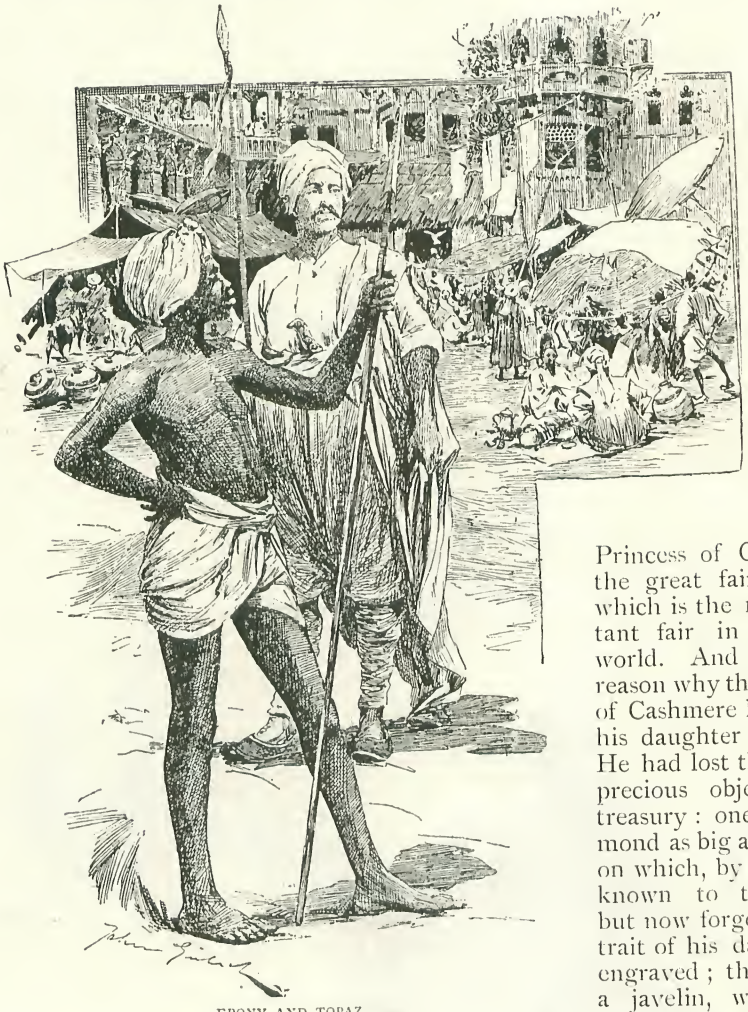
"No. Queen loses," said Tchekalinski.

Hermann looked. Instead of ace, he saw a queen of spades before him. He could not trust his eyes! And now as he gazed, in fascination, on the fatal card, he fancied that he saw the queen of spades open and then close her eye, while at the same time she gave a mocking smile. He felt a thrill of nameless horror. The queen of spades resembled the dead Countess!

Hermann is now at the Oboukhoff Asylum, room No. 17 —— a hopeless madman! He answers no questions which we put to him. Only he mumbles to himself without cessation, "Three, seven, ace; three, seven, *queen*!"

The Two Genies.

A Story for Children; from the French of Voltaire.



EBONY AND TOPAZ.

EVERY one in the province of Candahar knows the adventures of young Rustem. He was the only son of a Mirza of that country—or, as we might say, a lord. His father, the Mirza, had a good estate. Rustem was to be married to the daughter of a Mirza of his own rank, as both families ardently desired. He was intended to be the comfort of his parents, to make his wife happy, and to be happy with her.

But, unfortunately, he had seen the Princess of Cashmere at the great fair at Cabul, which is the most important fair in the whole world. And this was the reason why the old Prince of Cashmere had brought his daughter to the fair. He had lost the two most precious objects in his treasury: one was a diamond as big as my thumb, on which, by an art then known to the Indians, but now forgotten, a portrait of his daughter was engraved; the other was a javelin, which of its own accord would strike whatever mark the owner wished.

A fakir in his Highness's train had stolen these treasures, and carried them to the Princess. "Take the greatest care of these two things," said he; "your fate depends upon them." Then he went away, and was seen no more.

The Prince of Cashmere, in great despair, determined to travel to the fair at Cabul, to see whether among all the merchants who collected there from the four quarters of the earth, there might not be one who had his diamond or his weapon. He took

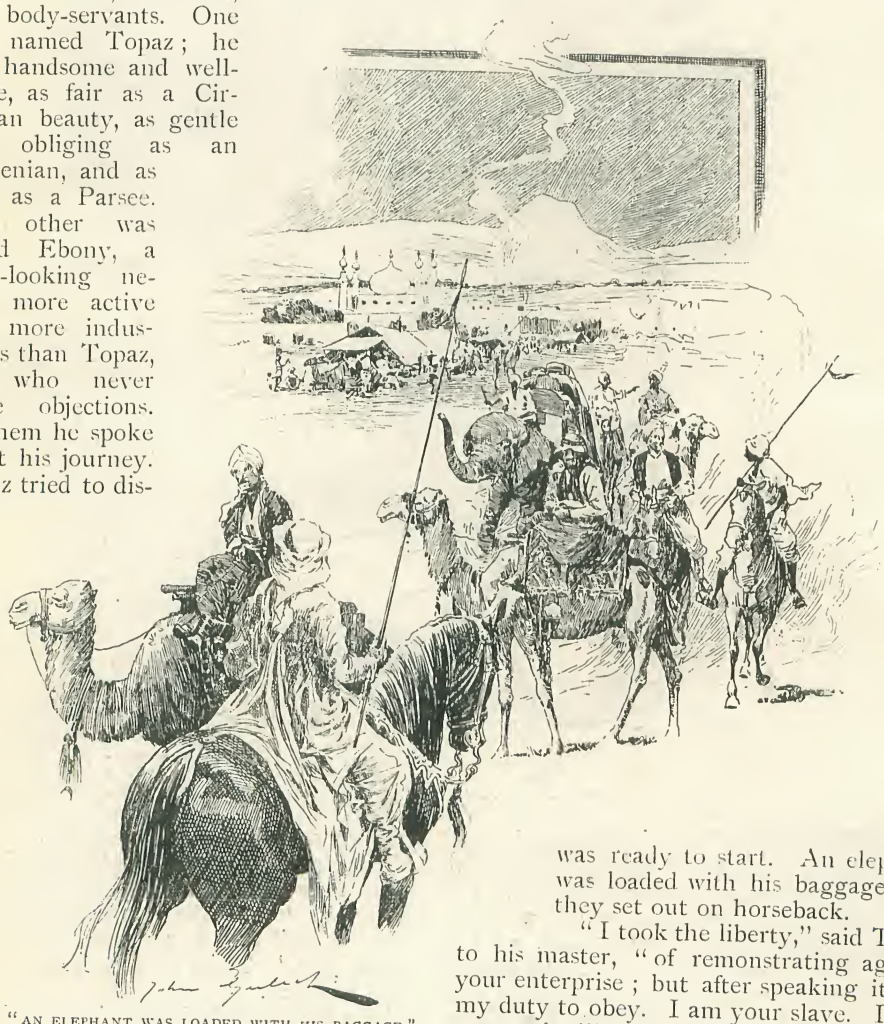
his daughter with him wherever he went, and she carried the diamond safe in her girdle; but as for the javelin, which she could not conveniently hide, she left it in Cashmere, safely locked up in a large Chinese chest.

At Cabul she and Rustem saw each other, and they fell in love with all the ardour of their nation. As a love-token the Princess gave him the diamond; and, at parting, Rustem promised to go to see her secretly in Cashmere.

The young Mirza had two favourite attendants who served him as secretaries, stewards, and body-servants. One was named Topaz; he was handsome and well-made, as fair as a Circassian beauty, as gentle and obliging as an Armenian, and as wise as a Parsee. The other was called Ebony, a good-looking negro, more active and more industrious than Topaz, and who never made objections. To them he spoke about his journey. Topaz tried to dissuade him, with the cautious zeal of a servant who is anxious not to offend, and reminded him of all the risks. How could he leave two families in despair, and cut his parents to the heart? He shook Rustem's purpose; but Ebony once more confirmed it, and removed his scruples.

The young man had not money enough for so long a journey. Wise Topaz would have refused to get it for him. Ebony provided it. He quietly stole his master's diamond, and had a false one made exactly like it, which he put in its place, pledging the real one to an Armenian for many thousands of rupees.

As soon as Rustem had the rupees he was ready to start. An elephant was loaded with his baggage, and they set out on horseback.



"AN ELEPHANT WAS LOADED WITH HIS BAGGAGE."

"I took the liberty," said Topaz to his master, "of remonstrating against your enterprise; but after speaking it was my duty to obey. I am your slave. I love you, and will follow you to the end of the world. But let us consult the oracle which is on our way."

Rustem agreed. The answer of the oracle was this: "If you turn to the east you will

turn to the west." Rustem could not understand this. Topaz maintained that it boded no good; Ebony, always accommodating, persuaded him that it was very favourable.

There was yet another oracle in Cabul, which they consulted also. The Cabul oracle replied as follows: "If you possess you will not possess; if you get the best of it, you will get the worst; if you are Rustem you will not be Rustem." This saying seemed still more incomprehensible than the other.

"Beware," said Topaz.

"Fear nothing," said Ebony. And he, as may be supposed, seemed to his master to be always in the right, since he encouraged his passion and his hopes.

On leaving Cabul they marched through a great forest. Here they sat down on the grass to eat, while the horses were turned loose to feed. They were about to unload the elephant, which carried the dinner and the service, when it was discovered that Topaz and Ebony were no longer with the party. They called them loudly; the forest echoed with the names of Topaz and Ebony; the men sought them in every direction and filled the woods with their shouts, but they came back having seen no one and heard no answer. "We saw nothing," they said to Rustem, "but a vulture fighting with an eagle and plucking out all its feathers."

The history of this struggle excited Rustem's curiosity; he went to the spot on foot. He saw no vulture or eagle, but he found that his elephant, still loaded with baggage, had been attacked by a huge rhinoceros. One was fighting with his horn, the other with his trunk. On seeing Rustem the rhinoceros retreated, and the elephant was led back. But now the horses were gone. "Strange things happen to travellers in the forest!" exclaimed Rustem. The servants were dismayed, and their master was in despair at having lost his horses, his favourite negro, and the sage Topaz, for whom he had always had a regard, though he did not always agree with his opinion.

He was comforting himself with the hope of soon finding himself at the feet of the beautiful Princess of Cashmere, when he met a fine striped ass, which a vigorous peasant was beating violently with a stick. There is nothing rarer, swifter, or more beautiful than an ass of this kind. This one retorted on the rustic for his thrashing by kicks which might have uprooted an oak. The young Mirza very naturally took the

THE ASS RETORTED BY KICKS.

ass's part, for it was a beautiful beast. The peasant ran off, crying out to the ass: "I will pay you out yet!" The ass thanked its liberator after its fashion, went up to him, fawned on him, and received his caresses.

Having dined, Rustem mounted him, and took the road to Cashmere with his servants, some on foot and some riding the elephant.

Hardly had he mounted his ass, when the animal turned towards Cabul, instead of proceeding on the way to Cashmere. In vain his rider tugged at the bridle, jerked at the bit, squeezed his ribs with his knees, drove the spurs into his flanks, gave him his head,

pulled him up, whipped him right and left. The obstinate beast still made direct for Cabul.

Rustem was growing desperate, when he met a camel-driver, who said to him—

"You have a very stubborn ass there, master, which insists on carrying you where you do not want to go. If you will let me have him, I will give you four of my camels, which you may choose for yourself.

Rustem thanked Providence for having sent so good a bargain in his way. "Topaz was all wrong," thought he, "to say that my journey would be unlucky." He mounted the finest of the camels, and the others followed. He soon rejoined his little caravan, and went on his way towards happiness.

He had not marched more than four miles, when he was stopped by a torrent, wide, deep, and impetuous, tumbling over rocks all white with foam. On each shore rose precipitous cliffs which bewildered the eye and chilled the heart of man. There was no way of getting across, of turning to the right hand or to the left.

"I am beginning to fear," said Rustem, "that Topaz may have been right to reprehend me for this journey, and I very wrong to undertake it. If he were but here he might give me some good advice, and if I had Ebony, he at any rate would comfort me, and suggest some expedient. As it is I have no one left to help me."

His dismay was increased by that of his followers. The night was very dark, and they spent it in lamentations. At last fatigue and dejection brought sleep to the love-sick traveller. He awoke, however, at daybreak, and saw a fine marble bridge built across the torrent from shore to shore. Then what exclamations, what cries of astonishment and delight. "Is it possible? Is it a dream? What a marvel! It is magic! Dare we cross it?" All the Mirza's train fell on their knees, got up again, went to the bridge, kissed the ground, looked up to heaven, lifted their hands; then tremulously set foot on it, went over, and came back in perfect ecstasy. And Rustem said, "Heaven is on my side this time. Topaz did not know what he was saying. The oracles were in my favour. Ebony was right; but why is he not here?"

Hardly had the caravan crossed in safety, when the bridge fell into the torrent with an appalling crash.

"So much the better!" cried Rustem. "God be praised! He does not intend me to return to my own country, where I should be only a private gentleman. He means me to marry the Princess. I shall be Prince of Cashmere. In that way, when I possess my Princess, I shall not possess my humble rank in Candahar; I shall be Rustem, and I shall not, since I shall be a great prince. There is a great deal of the oracle interpreted in my favour. The rest will be explained in the same way. I am too happy! But why is not Ebony at my side? I regret him a thousand times more than Topaz."

He rode a few miles further in great glee; but as evening fell, a chain of mountains, steeper than a rampart, and higher than the Tower of Babel would have been when finished, entirely closed the road against the travellers, who were filled with fears.

Everyone exclaimed: "It is the will of God that we should perish here! He has broken down the bridge that we may have no hope of returning; He has raised up this mountain to hinder our going forward. Oh, Rustem! Oh, hapless Mirza! We shall never see Cashmere, we shall never return to the land of Candahar!"

In Rustem's soul the keenest anguish and most complete dejection succeeded the immoderate joy and hopes which had intoxicated him. He was now very far from interpreting the oracles to his advantage: "Oh merciful Heaven!" he cried. "Have I really lost my friend Topaz?"

As he spoke the words, heaving deep sighs and shedding bitter tears in the sight of his despairing followers, behold, the base of the mountain opened, and a long vaulted gallery lighted by a hundred thousand torches was revealed to his dazzled eyes!

Rustem broke into exclamations of joy; his people fell on their knees or dropped down with amazement, crying out that it was a miracle, and that Rustem was destined to govern the world. Rustem himself believed it, and was uplifted beyond measure. "Ah! Ebony, my dear Ebony, where are you?" he cried. "Why are you not here to see all these wonders? How did I come to lose you? Fair Princess of Cashmere, when shall I again behold your charms?"

He marched forward with his servants, his elephant, and his camels into the tunnel under the mountain, and at the end of it came out upon a meadow enamelled with flowers and watered by brooks. Beyond this meadow, avenues of trees stretched into the far distance; at the end of them

was a river bordered by delightful houses in the loveliest gardens. On every side he heard concerts of voices and instruments, and saw dancing. He hurried across one of the bridges over the river, and asked the first man he met what was this beautiful country.

The man to whom he spoke replied: "You are in the province of Cashmere; the inhabitants, as you see, are holding great rejoicings. We are doing honour to the wedding of our beautiful Princess, who is about to marry a certain lord named Barbabou to whom her father has plighted her. May Heaven prolong their happiness!"

"THE CLEVEREST PHYSICIANS WERE CALLED IN.'

On hearing these words Rustem fell down in a swoon. The gentleman of Cashmere, supposing that he was liable to fits, had him carried to his own house, where he lay some time unconscious. The two cleverest physicians of the district were called in; they felt their patient's pulse; and he having somewhat recovered, sobbed and sighed, and rolled his eyes, exclaiming, "Topaz, Topaz, you were right after all!"

One of the physicians said to the gentleman of Cashmere, "I perceive by his accent that this young man comes from Candahar; the air of this country does not agree with him, and he must be sent home again. I can see by his eyes that he is mad; leave him in my hands; I will take him back to his own country and cure him." The other physician declared that his only complaint was melancholy, and that he ought to be taken to the Princess's wedding and compelled to dance.

While they were discussing his case the sick man recovered his powers; the two physicians were sent away, and Rustem remained alone with his host.

"Sir," said he, "I ask your pardon for fainting in your presence; I know that it is not good manners, and I entreat you to accept my elephant in acknowledgment of all the kindness with which you have received me."

He then related his adventures, taking good care not to mention the object of his journey. "But, in the name of Brahma," said he, "tell me who is this happy Barbabou who is to be married to the Princess of Cashmere, and why her father has chosen him for his son-in-law, and why the Princess has accepted him for her husband."

"My lord," replied the gentleman of Cashmere, "the Princess is far from having accepted him. On the contrary, she is drowned in tears, while the province rejoices over her marriage. She is shut up in the Palace Tower, and refuses to see any of the festivities prepared in her honour."

Rustem, on hearing this, felt new life in his soul, and the colour which sorrow had faded came again into his cheeks.

"Then pray tell me," he continued, "why the Prince of Cashmere persists in marrying her to Barbabou against her will."

"The facts are these," replied his friend. "Do you know that our august Prince lost some time ago a diamond and a javelin, on which his heart was greatly set?"

"I know it well," said Rustem.

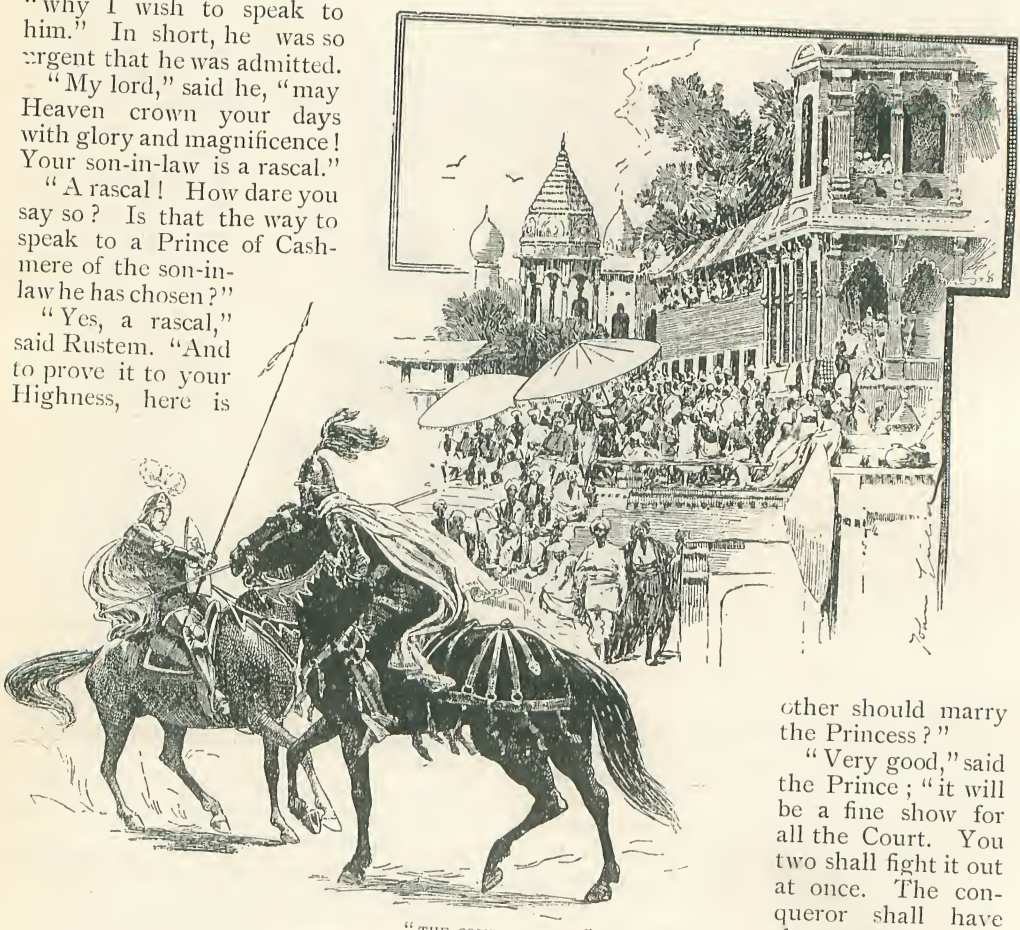
"Then, I must tell you," said his host, "that the Prince, in despair at hearing nothing of his two treasures, after searching for them all the world over, promised his daughter in marriage to anyone who would bring him either of them. Then Barbabou arrived and brought the diamond with him; and he is to marry the Princess to-morrow."

Rustem turned pale. He muttered his thanks, took leave of his host, and went off on his dromedary to the capital where the ceremony was to take place. He reached the palace of the sovereign, announced that he had matters of importance to communicate to him, and craved an audience. He was told that the Prince was engaged in preparing for the wedding. "That is the very reason," said he, "why I wish to speak to him." In short, he was so urgent that he was admitted.

"My lord," said he, "may Heaven crown your days with glory and magnificence! Your son-in-law is a rascal."

"A rascal! How dare you say so? Is that the way to speak to a Prince of Cashmere of the son-in-law he has chosen?"

"Yes, a rascal," said Rustem. "And to prove it to your Highness, here is your diamond, which I have brought back to you."



"THE COMBAT BEGAN."

The Prince, in much amazement, compared the two diamonds, and, as he knew nothing about gems, he could not tell which was the true one.

"Here are two diamonds," said he, "but I have only one daughter. I am in a strange dilemma!"

Then he sent for Barbabou, and asked him whether he had not deceived him. Barbabou swore that he had bought the diamond of an Armenian. Rustem did not say from whom he had got his, but he proposed, as a solution, that his Highness should allow him and his rival to fight in single combat on the spot.

"It is not enough that your son-in-law should possess a diamond," said he, "he ought also to show proof of valour. Do you not think it fair that the one who kills the other should marry the Princess?"

"Very good," said the Prince; "it will be a fine show for all the Court. You two shall fight it out at once. The conqueror shall have the armour of the conquered man, after the custom of Cashmere; and he shall marry the Princess."

The rivals immediately descended to the

palace court. On the stairs they saw a magpie and a raven. The raven cried, "Fight it out, fight it out!" the magpie, "Do not fight!" This made the Prince laugh. The rivals scarcely noticed the two birds.

The combat began. All the courtiers stood round them in a circle. The Princess still shut herself up in her tower and would see nothing of it. She had no suspicion that her lover could be in Cashmere, and she had such a horror of Barbabou that she would not look on. The fight went off as well as possible. Barbabou was left stone dead, and the populace were delighted, for he was ugly and Rustem very handsome—a fact which almost always turns the scale of public favour.

The conqueror put on the dead man's coat of mail, his scarf and his helmet, and approached the window of his mistress to the sound of trumpets, followed by all the Court. Everyone was shouting: "Fair Princess, come and see your handsome bridegroom who has killed his hideous rival!" and the ladies repeated the words. The Princess unfortunately looked out of window, and seeing the armour of the man she abhorred she flew in despair to the Chinese trunk, and took out the fatal javelin, which darted, at her wish, to pierce her dear Rustem through a joint in his cuirass. He gave a bitter cry, and in that cry the Princess thought that she recognised the voice of her hapless lover.

She flew into the courtyard, her hair all dishevelled, death in her eyes and in her heart. Rustem was lying in her father's arms. She saw him! What a moment, what a sight! Who can express the anguish, the tenderness, the horror of that meeting? She threw herself upon him and embraced him.

"These," she cried, "are the first and last kisses of your lover and destroyer." Then snatching the dart from his wound, she plunged it into her own heart, and died on the breast of the lover she adored.

Her father, horror-stricken and heart-broken, strove in vain to bring her back to life; she was no more. He broke the fatal weapon into fragments, and flung away the ill-starred diamonds; and while preparations were proceeding for his daughter's funeral instead of her wedding, he had the bleeding but still living Rustem carried into his palace.

Rustem was laid upon a couch. The first thing he saw, one on each side of his death-bed, were Topaz and Ebony. Surprise gave him strength. "Cruel that you were," said he; "why did you desert me? The Princess might still perhaps be living if you had been at hand!"

"I have never left you for a moment," said Topaz.

"I have been always at your side," said Ebony.

"What do you mean? Why do you insult me in my last moments?" replied Rustem, in a weak voice.

"Believe me, it is true," said Topaz. "You know I never approved of this ill-advised journey, for I foresaw its disastrous end. I was the eagle which struggled with the vulture, and which the vulture plucked; I was the elephant which made off with your baggage to compel you to return home; I was the striped ass which would fain have carried you back to your father; it was I who led your horses astray, who produced the torrent which you could not cross, who raised the mountain which checked your unlucky advance; I was the physician who advised your return to your native air, and the magpie which urged you not to fight."

"I," said Ebony, "was the vulture who plucked the eagle, the rhinoceros which thrust its horn into the elephant, the peasant who beat the ass, the merchant who gave you the camels to hasten you to your ruin; I raised the bridge you crossed; I bored the mountains for you to pass; I was the physician who advised you to proceed, and the raven which encouraged you to fight."

"Alas! And remember the oracles," added Topaz; "'If you turn to the east you will turn to the west.'"

"Yes, here they bury the dead with their faces turned westward," said Ebony. "The oracle was plain; why did not you understand it? You possessed and you possessed not; for you had the diamond, but it was a false one, and you did not know it; you got the best of it in battle, but you also got the worst, for you must die; you are Rustem, but you will soon cease to be so. The oracle is fulfilled."

Even as he spoke two white wings appeared on the shoulders of Topaz, and two black wings on those of Ebony.

"What is this that I see?" cried Rustem. And Topaz and Ebony replied: "We are your two genies." "I," added Topaz, "am your good genie."

"And you, Ebony, with your black wings, are apparently my evil genie."

"As you say," replied Ebony.

Then suddenly everything vanished. Rustem found himself in his father's house which he had not quitted, and in his bed where he had been sleeping just an hour.

He awoke with a start, bathed in sweat and greatly scared. He shouted, he called, he rang. His servant Topaz hurried up in his night-cap, yawning.

THE TWO GENIES.

"Am I dead or alive?" cried Rustem. "Will the beautiful Princess of Cashmere recover?"

"Is your Highness dreaming?" said Topaz, calmly.

"And what," cried Rustem, "has become of that cruel Ebony, with his two black wings? Is it his fault that I am dying so dreadful a death?"

"Sir, I left him upstairs snoring. Shall I call him down?"

"The villain! He has been tormenting me these six months. It was he who took me to that fatal fair at Cabul; it was he who stole the diamond the Princess gave me; he is the sole cause of my journey, of the death of my Princess and of the javelin-wound of which I am dying in the prime of youth."

"Make yourself easy," said Topaz. "You have never been to Cabul. There is no Princess of Cashmere; the Prince has but two sons, and they are now at school. You never had any diamond. The Princess cannot be dead since she never was born; and you are perfectly sound and well."

"What! Is it not true that you became in turn an eagle, an elephant, an ass, a doctor, and a magpie, to protect me from ill?"

"It is all a dream, sir. Our ideas are no more under our control when sleeping than when awake. The Almighty sent that string of ideas through your head, as it would seem, to give you some lesson which you may lay to heart."

"You are making game of me," said Rustem. "How long have I been sleeping?"

"Sir, you have only slept one hour."

"Well, I cannot understand it," said Rustem.

But perhaps he took the lesson to heart, and learnt to doubt whether all he wished for was right and good for him.

"SILVIO! *YOU* KNEW SILVIO?"

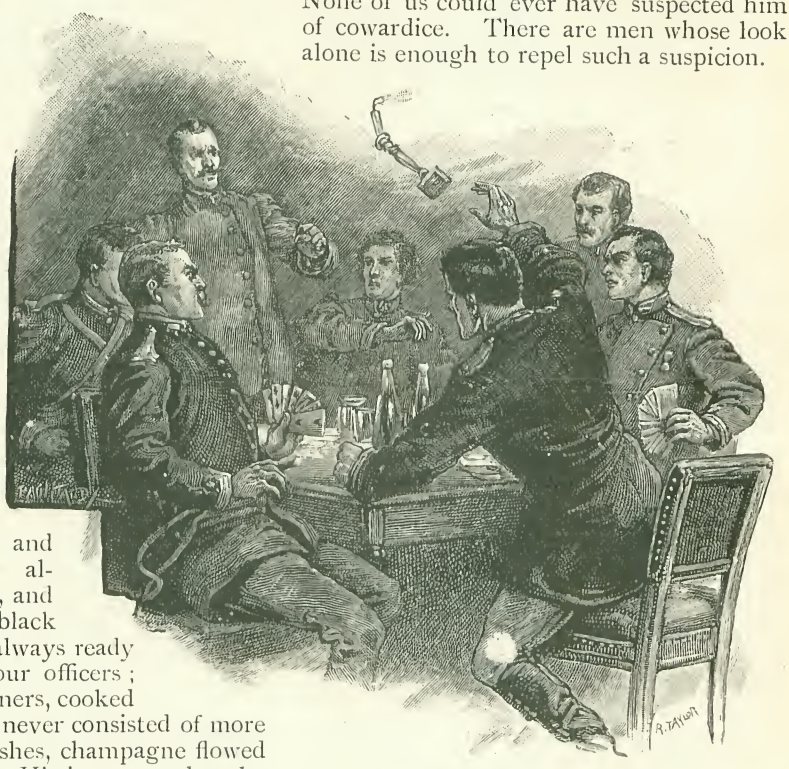
The Pistol Shot.

FROM THE RUSSIAN OF ALEXANDER PUSHKIN.

WE were stationed at the little village of Z. The life of an officer in the army is well known. Drill and the riding school in the morning; dinner with the colonel or at the Jewish restaurant; and in the evening punch and cards.

At Z. nobody kept open house, and there was no girl that anyone could think of marrying. We used to meet at each other's rooms, where we never saw anything but one another's uniforms. There was only one man among us who did not belong to the regiment. He was about thirty-five, and, of course, we looked upon him as an old fellow. He had the advantage of experience, and his habitual gloom, stern features, and his sharp tongue gave him great influence over his juniors. He was surrounded by a certain mystery. His looks were Russian, but his name was foreign. He had served in the Hussars, and with credit. No one knew what had induced him to retire and settle in this out of the way little village, where he lived in mingled poverty and extravagance. He always went on foot, and wore a shabby black coat. But he was always ready to receive any of our officers; and, though his dinners, cooked by a retired soldier, never consisted of more than two or three dishes, champagne flowed at them like water. His income or how he got it no one knew; and no one ventured to ask. He had a few books on military subjects and a few novels, which he willingly lent and never asked to have returned. But, on the other hand, he never returned the books he himself borrowed.

His principal recreation was pistol-shooting. The walls of his room were riddled with bullets—a perfect honeycomb. A rich collection of pistols was the only thing luxurious in his modestly furnished villa. His skill as a shot was quite prodigious. If he had undertaken to shoot a pear off some one's cap, not a man in our regiment would have hesitated to act as target. Our conversation often turned on duelling. Silvio—so I will call him—never joined in it. When asked if he had ever fought, he answered curtly, "Yes." But he gave no particulars, and it was evident that he disliked such questions. We concluded that the memory of some unhappy victim of his terrible skill preyed heavily upon his conscience. None of us could ever have suspected him of cowardice. There are men whose look alone is enough to repel such a suspicion.



"THE OFFICER SEIZED A BRASS CANDLESTICK."

An unexpected incident fairly astonished us. One afternoon about ten officers were dining with Silvio. They drank as usual; that is to say, a great deal. After dinner we asked our host to make a pool. For a

long time he refused on the ground that he seldom played. At last he ordered cards to be brought in. With half a hundred gold pieces on the table we sat round him, and the game began. It was Silvio's habit not to speak when playing. He never disputed or explained. If an adversary made a mistake Silvio without a word chalked it down against him. Knowing his way, we always let him have it.

But among us on this occasion was an officer who had but lately joined. While playing he absent-mindedly scored a point too much. Silvio took the chalk and corrected the score in his own fashion. The officer, supposing him to have made a mistake, began to explain. Silvio went on dealing in silence. The officer, losing patience, took the brush and rubbed out what he thought was wrong. Silvio took the chalk and recorrected it. The officer, heated with wine and play, and irritated by the laughter of the company, thought himself aggrieved, and, in a fit of passion, seized a brass candlestick and threw it at Silvio, who only just managed to avoid the missile. Great was our confusion. Silvio got up, white with rage, and said, with sparkling eyes—

"Sir! have the goodness to withdraw, and you may thank God that this has happened in my own house."

We could have no doubt as to the consequences, and we already looked upon our new comrade as a dead man. He withdrew saying that he was ready to give satisfaction for his offence in any way desired.

The game went on for a few minutes. But feeling that our host was upset we gradually left off playing and dispersed, each to his own quarters. At the riding school next day, we were already asking one another whether the young lieutenant was still alive, when he appeared among us. We asked him the same question, and were told that he had not yet heard from Silvio. We were astonished. We went to Silvio's and found him in the court-yard popping bullet after bullet into an ace which he had gummed to the gate. He received us as usual, but made no allusion to what had happened on the previous evening.

Three days passed, and the lieutenant was still alive. "Can it be possible," we asked one another in astonishment, "that Silvio will not fight?"

Silvio did not fight. He accepted a flimsy apology, and became reconciled to the man who had insulted him. This lowered him greatly in the opinion of the young men, who, placing bravery above all the other human virtues and regarding it as an excuse for every imaginable vice, were ready to overlook anything sooner than a lack of courage. However, little by little all was forgotten, and Silvio regained his former influence. I alone could not renew my friendship with him. Being naturally romantic I had surpassed the rest in my attachment to the man whose life was an enigma, and who seemed to me a hero of some mysterious story. He liked me; and with me alone did he drop his sarcastic tone and converse simply and most agreeably on many subjects. But after this unlucky evening the thought that his honour was tarnished, and that it remained so by his own choice, never left me; and this prevented any renewal of our former intimacy. I was ashamed to look at him. Silvio was too sharp and experienced not to notice this and guess the reason. It seemed to vex him, for I observed that once or twice he hinted at an explanation. But I wanted none; and Silvio gave me up. Thenceforth I only met him in the presence of other friends, and our confidential talks were at an end.

The busy occupants of the capital have no idea of the emotions so frequently experienced by residents in the country and in country towns; as, for instance, in awaiting the arrival of the post. On Tuesdays and Fridays the bureau of the regimental staff was crammed with officers. Some were expecting money, others letters or newspapers. The letters were mostly opened on the spot, and the news freely interchanged, the office meanwhile presenting a most lively appearance.

Silvio's letters used to be addressed to our regiment, and he usually called for them himself. On one occasion, a letter having been handed to him, I saw him break the seal and, with a look of great impatience, read the contents. His eyes sparkled. The other officers, each engaged with his own letters, did not notice anything.

"Gentlemen," said Silvio, "circumstances demand my immediate departure. I leave to-night, and I hope you will not refuse to dine with me for the last time. I shall expect you, too," he added, turning towards me, "without fail." With these words he hurriedly left, and we agreed to meet at Silvio's.

I went to Silvio's at the appointed time, and found nearly the whole regiment with

him. His things were already packed. Nothing remained but the bare shot-marked walls. We sat down to table. The host was in excellent spirits, and his liveliness communicated itself to the rest of the company. Corks popped every moment. Bottles fizzed, and tumblers foamed incessantly, and we, with much warmth, wished our departing friend a pleasant journey and every happiness. The evening was far advanced when we rose from table. During the search for hats, Silvio wished everybody good-bye. Then, taking me by the hand, as I was on the point of leaving, he said in a low voice,

"I want to speak to you."

I stopped behind.

The guests had gone and we were left alone.

Sitting down opposite one another, we lighted our pipes. Silvio was much agitated; no traces of his former gaiety remained. Deadly pale, with sparkling eyes, and a thick smoke issuing from his mouth, he looked like a demon. Several minutes passed before he broke silence.

"Perhaps we shall never meet again," he said. "Before saying good-bye I want to have a few words with you. You may have remarked that I care little for the opinions of others. But I like you, and should be sorry to leave you under a wrong impression."

He paused, and began refilling his pipe. I looked down and was silent.

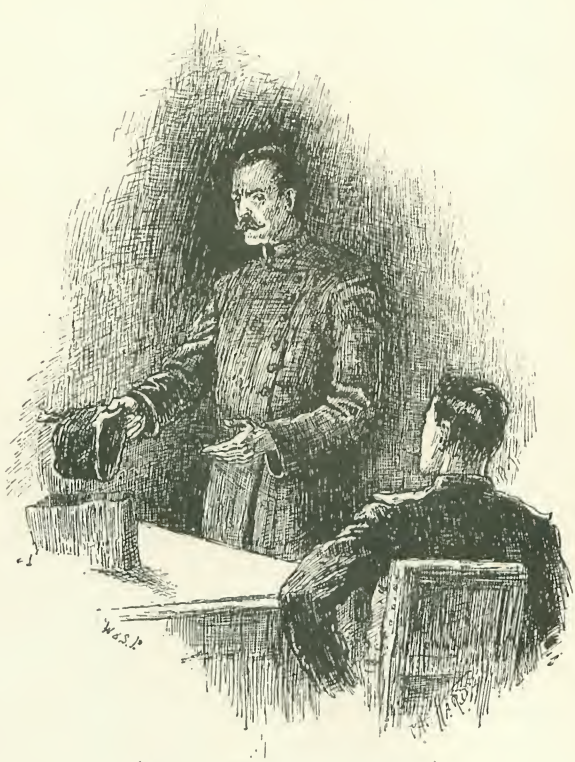
"You thought it odd," he continued, "that I did not require satisfaction from that drunken maniac. You will grant, however, that being entitled to the choice of weapons I had his life more or less in my hands. I might attribute my tolerance to generosity, but I will not deceive you. If I could have chastised him without the least risk to myself, without the slightest danger to my own life, then I would on no account have forgiven him."

I looked at Silvio with surprise. Such a confession completely upset me. Silvio continued:—

"Precisely so: I had no right to endanger my life. Six years ago I received a slap in the face, and my enemy still lives."

My curiosity was greatly excited.

"Did you not fight him?" I inquired. "Circumstances probably separated you?"



"HERE IS A MEMENTO OF OUR DUEL."

"I did fight him," replied Silvio, "and here is a memento of our duel."

He rose and took from a cardboard box a red cap with a gold tassel and gold braid.

"My disposition is well known to you. I have been accustomed to be first in everything. From my youth this has been my passion. In my time dissipation was the fashion, and I was the most dissipated man in the army. We used to boast of our drunkenness. I beat at drinking the celebrated Bourtsoff, of whom Davidoff has sung in his poems. Duels in our regiment were of daily occurrence. I took part in all of them, either as second or as principal. My comrades adored me, while the commanders of the regiment, who were constantly being changed, looked upon me as an incurable evil.

"I was calmly, or rather boisterously, enjoying my reputation, when a certain young man joined our regiment. He was rich, and came of a distinguished family—I will not name him. Never in my life did I meet with so brilliant, so fortunate a fellow!—young, clever, handsome, with the wildest

spirits, the most reckless bravery, bearing a celebrated name, possessing funds of which he did not know the amount, but which were inexhaustible. You may imagine the effect he was sure to produce among us. My leadership was shaken. Dazzled by my reputation, he began by seeking my friendship. But I received him coldly; at which, without the least sign of regret, he kept aloof from me.

"I took a dislike to him. His success in the regiment and in the society of women brought me to despair. I tried to pick a quarrel with him. To my epigrams he replied with epigrams which always seemed to me more pointed and more piercing than my own, and which were certainly much livelier; for while he joked, I was raving.

"Finally, at a ball at the house of a Polish landed proprietor, seeing him receive marked attention from all the ladies, and especially from the lady of the house, who had formerly been on very friendly terms with me, I whispered some low insult in his ear. He flew into a passion, and gave me a slap on the cheek. We clutched our swords; the ladies fainted; we were separated; and the same night we drove out to fight.

"It was nearly daybreak. I was standing at the appointed spot with my three seconds. How impatiently I awaited my opponent! The spring sun had risen, and it was growing hot. At last I saw him in the distance. He was on foot, accompanied by only one second. We advanced to meet him. He approached, holding in his hand his regimental cap, filled full of black cherries.

"The seconds measured twelve paces. It was for me to fire first. But my excitement was so great that I could not depend upon the certainty of my hand; and, in order to give myself time to get calm, I ceded the first shot to my adversary. He would not accept it, and we decided to cast lots.

"The number fell to him; constant favourite of fortune that he was! He aimed, and put a bullet through my cap.

"It was now my turn. His life at last was in my hands; I looked at him eagerly, trying to detect if only some faint shadow of uneasiness. But he stood beneath my pistol, picking out ripe cherries from his cap and spitting out the stones, some of which fell near me. His indifference enraged me. 'What is the use,' thought I, 'of depriving him of life, when he sets no value upon it.' As this savage thought flitted through my brain I lowered the pistol.

"'You don't seem to be ready for death,' I said; 'you are eating your breakfast, and I don't want to interfere with you.'

"'You don't interfere with me in the least,' he replied. 'Be good enough to fire. Or don't fire if you prefer it; the shot remains with you, and I shall be at your service at any moment.'

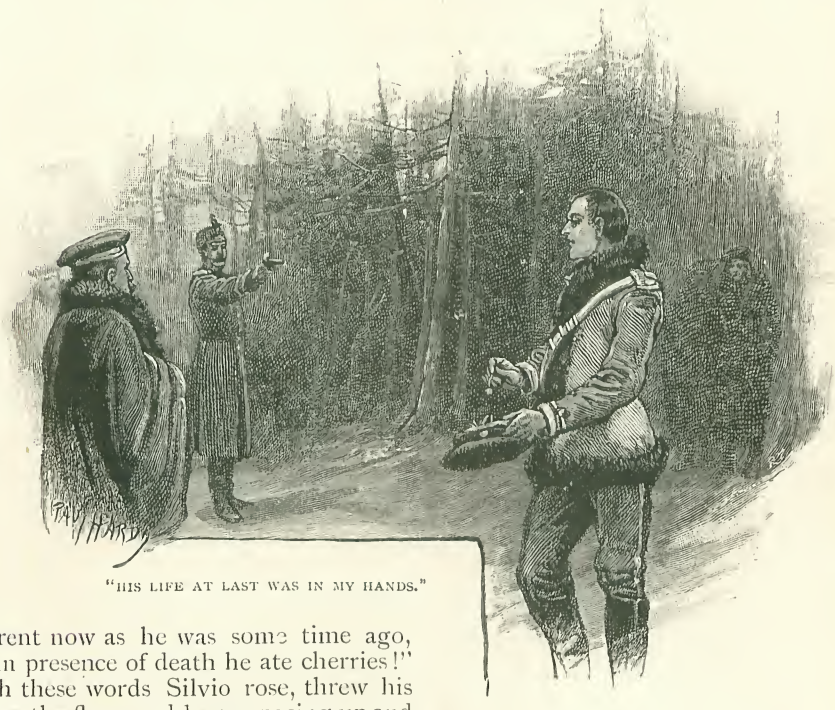
"I turned to the seconds, informing them that I had no intention of firing that day; and with this the duel ended. I resigned

"WE CLUTCHED OUR SWORDS."

my commission and retired to this little place. Since then not a single day has passed that I have not thought of my revenge; and now the hour has arrived."

Silvio took from his pocket the letter he had received that morning, and handed it to me to read. Someone (it seemed to be his business agent) wrote to him from Moscow, that a certain individual was soon to be married to a young and beautiful girl.

"You guess," said Silvio, "who the certain individual is. I am starting for Moscow. We shall see whether he will be as



"HIS LIFE AT LAST WAS IN MY HANDS."

indifferent now as he was some time ago, when in presence of death he ate cherries!"

With these words Silvio rose, threw his cap upon the floor, and began pacing up and down the room like a tiger in his cage. I remained silent. Strange contending feelings agitated me.

The servant entered and announced that the horses were ready. Silvio grasped my hand tightly. He got into the *telega*, in which lay two trunks—one containing his pistols, the other some personal effects. We wished good-bye a second time, and the horses galloped off.

II.

MANY years passed, and family circumstances obliged me to settle in the poor little village of N. Engaged in farming, I sighed in secret for my former merry, careless existence. Most difficult of all I found it to pass in solitude the spring and winter evenings. Until the dinner hour I somehow occupied the time, talking to the *starosta*, driving round to see how the work went on, or visiting the new buildings. But as soon as evening began to draw in, I was at a loss what to do with myself. My books in various bookcases, cupboards, and storerooms I knew by heart. The housekeeper, Kurilovna, related to me all the stories she could remember. The songs of the peasant women made me melancholy. I tried cherry brandy, but that gave me the headache. I must confess, however, that I had some fear of becoming a drunkard from *ennui*, the saddest kind of drunkenness imaginable, of which I had seen many examples in our district.

I had no near neighbours with the exception of two or three melancholy ones, whose conversation consisted mostly of hiccups and sighs. Solitude was preferable to that. Finally I decided to go to bed as early as possible, and to dine as late as possible, thus shortening the evening and lengthening the day; and I found this plan a good one.

Four versts from my place was a large estate belonging to Count B.; but the

steward alone lived there. The Countess had visited her domain once only, just after her marriage; and she then only lived there about a month. However, in the second spring of my retirement, there was a report that the Countess, with her husband, would come to spend the summer on her estate; and they arrived at the beginning of June.

The advent of a rich neighbour is an important event for residents in the country. The landowners and the people of their household talk of it for a couple of months beforehand, and for three years afterwards. As far as I was concerned, I must confess, the expected arrival of a young and beautiful neighbour affected me strongly. I burned with impatience to see her; and the first Sunday after her arrival I started for the village, in order to present myself to the Count and Countess as their near neighbour and humble servant.

The footman showed me into the Count's study, while he went to inform him of my arrival. The spacious room was furnished in a most luxurious manner. Against the walls stood enclosed bookshelves well furnished with books, and surmounted by bronze busts. Over the marble mantelpiece was a large mirror. The floor was covered with green cloth, over which were spread rugs and carpets.

Having got unaccustomed to luxury in my own poor little corner, and not having beheld the wealth of other people for a long while, I was awed; and I awaited the Count with a sort of fear, just as a petitioner from the provinces awaits in an ante-room the arrival of the minister. The doors opened, and a man, about thirty-two, and very handsome, entered the apartment. The Count approached me with a frank and friendly look. I tried to be self-possessed, and began to introduce myself, but he forestalled me.

We sat down. His easy and agreeable conversation soon dissipated my nervous timidity. I was already passing into my usual manner, when suddenly the Countess entered, and I became more confused than ever. She was, indeed, beautiful. The Count presented me. I was anxious to appear at ease, but the more I tried to assume an air of unrestraint, the more awkward I felt myself becoming. They, in order to give me time to recover myself and get accustomed to my new acquaintances, conversed with one another, treating me in good neighbourly fashion without ceremony. Meanwhile, I walked about the room, examining the books and pictures. In pictures I am no *connaisseur;* but one of the Count's attracted my particular notice. It represented a view in Switzerland. I was not, however, struck by the painting, but by the fact that it was shot through by two bullets, one planted just on the top of the other.

"A good shot," I remarked, turning to the Count.

"Yes," he replied, "a very remarkable shot."

"Do you shoot well?" he added.

"Tolerably," I answered, rejoicing that the conversation had turned at last on a subject which interested me. "At a distance of thirty paces I do not miss a card; I mean, of course, with a pistol that I am accustomed to."

"Really?" said the Countess, with a look of great interest. "And you, my dear, could you hit a card at thirty paces?"

"Some day," replied the Count, "we will try. In my own time I did not shoot badly. But it is four years now since I held a pistol in my hand."

"Oh," I replied, "in that case, I bet, Count, that you will not hit a card even at twenty paces. The pistol demands daily practice. I know that from experience. In our regiment I was reckoned one of the best shots. Once I happened not to take a pistol in hand for a whole month: I had sent my own to the gunsmith's. Well, what do you think, Count? The first time I began again to shoot I four times running missed a bottle at twenty paces. The captain of our company, who was a wit, happened to be present, and he said to me: 'Your hand, my friend, refuses to raise itself against the bottle!' No, Count, you must not neglect to practise, or you will soon lose all skill. The best shot I ever knew used to shoot every day, and at least three times every day before dinner. This was as much his habit as the preliminary glass of vodka."

The Count and Countess seemed pleased that I had begun to talk.

"And what sort of a shot was he?" asked the Count.

"This sort, Count: if he saw a fly settle on the wall—— You smile, Countess, but I assure you it is a fact. When he saw the fly, he would call out, 'Kouska, my pistol!' Kouska brought him the loaded pistol. A crack, and the fly was crushed into the wall!"

"That is astonishing!" said the Count. "And what was his name?"

"Silvio was his name."

"Silvio!" exclaimed the Count, starting from his seat. "*You* knew Silvio?"

"How could I fail to know him?—we were comrades; he was received at our mess like a brother-officer. It is now about five years since I last had tidings of him. Then you, Count, also knew him?"

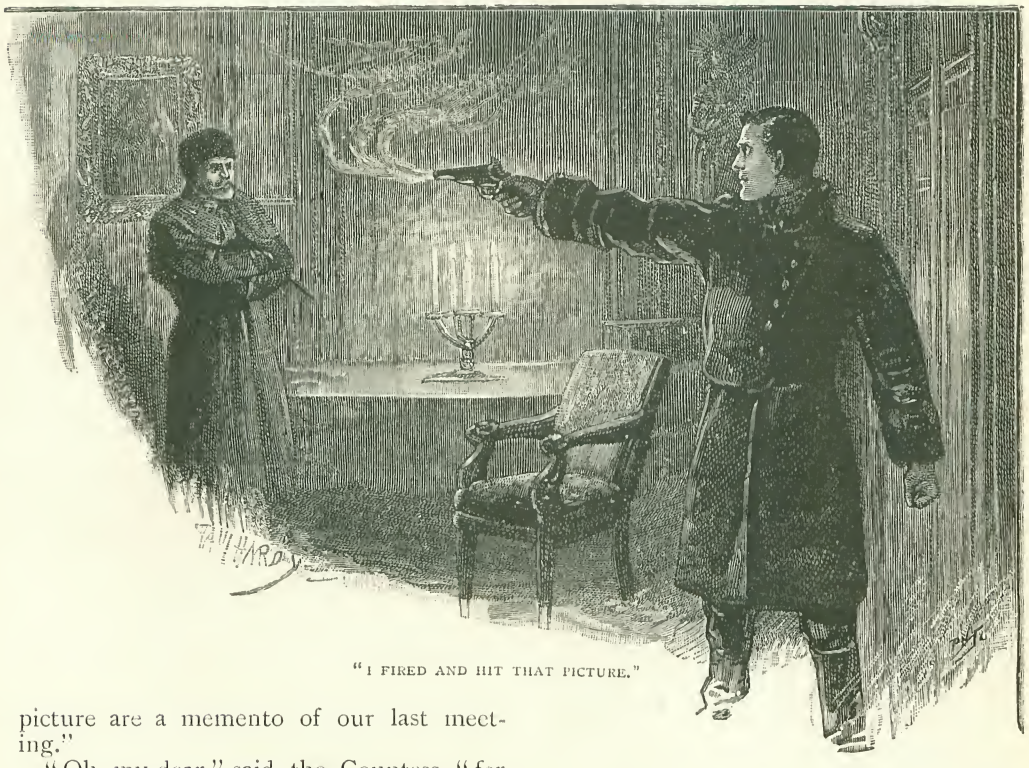
"I knew him very well. Did he never tell you of one very extraordinary incident in his life?"

"Do you mean the slap in the face, Count, that he received from a blackguard at a ball?"

"He did not tell you the name of this blackguard?"

"No, Count, he did not. Forgive me," I added, guessing the truth, "forgive me—I did not—could it really have been you?"

"It was myself," replied the Count, greatly agitated; "and the shots in the



"I FIRED AND HIT THAT PICTURE."

picture are a memento of our last meeting."

"Oh, my dear," said the Countess, "for God's sake, do not relate it! It frightens me to think of it."

"No," replied the Count; "I must tell him all. He knows how I insulted his friend. He shall also know how Silvio revenged himself." The Count pushed a chair towards me, and with the liveliest interest I listened to the following story:—

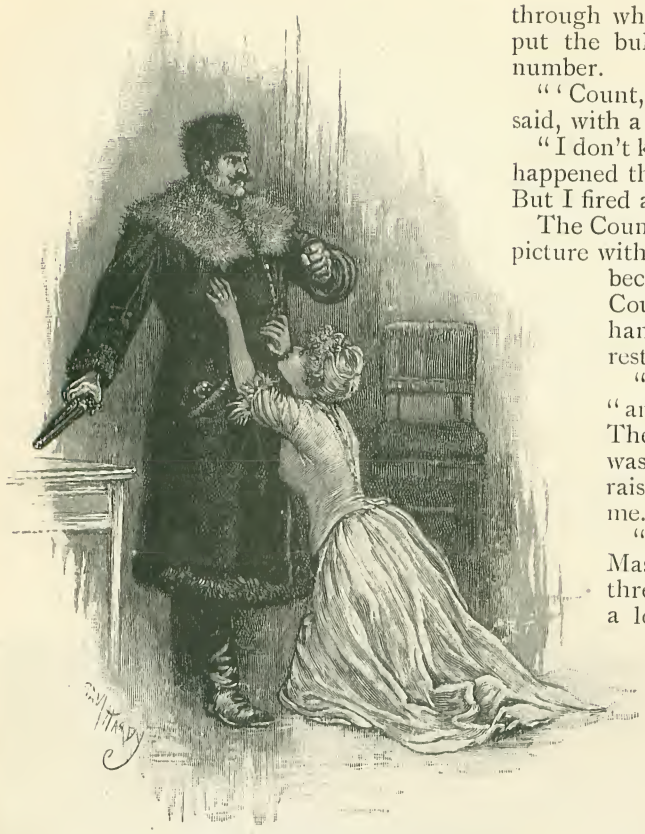
"Five years ago," began the Count, "I got married. The honeymoon I spent here, in this village. To this house I am indebted for the happiest moments of my life, and for one of its saddest remembrances.

"One afternoon we went out riding together. My wife's horse became restive. She was frightened, got off the horse, handed the reins over to me, and walked home. I rode on before her. In the yard I saw a travelling carriage, and I was told that in my study sat a man who would not give his name, but simply said that he wanted to see me on business. I entered the study, and saw in the darkness a man, dusty and unshaven. He stood there, by the fireplace. I approached him trying to recollect his face.

"'You don't remember me, Count?' he said, in a tremulous voice.

"'Silvio!' I cried, and I confess, I felt that my hair was standing on end.

"'Exactly so,' he added. 'You owe me a shot; I have come to claim it. Are



"MASHA THREW HERSELF AT HIS FEET.'

you ready?' A pistol protruded from his side pocket.

"I measured twelve paces, and stood there in that corner, begging him to fire quickly, before my wife came in.

"He hesitated, and asked for a light. Candles were brought in. I locked the doors, gave orders that no one should enter, and again called upon him to fire. He took out his pistol and aimed.

"I counted the seconds. . . . I thought of her. . . . A terrible moment passed! Then Silvio lowered his hand.

"'I only regret,' he said, 'that the pistol is not loaded with cherry-stones. My bullet is heavy; and it always seems to me that an affair of this kind is not a duel, but a murder. I am not accustomed to aim at unarmed men. Let us begin again from the beginning. Let us cast lots as to who shall fire first.'

"My head went round. I think I objected. Finally, however, we loaded another pistol and rolled up two pieces of paper. These he placed inside his cap; the one through which, at our first meeting, I had put the bullet. I again drew the lucky number.

"'Count, you have the devil's luck,' he said, with a smile which I shall never forget.

"I don't know what I was about, or how it happened that he succeeded in inducing me. But I fired and hit that picture."

The Count pointed with his finger to the picture with the shot-marks. His face had become red with agitation. The Countess was whiter than her own handkerchief: and I could not restrain an exclamation.

"I fired," continued the Count, "and, thank heaven, missed. Then Silvio—at this moment he was really terrible—then Silvio raised his pistol to take aim at me.

"Suddenly the door flew open, Masha rushed into the room. She threw herself upon my neck with a loud shriek. Her presence restored to me all my courage.

"'My dear,' I said to her, 'don't you see that we are only joking? How frightened you look! Go and drink a glass of water and then come back; I will introduce you to an old friend and comrade.'

"Masha was still in doubt.

"'Tell me, is my husband speaking the truth?' she asked, turning to the terrible Silvio; 'is it true that you are only joking?'

"'He is always joking, Countess,' Silvio replied. 'He once in a joke gave me a slap in the face; in joke he put a bullet through this cap while I was wearing it; and in joke, too, he missed me when he fired just now. And now *I* have a fancy for a joke.' With these words he raised his pistol as if to shoot me down before her eyes!

"Masha threw herself at his feet.

"'Rise, Masha! For shame!' I cried in my passion; 'and you, sir, cease to amuse yourself at the expense of an unhappy woman. Will you fire or not?'

"'I will not,' replied Silvio. 'I am satisfied. I have witnessed your agitation; your terror. I forced you to fire at me. That is enough; you will remember me. I leave you to your conscience.'

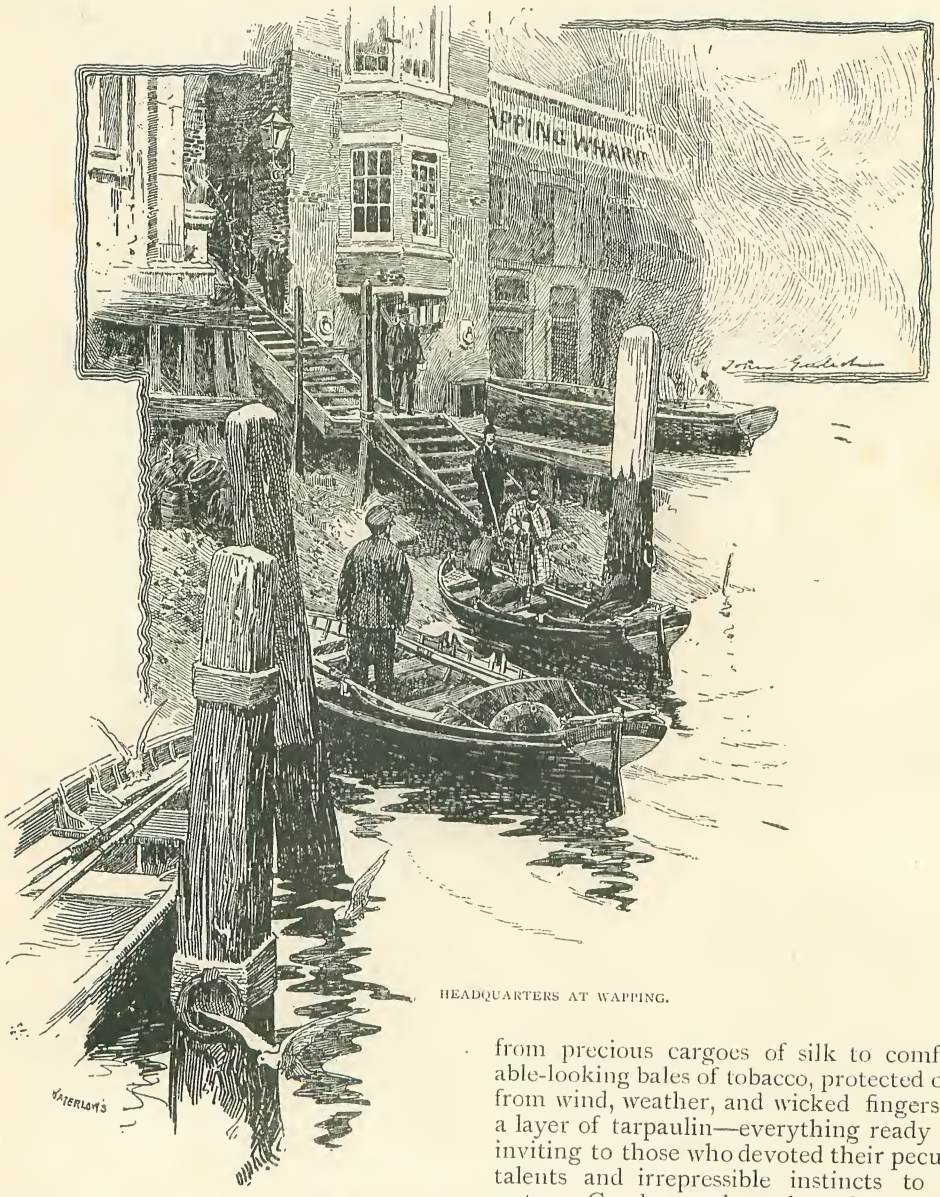
"He was now about to go. But he stopped at the door, looked round at the picture which my shot had passed through, fired at

it almost without taking aim, and disappeared.

"My wife had sunk down fainting. The servants had not ventured to stop Silvio, whom they looked upon with terror. He passed out to the steps, called his coachman, and before I could collect myself drove off."

The Count was silent. I had now heard the end of the story of which the beginning had long before surprised me. The hero of it I never saw again. I heard, however, that Silvio, during the rising of Alexander Ipsilanti, commanded a detachment of insurgents and was killed in action.

A Night with the Thames Police.

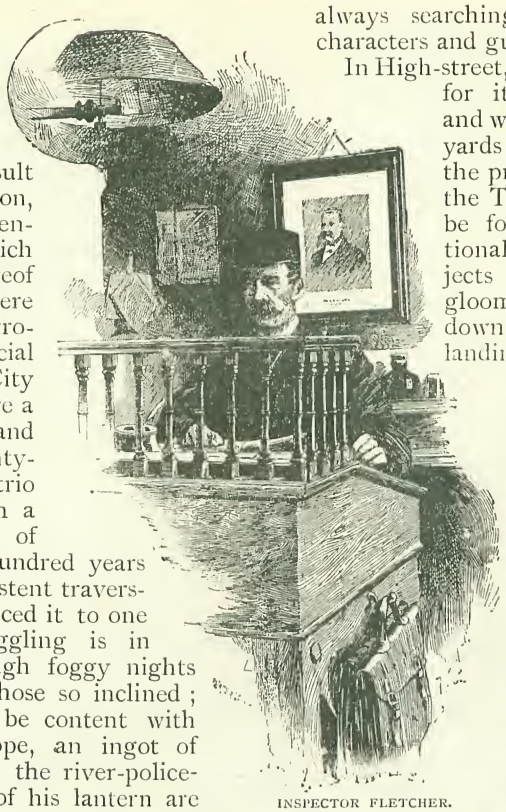


HEADQUARTERS AT WAPPING.

THERE was a time when the owners of craft on the Thames practically left their back-doors open and invited the river-thieves to enter, help themselves, and leave unmolested and content. The barges lay in the river holding everything most coveted, from precious cargoes of silk to comfortable-looking bales of tobacco, protected only from wind, weather, and wicked fingers by a layer of tarpaulin—everything ready and inviting to those who devoted their peculiar talents and irrepressible instincts to the water. Goods to the value of a million sterling were being neatly appropriated every year. The City merchants were at their wits' end. Some of the more courageous and determined of them ventured out themselves at night ; but the thieves—never at a loss in conceiving an ingenious and ready means of escape—slipped, so to speak, out of their would-be captors' hands by going

semi-clothed about their work, greasing their flesh and garments until they were as difficult to catch as eels.

So the merchants held solemn conclave, the result of which was the formation, in 1792, of "The Preventative Service," a title which clung to the members thereof until 1839, when they were embodied with the Metropolitan Police with the special privilege of posing as City constables. Now they are a body of two hundred and two strong, possessing twenty-eight police galleys and a trio of steam launches. From a million pounds' worth of property stolen yearly a hundred years ago, they have, by a persistent traversing of a watery beat, reduced it to one hundred pounds. Smuggling is in reality played out, though foggy nights are still fascinating to those so inclined; but now they have to be content with a coil or two of old rope, an ingot of lead, or a few fish. Still the river-policeman's eye and the light of his lantern are always searching for suspicious characters and guilty-looking craft.



INSPECTOR FLETCHER.

In High-street, Wapping, famous for its river romances, and within five hundred yards of the Old Stairs, the principal station of the Thames Police is to be found. The traditional blue lamp projects over a somewhat gloomy passage leading down to the river-side landing stage. To us, on the night appointed for our expedition, it is a welcome beacon as to the whereabouts of law and order, for only a few minutes previously half a dozen worthy gentlemen standing at the top of some neighbouring steps, wearing slouched hats and anything but a comforting expression on their faces gruffly demanded, "Do you want a boat?" Fortunately we did not. These estimable individuals had only just left the dock of the police station, where they had been charged on suspicion, but eventually discharged.

IN THE CELLS.

It is a quarter to six o'clock. At six we are to start for our journey up the river as far as Waterloo and back again to Greenwich; but there is time to take a hasty survey of the interior of the station, where accommodation is provided for sixteen single men, with a library, reading-room, and billiard-room at their disposal.

"Fine night, sir; rather cold, though," says a hardy-looking fellow dressed in a reefer and a brightly glazed old-time man-o'-war's hat. He is one of the two oldest men in the force, and could tell how he lost his wife and all his family, save one lad, when the *Princess Alice* went down in 1878. He searched for ten days and ten nights, but they were lost to him. Another of these river guardians has a never-to-be-forgotten reminiscence of that terrible disaster, when the men of the Thames

police were on duty for four or five nights at a stretch. He was just too late to catch the ill-fated vessel! He was left behind on the pier at Sheerness, and with regret watched it leave, full of merrymakers. What must have been his thoughts when he heard the news?

strapping fellow, buttoning up his coat to his neck.

"Aye, aye, skipper," we shout, becoming for the moment quite nautical.

Inside the station-house you turn sharply to the right, and there is the charge-room. Portraits of Sir Charles Warren and other

A NIGHT CHARGE.

You may pick out any of these thick-set fellows standing about. They have one and all roamed the seas over. Many are old colonials, others middle-aged veterans from the navy and merchant service—every one of them as hard as a rock, capable of rowing for six or eight hours at a stretch without resting on the oar.

"Don't be long inside, sir," shouts a

police authorities are picturesquely arranged on the walls. In front of the desk, with its innumerable little wooden rails, where sits the inspector in charge, is the prisoners' dock, from the ground of which rises the military measurement in inches against which the culpit testifies as to his height. The hands of the clock above are slowly going their rounds. In a corner, near the

stout steel rails of the dock, lie a couple of bargemen's peak caps. They are labelled with a half-sheet of notepaper. Their history? They have been picked up in the river, but the poor fellows who owned them are—missing! It will be part of our duties to assist in the search for them to-night.

Just in a crevice by the window are the telegraph instruments. A clicking noise is heard, and the inspector hurriedly takes down on a slate a strange but suggestive message.

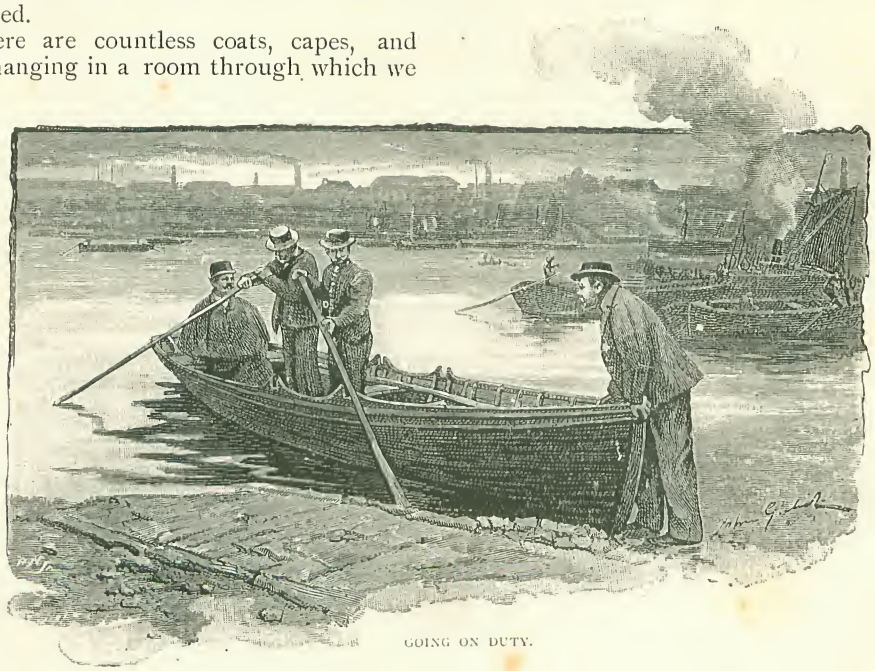
"Information received of a prize-fight for £2 a side, supposed to take place between Highgate and Hampstead."

What has Highgate or Hampstead to do with the neighbourhood of Wapping, or how does a prize-fight affect the members of the Thames police, who are anything but pugilistically inclined? In our innocence we learn that it is customary to telegraph such information to all the principal stations throughout London. The steady routine of the force is to be admired.

There are countless coats, capes, and caps hanging in a room through which we pass on our way to the cells—cosy, clean, and convenient apartments, and decidedly cheap to the temporary tenant. There are two of them, one being specially retained for women. They are painted yellow, provided with a wash-basin, towel, a supply of soap, and a drinking cup. Heat is supplied through hot-water pipes; a pillow and rug are provided for the women; and, like "desirable villa residences," the apartments are fitted with electric bells.

Here the occupier is lodged for the time being, allowed food at each meal to the value of fourpence, and eventually tried at the Thames Police-court. Look at the doors. They bear countless dents from the boot-tips of young men endeavouring to perform the clever acrobatic feat of kicking out the iron grating over the door through which the gas-jet gives them light. Those of a musical nature ring the electric bell for half an hour at a time, imagining that they are disturbing the peace of the officer in a distant room. But our smart constable, after satisfying himself that all is well, disconnects the current, and sits smiling at his ease. Some of the inmates, too, amuse themselves by manufacturing streamers out of the blankets. They never do it a second time.

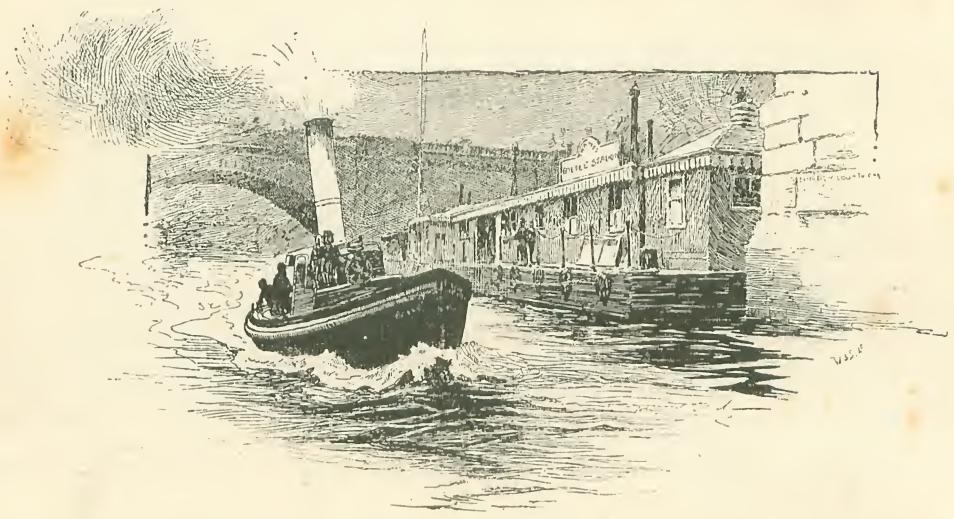
Now we are on our way to the riverside.



GOING ON DUTY.

We descend the wooden steps, soaked through with the water which only a few hours previously has been washing the stairs. Our boat is in waiting, manned by three sturdy fellows, under the charge of an inspector. It is a glorious night; the moon

seems to have come out just to throw a light upon our artist's note-book, and to provide a picture of the station standing out in strong relief. The carpenter—for they repair their own boats here—looks out from his shop door, and shouts a cheery "Good-night." Our galley receives a gentle push into the water, and we start on a long beat of seven and a half miles.



POLICE LAUNCH "ALERT."

Save for the warning of a passing tug, the river is as a place of the dead. How still and solemn! But a sudden "Yo-ho" from the inspector breaks the quietude.

It is the method of greeting as one police galley passes another.

"Yo-ho!" replies the man in charge of the other boat.

"All right. Good-night."

These river police know every man who has any business on the water at night. If the occupant of a boat was questioned, and his "Yo-ho" did not sound familiar, he would be "towed" to the station.

A simple "Yo-ho" once brought about a smart capture. The rower was mystified at the magic word, got mixed in his replies, and accordingly was accommodated with a private room at the station for the night. It transpired that this river purloiner had stolen the boat, and, being of a communicative disposition, was in the habit of getting on friendly terms with the watchmen of the steamers, and so contrived to gain an entrance to the cabins, from which money and watches disappeared. This piece of ingenuity was rewarded with ten years' penal servitude.

Our little craft has a lively time amongst the fire-floats—for fires are just as likely to occur on the river as on the land, and accordingly small launches are dotted about here and there, fulfilling the same duties as the more formidable-looking engines on *terra firma*. A red light signifies their whereabouts, and they usually lie alongside the piers, so as to be able to telephone quickly should a fire occur. If the police saw flames, they would act exactly as their comrades do on land, and hurry to the nearest float to give the alarm.

It blows cold as we spin past Traitor's Gate at the Tower, but our men become weather-beaten on the Thames, and their hands never lose the grip of the oar. They need a hardy frame, a robust constitution, for no matter what the weather, blinding snow or driving rain, these water guardians come out—the foggiest night detains them not; they have to get through the fog and their allotted six hours. At the time of the Fenian scare at the House of Correction, thirty-six hours at a stretch was considered nothing out of the way.

Now the lights of Billingsgate shine out, and we experience a good deal of dodging outside the Custom House. The wind is getting up, and the diminutive sprat-boats are taking advantage of the breeze to return home. Some are being towed along. And as the oars of our little craft touch the water, every man's eyes are fixed in order

to catch sight of anything like the appearance of a missing person. A record of the missing, as well as the found, is kept at the station we have just left a mile or two down the river. Ten poor creatures remain yet to be discovered. What stories, thrilling and heartrending, we have to listen to! Yet even in such pitiful occurrences as these, much that is grimly humorous often surrounds them. Many are the sad recognitions on the part of those "found drowned." Experience has taught the police to stand quietly behind those who must needs go through such a terrible ordeal, and who often swoon at the first sight. Where is a more touching story than that of the little girl who tramped all the way from Camden Town to Wapping, for the purpose of identifying her father, who had been picked up near the Old Stairs? She was a brave little lass, and looked up into the policeman's face as he took her by the hand and walked with her towards the mortuary. As they reached the door and opened it, the bravery of the child went to the man's heart. He was used to this sort of thing, but, when he thought of the orphan, the tears came to his eyes; he turned away for a moment, lest his charge should see them and lose what strength her tiny frame possessed. He hesitated before he let her go in.

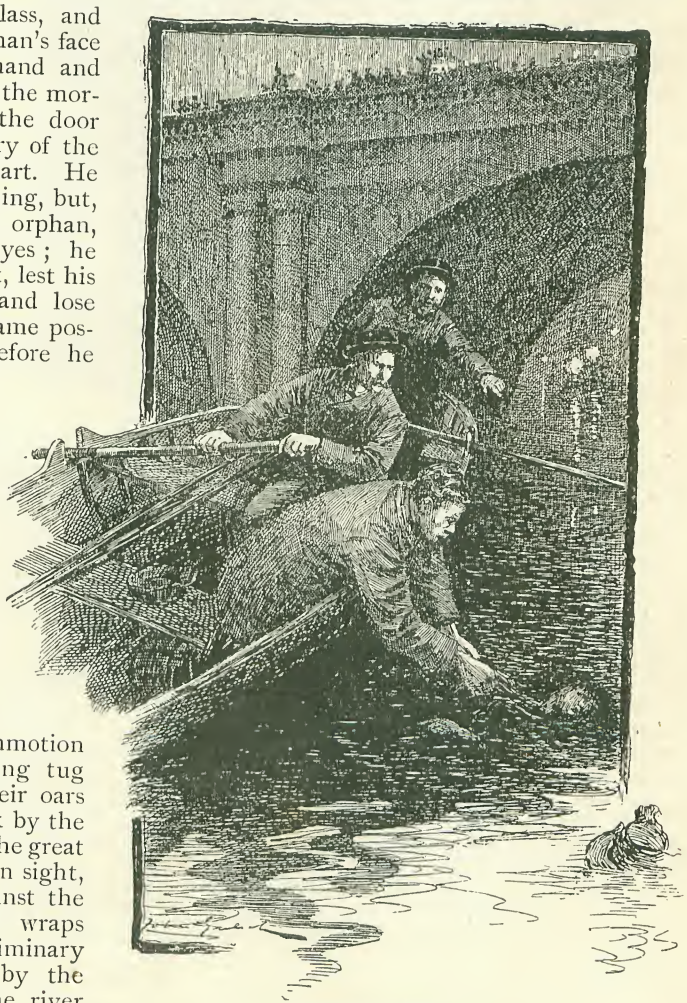
"You're not frightened, are you, policeman?" she asked innocently.

He could not move, and she went in alone. When the constable followed, he found the child with her arms round her dead father's neck, covering his face with tears and kisses.

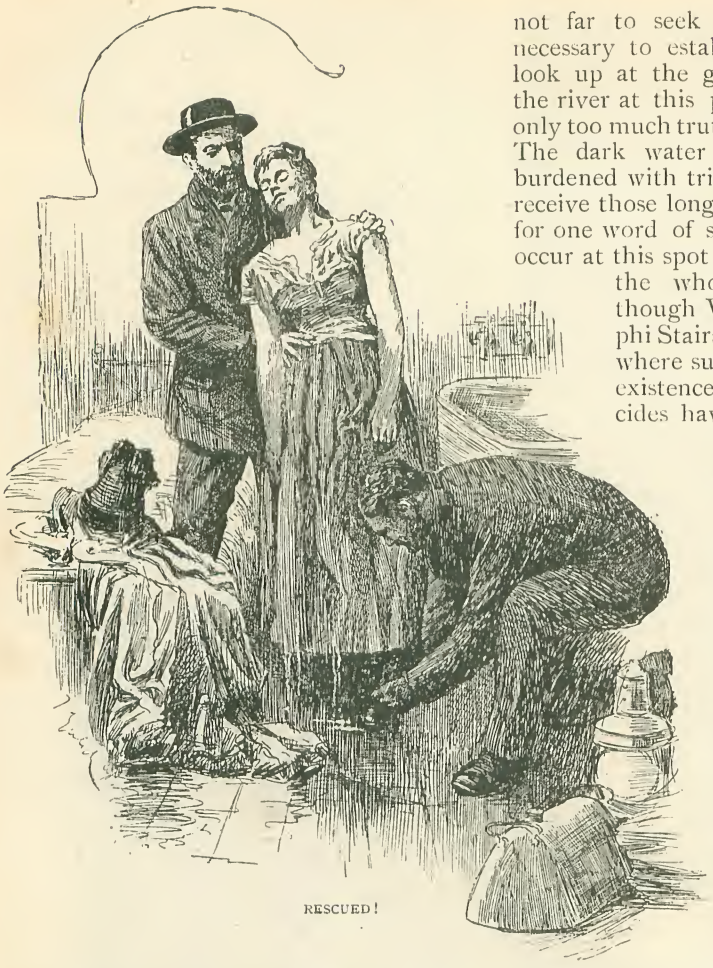
We shoot beneath London Bridge, and the commotion brought about by a passing tug causes our men to rest their oars as we are lifted like a cork by the disturbed waves. And as the great dome of St. Paul's appears in sight, standing out solemnly against the black night, we pull our wraps around us, as a little preliminary to a story volunteered by the captain of our crew. The river police could tell of many a remarkable clue to identification—a piece of lace, or the button of a man's trousers. But the inspector has a curious story of a watch to relate—true every word of it.

"Easy!" he cries to his men—"look to it—now get along," and to the steady swing of the oars he commences.

"It all turned on the inscription engraved on a watch," he says. "When I came to search the clothing of the poor fellow picked up, the timekeeper was found in his pocket. It was a gold one, and on the case was engraved an inscription, setting forth that it had been given to a sergeant in the Marines. Here was the clue sought after—the drowned man had evidently been in the army. The following morning I was on my way to Spring Gardens, when in



THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.



RESCUED!

passing down the Strand I saw a marine, whom I was half inclined to question. I did not, however, do so, but hurried on my sorrowful mission.

"On my arrival, I asked if they knew anything of Sergeant ——. Yes, they did. I must have passed him in the Strand, for he had gone to Coutts' Bank! I was perfectly bewildered. Here was the very *man* found drowned, still alive!

I could only wait until his return. Then the mystery was soon explained. It seemed that the sergeant had sold his gold watch in order to get a more substantial silver one, on condition that the purchaser should take the inscription off. This he failed to do, and he in his turn parted with the timekeeper to another buyer, who had finally committed suicide with the watch still in his pocket.

Our police-galley is now alongside the station, just below Waterloo Bridge. It is not far to seek why it has been found necessary to establish a depôt here. We look up at the great bridge which spans the river at this point, named alas! with only too much truth, "The Bridge of Sighs." The dark water looks inviting to those burdened with trial and trouble, a place to receive those longing for rest and yearning for one word of sympathy. More suicides occur at this spot than at any other along the whole length of the river, though Whitehall Stairs and Adelphi Stairs are both notorious places, where such poor creatures end their existence. Some twenty-one suicides have been attempted at this point during the past year, and twenty-five bodies found.

As we step on the timber station the sensation is extremely curious to those used to the firm footing of the pavement. But Inspector Gibbons—a genial member of the river force—assures us that one soon becomes accustomed to the incessant rocking. Waterloo Police Station—familiar to all river pedestrians during the summer months, owing to the picturesque appearance it presents with its pots of geraniums and climbing fuchsias—is a highly interesting corner.

Just peep into the Inspector's room, and make friends with "Dick," the cat, upon whose shoulders rests the weight of four years and a round dozen pounds. Dick is a capital swimmer, and has been in the water scores of times. Moreover, he is a veritable feline policeman, and woe betide any trespassers of his own race and breed. When a cat ventures within the sacred precincts of the station, Dick makes *friends* with the intruder for the moment, and, in order to enjoy the breeze, quietly edges him to the extreme end of the platform, and suddenly pushes him overboard. "Another cat last night," is a common expression amongst the men here.

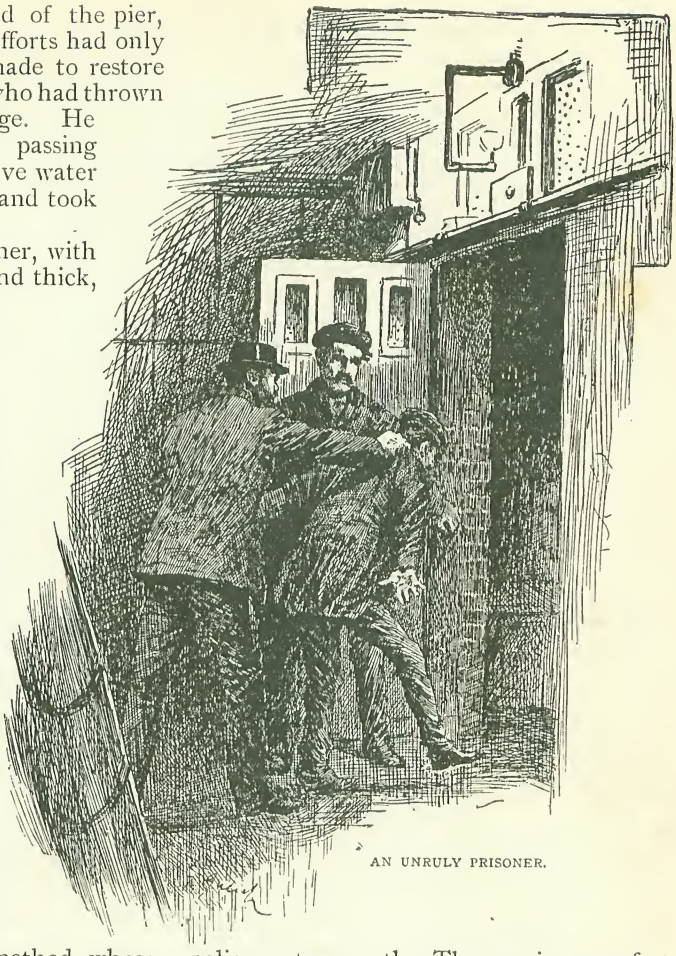
The Waterloo Police Station on occasion becomes a temporary hospital and a home together.

Only half an hour previous to our arrival there had been an attempted suicide, and in

a little room, at the far end of the pier, there was every sign that efforts had only recently been successfully made to restore animation to a young fellow who had thrown himself off Blackfriars Bridge. He had been picked up by a passing skiff, and his head held above water until a steamboat passed by and took him on board.

Here is a bed in the corner, with comfortable-looking pillow and thick, warm blankets, where the unfortunate one is put to bed for a period, previous to being sent to the Infirmary, and afterwards charged. Close at hand is a little medicine chest, containing numerous medicine phials, a flask of stimulants, and a smelling-bottle. A dozen or so of tins, of all shapes and sizes, are handy. These are filled with hot water and placed in contact with the body of the person rescued from the river.

It is often an hour before anything approaching animation makes itself visible, and even four hours have elapsed before any sign has been apparent. The rescued one is laid upon a wooden board, below which is a bath, and rubbed by ready hands according to Dr. Sylvester's method, whose instructions are prominently displayed upon the wall, and are understood by all the police.



AN UNRULY PRISONER.

It will be noticed in the picture that two men are apparently about to undress the hapless creature who has attempted her own life. The first thought that will occur to the reader on looking at the illustration is, that a member of her own sex ought to to do this work. It must be remembered, however, that weeks may elapse without any such event, and there is no place at Waterloo Bridge where a woman could be kept constantly in waiting. Still, it is clearly not right that the men should do this duty, and we think they might be enabled to go to some house in the neighbourhood, in which arrangements had been made for the services of a woman in cases of emergency. We do not forget that great promptness is required at such times in order to resuscitate the body. But, when we remember that every branch in the police system on the Thames is so perfect, it seems a pity that some means cannot be devised.

Many remarkable things might be told about people who have been in this room. One poor fellow was once an inmate who was humorous to the last. When he was brought in, a pair of dumb-bells were found in his pocket, and a piece of paper on which was scrawled in charcoal the following:—

"Dear Bob,—I am going to drown myself. You will find me somewhere near Somerset House. I can't part with my old friends, Bob, so I'm going to take them with me. Good-bye."

The man was evidently an athlete, and the "old friends" referred to were the weighty dumb-bells.

Many have been picked up with their pockets full of granite stones or a piece of lead. One was found with the hands tied together with a silk handkerchief—a love-token which the forsaken one had used

so pitifully. A woman, too, was discovered with a summons in her pocket, which was put down as the cause of her untimely end.

Remarkable are the escapes of would-be suicides. In one instance a woman threw herself off one of the bridges, and instead of falling into the water, jumped into a passing barge. She had a child in her arms. The little one died at Guy's Hospital, but the mother recovered. Some time ago a woman jumped off Westminster Bridge, and floated safely down to the Temple Stairs, where she was picked up. She had gone off the bridge feet first, the wind had caught her clothes, and by this means her head was kept up, and she was saved.

Perhaps, however, the strangest case and one of the most romantic, was that of Alice Blanche Oswald. Previous to committing suicide she wrote letters to herself, purporting to come from wealthy people in America, and setting forth a most heartrending history. Her death aroused a vast amount of public sympathy. A monument to her memory was suggested, and subscriptions were already coming in, when inquiries proved that her supposed friends in America did not exist, and that the story contained in the missives was a far from truthful one. She was nothing more than an adventuress.

As we glance in at the solitary cell, built on exactly the same principle as those at Wapping, in which eleven enterprising individuals have been accommodated at one time, we learn of the thousand and one odds and ends that are washed up—revolvers and rifles, housebreaking instruments which thoughtful burglars have got rid of; the plant of a process for manufacturing counterfeit bank-notes, with some of the flimsy pieces of paper still intact. A plated cup was once picked up at Waterloo, which turned out to be the proceeds of a burglary at Eton College; it is probable the cup floated all the way from the Thames at Windsor to Waterloo.

Forty-eight men are always on duty at this station, including four single men, whose quarters are both novel and decidedly cosy. This quartet of bachelors sleep in bunks, two above the others. The watch of one of the occupants is ticking away in one berth, whilst a clock is vieing with it next door. These men have each a separate locker for their clothes, boot-brushes, tea-pot, coffee-pot, food, &c. The men do all their own cleaning and cooking; if you will, you may look into a kitchen in the corner, in which every pot and pan is as bright as a new pin.

But our time is up; the chiming of "Big Ben" causes the genial inspector gently to remind us that we must be off, and once more we are seated in the boat, and, cutting right across the river, move slowly on our way to Greenwich, where the old *Royalist* is transformed into a station, a familiar institution some sixteen or seventeen years ago at Waterloo.

The whole scene is wonderfully impressive—not a sound is to be heard but the distant rumbling of the vehicles over London Bridge. Our men pause for a moment and rest their oars. The great wharves are deserted, the steamers and barges appear immovable as they lie alongside—there is no life anywhere or any sign of it. Again we get along, halting for a moment to look up at the old man-o'-war, the famous *Discovery*, which ventured out to the Arctic regions under Captain Nares. The old three-mast schooner—for the vessel is nothing more now, being used as a river carrier of the stores from the Victualling Yard at Deptford to the various dockyards—had on board when she went to colder regions a future member of the Thames Police: hence he was called "Arctic Jack" by his companions, a near relation to "Father Neptune," a cognomen bestowed upon another representative of the force, owing to the wealth of white beard which he possessed.

Past Deptford Cattle Market, the red lamps on the jetties light up the water; a good pull and we are at Greenwich Steps, near to which is "The Ship," ever associated with the name of "whitebait." Our beat is ended, and a hearty "Good-night" is re-echoed by the men as we stand watching them on the river steps whilst they pull the first few strokes on their way home to Wapping.

The Maid of Treppi.

From the German of Paul Heyse.

(Continued from page 69.)

HE had not gone very far from her before he found himself between rocks and bushes and without a path ; for however much he might deny it to himself, the words of this extraordinary girl had made him anxious at heart, and all his thoughts were centred on himself. However, he still saw the shepherd's fire on the opposite meadow, and worked his way through manfully, trying to get down to the plain below. He reckoned by looking at the sun that it must be about ten o'clock. But when he had climbed down the steep mountain side, he came upon a shady road, and then to a wooden bridge across a fresh stream. This seemed to lead up the other side, and out on to the meadow. He followed it, and at first the path was a very steep one, but then went winding along the mountain side. He soon saw that it would not bring him very quickly to his destination ; but large overhanging rocks above prevented his taking a straighter direction, and he was obliged to trust himself to his path, unless he turned back altogether. He walked on rapidly, and at first as though loosed from bonds, glancing now and then up at the hut, which did not seem to draw near. By and by, when his blood began to cool, he recalled all the details of the scene he had just gone through. He saw the lovely girl's face bodily before him, and not as before through the mist of his anger. He could not help feeling full of pity for her. "There she sits," he said to himself, "poor crazy thing, and trusts to her magic arts. That was why she left the hut by moonlight, to pluck who knows what harmless plant. Why, yes ; my brave contrabandists showed me the strange white flowers growing between the rocks, and told me they were sure always to evoke mutual love. Innocent flowers, what things are imputed to you ! And that, too, was why the wine was so bitter on my tongue. How everything child-like, the older it is, becomes the stronger and more honoured ! She stood before me like a sibyl, stronger and surer in her faith than any of those Roman ones who cast their books into the flames. Poor heart of woman, how lovely, yet how wretched in delusion ! "

The further he went on his way, the more he felt the touching grandeur of her love, and the power of her beauty enhanced by the separation. "I ought not to have made her suffer for wishing in all good faith to save me by freeing me from inevitable duties. I ought to have taken her hand and to have said : 'I love you Fenice, and, if I live, I will come back to you and take you home.' How blind of me not to think of that suggestion ! a disgrace for any lawyer ! I ought to have taken leave of her with a lover's kisses, and then she would never have suspected I was deceiving her. Instead of which I tried to be straightforward where she was defiant, and I only made things worse.

Then he buried himself in thoughts of such a leave-taking, and seemed to feel her breath and the pressure of her red lips on his own. It was as though he heard his name called. "Fenice ! " he answered eagerly, and stood still with beating heart. The stream flowed on below him, the branches of the fir trees hung motionless ; far and near was a vast, shady wilderness.

Once again her name rose to his lips, but shame in time sealed his mouth—shame and a sort of terror as well. He struck his forehead with his hand. "Am I already so far gone that waking I dream of her ? " he exclaimed. "Is she right, and can no man under the sun resist her charm ? Then I were no better than she would make me out to be, worthy only to be called a woman's man all my life long. No, away with you, you lovely, treacherous fiend ! "

He had regained his composure for the time being, but he now perceived that he had utterly and entirely strayed from the path. He could not go back without running into the arms of danger. So he decided at all hazards to climb to some high point from which he could look about him for the shepherd's hut. Where he was walking, the one bank of the rushing stream below was too steep and precipitous. So he fastened his coat round his neck, chose a safe spot, and at one bound had leapt across to the other side of the chasm, the walls of which at that place nearly met. With fresh courage he climbed the precipice on the other side and soon stood out in the sun.

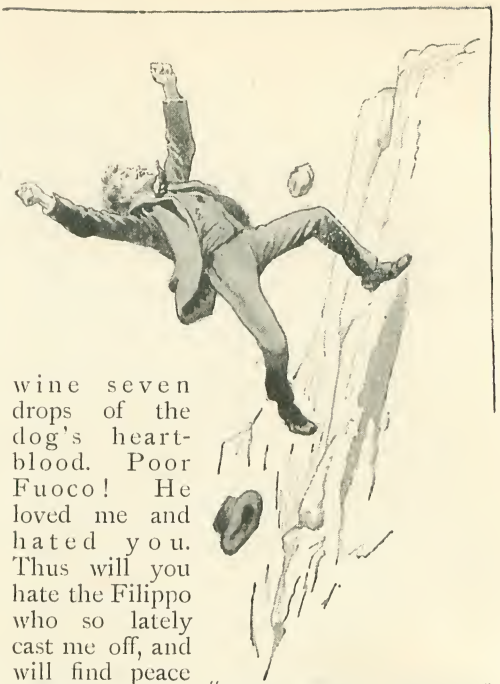
It scorched his head, and his tongue was dry, as he worked his way upward with great exertion. Then, suddenly, he was seized with the fear that, after all his trouble, he would not be able to reach his destination. The blood went to his head more and more; he abused the infernal wine that he had swallowed in the morning, and was forced to think of the white blossoms that had been pointed out to him the day before. They grew here too. He shuddered. What if it were true, he thought, that there were powers which enthrall our heart and senses, and bend a man's will to a girl's whim? better any extremity than such a disgrace! rather death than slavery! "But no, no! a lie can only conquer one who believes in it. Be a man, Filippo; forward, the summit is before you; but a short while, and this cursed haunted mountain will be left behind for ever!"

And yet he could not calm the fever in his veins. Each stone, each slippery place, every bare pine-branch hanging before him, were obstacles which he surmounted only by an almost superhuman effort of will. When he at last arrived at the top, and still holding to the last bush, swung himself on to the summit, he could not look about him for the rapid coursing of the blood to his head, and the blinding, dazzling light of the sun on the yellow rocks around. Furiously he rubbed his forehead, and passed his fingers through his tangled hair as he lifted his hat. But then he heard his name again in real earnest, and gazed horror-struck in the direction from which came the sound. And there, a few paces from him, Fenice sat on a rock just as he had left her, gazing at him with intensely happy eyes.

"At last you have come, Filippo!" she said, earnestly. "I expected you sooner."

"Spirit of evil," he shrieked, beside himself, and inwardly torn in two by horror and attraction, "do you still mock me who have been wandering distressed in these forsaken places, and with the sun beating down into my very brain? Is it any triumph for you that I am forced to see you, only to curse you once again? By heaven, though I have found you, I have not sought you, and you will lose me yet."

She shook her head with a strange smile. "Something attracts you without your knowledge," she said. "You would find me though all the mountains in the world were between us, for I mixed with your wine seven drops of the dog's heart-blood. Poor Fuoco! He loved me and hated you. Thus will you hate the Filippo who so lately cast me off, and will find peace only if you love me. Do you see now, Filippo, that I have conquered you at last? Come, now I will again show you the way to Genoa, my darling, my beloved, my husband!"



"HE FELL BACK INTO THE RAVINE."

And she stood up and would have embraced him; but the sight of his face suddenly startled her. He turned all at once pale as death, only the white of the eyes was red; his lips moved, but no sound came; his hat had fallen from his head, and with his hands he violently waved off her approach.

"A dog! a dog!" were the first words he with difficulty ejaculated. "No, no, no! you shall not conquer—demon that you are. Better a dead man than a living dog!" Thereupon he burst into a peal of terrible laughter, and slowly, as though he fought hard for each step, his eyes fixed and staring at the girl, he staggered and fell back into the ravine behind him.

For an instant her head swam, and all seemed dark around her. She pressed her hands to her heart, and when she saw the tall form disappear over the edge of the rock, she gave a scream which resounded through the ravine like the cry of a falcon. She tottered forward a few steps, and then stood straight and upright, her hands still pressed to her heart. "Madonna!" she exclaimed mechanically.

Still looking before her she rapidly drew near the edge, and began to climb down the stony wall between the fir trees. Words without sense or meaning broke from her trembling lips. One hand she pressed against her heart, while with the other she helped herself down by branches and stones. Thus she reached the foot of the trees.

There he lay, his eyes closed, his hair and

"THERE HE LAY."

forehead covered with blood, his back against the foot of an old tree. His coat was torn, and his right leg seemed hurt. She could not tell whether he was still alive. She took him in her arms, and then felt that he still moved. "Praised be the Lord!" she said, and breathed more freely. She seemed to be endowed with a giant's strength as she began to climb the steep ascent, carrying the helpless man in her arms. But it was a weary way. Four times she laid him down on the mossy rocks. He was still unconscious.

When at last she gained the summit with her hapless burden, she too sank down, and lay for a moment fainting and oblivious. Then she got up and went in the direction of the shepherd's hut. As soon as she was near enough, she gave a shrill cry across the valley. She was answered first by echo only, then by a man's voice. She repeated her cry and then turned back without waiting for the answer. When she stood again beside the senseless man, she groaned aloud, and lifting him, carried him into the shade of the rock, where she herself had been sitting waiting for him.

When he awoke to consciousness, and slowly opened his eyes again, he found himself still there. He saw two shepherds beside him, an old man and a lad of about seventeen. They were throwing water in his face and rubbing his temples. His head was pillowed softly. He little knew that it was in the girl's lap. He seemed altogether to have forgotten her. He drew a long breath, which made his whole frame quiver, and again closed his eyes. At last he said in trembling tones, "Will one of you good people go down—quickly, to Pistoja. I am expected there. May God, in His mercy, reward whoever will tell the landlord of the Fortuna—what has happened to me. My name is——" but here his voice failed him. He had fainted again.

"I will go," said the girl. "Meanwhile, you two must carry the gentleman to Treppi and lay him in the bed which Nina will show you. She must send for the *chiaruccia*, the old woman, and let her attend to the gentleman and dress his wounds. Lift him up; you take the shoulders, Tommaso; you, Bippo, take the legs. When you go uphill, you must go first, Tommaso. Now, raise him gently, gently! and, stay—dip this in water and lay it on his forehead, and wet it again at every spring. Do you understand?"

She tore off a great piece of the linen kerchief on her head, dipped it in water and laid it on Filippo's bleeding brow. Then they lifted him, and the men started to carry him to Treppi. Fenice, after watching

them some time with anxious, straining eyes, gathered up her skirts and went rapidly down the rough and stony mountain path.

It was nearly three in the afternoon when she reached Pistoja. The Fortuna Inn was some hundred paces outside the town, and at this hour of siesta there was not much life about the place. Carriages, with the horses taken out, stood in the shade under the overhanging roof, the drivers fast asleep on the cushions; opposite, too, at the great smithy, work had stopped; and not a breath of air penetrated through the dusty trees along the high road. Fenice went up to the fountain before the house, the busy jet of water flowing ceaselessly down into the great stone trough, and there refreshed her hands and face. Then she took a long slow drink to satisfy both thirst and hunger, and went into the inn.

The landlord got up sleepily from the bench at the bar, but sat down again when he saw that it was only a girl from the hills who thus disturbed his rest.

"What do you want?" he said to her sharply. "If you want anything to eat, or wine to drink, go to the kitchen."

"Are you the landlord?" she asked quietly.

"I should think so; I should think everyone knew *me*—Baldassare Tizzi, of the Fortuna. What do you bring me, my good girl?"

"A message from the lawyer, Signor Filippo Mannini."

"Eh, what? Indeed? That's another matter," and he got up hurriedly. "Is he not coming himself, child? There are some gentlemen here waiting for him."

"Then take me to them."

"What, secrets? May I not know what message he sends to these gentlemen?"

"No."

"Well, well, my child, well, well. Each one has his own secrets—your pretty little obstinate head as well as old Baldassare's hard pate. So he is not coming? The gentlemen will not be pleased at that; they evidently have important business with him."

He stopped and looked at the girl with a sidelong glance. But as she did not show any signs of taking him further into her confidence, and went to open the door, he put on his straw hat and went with her, shaking his head all the time.

There was a small vineyard at the back of the inn, which they walked through, the old man keeping up a continued flow of questions and exclamations, to which the girl did not deign to reply. At the further end of the middle walk stood a poor-looking summerhouse; the shutters were closed,

AT THE FORTUNA INN.

and inside a thick curtain hung behind the glass door. The landlord made Fenice stop a little way from this pavilion, and went up to the door, which was opened when he knocked. Fenice noticed how the curtain was then drawn on one side, and a pair of eyes looked out at her. Then the old man came back to her and said that the gentlemen would speak to her.

As Fenice entered the pavilion, a man, who had been sitting at the table with his back to the door, rose from his seat and gave a sharp and penetrating look at her. Two other men remained seated. On the table she saw bottles of wine and glasses.

"Is Signor Filippo, the lawyer, not coming according to promise?" asked the man before whom she stood. "Who are you, and what verification have you of your message?"

"I am Fenice Cattaneo, sir; a maiden from Treppi. Verification? I have none, except that I am speaking the truth."

"Why is he not coming? We thought he was a man of honour."

"And he is so still; but he has fallen from a rock and hurt his head and legs, and is unconscious."

Her interlocutor exchanged looks with the other man, and then said:

"You betray the truth at all events, Fenice Cattaneo, because you do not understand how to lie. If he had lost consciousness, how could he send you here to tell us of it?"

"Speech came back to him at intervals And he then said that he was expected here at the inn; I was to let you know what had happened to him."

One of the other men gave a short, dry laugh. "You see," said the speaker, "these gentlemen do not believe much of your tale either. Certainly it is easier to play the poet than the man of honour."

"If, Signor, you mean by that that Signor Filippo has not come here out of cowardice, then it is an abominable falsehood, and may heaven reckon it to you!" She said this fiercely, and looked at them all three in succession.

"You wax warm, little one," scoffed the man. "You are doubtless Signor Filippo's sweetheart, eh?"

"No, the Madonna knows I am not!" replied she in her deepest voice. The men whispered together, and she heard one of them say: "That nest up there is Tuscan still."—"You don't seriously believe in this dodge?" asked the third. "He is no more at Treppi than——"

Their whispering was interrupted by Fenice: "Come and see for yourselves! But you must not carry arms if I am to be your guide."

"Foolish child," said the first speaker, "do you think that we would take the life of so pretty a creature as you?"

"No, but his life; I feel sure you would."

"IS SIGNOR FILIPPO NOT COMING?"

"Have you any other conditions to make, Fenice Cattaneo?"

"Yes, that you take a surgeon with you. Perhaps you already have one with you, signors?"

No one answered her. But the three men put their heads together in eager talk. "When we arrived I saw him by chance in the front part of the house," said one of them; "I hope he has not yet gone back to the town," and then he left the pavilion. He came back shortly with a fourth individual, who did not seem to know the rest of the party.

"Will you do us the favour to go up to Treppi with us?" asked the first speaker. "You have probably been told what it is all about."

The other bowed in silence, and they all

left the pavilion. As they passed the kitchen, Fenice asked for some bread, and ate a few mouthfuls. Then she went on in front of the party, and took the road to the mountains. She paid no heed to her companions, who were talking eagerly together, but hurried on as fast as she could ; sometimes they had to call to her, or she would have been lost to sight. Then she stood still, and gazed into space in a hopeless, dreamy way, her hand firmly pressed to her heart. The evening had closed in before they reached the heights.

The little village of Treppi looked no livelier than usual. A few children's faces peered curiously out at the open windows, and one or two women came out to their doors, as Fenice went past with her companions. She spoke to no one as she drew near her home, returning the neighbours' greeting with a hasty wave of the hand. A group of men stood talking before the door, others were busy with some heavily-laden horses, and contrabandists hurried to and fro. A sudden silence came over the people, as they saw the strangers approaching. They stepped on one side, and allowed them to pass. Fenice exchanged a few words with Nina in the big room, and then opened her own chamber door.

"SHE WENT ON IN FRONT OF THE PARTY.

The wounded man lay stretched on the bed in the dimly-lighted room. An old, old woman, from the village, sat on the floor beside him.

"How goes it, *chiaruccia?*" asked Fenice.

"Not so badly, praised be the Madonna!" answered the old woman, measuring with rapid glances the gentlemen who followed the girl into the room.

Filippo started suddenly out of his sleep, his pale face glowing. "Is it you?" he asked.

"Yes ; I have brought with me the gentleman with whom you were to fight, that he may see for himself that you could not go. And there is a surgeon here, too."

The dull eye of the wounded man slowly surveyed the four strange faces. "He is not one of them," he said. "I know none of these gentlemen."

When he had said this, and was about to close his eyes again, the chief spokesman stepped forward: "It is sufficient that we know *you*," he said, "Signor Filippo Mannini. We had orders to await you and arrest you. Letters of yours have been found, from which it appears that it is not only to fight a duel that you have come back to Tuscany, but to renew certain connections through which your party will receive advances. You see before you the commissary of police, and here are my orders." He took a paper out of his pocket, and held it out to Filippo. But he only stared at it as if he had not understood a word, and fell back again into a half-stunned state.

"Examine his wounds, doctor," said the commissary, turning to the surgeon. "If his state in any way permits, we must have this gentleman transported down without delay. I saw horses outside. We shall be enforcing the law in two ways if we take possession of them, for they are laden with smuggled goods. It is a good thing to know what kind of people visit Treppi, if one really wishes for the information."

As he said this, and the surgeon approached the bed, Fenice disappeared out

of the room. The old *chiaruccia* sat on quietly where she was, muttering to herself. Voices were heard outside, and a great bustle of people coming and going, faces looked in at the hole in the wall, but disappeared again quickly.

"It is just possible," said the surgeon, "that we can get him conveyed down, if his wounds are well and firmly bandaged. Of course, he would get well much quicker if he were left here quietly in the care of this old witch, whose herbs and balsams would put to shame the most learned physician. His life might be endangered by wound-fever on the way, and I will on no account take any responsibility."

"It is not necessary—not at all," returned the commissary. "The *way* we get rid of him need not be taken into consideration. Put your bandages on him as tightly as you can, that nothing be wanting, and then forward! It is moonlight, and we will take a guide. Go you outside, Molza, and make sure of the horses."

The constable to whom this order was addressed opened the door quickly, and head. Fenice was still talking to them as the door opened. She now advanced to her own chamber door, and said with ringing tones :—

"Gentlemen, you must leave this room immediately, and without the wounded man, or you will never see Pistoja again. No blood has ever been shed in this house as long as Fenice Cattaneo has been mistress of it, and may the Madonna ever preserve us from such horrors. Nor must you attempt to come back again with a stronger force. Remember the place where the rocky steps wind up between the cliffs. A child could defend that pass, if the stones that lie on the top were rolled over the edge. We will keep a watch posted there until this gentleman is in safety. Now you can go, and boast of your heroic deed, that you deceived a girl, and would have murdered a wounded man."

The faces of the constables grew paler and paler, and a pause ensued after her last words. Then all three of them drew pistols out of their pockets, and the commissary said calmly: "We come in the name of the law. If you do not respect it

"THE CONSTABLE STOOD PETRIFIED."

would have gone out, but stood petrified at the unexpected sight that met his view. The adjoining room was filled by a band of villagers, with two contrabandists at their

yourselves, would you prevent others from enforcing it? It may cost the lives of six of you, if you oblige us to carry out the law by force."

A murmur ran through the group.

"Silence, friends!" exclaimed the determined girl. "They dare not do it. They know that for each one they shoot down, slept soundly at night, and in the daytime he sat at the open door enjoying the fresh air and the solitude. As soon as he was able to write once more, he sent a mes-

"THEY MARCHED THROUGH THE EXCITED BAND OF VILLAGERS."

his murderer would die a six-fold death. You speak like a fool," she went on, turning to the commissary. "The fear depicted on your faces is a more sensible spokesman. Do as it suggests to you. The way is open to you, gentlemen!"

She stepped back, pointing with her left hand to the door of the house. The men in the bedroom whispered together a little; then, with tolerable composure, they marched through the excited band of villagers, whose parting curses waxed louder and louder as the strangers left the house. The surgeon seemed uncertain whether to go too, but, on an authoritative sign from the girl, he hastily joined his companions.

The wounded man in bed had followed the entire scene with wide-open eyes. The old woman now went to him and settled his pillows. "Lie still, my son!" she said. There is no danger. The old *chiaruccia* keeps watch, and our Fenice, blessed child, will see that you are safe. Sleep, sleep!"

She hushed him to slumber like a child, singing monotonously until he slept. But the face of Fenice was with him in his dreams.

For ten days Filippo had been up in the mountains, nursed by the old woman. He

senger to Bologna with a letter, to which he received an answer the next day; but his pale countenance did not show whether it was satisfactory or not. He spoke to no one except his old nurse and the children from the village. Fenice he saw only in the evening, when she was busy at her fireside, for she left the house with the rising sun and remained away the whole day in the mountains. He gathered from chance remarks that this was not her usual custom. But even when she was in the house there was no opportunity of talking to her. Altogether, she seemed not to notice his presence in the very least, and her life went on as before. But her face had become like stone, and the light had faded from her eyes.

One day, enticed on by the lovely weather, Filippo had gone further than usual from the house, and for the first time, conscious of returning strength, was climbing up a gentle slope, when, turning a corner of a rock, he was startled to see Fenice sitting on the moss beside a spring. She had a distaff and a spindle in her hands, and as she spun was lost in thought. She looked up when she heard Filippo's footsteps, but did not utter a word, nor did the expression of her face alter. She rose up

quickly and began to collect her things. She went away, too, without heeding that he called her, and was soon lost to sight.

The morning after this meeting he had just risen, and his thoughts had flown to her again, when the door of his room was opened and Fenice walked in quietly. She remained standing at the door, and waved him back haughtily when he would have hurried up to her.

"You are now quite cured," she said, coldly. "I have spoken to the old woman. She thinks that you are strong enough to travel, in short stages and on horseback. You will, therefore, leave Treppi to-morrow morning early, and never again return. I demand this promise from you."

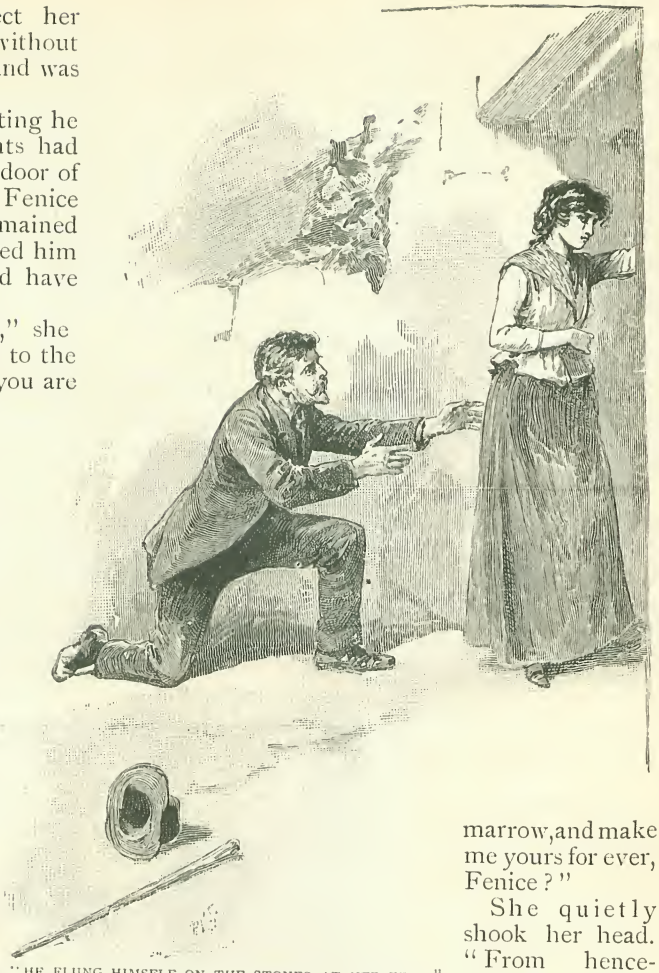
"I will give you the promise, Fenice, but on one condition only."

She was silent.

"That you will go with me, Fenice!" he exclaimed in unrestrained emotion.

Her brows knit in anger. But she controlled herself, and, holding the door-handle, said: "How have I merited your mockery? You must make the promise without a condition; I exact it from your sense of honour, Signor."

"Would you thus cast me off after causing your love-potion to enter my very marrow, and make me yours for ever, Fenice?"



"HE FLUNG HIMSELF ON THE STONES AT HER FEET."

She quietly shook her head. "From henceforth there is no more magic between us," she said, gloomily. "You had lost blood before the potion had had time to take effect; the spell is broken. And it is well, for I see that I did wrong. Let us speak no more about it, and say only that you will go. A horse will be ready and a guide for wherever you wish to go."

"And if it be no longer the same magic which binds me to you, it must be some other which you know not of, Fenice. As sure as God is over us."

"Silence!" she interrupted, and curled her lip scornfully. "I am deaf to any speeches you can make. If you think you owe me anything and would take pity on me—then leave me, and that will settle our account. You shall not think that this poor head of mine can learn nothing. I

"A DISTAFF AND SPINDLE IN HER HANDS."

know now that one can buy a man no more by humble services than by seven long years of waiting, which are also, in the sight of God, a matter of no moment. You must not think that you have made me miserable—you have cured me! Go! and my thanks go with you!"

"Answer me, in God's name!" he exclaimed, beside himself as he drew nearer, "have I cured you, also, of your love?"

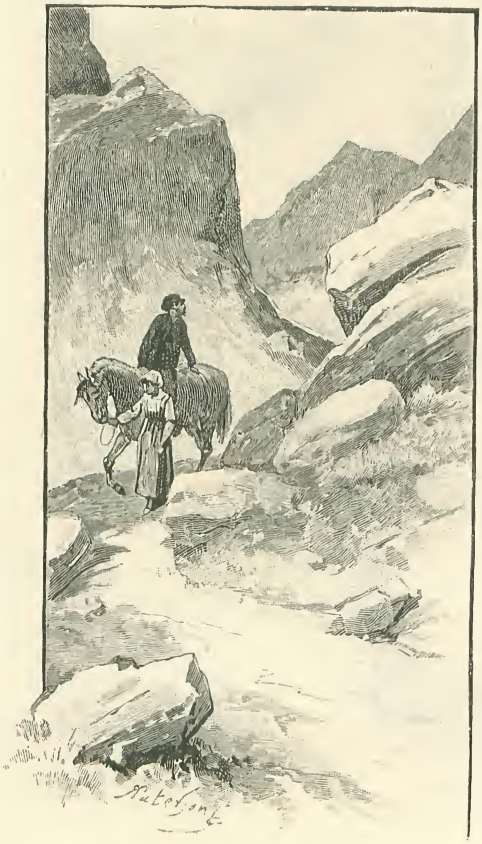
"No," she said, firmly. "Why do you ask about it? It belongs to me; you have neither power nor right over it. Go!"

Thereupon she stepped back across the threshold. The next moment he had flung himself on the stones at her feet, and clasped her knees.

"If what you say be true," he cried, overcome with grief, "then save me, take me to yourself, or this head of mine, saved by a miracle, will go to pieces like my heart, which you reject and spurn. My world is a void, my life a prey to hatred and revenge, my old and my new homes banish me—what is there left for me to live for if I must lose you, too?"

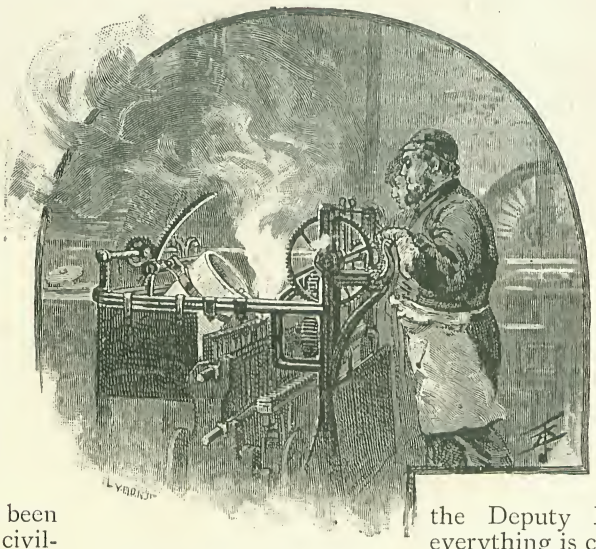
Then he raised his eyes to her and saw the tears streaming down her cheeks. Her face was still immovable; she drew a long breath and opened her eyes; her lips moved, but no sound came; the life in her seemed to awaken with one burst. She bent down and raised him with her powerful arms. "You are mine," she said, with trembling voice. "Then I, too, will be yours!"

When the sun rose the following day, the pair were on their way to Genoa, whither Filippo had decided to retire from the persecutions of his enemies. The pale, tall man rode on a steady horse, which his betrothed led by the bridle. On either side the hills and valleys of the beautiful Apennines lay bright in the clear autumnal air, the eagles were circling overhead, and far in the distance shone the deep-blue sea. And bright and tranquil like the far-off ocean the travellers' future lay before their eyes.



Our Money Manufactory.

NUMISMATICS is a science in which the vast majority of people probably take but the faintest interest. Yet the history of coinage, its developments, its ramifications, is bound up indissolubly with the history of the human race. It is the history of money; and money, as Carlyle said of his own time, is the one certain nexus as between man and man. Money is the determining factor in four-fifths of our relationships. It has made the world what it is; on the one hand it has brutalised mankind, and on the other it has given man unrivalled opportunities of winning popular esteem. Money has ruined and created individuals, families, States. Equally often it has brought worldly happiness and worldly misery; it has broken hearts, unhinged reasons, undone great enterprises; it has shed light in dark places, secured comfort for the weary and the suffering, and involved all that heart can desire. Noble knees have bent before "Lucre's sordid charms"; the humble and the struggling have exalted themselves to place and power by its means. Pope gives us an idea not only of the use but of the abuse to which riches may be put, from the hiring of the dark assassin to the corruption of a friend, and the bribing of a Senate.



RUNNING SILVER INTO MOULDS.

Money in the form of cash has been infinitely more to civilisation than mere barter and exchange ever were to barbarous races content to accept one article in payment for another. It is, in fact, only necessary to let the mind dwell for a period on all that the possession or want of coin means to a people, individually and collectively, to render any inquiry into the working of our money manufactory one of considerable fascination. The attractions of the Mint for the ordinary sightseer have, it would seem, yearly become greater, and in 1889, according to the Report of the Deputy Master, the number of visitors was larger than in any previous year, no less than 7,912 persons—that is, an average of twenty-five a day—having been shown over the establishment on Tower Hill. Vivid an idea of the place as the illustrations which accompany this article will convey to those who have never been to the Mint, it may at once be said, that to thoroughly grasp the actual work done there, a visit is essential. It is an institution round which centres so much human energy and scientific achievement that a picture should certainly make most people anxious to know something more about it.

The Mint, as one approaches it on Tower Hill, suggests that it may be a barrack, and the sentry pacing up and down outside lends colour to this view, until one finds one's passage through the entrance gate blocked by a sturdy policeman. Unless you happen to be fully armed with credentials, or orders, you will not easily run the gauntlet of the keeper of the peace and the gate, affable gentleman though he is. To be shown over the Mint you must get an order from the Deputy Master, and then everything is clear.

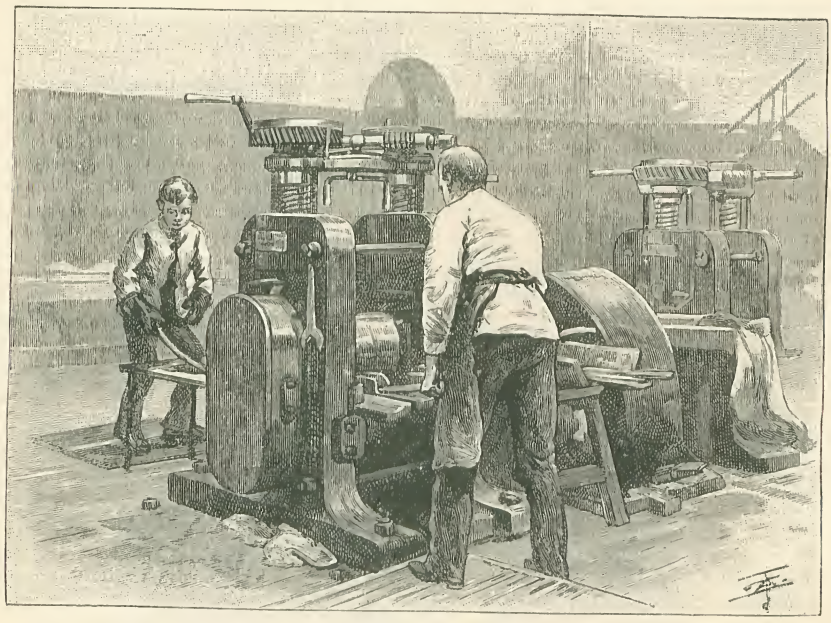
Once within the precincts of the establishment, your education—if it is a first visit, as this of ours is—begins. You have probably, when pocketing your salary at the end of the week, never given a moment's thought as to the process by which money comes

into the world. The pounds (if you have any), the shillings, and the pence which you carry in your pockets are the result of a combination of experience and skill which you, perhaps, little suspect.

When the bullion—the metal in its pure state—arrives at the Mint, it is assayed—that is, tested. It is then passed on to the Melting-room, and, together with the baser metal which forms the alloy necessary to reduce it to the proper standard, placed in the crucible, or melting-pot. Let us take the coining of silver as an example. The crucible used is made of mixed clay and graphite, each vessel holding about three thousand ounces. On two sides of the Melting-room are coke furnaces, and into one of these the crucible is dropped.

Here it remains until the metal is at a molten heat, when it is lifted by means of a crane on to an apparatus shown in our illustration. This forms a pretty sight. The crucible is red-hot, and the boiling metal, as it is stirred vigorously by one of the men with an iron rod, emits a lovely bluish flame. The apparatus tilts the pot, and the metal runs into a series of moulds which move on a carriage underneath. These moulds being well oiled, the metal has no chance of becoming part of them. The bars formed in this way are twelve inches long and three-eighths of an inch thick. When removed from the moulds their edges are ragged, but a revolving file soon makes them smooth, and the bars are ready to be again assayed. A piece is chipped from one of them, and if the necessary standard of fineness has been secured, the bars pass to the next department.

This is the Rolling-room. The metal, it must be understood, is far from hard, and the reduction of the thickness and consequent increase in the length, due to the rolling of the bars, are not so difficult a matter as to the uninitiated they may seem. The bars are placed between adjustable cylinders and rolled into strips, or "fillets" as they are called.

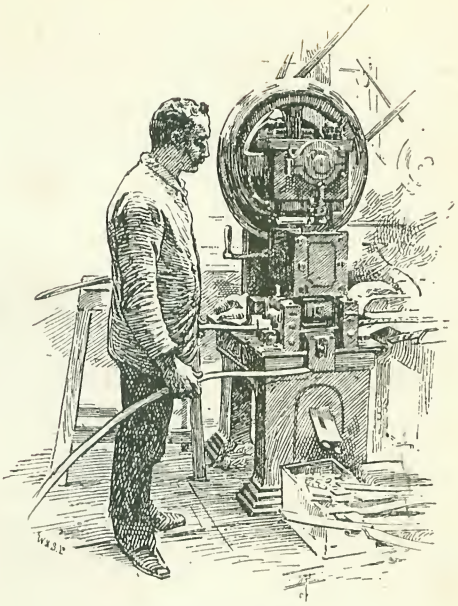


IN THE ROLLING-ROOM.

They pass several times through the machine, being reduced the one-nineteenth part of an inch in each rolling at first, but, finally, only the one-hundredth part of an inch. Naturally the process makes the metal very hard, and it has to be annealed—that is, heated and softened—constantly until it is the right thickness. We need only state that the strips from which half-sovereigns are made must not vary more than 1-20,000th part of an inch—in other words, they must be within 1-10,000th part of an inch of the nominal thickness—to

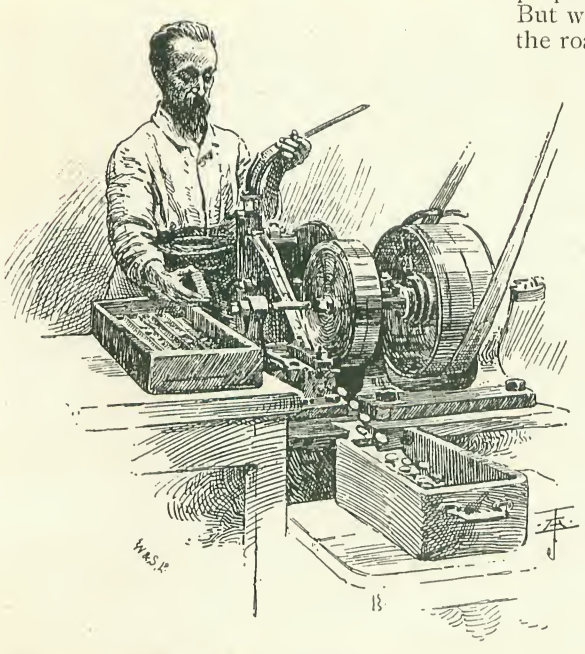
give an idea of the minute care with which every stage of the development of the coin has to be watched. Two-tenths of a grain is the divergence allowed in the weight of the sovereign, but even this margin may mean a difference of more than £3,000 on a million sovereigns.

The strips, as they leave the Rolling-room, are about four feet long and double the width of the shilling. They are taken to the Cutting-room, and here for the first time we get something approaching a piece of money. The "fillets" are placed in the cutting-machines, by a man who feeds two at a time. No doubt many persons have formed the idea that the coin is cut, cucumber-fashion, from a metal rod; we have, indeed, heard people suggest as much. Well, the foregoing is sufficient to dispel any such notion. The fillet passes beneath two punches, and over holes the size of the coin. As the former descend with swift, sharp, irresistible force, they punch the "blanks" of the coin out of the strip. The blanks fall through a tube into a tray or pan, and what remains of the strips is sent back to the Melting-room, to be turned again into bars. In the case of shillings, two blanks are forced out at once. In the case of copper, five disappear at a blow, but in the case of large silver coins, only one blank is cut at a time. The blanks of the shilling are produced at the rate of some 300 an hour.



CUTTING MACHINE.

Having secured the blank, it might well be imagined that there was nothing more to be done but to impress it with the proper device on its obverse and reverse. But we are not yet more than half-way on the road to the coin which can be sent to the Bank, there to be handed over the counter to the public.



MARKING MACHINE.

Close by the cutting-machine is what is called a marking-machine. The special function of this is to raise the edge which all coins possess for the protection of their face. The blank is run into a groove in a rapidly revolving disc, and edges are produced at the rate of between six and seven hundred an hour; in fact, almost as quickly as the man can feed the machine.

We cannot help but listen pensively for a moment to the thud, thud, of the cutting machine as the punches strike the fillet, and watch with keen interest the express rate at which the marking is accomplished. To see the blank being turned out at this pace is to make one's mouth literally water, and one's heart and pocket wish that it

were so easy and so mechanical a business to "make money" in one's daily doings. And then it strikes us: What do these men, with their usually grimy aprons and often blackened faces, get for their work in turning out so much coin of the realm? They seem to have a very good time of it on the whole, and the conditions of light, warmth, and safety under which they labour are certainly in striking contrast to the trials, the dangers, and the dreariness of the lives of those who unearth the metal.

On an average, each workman in the operative department of the Mint makes his £2 10s. a week. He enters the service of the department as a boy, and remains there through his working life, if he cares to do so and proves trustworthy. No one is accepted for employment after sixteen years of age, and every precaution is taken by the authorities against the weakness of human nature. Each room is under a separate official, without whose assistance in the unlocking of doors no employé can leave.

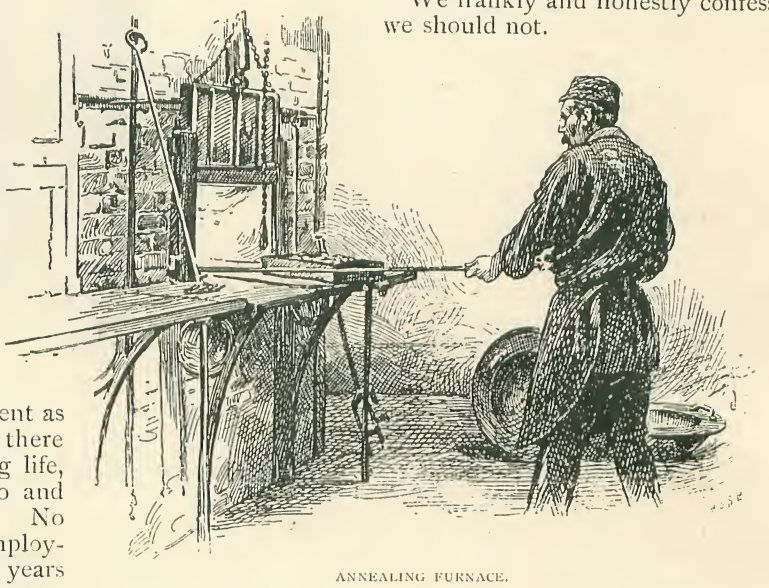
There is no hardship in this daily imprisonment, every department being fitted up with all conveniences for cooking, eating, &c.; and, judging from what we have seen, we should say the lives of the operatives at the Mint are not unenviable. Of one thing we can speak very positively, and that is as to their natures: their geniality is a characteristic they share in common with their chief superintendent. If one had seriously contemplated becoming an operative, they could not have taken more pains to initiate one into the mysteries of the coinage.

We now make our way to the Annealing-room. Here the scene changes entirely. The buzz, the whirr, and bang of the all powerful machinery give place to several furnaces. The blanks are brought in in bags, are emptied into an iron tray, and shoved along an elongated sort of oven, of which our illustration gives an excellent impression. It shows the man standing with the iron rod and hook in hand ready to push the tray to the farther end of the oven.

We venture modestly to suggest that the structure would do admirably for the purposes of cremation.

"Quite right, sir, it would! I suppose you wouldn't like to try it?"

We frankly and honestly confess we should not.



ANNEALING FURNACE.

After a few minutes the blanks are sufficiently baked. If one's own valuable carcase had been in that red-hot oven for ever so short a time, it would have come out charred and hardened. Not so the metal, which is considerably softened.

The blanks are now tipped into a perforated sort of basin, which is picked up by a man from another room and carried away.

We have during all this time been standing in a heat which would do credit to a Turkish bath.

But now, again, the conditions change entirely, and we are in a room filled with steam, and cold enough to refrigerate one. Here the blanks are plunged into a tank of cold water, which hisses and spits like a dozen angry snakes as the hot metal touches it. From the cooling bath the blanks go to the acid bath. Into this latter they disappear black with the oxide of copper clinging to them. Pears' Soap or Sapolio, or whatever means to cleanliness we may employ, would hardly accomplish the wonders in an hour's application to the human skin,

which a few seconds of the sulphuric solution accomplishes with the blank of the coin. They emerge from their bath in every sense white as snow.

The blanks are, of course, wet, and before they can assume the full honours of the complete coin they have to be dried. How is this done? By blowing on them with a bellows? By wiping each blank separately with a cloth? By placing them in front of a fire or even in the oven again? No. They are simply emptied into a revolving box containing beech-wood sawdust. A turn about in this, and they and the sawdust are emptied into a sieve, from which the sawdust escapes with a little shaking. The sawdust is dried on a hot slab or bench, and is used again; the blanks are ready for the Press or Die room.

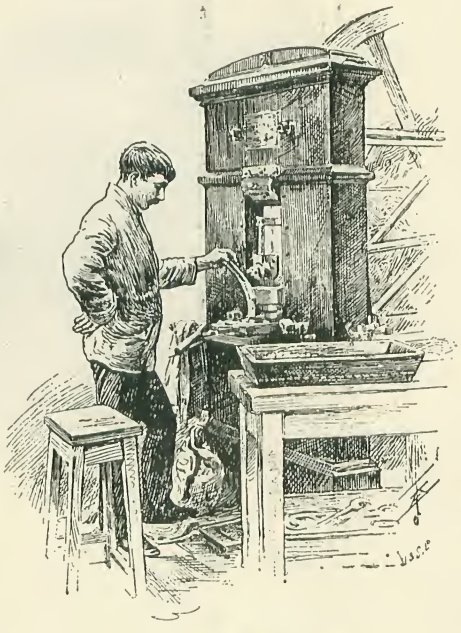
DRYING BLANKS.

In the illustration of this room the man is standing with a handful of blanks feeding a small tube or shoot, from which they drop on to a sliding plate and are conveyed into a collar, as it is called. We see the piece a blank for the last time. Once in the collar, if the machinery is in motion, nothing can save that smooth-faced blank from becoming, in appearance at least, a coin of the realm. The blank rests on a die and beneath a die. The latter descends with precision and force, and the blank finds itself for an instant in a grip more powerful than miser ever gave his hoard. It would, if it could, spread itself out to the thinnest possible substance. But as it seeks to escape under the pressure its edge comes in contact with the sides of the collar. These are milled or lettered, and whatever they contain appears on the coin. It is not generally known that the object of this milling or lettering is to prevent the clipping or debasement of the money. In Queen Elizabeth's time, and on to the reign of William III.—during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—the operations of the clippers were very serious. Men made fortunes by paring a small piece from every coin in their possession, and even the death penalty failed to check the evil. A year or two before the beginning of the eighteenth century a mill, worked by horses, was started in the Tower of London to replace the old system of making money by the hand-wielded hammer. The edge of the coin was made to bear an inscription, and the operations of the clipper were rendered practically impossible. Even to-day offences in connection with the currency are numerous. In 1889 110 persons were convicted out of 194 charged with issuing counterfeit coins, having them in their possession, or actually making them. The more ingenious the device on the coin produced by the Imperial mint, the less likely is a counterfeit to pass muster for long.

The coin leaves the Press-room complete, and has to pass only one other ordeal, that, namely, of the Weighing-room. Here it is placed on a wonderful automatic balance. If it is too light it falls into a drawer on one side, if correct into a drawer in the centre, if too heavy into a drawer on the other side. The average of coins which are either too heavy or too light, and consequently have to be returned to the melting pot, is, owing to the smallness of the "remedy" or margin of weight allowed, as much as 13 per cent.

There are thirty of these little machines employed, and their workmanship may be judged by the fact that each one costs £300. Bronze coins are not subjected to this severe test, but are weighed in bulk in a huge scale. Every year there is what is called "The Trial of the Pyx"—the

pyx being the chest containing sample coins. A coin is taken, without preference, from every "journey weight" of gold, a "journey weight" being 15 lb. troy, or 701 sovereigns, or 1,402 half sovereigns. The work of testing is performed by a jury, composed of freemen of the Goldsmiths' Company in the presence of the Queen's Remembrancer, and the report of the jury is laid before the Treasury. The yearly verdict shows how wonderfully and uniformly accurate the standard of fineness has remained, averaging, as it did in 1889, according to the Deputy Master's Report, 916·657, the precise standard being 916·6. As regards silver, the English standard of 925 is, with the exception of certain coins, averaging 945 in the Netherlands, the highest in the world, the average in France being 835, and in Germany and the United States, 900.



COINING PRESS.

The Deputy Master's Report for 1889 was rendered especially interesting from the fact that it was the twentieth issued under the present system of Mint administration. It was only in 1870 that the Mastership of the Mint ceased to be a separate office, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer became *ex officio* Master, with the Deputy Master as principal executive officer. The Mint was removed to its present site from the Tower of London in 1810. With the increase of its labours, the buildings afforded quite insufficient accommodation, and from 1871 to 1881 several Bills were introduced into the House of Commons with a view to acquiring a new site on the Thames Embankment. The governor of the Bank of England, however, having in 1881 declared that no inconvenience would arise if all gold coinage were suspended for a year, it was determined to improve the existing structure. The changes were commenced on February 1, 1882, and ended early in the following December. The result has been to place the department in a position to meet almost any demands which may be made upon it. The machinery was nearly all renewed, and the arrangements now admit of the simultaneous coinage of two metals. During July, 1889, the producing capabilities of the Mint were put to the test, and one million perfect sovereigns were struck and issued in a week. The coinage in that year of £9,746,538, to which previous reference has been made, was nearly four times the average of the previous ten years. Even this enormous sum does not represent the whole of the coinage operations of the country in 1889. A considerable portion of the Colonial coins required were turned out by a firm formerly known as Ralph Heaton & Sons, but now called "The Mint, Birmingham, Limited."* Messrs. Heaton were for many years a sort of Imperial Mint Auxiliary. The idea once got abroad that all bronze coins stamped with the letter "H" were counterfeit, whereas the initial simply denoted that their manufacture had been entrusted to Messrs. Heaton. The Mint, Birmingham, does most of the coinage for small foreign States which look to England to convert their ingots to money.

The Imperial Mint, in the words of so many company prospectuses, is a going concern. It levies a seigniorage which brings in a handsome revenue. This seigniorage was abolished by Charles II., but restored by an Act of George III., which required every pound of silver to be coined into 66 shillings instead of 62—the extra four shillings to go to defray the expenses of the establishment. During five out of the 18 years, 1872 to 1889, the Mint was worked at a loss ; but, taking the whole 18 years, the average net profit was as much

* The Imperial Mint supplies the whole Empire with coinage, except Australasia, which is supplied largely by mints in Sydney and Melbourne, and India, which has mints in Calcutta and Bombay.

as £83,724. The profit made in 1889 amounted to no less than £780,691 12s. 5d. What the record for 1890 will be it is too early yet to know, but 1889 will, in every respect, take a lot of beating.

The Mint does not confine itself to the production of coins, but strikes thousands of medals every year for the War Office, the Board of Trade, the University of London, the Royal and other Societies. It may be remembered that Pope addressed some admirable lines to Addison *à propos* of one of his dialogues, on the historic virtues of the medal. He pictures all the glories and triumphs of the Imperial ambition of Rome shrunk into a coin. "A narrow orb each conquest keeps," he says, and he demands when Britain shall "in living medals see her wars enrolled," and "vanquished realms supply recording gold." The historian must always bear grateful testimony to the assistance derivable from the metallic tokens of a country, no matter whether they show "a small Euphrates," or merely an inscription, and the head of the sovereign. They are imperishable witnesses in the cause of accuracy and truth.

WEIGHING ROOM.

Slap-Bang.

FROM THE FRENCH OF JULES CLARETIE.

[JULES CLARETIE was born at Limoges, in 1840, and is still a well-known figure in the literary world of Paris. No man is more prolific; histories, novels, articles, short stories, plays, pour without cessation from his pen. Jules Claretie is a man of the most varied gifts. His best known achievement is his "History of the Revolution," in five volumes—a monumental work. But there are those (and we confess ourselves among them) who would rather be the author of the lovely little story of child-life which we lay before our readers under the title of "Slap-Bang."]

I.

THE little boy lay pale and listless in his small white cot, gazing, with eyes enlarged by fever, straight before him, with the strange fixity of illness which seems to see already more than is visible to living eyes. His mother, sitting at the bottom of the bed, biting her fingers to keep back a cry, noted how the symptoms deepened on the ghostly little face; while his father, a strong workman, brushed away his burning tears.

The day was breaking; a calm, clear, lovely day of June. The light began to steal into the poor apartment where little Francis, the son of Jacques and Madeline Legrand, lay very near death's door. He was seven years old; three weeks ago, a fair-haired, rosy, little boy, as happy as a bird. But one night, when he came home from school, his head was giddy and his hands were burning. Ever since he had lain there in his cot. To-night he did not wander in his mind; but for two days his strange listlessness had alarmed the doctor. He lay there sad and quiet, as if at seven years old he was already tired of life; rolling his head upon the bolster, his thin lips never smiling, his eyes staring at one knew not what. He would take nothing—neither medicine, syrup, nor beef-tea.

"Is there anything that you would like?" they asked him.

"No," he answered, "nothing."

"This must be remedied," the doctor said. "This torpor is alarming. You are his parents, and you know him best. Try to discover what will interest and amuse him."

And the doctor went away.

"'THIS MUST BE REMEDIED,' THE DOCTOR SAID."

To amuse him! True, they knew him well, their little Francis. They knew how it delighted him, when he was well, to go into the fields, and to come home, loaded with white hawthorn blossoms, riding on his father's shoulders. Jacques had already bought him gilded soldiers, figures, "Chinese shadows," to be shown upon a screen. He placed them on the sick child's bed, made them dance before his eyes, and, scarcely able to keep back his tears, strove to make him laugh.

"Look, there is the Broken Bridge. Tra-la-la! And there is a general. You saw one once at Boulogne Wood, don't you remember? If you drink your medicine

like a good boy, I will buy you a real one, with a cloth tunic and gold epaulettes. Would you like to have a general?"

"No," said the sick child, his voice dry with fever.

"Would you like a pistol and bullets, or a crossbow?"

"No," replied the little voice, decisively.

And so it was with everything—even with balloons and jumping-jacks. Still, while the parents looked at each other in despair, the little voice responded, "No! No! No!"

"But what is there you would like, then, darling?" said his mother. "Come, whisper to me—to mamma." And she laid her cheek beside him on the pillow.

The sick boy raised himself in bed, and, throwing out his eager hands towards some unseen object, cried out, as in command and in entreaty, "I want *Slap-bang!*"

II.

"SLAP-BANG!"

The poor mother looked at her husband with a frightened glance. What was the little fellow saying? Was the terrible delirium coming back again? "Slap-bang!" She knew not what that signified. She was frightened at the strangeness of the words, which now the sick boy, with the perversity of illness—as if, having screwed his courage up to put his dream in words, he was resolved to speak of nothing else—repeated without ceasing:—

"Slap-bang! I want Slap-bang!"

"What does he mean?" she said, distractedly, grasping her husband's hand. "Oh, he is lost!"

But Jacques' rough face wore a smile of wonder and relief, like that of one condemned to death who sees a chance of liberty.

Slap-bang! He remembered well the morning of Whit-Monday, when he had taken Francis to the circus. He could hear still the child's delighted laughter, when the clown—the beautiful clown, all be-starred with golden spangles, and with a huge many-coloured butterfly glittering on the back of his black costume—skipped across the track, tripped up the riding-master by the heels, took a walk upon his hands, or threw up to the gas-light the sóft felt caps, which he dexterously caught upon his skull, where, one by one, they formed a pyramid; while at every trick and every jest, his large droll face expanding with a smile, he uttered the same catch-word, sometimes to a roll of music from the band, "Slap-bang!" And every time he uttered it the audience roared and the little fellow shouted with delight.

Slap-bang! It was this Slap-bang, the circus clown, he who kept half the city laughing, whom little Francis wished to see, and whom, alas! he could not see as he lay pale and feeble in his little bed.

That night Jacques brought the child a jointed clown, ablaze with spangles, which he had bought at a high price. Four days' wages would not pay for it; but he would willingly have given the price of a year's labour, could he have brought a smile to the thin lips of the sick boy.

The child looked for a moment at the toy which sparkled on the bed-quilt. Then he said, sadly, "That is not Slap-bang. I want to see Slap-bang!"

If only Jacques could have wrapped him in the bed-clothes, borne him to the circus, shown him the clown dancing under the blazing gas-lights, and said, "Look there!"

But Jacques did better still. He went to the circus, obtained the clown's address, and then, with legs tottering with nervousness and agitation, climbed slowly up the stairs which led to the great man's apartment. It was a bold task to undertake! Yet actors, after all, go sometimes to recite or sing at rich men's houses. Who knew but that the clown, at any price he liked, would consent to go to say good-day to little Francis? If so, what matter his reception?

But was *this* Slap-bang, this charming person, called Monsieur Moreno, who received him in his study like a doctor, in the midst of books and pictures, and all the luxury of art! Jacques looked at him, and could not recognise the clown. He turned and twisted his felt hat between his fingers. The other waited. At last the poor fellow began to stammer out excuses: "It was unpardonable—a thing unheard of—that he had come to ask; but the fact was, it was about his little boy—such a pretty little boy, sir! and so clever! Always first in his class—except in arithmetic, which he did not understand. A dreamy little chap—too dreamy—as you may see"—Jacques stopped and stammered; then screwing up his courage he continued with a rush—"as you may see by the fact that he wants to see you, that he thinks of nothing else, that you are before him always, like a star which he has set his mind on——"

Jacques stopped. Great beads stood on his forehead and his face was very pale. He dared not look at the clown, whose eyes were fixed upon him. What had he dared

to ask the great Slap-bang? What if the latter took him for a madman, and showed him to the door?

"Where do you live?" demanded Slap-bang.

"Oh! close by. The Rue des Abbesses!"

"Come!" said the other; "the little fellow wants to see Slap-bang—well, he *shall* see him."

CHAPTER III.

When the door opened before the clown, Jacques cried out joyfully, "Cheer up, Francis! Here is Slap-bang."

The child's face beamed with expectation. He raised himself upon his mother's arm, and turned his head towards the two men as they entered. Who was the gentleman in an overcoat beside his father, who smiled good-naturedly, but whom he did not know? "Slap-bang," they told him. It was all in vain. His head fell slowly back upon the pillow, and his great sad blue eyes seemed to look out again beyond the narrow chamber walls, in search, unceasing search, of the spangles and the butterfly of the Slap-bang of his dreams.

"No," he said, in a voice which sounded inconsolable; "no; *this* is not Slap-bang!"

The clown, standing by the little bed, looked gravely down upon the child with a regard of infinite kind-heartedness. He shook his head, and looking at the anxious father and the mother in her agony, said smiling, "He is right. This is not Slap-bang." And he left the room.

"I shall not see him; I shall never see him again," said the child, softly.

But all at once—half an hour had not elapsed since the clown had disappeared—the door was sharply opened, and behold, in his black spangled tunic, the yellow tuft upon his head, the golden butterfly upon his breast and back, a large smile opening his mouth like a money-box, his face white with flour, Slap-bang, the true Slap-bang, the Slap-bang of the circus, burst into view. And in his little white cot, with the joy of life in his eyes, laughing, crying, happy, saved, the little fellow clapped his feeble hands, and, with the recovered gaiety of seven years old, cried out:

"Bravo! Bravo, Slap-bang! It is he this time! This is Slap-bang! Long live Slap-bang! Bravo!"

CHAPTER IV.

When the doctor called that day, he found, sitting beside the little patient's pillow, a white-faced clown, who kept him in a constant ripple of laughter, and who was observing, as he stirred a lump of sugar at the bottom of a glass of cooling drink:

"You know, Francis, if you do not drink your medicine, you will never see Slap-bang again."

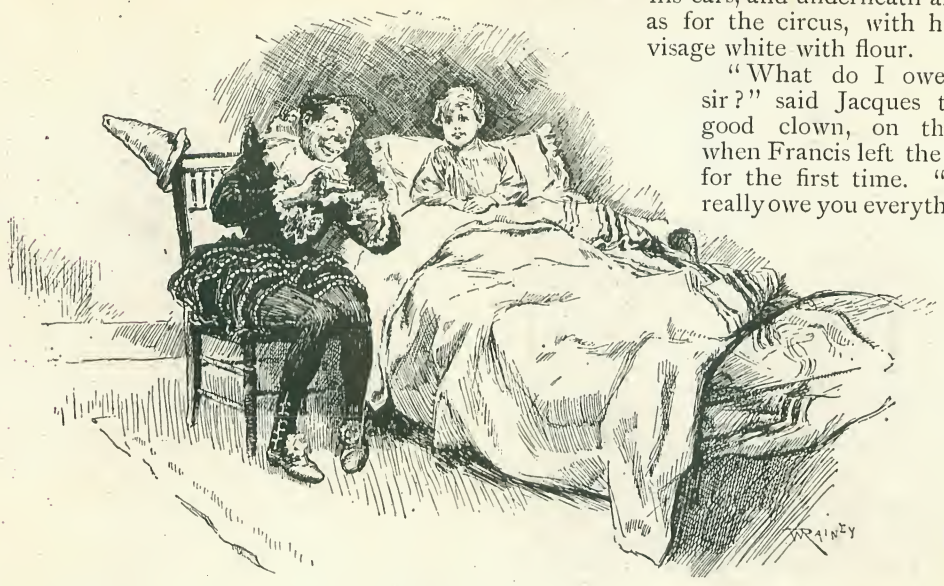
And the child drank up the draught.

"Is it not good?"

"BRAVO, SLAP-BANG!"

"Very good. Thank you, Slap-bang."

"Doctor," said the clown to the physician,



"THANK YOU, SLAP-BANG."

"do not be jealous, but it seems to me that my tomfooleries have done more good than your prescriptions."

The poor parents were both crying; but this time it was with joy.

From that time till little Francis was on foot again, a carriage pulled up every day before the lodging of the workman in the Rue des Abbesses; a man descended, wrapped in a greatcoat with the collar turned up to his ears, and underneath arrayed as for the circus, with his gay visage white with flour.

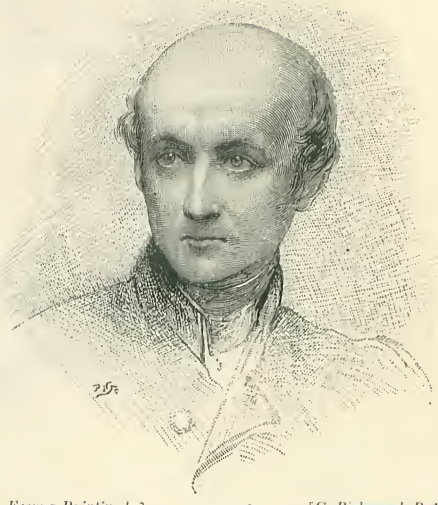
"What do I owe you, sir?" said Jacques to the good clown, on the day when Francis left the house for the first time. "For I really owe you everything!"

The clown extended to the parents his two hands, huge as those of Hercules:

"A shake of the hand," he said. Then, kissing the little boy on both his rosy cheeks, he added, laughing, "And permission to inscribe on my visiting-cards, 'Slap-bang, doctor-acrobat, physician in ordinary to little Francis!'"

Portraits of Celebrities at different times of their Lives.

From a] AGE 4. [*Miniature.*



From a Painting by] AGE 36. [*G. Richmond, R.A.*

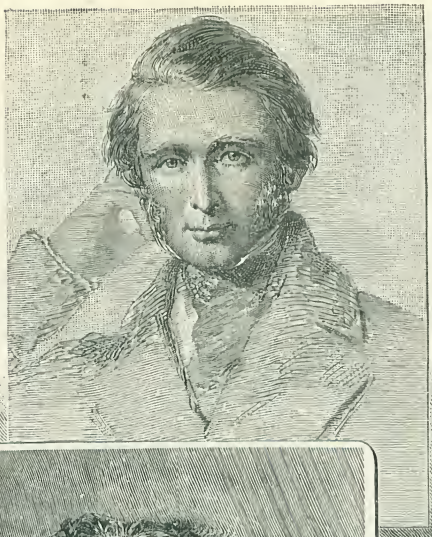
CARDINAL MANNING.

BORN 1808.

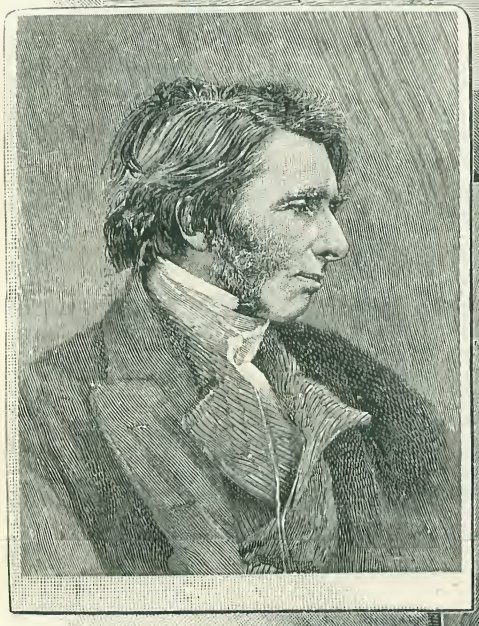
HENRY EDWARD MANNING, at the age of four, had his portrait taken by a miniature-painter, who depicted him upon a cliff above the sea, absorbed in listening to the murmur of a shell. This most interesting picture of the future Cardinal, together with companion portraits of his little brothers and sisters, long hung upon the wall of the library of his father's house at Totteridge. But one night the house was broken into by a gang of burglars, and, among other valuables, the miniatures were carried off. The vexation of the family was extreme; but by a curious freak of fortune the portraits were at length discovered in an old curiosity shop in London, and, after years of absence, resumed their old position on the library wall. The second of our portraits shows the future Cardinal as Archdeacon of Chichester, at a time when he was universally regarded as one of the strongest pillars of the English Church. Alas for human foresight! Seven years later, on Passion Sunday, 1851, he felt himself compelled to make the great renunciation, and laid before the footstool of the Pope the costly offering of such a character as in its blend of saintly life, of strength of intellect, of eloquence alike of tongue and pen, and of unrivalled knowledge of the world, has rarely been bestowed on any of the sons of men.

From a Photo. by] AGE 81. [*Messrs. Elliott & Fry.*

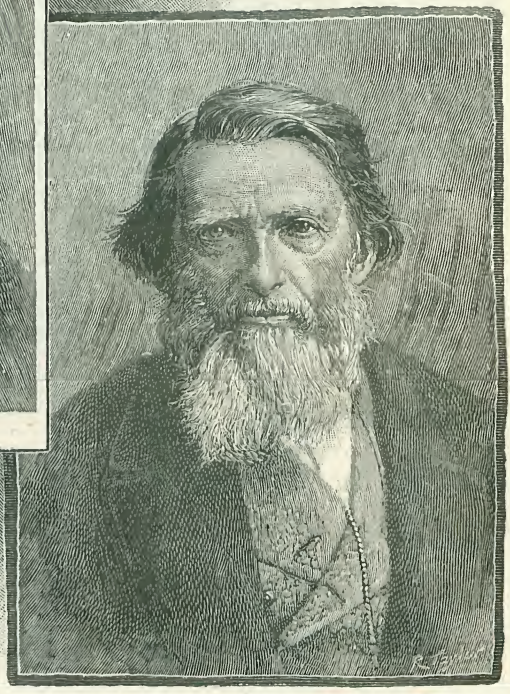
For these portraits we are indebted to the courtesy of Cardinal Manning, of Mr. Wilfred Meynell, and of Messrs. Henry Graves & Co., Pall Mall.



AGE 38.
From a Drawing by G. Richmond, R.A.



AGE 48.
From a Photo. by Messrs. Elliott & Fry.



From a Photo. by] AGE 63. *[Messrs. Elliott & Fry.*

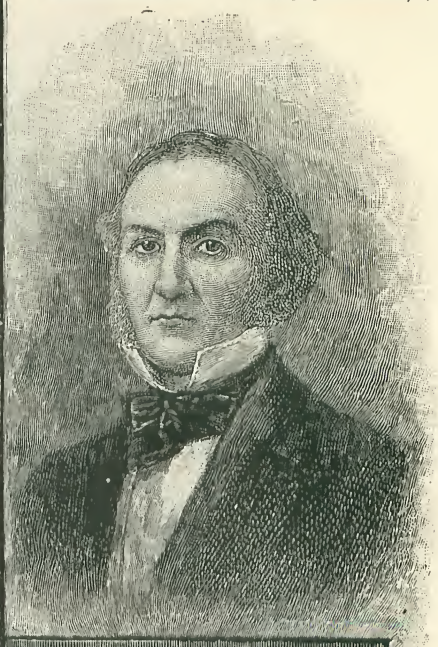
JOHN RUSKIN.

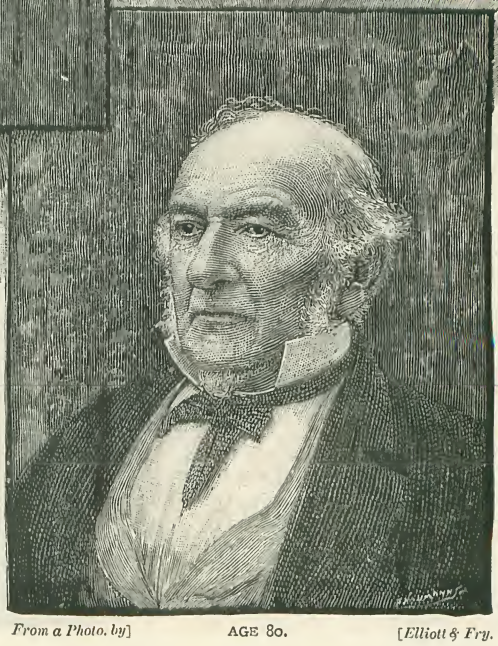
BORN 1819.

AT the age of twenty, Mr. Ruskin, then at Christ Church, Oxford, had just won the Newdigate prize poem. Two years later the first volume of "Modern Painters" showed that a new poet had indeed arisen, though a poet who was destined not to cast his thoughts in verse, but in "the other harmony of prose." At eight-and-thirty "Stones of Venice" had appeared." At eight-and-forty (as in our second portrait) he had recently been elected Rede Lecturer at Cambridge, and was in the height of his great combat with the world he lives in—a world which, in his eyes, is given up almost beyond redemption to canters, money-grubbers, inventors of improved machinery, and every kind of charlatan. In volume after volume, he was putting forth—in the midst of much which reason found fantastic — bursts of satire fierce as Juvenal's, and word-pictures more gorgeous than the tints of Turner, conveyed in that inimitable style which is as strong and sweet as Shelley's verse. In these latter days (as our last portrait shows him) Mr. Ruskin, like a prophet in a hermitage, has become more and more of a recluse, though now and then his voice is still audible in a wrathful letter to the papers, like a voice heard crying in the wilderness that all is lost.

From an Engraving by W. Walker.
AGE 28.

AGE 45.
From Photo. by Cameron of a Painting by G. F. Watts, R.A.





From a Photo. by] AGE 80. *[Elliott & Fry.*

THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P.

BORN 1809.

THESE portraits represent Mr. Gladstone at three important epochs in his career. At twenty-eight he was the henchman of Sir Robert Peel, and it was at this time that Macaulay described him as "the rising hope of the stern, unbending Tories." He had just produced his work on "Church and State," which attracted a great deal of attention. Our second portrait shows what he was like at the time when, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, he put forth the first of the long series of his famous Budgets. The third picture is the one which is now so familiar, representing the illustrious statesman as he is at the present time. It will be observed that the high collars which are inseparable from every picture of Mr. Gladstone, whether serious or comic, have been favourites with him all his life. Like Peel, Palmerston, and Beaconsfield, he is a striking instance of the fact that the toils and cares of responsible statesmanship seem with some constitutions to tend to vigorous old age.

From a Photo. by] AGE 18. *[Ouless, Jersey.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 23. *[Ouless, Jersey.*

AGE 23 (WITH MR. LANGTRY).
From a Photo. by] *[Ouless, Jersey.*

From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Lafayette, Dublin.*

MRS. LANGTRY.

THIS page enables one to trace the blooming of the Jersey Lily from the bud to the full flower; from the lovely Miss Le Breton, the daughter of the Dean, to the newly-married bride, and from the belle of London drawing-rooms to the charming actress who has won on both sides of the world applause which is not gained by loveliness alone, even when, like Mrs. Langtry's, it is of that rare kind, statuesque yet blooming, which is adapted equally to represent the chiselled grace of Galatea, or the burning beauty of the Queen of Egypt.

From a Photo. by] AGE 28. *[Messrs. Elliott & Fry.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 40. *[Barraud.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 44. *[Messrs. Elliott & Fry.*

JOHN HARE.

BORN 1844.

MR. HARE, as most people have the pleasure of knowing from experience, is the finest actor of old men at present on the stage—if not, indeed, the finest ever seen. It seems strange, as we regard the strong young face of our first portrait, that Mr. Hare was then, or very little later, acting *Sir Peter Teazle* to the very life. Mr. Hare as an old man is old all over. Yet no two of his old men are like each other; no characters bear less resemblance than *Lord Kilclare* in "A Quiet Rubber," and *Benjamin Goldfinch* in "A Pair of Spectacles," but which is the most life-like it is difficult to say. Mr. Hare, indeed, prefers his present part to any of his *rôles*, as may be learnt, with other facts of interest, by a reference to page 166 of this number; and certainly a more delightful piece of character-acting it is impossible to conceive than that which represents the dear old gentleman whose faith in waiters, bootmakers, butlers, brothers, friends, and wives, is so rudely shaken and so happily restored. At his present age, of which our last portrait is a speaking likeness, Mr. Hare is a familiar figure, not only on the stage, but on horseback in the Row, or, more delightful still to his acquaintances, talking from an easy-chair as no one but himself *can* talk, or rising after dinner to make one of his inimitable speeches.

For permission to reproduce these portraits we have to thank the courtesy of Mr. Hare.

AGE 23.
From a Photograph by W. Keith, Liverpool.

AGE 37.
From a Photograph by Window & Grove.

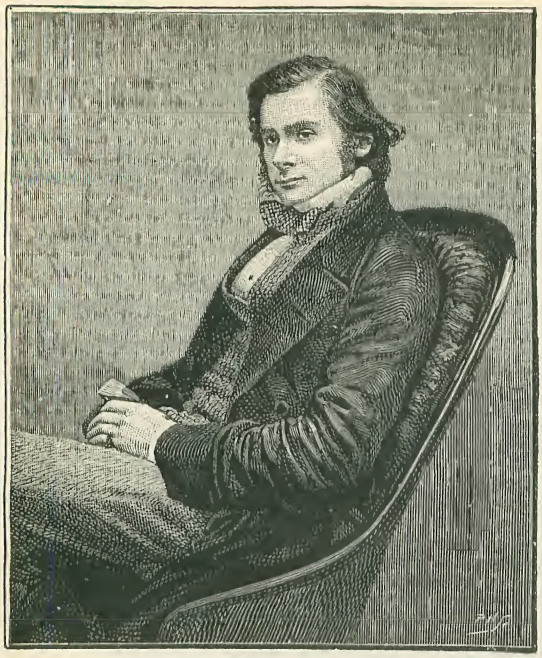
From a Photograph by Window & Grove.
AGE 18.

From a Photograph by Barraud.

From a Photograph by Walker & Sons.
AGE 27.

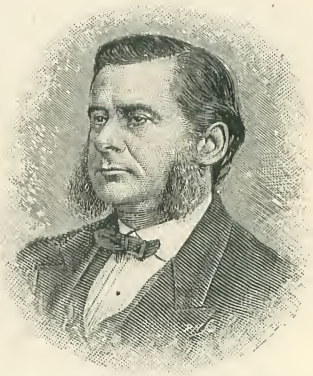
MR. AND MRS. BANCROFT.

BY the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft we are able to present our readers with their portraits at an age when they had not yet met each other —when Marie Wilton was the life and soul of the burlesques at the "Strand" Theatre, and when Mr. Bancroft was still studying in the provinces the art with which he was to charm the audiences of the "Prince of Wales's." In our second portraits Marie Wilton was still Marie Wilton, but was on the eve of becoming Mrs. Bancroft; and finally, in the centre, we have them both as at the present day.



From a] AGE 31. *[Photograph.*

style and strength of logic which makes him both the most redoubtable antagonist in the literary arena, and the most popular exponent of the discoveries of science. Professor Huxley's health, never of the very best, has latterly compelled him to withdraw entirely from the active duties of the many posts which he has held; but the magazine articles which

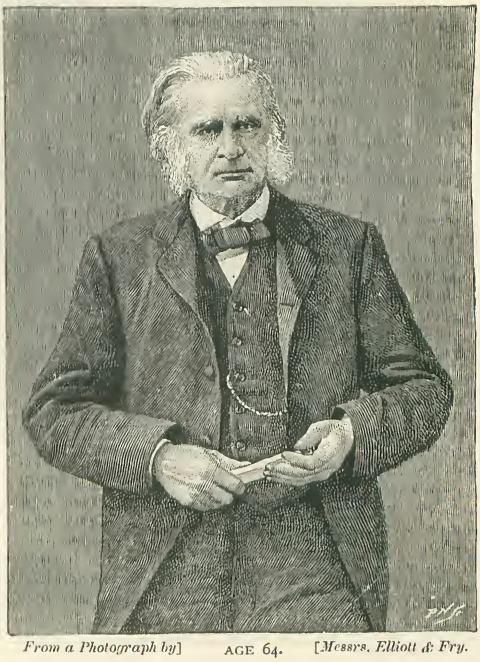


From a Photograph by] AGE 45. *[Messrs. Elliott & Fry.*

PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

BORN 1825.

IT is, unfortunately, impossible to obtain a portrait of Professor Huxley in the days when he was not yet a professor—when he was catching sticklebacks and chasing butterflies at his father's school at Ealing—for at thirty-one, the age at which his earliest photograph was taken, he was already a professor of two sciences—of Natural History at the Royal School of Mines, and of Physiology at the Royal Institute. As assistant-surgeon to H.M.S. *Rattlesnake* he had spent three years in studying natural history off the Australian coasts, and had written out the record of his observations in the earliest of his books. The Admiralty refused to pay a penny of the publishing expenses; the young assistant-surgeon's salary was seven-and-sixpence a day; and the volume only saw the light some five years later, when it was issued by the Ray Society. But, from the days of his first fight with fortune, Professor Huxley's fame rose steadily, and by the time at which our second portrait shows him he had been President of the British Association, and had developed that limpidity of



From a Photograph by] AGE 64. *[Messrs. Elliott & Fry.*

he occasionally puts forth show all his early faculties as strong as ever.

For the above interesting early photograph we are indebted to the kindness of Professor and Mrs. Huxley.

From a Photograph.] AGE 8. [*New York.*

her baby lips issued a trill so long-sustained and so pure of intonation, that the whole company of artists applauded with surprise and rapture. The appearance of Adelina was much what would be imagined—always tiny for her age, but lithe and straight, with her thick, black locks braided on either side of her face, her eyes keen as a hawk's, whilst her clear brow, mobile mouth, and determined chin each in turn emphasised the expression with which she was animated at the moment. The street arabs of New York nicknamed her "the little Chinee girl," because of her big, black eyes and somewhat yellow skin, when she used to run up and down Broadway bowling her hoop. Of her phenomenal success, when she appeared as a primadonna of seven summers at Niblo's Garden in New York, it would be idle to repeat an oft-told tale. But we are fortunately able to reproduce a photograph of the little primadonna; for which, as well as for the notes above, we are indebted to the kindness of a friend of the great singer. The signature across the photograph is Adelina Patti's own.

ADELINA PATTI.

IF ever an artist was "cradled in song," that artist was Adelina Patti. Before she could utter a word she could hum every air she had heard her mother rehearsing for the opera. Her musical precocity was so extraordinary that she could detect the least falsity of intonation in any vocal performance, and on one occasion when she had been admitted behind the scenes to the dress rehearsal of a new opera in New York, she managed to startle the leading lady—a singer of some reputation—very considerably, by running up to her and exclaiming, in her little shrill Yankee accent, "I guess you don't know the proper way to trill, you rest too long on the first note. Listen to me, and try to do it as I do!" And from

From a Photograph by] PRESENT DAY. [*Messrs. Elliott & Fry.*

Letters from Artists on Ladies' Dress.

QUESTIONS of Fashion are, perhaps, more open to debate and difference of opinion than any others. But those who ridicule the commands of Fashion, as well as those who worship them, must find an equal interest in the views of the best judges of what is beautiful and what is ugly—that is to say, of artists. In this belief, we have asked a number of our leading painters to state their views upon the subject, in the form of a reply to the succeeding questions :—

"What is your opinion of the present style of ladies' dress? What are its chief defects, and what its merits, from an artist's point of view? What is your ideal of a beautiful woman, beautifully dressed?"

Our invitation has been most cordially responded to, and we are now in a position to publish the replies received.

SIR FREDERIC LEIGHTON.

Ladies, who are, of course, the keenest votaries of fashion, will be delighted, and we think surprised, to find Sir Frederick Leighton on their side.

Hôtel Royal, Rome.

DEAR SIR,—Whatever may be the criticisms to which the dress of a lady in our day is open, there is a vast amount of nonsense talked about it. Titian and Velasquez would probably have been very happy to paint it.—Believe me, dear Sir, yours faithfully, FREDERIC LEIGHTON.

MR. G. F. WATTS, R.A.

Little Holland House,
Kensington, W.

DEAR SIR,—I don't know that the present style of "ladies' dress," when not pushed to extremes and exaggerations, can be very much objected to. Mr. du Maurier, in *Punch*, is able, without violating truth, to make it look very graceful and charming. Such portions as are easily put on and taken off need not be soberly, much less severely, criticised. It is natural, and even right, that considerable elasticity should be claimed by fashion—fancy and trade are encouraged. All, however, that is calculated to effect permanent injury to health must be very severely condemned. Tight lacing, pointed shoes, and high heels—these, unless the fashion changes (which, being very ugly, it probably will not), leave permanent disastrous results. No lady can be really well and beautifully dressed if what she wears outrages Nature's intentions in the structure of the human frame. Such outrages are: a waist like a stove pipe, shoes that compress the toes into a crumpled mass of deformity, and, it might even be added, gloves that confine the hand till it looks little better than a fin—but as this inflicts no permanent injury, it does not matter—but the foot is irredeemably ruined, to the destruction of spring and grace in movement, and to no inconsiderable injury to health. It is a very common thing to hear a lady say, "The foot is an ugly thing!" Her shapeless shoe has told her this; but it will be seen how untrue it is if one looks at a cast from the foot of an Indian woman, or the drawing of a foot by Sir Frederic Leighton. No doubt the crumpled clump of deformity common from wearing modern abominations, is a thing an ancient Greek would have shuddered at; and this is to be the more lamented as the modern young lady is often of splendid growth and form, such as probably the ancient Greek never saw.

Perhaps, the real test of the highest taste in dress would be, whether it could be put into sculpture; but that would be too rigid a rule. One may say, however, that no lady can be well dressed who, for the sake of tasteless vanity, decks herself in the spoils of the most beautiful of created creatures, cruelly indifferent to such destruction; or sticks reptiles and repulsive insects about her.

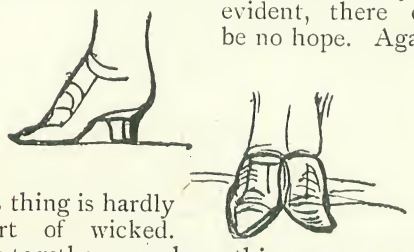
To your question, "What is your ideal of a beautiful woman?" I would answer, That form which, tall or short, or of light or dark colour, most emphasises human characteristics furthest removed from suggestions of the inferior creatures—a principle so well understood and acted upon by the great Greek artists. How beautiful when, in the words of Ruskin, "Fairest, because purest and thoughtfullest, trained in all high knowledge, as in all courteous art—in dance, in song, in sweet wit, in lofty learning, in loftier courage, in loftiest love—able alike to cheer, to enchant, or save the souls of men."

This would, I think, do for an ideal.—Very truly yours, G. F. WATTS.

In a second letter Mr. Watts adds :—

"It is impossible that we should be unaffected by the impressions the mind receives through the medium of dress; we ought not to be so. The indifference in modern times to grace and harmony in dress is a strong reason for concluding that pleasure in what is beautiful—or, which may sometimes be accepted as an equivalent, interesting—a sense so strong in former ages, is extinct.

"I think I said that it was more easy to say what should not be, than what should be. Good taste must be outraged when deformity is suggested, but even that may be passed over when such things are perfectly extraneous. When they tend to produce permanent deformity, it is a pity they cannot be suppressed by law, as unquestionably the race suffers. No healthy, well-made young girl ought to be allowed to wear stays compressing the ribs; after thirty, there may be reasons; and by that time nature would have asserted herself, and no great harm would be done. But as long as men have the degraded taste to prefer a pipe to the beautiful flexible line, which might always, with the greatest delicacy, be evident, there can be no hope. Again,



this thing is hardly short of wicked. Put together, you have this—uncommonly like a cloven hoof. I wish the ladies joy of it!"

MR. G. D. LESLIE, R.A.

Riverside, Wallingford.

DEAR SIR,—I alluded to the subject of ladies' dress in an address I delivered at Southampton on Art. It is a short allusion, but if you care to publish it I have no objection, and could send you a copy.—I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

G. D. LESLIE.

The passage runs as follows:—

"The results of female art education are not quite satisfactory in the matter of dress, as here woman is so apt, by nature, to become the slave of fashion; but still I think much can be done by right-minded girls, by careful selection and wholesome reform in such things as tight-lacing and high heels. I care not for the so-called high art school of millinery. Dresses that look like bed-gowns of green serge, and little girls smothered in Kate Greenaway flopperty hats, seem to me, however picturesque intrinsically, in bad taste from their eccentricity. A young lady of real taste can always find amidst the prevailing fashions some that suit her individuality; and those that have this taste invariably seem to do so."

HON. JOHN COLLIER.

4, Marlborough Place, N.W.

SIR,—I should hardly venture to express an opinion on the delicate subject of modern female dress, were it not that in my double capacity of husband and portrait-painter I have been obliged to devote a great deal of attention to it.

I think the outlook is, on the whole, encouraging. To begin with, there is much greater variety of style and freedom of choice than has obtained for a very long time. Indeed, it is probable that in no country or period since dress was invented has there been such a wide scope for individual taste as in England at the present day.

FIG. 1.

This is an enormous advantage, for women vary so much that a hard and fast style,

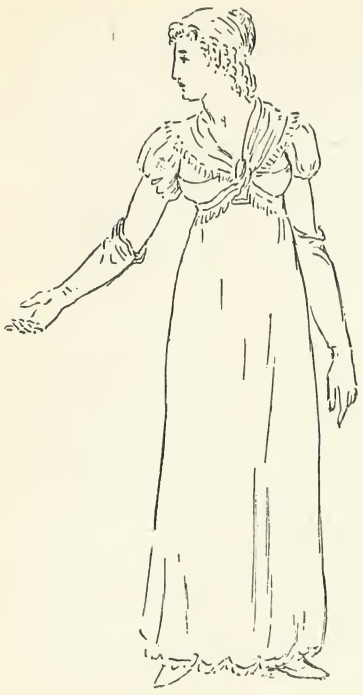


FIG. 2.

however good in itself, is certain to be unsuitable to at least half the sex. It is true that this freedom of choice is not always wisely exercised, but it is a subject to which women devote so much time and thought that they are mostly good judges in the matter.

Then, again, there is at present a happy absence of those monstrosities that have first offended, and then corrupted, our ideal of feminine form ; the crinoline has long disappeared, and at length the bustle—perhaps the most odious of all these misshapements —has followed suit. Of course they may both re-appear, and probably will do so ; but freedom of choice is now so firmly established, that no one will be considered eccentric or unwomanly for refusing to adopt them.

We may take it once for all that the extreme tyranny of fashion is broken down —a glorious triumph that we mainly owe to the much-abused æsthetic movement.

But although much has been achieved, much still remains to be done. There are two deadly sins in modern female dress which seem to defy all considerations of beauty and convenience. Tight waists and high heels are still so common that the courageous protests of the emancipated pass almost unnoticed.

My own opinion is that female dress will never be thoroughly satisfactory until women have realised that they have no waists. Nature has not endowed them with waists, which are artificial forms produced by compressing the body.

This seeming paradox is easily proved by considering that the waist of woman has been placed by fashion in every conceivable position, from under the armpits to halfway down the hips. Obviously it cannot correspond to any natural formation, or it could not wander about in this extraordinary manner.

Of course, the Greek lady never supposed she had a waist. She often, for the sake of convenience, tied a string round her body, but only just tightly enough to keep her clothes in place, and then nearly always let some folds of the drapery fall over and hide the unsightly line (Fig. 1). If there must be a waist, I distinctly prefer the one placed under the armpits, in the fashion of the beginning of this century, for it is physically impossible to tie it so tightly as to much alter the form, and having the division high up tends to minimise the most common defect of the English female figure, a want of length in the leg (Fig 2).

Of course, it is this very want of length

FIG. 3.

that has led to the high heels, but the remedy is worse than the disease. It does not really give the impression of long-leggedness, and it does alter and spoil the whole carriage of the body.

The high heels also help to deform the feet by pressing the toes forward into the pointed ends of those terrible boots that are another disgrace to our civilisation. Painters and sculptors have good cause to know that the modern female foot is a hideous object—our vitiated taste has become accustomed to it when clothed, but when seen in its naked deformity it is a thing to shudder at.

It occurs to me that there are two fundamental rules of dress.

First, wherever the dress is tight it should show the true natural form of the body beneath, and should not suggest, and still less produce, some entirely unnatural and artificial form. (This rule, of course, only applies to tolerably good figures.)

Secondly, where the dress is loose it should be allowed to fall in its own natural folds, and should not be gathered up into the horrible convolutions miscalled drapery by the milliners.

FIG. 4.

The old Greek dress fulfilled these conditions in the highest degree, and, I have no doubt, was the noblest form of clothing ever invented. All other forms of dress have abounded in monstrosities of one kind or another, but in looking over the history of costume one now and then comes across

FIG. 5.

some simple and artistic form which seems to have sprung up by chance, as it were, or as a transition between two opposite exaggerations. Here is a fine example from the early middle ages (Fig. 3). And here, again, is a good design from a much later period (Fig. 4).

Just before the introduction of the enormous hoops in the early part of the eighteenth century, which, perhaps, are the high-water mark of monstrosity in dress, there was a brief period of comparative simplicity, to which has been given a perhaps factitious charm by the genius of Watteau (Fig. 5).

And then, again, we come to the costume of 1800 and the neighbouring years, to which I have already alluded, and which was, perhaps, the simplest and most graceful dress that European women have worn since the classical period (Fig. 6), but which soon, alas! gave way to the succession of nightmares from which, at last, we seem to have awakened.

But from many styles besides these there are hints to be gathered for the benefit of modern dress, and, fortunately, the tolerance

of the age enables us to pick and choose from any source we like. I have great hopes of the future of female costume (male costume seems, from the artistic side, to be past praying for), but a great deal depends upon the artists. The average man is as bad as the average woman; he likes pretty little waists and neat little feet quite as much as the recipient of his misplaced admiration. Indeed, as I think it is incontestable that women dress more to please men than to please themselves, we men are probably more to blame than the women for the vagaries of female costume. But the artists have, or ought to have, a better taste in these matters than the outside public. They all affect to admire the masterpieces of classical art, and they are, few of them, entirely ignorant of what the human form ought to be. It is to them that we must look for protests against its disfigurement. —I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

JOHN COLLIER.

FIG. 6.

MR. G. H. BOUGHTON, A.R.A.

West House,
Campden Hill-road, W.

DEAR SIR,—The questions you send me regarding my opinion of the present style of ladies' dress cover too large and varied a field to be disposed of in a moment—that is, if one *could* dispose of them even after many and many a month, let alone moments. The one virtue of the women's dress of to-day is its variety and individuality. Those who are really *dressed* and not merely clothed, have their dresses "created" for them, and they belong to each other. The fair and the dark, the lean and the reverse, do not now bedeck themselves with the same all pervading tint or cut, whether it suits them well or ill, just because it is "all the go." Even the almost universal cut of to-day is most usually graceful and of quiet tone. And somehow girls seem to be of taller growth, and of better health and colour, and to walk better than ever before. The adoption of *bits* of bygone fashions is now and then deplorable. One sees queer jumbles of Marie Stuart ruffs and "Empire" bonnets, or of any other period except of the Marie Stuart head-gear. Suppose a poor simple masher of the male kind should try some historical head-gear—say a cocked hat or a Charles II. with a wreath of feathers and lace—and mount a jewelled sword, as a new incident to his usual Piccadilly attire? It would be in no worse taste than the various mixture of "periods" that some of the dear creatures of to-day startle the student of costume

with now and then. My ideal of "a beautiful woman, beautifully dressed," is not yet defined. I am not very narrow-minded with regard to either point. From the Princess in gold and white samite, to the nut-brown maid with her gown of hodden gray and her bare feet, there are thousands that are good enough for *me*. The only bad ones are the pretentious and vulgar (dirt and fine feathers). I saw a little "æsthetic" creature the other day, with a sad, woe-begone costume in flabby colours, a mop of tousled hair, a painted mask of a face, all in keeping, except the boots—"side-spring," if you please (if anything so squashy could have a spring). She was only a passing vision—but enough. I could but repeat with Madame Roland under the guillotine (*was* it Roland?) "O Liberty (and Co.), what crimes are committed in thy name!"

The subject is a fascinating one; but there are limits.—Yours faithfully,

GEO. H. BOUGHTON, A.R.A.

MR. G. A. STOREY, A.R.A.

39, Broadhurst Gardens, N.W.

SIR,—It is difficult to pass an opinion upon "ladies' dress," because its chief characteristic seems to be that it is ever changing. We no sooner see a really pretty fashion than we hear ominous rumours—from Paris (?)—that some abomination such as the crinoline is coming in again, or the Gainsborough hat is to give place to the Pork-pie, or a small copy of the Toriodero's head-gear. We are told that costume indicates the phase or current of thought of the period and of the country in which it is worn; that it becomes sumptuous in rich communities and in prosperous times, but is sad and impoverished in times of war and depression; that it marks the degree of civilisation, of culture, of taste, and of wealth; and, like the other fine arts, has its glorious periods as well as its decadence and restoration. Perhaps it reached its lowest stage of ugliness, in this country, some thirty or forty years ago, when corkscrew ringlets, high foreheads, flat bandeaus plastered down the cheeks, evening dresses cut straight across the collar bones, flounces and crinolines, and all the other horrors that John Leech has so cleverly depicted in the early volumes of *Punch* were the fashions that set off our types of beauty. May we then conclude that taste has improved since those days, and not only taste, but common sense? At the present moment we see nothing outrageous to find fault with, and much that is pretty to admire. It would take up too much space to go into detail: to discourse on hats alone would require a separate letter of some pages. I should have to show how some set off the face and others do not, and how it often happens that the success of a hat depends very much upon the face that looks out from under it. And so with the way the hair is dressed, &c.; and I need scarcely say that a pretty, graceful woman will make almost any costume look well if she puts it on with taste, whereas there are certain other figures that require special treatment.

There are some, whom I would not offend, but who nevertheless are deficient in those graceful curves that Nature bestows upon her best art, who require farthingales, hoops, improvers, and even flounces to disguise the angularity of their structure, whilst others go the other extreme of rotundity, such as a lady I knew, who was taller when she sat down than when she stood up, and must baffle the most ingenious contrivers of European costume, and whom nothing but a Chinese or loose Japanese gown could make at all presentable.

I think female dress may be either very gorgeous, or very simple—gorgeous as a Venetian lady when Titian and Paul Veronese delighted to depict her in rich brocades and a wealth of pearls and jewellery, or simple as in England a hundred years ago, when our great-grandmothers wore muslin gowns with short waists and silk sashes, the beauty and refinement of their faces making their chief attraction, and the simplicity of the dress leaving full scope for the gracefulness of the figure to display itself, as we see in the pictures of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough, George Morland, Romney, and others.

But the great artists seldom adhere to the passing fashions; they arrange the dress or reconstruct it so that it shall be most becoming to their sitters and at the same time make a good composition of colour and form for their pictures. This is also done by ladies of taste, who will often turn some freak of fashion into a thing of beauty, and, regardless of their milliner and dressmaker, will adopt some modification of the passing style if it seems to them more suitable and becoming.

The sense of fitness in dress as in everything else, should, I think, guide the fair sex of whatever degree—and I must say that there are fewer costumes more suitable and,

at the same time, much prettier than those of some of our domestic servants, who, with their white caps, bibs and aprons and black dresses make quite dainty little pictures, often reminding us of that well-known print of "La Belle Chocolatière."

Whether this idea of fitness could be carried out in the cases of lady Town Councillors, female clerks, &c., &c., I do not know. I must leave that and many other matters connected with this subject to more competent judges,—and remain, Yours obediently,

G. A. Storey.

Mr. Wyke Bayliss, P.R.B.A.

Sir,—You ask me to give you, in the form of a letter, my ideas on the subject of ladies' dress.

It is not without considerable hesitation that I venture to approach so sacred a mystery. I should indeed be disposed to decline your courteous invitation to be "drawn" upon the question, on the ground that I am not a figure painter, but for the consideration that although unhappily an artist is obliged in his work to limit the range of his vision, yet the beauty that exists in the world is the common heritage of us all, and every artist is, or should be, equally appreciative of the loveliness of our companions in life, and jealous of the safety and honour of the shrine at which we all worship.

Replying to your letter, therefore, not as a specialist, but simply as an artist, I would say:

The first essential in a woman's dress should be that *the beauty of it must be a beauty that shall always be beautiful.* I do not deprecate fashion—on the contrary, change is in itself pleasant to the eyes. But it must be a change from one loveliness to another. To see a rose is always an exquisite delight; so it is to see a lily. But we are not called upon to decide once for all which we prefer, and if we choose the rose to kill all the lilies. Thus it should be with dress: change is desirable, but it must be on the understanding that no ugly thing shall be tolerated for the sake of fashion.

That is, I think, the first great principle; and attention to it would rid us for ever of the danger of the recurrence of those monstrosities that have brought the very name of "fashion" into contempt. There have been vagaries in dress to which our countrywomen have submitted, not because they had an imperfect perception of what is really beautiful and took the false for true, but because, in obedience to the inexorable laws of fashion, they accepted regretfully what they knew to be ugly. I hope the time will never come again when we may be tempted to lay a finger on her ladyship's hoops, and ask, as the little maid did, "Pray, madam, is that all yourself?" The leaders of fashion in Europe see clearly enough that to mutilate a woman's foot, as the Chinese do, is a barbarous custom; but they do not perceive that to make European ladies walk painfully on stilts and tiptoe is barbarism of the same kind. But the truth is that every attempt to modify the human form is an act of savagery, and any form of dress that simulates a modification, whether worn in Pekin or in Paris, or in London, is a savage dress, and carries with it the additional shame of being a sham. Let us be content with women as God made them. Let them be dressed, not altered. In a word, *no dress can be really beautiful that suggests a personal deformity.*

Secondarily to this reverence for the human form should be fair treatment of the fabric of which the dress is made. Velvet, silk, linen,—each has its own natural way of falling into folds; and the shape that a dress should take should be the natural result of the folding of the material, and not the result of an artificial construction. This principle may also be expressed in the simple form of a negative. *No dress can be really beautiful that suggests the carrying about of a machine.*

Then as to colour. I think the present taste for soft, tertiary colours is altogether favourable. Strong colours, in a mass, are destructive to the delicacy of colour and expression in a woman's face. The vermilion of her lips should not have to fight the red that is suitable enough for pillar-posts. The blue of her eyes should not have to compete with that of Reckitt. The missing colour, yellow, should not be flaunted against her carnations and azure and pearly white. A woman is worth more than to be subordinated to an aniline dye. *The primary or secondary colours should be used (like brass instruments in a fine orchestra) very sparingly.*

These are, of course, very general principles. But I am not an expert in millinery, and can only speak generally.

I think, however, that there is a tolerably safe test that might be applied in carrying them out, viz., What will the dress look like in a picture? Artists are every day

finding their inspirations more and more in the living men and women of their own time. Women are every day making more history for men to paint. Let them dress so as to be paintable. Dress how they will, they are always admired, and reverenced, and loved. But I cannot say the same of their dress. The time has been when, in order to paint a woman, the first necessity for the artist was to get possession of her great-grandmother's gown. Under such circumstances the painting of contemporary life must be limited to portraiture; and everything that limits the range of art, limits its splendour and the hold it should have on our affections.

There are only a few words that I care to add.

I think we lose something as a nation in not having a distinctive dress for our peasantry and the *bourgeoises* of our provincial towns—nothing, I mean, to correspond with the square of linen folded on the head, of which the Roman woman is so justly proud, or the white caps of Normandy and Holland, varying in shape according to the township. The picturesque way in which the shawl is used by our Lancashire lasses is, indeed, some approach to it. But I recognise the impossibility of the Continental system being established amongst us.

Would it, however, be too much to hope that the ladies of England may see fit to adopt the beautiful custom of wearing a special garment for church services? It would be in itself so seemly; it would add so much to the grace and dignity of our worship; it would be so agreeable a contrast to the parterre of bonnets in the lecture-room, and the pretty grouping of black and brown and golden hair—yes, and of silver, too—in the opera-house, that I believe the suggestion has only to be fairly considered to be accepted.

I ask, "Will the ladies see fit to do this?" because, after all, it is a woman's question. Men have a right to be considered, but *a woman's dress, to be beautiful, must be the expression of a woman's mind, and the work of a woman's hand.*—I am, Sir, yours faithfully, WYKE BAYLISS.

MR. JOHN ABSOLON, R.I.

52, Chetwynd-road, N.W.

DEAR SIR,—*All* padding, unless to hide a positive deformity, is a mistake. Fashion must be constantly changing, or how would dressmakers live? I remember taking my wife to a friend's in the country. Next morning the young ladies were invisible, but appeared in the afternoon *without* crinolines. I never submitted to that abomination, and my wife, to please me, never put one on. The young ladies thought Mrs. Absolon brought the last London change! —Truly yours, JOHN ABSOLON, R.I.

Lastly, let us hear the opinion of a lady artist. Madame Starr Canziani—for years one of the best known lady exhibitors at the Royal Academy, to whom we owe the following designs—writes as follows:—

MADAME STARR CANZIANI.

3, Palace-green, W.

SIR,—I have been asked to give my opinion of modern dress, its merits and demerits, from an artist's point of view. It seems to me that while much at the present time is picturesque and quaint in the extreme, the highest laws of beauty demand fitness as well, and while we have no fixed

DESIGN FOR A TENNIS DRESS.

principles to guide our fashions, however beautiful and sensible they may happen to be at any given moment, there must always

be the danger that at the next moment they may relapse into the inconvenient and ridiculous.

Considering how much has been done of late years to encourage all other forms of art, I cannot help wondering why in the Art Schools now existing all over the country, no classes have been instituted in which the principles of hygiene and fitness, harmony of colour, proportion, and beauty are taught. Architecture and decorative design are taught in the schools, but dress, which has existed since the world began, has no guiding laws, and sways from the severely ugly and matter-of-fact to the wildest extravagance of form and colour in a manner truly grotesque, were it not so sad to those who love ideal beauty, and whose eyes are daily outraged by flagrant sins against the laws of beauty and common sense.

There never was a time in which there was a greater abundance and variety of materials, rich and simple, exquisite embroideries, and lovely combinations of colour; but of what avail are all these beautiful materials if they are erroneously employed? At the present moment —alas! that we only dare speak for the absolute moment—some of the forms of dress are, on the whole, simple and practical, and express the natural figure fairly well; but who can say what wild vagaries the next caprice of the fashion-giver may bring forth?

If the laws of health and beauty were more generally understood, would it be possible that such enormities could exist as tight lacing, and high heels, and pointed toes? I am far from holding in abhorrence all corsets whatever. There are few figures which can do entirely without some stay; but tidiness and a neat, well-fitting gown are very different things from the walking hour-glass that seems as if it would snap in two at a touch.

But though the stay, when properly used, may be upheld, there is nothing that can be said in excuse of the wicked fashion—wicked, because the cause of much deformity and disease—of the high heel and pointed toe. We all know the mischief done by the very high heel, and from an artistic point of view it is to be condemned, making, as it does, the prettiest foot look like a hoof and destroying all freedom and dignity of gait. The pointed toe distorts the foot from its natural shape and gives the idea of the front claw of a vulture protruding from the gown, and while it miserably fails in making the foot look small, succeeds only too well in making it hideous. If one sees the whole foot, its width appears very much greater than it really is, by contrast with the point, and the joint of the big toe is brought into most aggressive prominence. If one sees only the end of the shoe peeping from under the dress, in many cases the point with its rapidly diverging lines suggests that the foot hidden by the gown *may* continue to any width, however enormous.

DESIGN FOR A BALL DRESS.

With the square-toed shoe, on the contrary, one has a fair idea of the whole width of the foot at once. It cannot go much beyond that, and the ideas of discomfort and pain are not constantly forced into one's mind.

Characteristic dresses of the period are the riding habit and tailor-made gown. I humbly confess that I dislike them both, for while they are simple, practical, plain, neat, warm, and on a slender unexaggerated figure, modest—they fail in the quality of womanliness, and therefore cannot be beautiful.

They are not womanly in sentiment. First because (a reason which has little to

do with the scope of this letter) a woman's clothes should be made by a woman only, and all who are loyal to their own sex would employ each other in an occupation so feminine.

Then they are unwomanly because they imitate men's dress, and I don't know that I should make a sin of this, were it not that at the present time men's dress is too truly hideous to be imitated even by a savage of darkest Africa!

It is for this reason that I find the riding habit so ugly and inartistic. Practical it is, but it apes the coat and the hat (!) of the man, and now that his cardboard shirt and collar are often added, I have no words strong enough that I may use to express the depths of my dislike.

I do not agree with the general opinion that a good-looking woman never looks so well as on her horse. If she do look well, I believe it to be in spite of her habit and not because of it, and that all the charm which a well-cut, appropriate, and simple garment can give to a graceful figure could perfectly well be retained, and yet that slightly more liberty might be allowed as to texture of material and colour (though the colour should always be quiet and mellow) and appropriate ornamentation by braiding the body and sleeves of the habit. By these means its hard severity would be somewhat softened, and without destroying the simple lines it would be rendered more feminine, and the fitness of the garment for its purpose would by no means be interfered with.

My objection to tailor-made gowns is that they give no scope for graceful, natural movement. In these the figure is made to fit the dress, and not the dress the figure, and if the wearer lift her arm above her head she must burst—or one feels that, having originally begun as a human being, well, she *ought* to burst if she doesn't. I am not fond of inventing sins, and think we already have enough for all our needs, and I cannot see—to save my life I cannot see—the harm of moving if one wants to do so. The whole costume is a failure so far as beauty and picturesqueness are concerned, but it claims to be practical, and if there were only a little more room in it for all the purposes of life I should say it succeeded well.

It also succeeds in something else. It paints truly the character of the women of the age. Matter-of-fact, sharp, full of common sense, with an eye to the main chance they are, and their tailor-made gowns express this most clearly. Not much room seemingly is there for romantic or motherly love, for devotion and self-sacrifice, in those tightly-fitting cases.

How different are the women of Sir Joshua Reynolds' time! Delicate, ethereal creatures, with swaying, soft movements, not fit for this hard every-day world. These exquisite beings went out in thinnest of evening shoes into the wet grass. They never wore anything more practical than soft white satin, even in a thunderstorm, and they *never* saw the thunderstorm coming. They knew not of homespun nor of heavy boots, and when their true loves went to the wars, they did not wait until they came back, but went into consumption and died. At least many of them did, though some lived to be our great-grandmothers.

At any rate it was the proper thing to do in those days, and it is not the proper thing now. No—our maidens no longer faint, and pine, and die, nor do they wait either—they marry someone else!

I confess to a feeling of wonder when I look at Sir Joshua Reynolds and Romney's beautiful women. I wonder how they are going to get away from the pedestal or tree against which they are leaning without distressing very much their soft draperies when they move. But—how tender, how graceful, how refined, how fascinating, how pure and faithful and womanly these gentle beings are! Their dresses were the outcome of the character and customs of the period, but although very feminine and beautiful were not practical, and would not be adapted to our present needs.

And this brings me to what I want to ask. What constitutes fitness and womanliness in dress? Do the dresses of the period possess these qualities? I certainly think not always, and without fitness and womanliness no dress can be artistically beautiful.

To be beautiful, it should be the expression of a beautiful mind, a beautiful body, and of perfect health and ease, and of natural delight in movement.

Also, it should have no association with pain.

No dress can be beautiful that is disfigured by an innocent animal wantonly sacrificed to the vanity and egotism of the wearer.

What womanly woman would wear real astracan on her jacket (if she knows *what* real astracan is), or the corpses of gulls,

doves, humming-birds, swallows, &c., in her hair? No one with a heart could do it, or, having a heart, the brain must be wanting which would enable her to think of the unjustifiable cruelty to which she gives her sanction.

If I were a man, nothing would induce me to marry a girl who would wear a bird in her hat. I should think: "Either she is selfish and cold, and through life would sacrifice everything to her own vanity or interests, or else she has so little mind and judgment that she would be ill able to conduct the affairs of life with discretion."

I should say that never was a pretty face rendered one whit the prettier by the body of a dead animal above it, but that on the contrary the attention is distracted from the living beauty beneath, and the mind is saddened and disgusted by the association of cruelty, and death, and decay, with the tender and beautiful womanhood which should rightly only call forth deepest feelings of admiration and respect.

From these examples it would appear that unless restrained by more general knowledge of guiding principles, dress, as hitherto, will always err by the want of some one necessary quality or another, be it that of beauty or of utility, or by indulgence in the vulgar, masculine, or grotesque.

How lately have we been subjected to the most illogical treatment of fine materials. Magnificent velvets and brocades cut up into "panels" of all sizes and all shapes, expressing nothing unless deformity. Tapering "gores" put wide end up on the skirt, or crossways, or any way except one in which they might help to express the shape—if the human form could be expressed by patches! Add to these the folds gathered into the aforesaid panels across, sideways, upside down, and the hump behind in the wrong place, and the hats like a huge dish stuck on in front with nothing behind, so that the wearer looks as if she must topple forward for want of balance, and we wonder what the good of civilisation and education can be if they only bring us to this. Truly, that savage in Africa can have little to learn from us in the way of adornment.

Still, we must thankfully acknowledge that at the present moment, amongst the better classes, there is much that is ideal in dress. How simple and how lovely are some of the afternoon gowns, how picturesque the hats and cloaks, and what romances of colour and form may one not find among tea and evening gowns? The tea gown especially lends itself to grace of line and beauty of colour and material.

I should like, before concluding, to say a few words about the most beautiful dress of all times and countries—the Greek. I cannot see why it should not be adopted in England for evening dress, or at any time when the wearer is not exposed to wind and weather. Then, I am fain to confess, the clinging, voluminous draperies and the long skirts would be sadly in the way, and be no longer practical nor beautiful. But I do think that the *principles* governing classical Greek dress should be our guide in all costume. Our garments should be garments with a meaning and a purpose. We should never contradict Nature's simple lines by false protuberances or exaggerations. To be beautiful, clothes should, by their shape, express the figure underneath; any cutting about of material in such a manner as to contradict the natural lines of the shape must be wrong.

DESIGN FOR A TEA GOWN.

If the figure be ungainly, the lines of the dress should be so discreetly managed as to apparently lessen its defects and suggest better proportions to the eye.

The gown should also be in harmony with the character of the mind and form of the wearer, and while quaintness of cut and even frippery (in a sense) may be appropriate to a merely pretty woman, and, discreetly used, may give interest to a plain one, only the very simplest and most flowing forms are worthy of the noblest type of beauty. No one could imagine the Venus of Milo in ribbons or frills, but wrap her in a sheet and her beauty will still dominate the world.

Dress need not be Greek in form to be Greek in spirit. I think we only need look, and we shall find the following noble qualities in Greek dress :—Fitness and honesty, simplicity, modesty, and dignity. —I am, Sir, your truly,

LOUISA STARR CANZIANI.

It will be seen that, on the whole, the verdict of the artists on the present style of ladies' dress is considerably more favourable than might have been anticipated from the adverse criticism to which it is so commonly exposed. Indeed, the consensus of opinion is one which cannot fail to gratify our lady readers, since, in reality, it affirms not only that they are themselves, as ever, the delight of painters, but that—tomfooleries of tight-lacing and high heels apart—their everyday attire may be so also.

How the Redoubt was Taken.

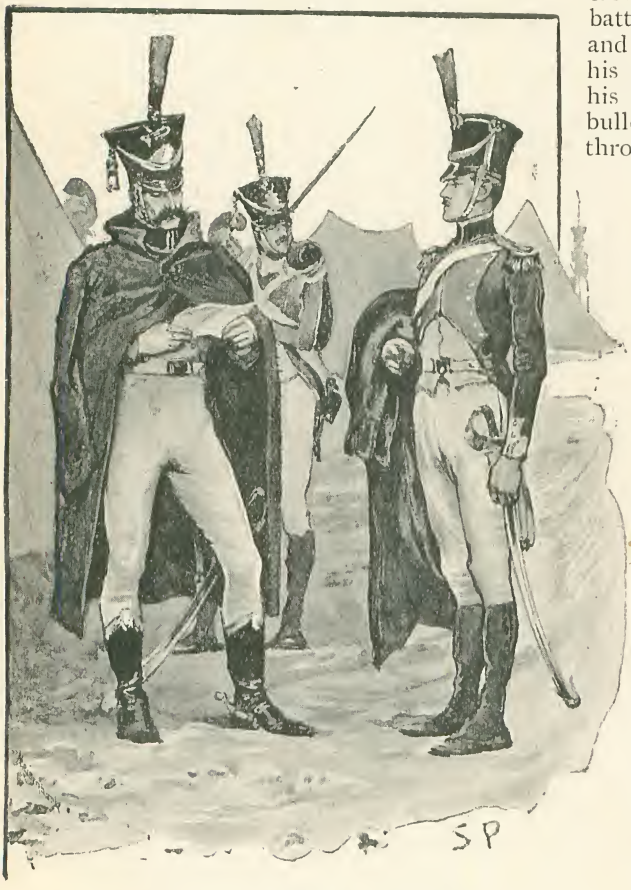
FROM THE FRENCH OF PROSPER MÉRIMÉE.

[PROSPER MÉRIMÉE was born in 1803 and died in 1870. His father was a painter—but Prosper started life upon a lawyer's stool. Before thirty he was made Inspector-General of Historic Monuments, and in the pleasant occupation of this office he travelled over most of Europe, and afterwards described his travels in a book. Then he began to write short stories—among them "Carmen," which the opera founded on its plot has made a household word. These little masterpieces—he never tried his hand at a long tale—exquisite in style, and full of life and action, gained his election to the French Academy. And he deserved his fame. He has the magic art which makes the things of fancy real as life itself, we know not how. "How the Redoubt was Taken" is in length a very little story—but to read it is to be present with the storming-party, in their mad rush to victory and death.]

A FRIEND of mine, a soldier, who died in Greece of fever some years since, described to me one day his first engagement. His story so impressed me that I wrote it down from memory. It was as follows :—

I joined my regiment on September 4. It was evening. I found the colonel in the camp. He received me rather brusquely' but having read the general's introductory letter he changed his manner, and addressed me courteously.

By him I was presented to my captain, who had just come in from reconnoitring. This captain, whose acquaintance I had scarcely time to make, was a tall, dark man, of harsh, repelling aspect. He had been a private soldier, and had won his cross and epaulettes upon the field of battle. His voice, which was hoarse and feeble, contrasted strangely with his gigantic stature. This voice of his he owed, as I was told, to a bullet which had passed completely through his body at the battle of Jena.



"I FOUND THE COLONEL IN THE CAMP."

On learning that I had just come from college at Fontainebleau, he remarked, with a wry face, "My lieutenant died last night."

I understood what he implied —"It is for you to take his place, and you are good for nothing."

A sharp retort was on my tongue, but I restrained it.

The moon was rising behind the redoubt of Cheverino, which stood two cannon-shots from our encampment. The moon was large and red, as is common at her rising ; but that night she seemed to me of extraordinary size. For an instant the redoubt stood out coal-black against the glittering disk. It resembled the cone of a volcano at the moment of eruption.

An old soldier, at whose side I found myself, observed the colour of the moon.

"She is very red," he said. "It is a sign that it will

cost us dear to win this wonderful redoubt."

I was always superstitious, and this piece of augury, coming at that moment, troubled me. I sought my couch, but could not sleep. I rose, and walked about awhile, watching the long line of fires upon the heights beyond the village of Cheverino.

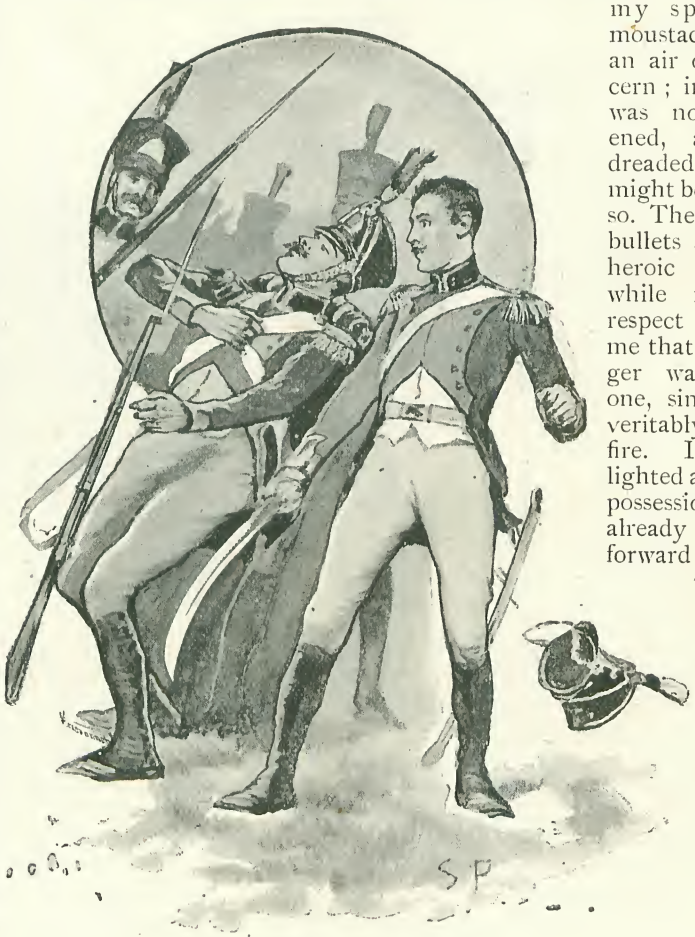
When the sharp night air had thoroughly refreshed my blood I went back to the fire. I rolled my mantle round me, and I shut my eyes, trusting not to open them till daybreak. But sleep refused to visit me. Insensibly my thoughts grew doleful. I told myself that I had not a friend among the hundred thousand men who filled that plain. If I were wounded, I should be placed in hospital, in the hands of ignorant and careless surgeons. I called to mind what I had heard of operations. My heart beat violently, and I mechanically arranged, as a kind of rude cuirass, my handkerchief and pocket-book upon my breast. Then, overpowered with weariness, my eyes closed drowsily, only to open the next instant with a start at some new thought of horror.

Fatigue, however, at last gained the day. When the drums beat at daybreak I was fast asleep. We were drawn up in rank. The roll was called, then we stacked our arms, and everything announced that we should pass another uneventful day.

But about three o'clock an aide-de-camp arrived with orders. We were commanded to take arms.

Our sharp-shooters marched into the plain. We followed slowly, and in twenty minutes we saw the outposts of the Russians falling back and entering the redoubt. We had a battery of artillery on our right, another on our left, but both some distance in advance of us. They opened a sharp fire upon the enemy, who returned it briskly, and the redoubt of Cheverino was soon concealed by volumes of thick smoke. Our regiment was almost covered from the Russians' fire by a piece of rising ground. Their bullets (which besides were rarely aimed at us, for they preferred to fire upon our cannoneers) whistled over us, or at worst knocked up a shower of earth and stones.

Just as the order to advance was given, the captain looked at me intently. I stroked my sprouting moustache with an air of unconcern; in truth, I was not frightened, and only dreaded lest I might be thought so. These passing bullets aided my heroic coolness, while my self-respect assured me that the danger was a real one, since I was veritably under fire. I was delighted at my self-possession, and already looked forward to the pleasure of describing in Parisian drawing-rooms the capture of the redoubt of Cheverino.



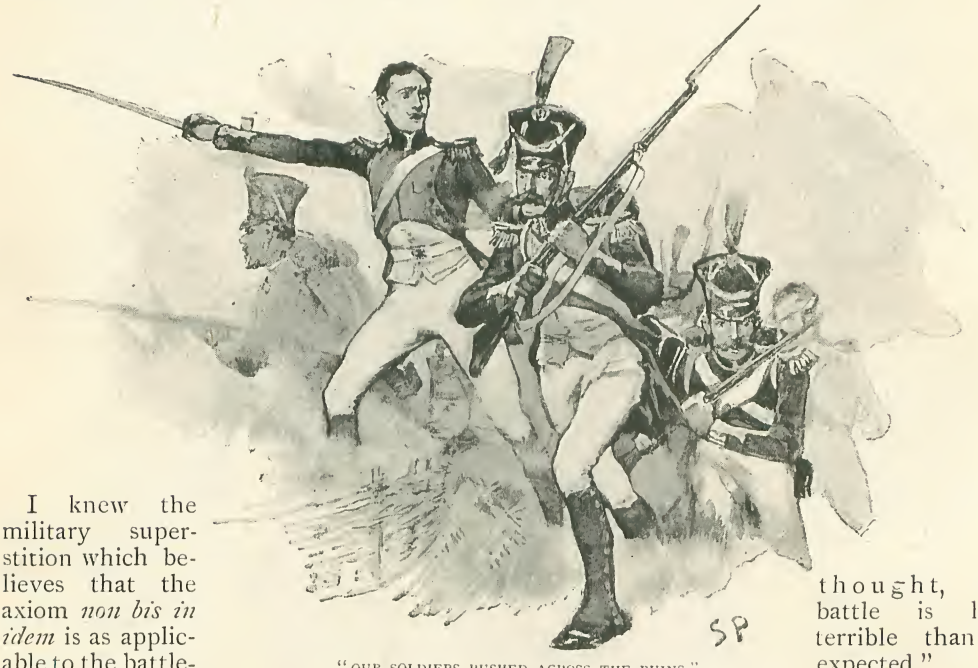
"A SHELL KNOCKED OFF MY SHAKO."

The colonel passed before our company. "Well," he said to me, "you are going to see warm work in your first action."

I gave a martial smile, and brushed my cuff, on which a bullet, which had struck the earth at thirty paces distant, had cast a little dust.

It appeared that the Russians had discovered that their bullets did no harm, for they replaced them by a fire of shells, which began to reach us in the hollows where we lay. One of these, in its explosion, knocked off my shako and killed a man beside me.

"I congratulate you," said the captain, as I picked up my shako. "You are safe now for the day."



"OUR SOLDIERS RUSHED ACROSS THE RUINS."

I knew the military superstition which believes that the axiom *non bis in idem* is as applicable to the battlefield as to the courts of justice. I replaced my shako with a swagger.

"That's a rude way to make one raise one's hat," I said, as lightly as I could. And this wretched piece of wit was, in the circumstances, received as excellent.

"I compliment you," said the captain. "You will command a company to-night; for I shall not survive the day. Every time I have been wounded the officer below me has been touched by some spent ball; and," he added, in a lower tone, "all their names began with P."

I laughed sceptically; most people would have done the same; but most would also have been struck, as I was, by these prophetic words. But, conscript though I was, I felt that I could trust my thoughts to no one, and that it was my duty to seem always calm and bold.

At the end of half an hour the Russian fire had sensibly diminished. We left our cover to advance on the redoubt.

Our regiment was composed of three battalions. The second had to take the enemy in flank; the two others formed the storming party. I was in the third.

On issuing from behind the cover, we were received by several volleys, which did but little harm. The whistling of the balls amazed me. "But after all," I thought, "a battle is less terrible than I expected."

We advanced at a smart run, our musketeers in front. All at once the Russians uttered three hurras—three distinct hurras—and then stood silent, without firing.

"I don't like that silence," said the captain. "It bodes no good."

I began to think our people were too eager. I could not help comparing, mentally, their shouts and clamour with the striking silence of the enemy.

We quickly reached the foot of the redoubt. The palisades were broken and the earthworks shattered by our balls. With a roar of "Vive l'Empereur!" our soldiers rushed across the ruins.

I raised my eyes. Never shall I forget

the sight which met my view. The smoke had mostly lifted, and remained suspended, like a canopy, at twenty feet above the redoubt. Through a bluish mist could be perceived, behind their shattered parapet, the Russian Grenadiers, with rifles lifted, as motionless as statues. I can see them still—the left eye of every soldier glaring at us, the right hidden by his lifted gun. In an embrasure as a few feet distant, a man with a fusee stood by a cannon.

I shuddered. I believed that my last hour had come.

"Now for the dance to open!" cried the captain. These were the last words I heard him speak.

There came from the redoubt a roll of drums. I saw the muzzles lowered. I shut my eyes; I heard a most appalling crash of sound, to which succeeded groans and cries. Then I looked up, amazed to find myself still living. The redoubt was once more wrapped in smoke. I was surrounded by the dead and wounded. The captain was extended at my feet; a ball had carried off his head, and I was covered with his blood. Of all the company, only six men, except myself, remained erect.

This carnage was succeeded by a kind of stupor. The next instant the colonel, with his hat on his sword's point, had scaled the parapet with a cry of "Vive l'Empereur!" The survivors followed him. All that succeeded is to me a kind of dream. We rushed into the redoubt, I know not how; we fought hand to hand in the midst of smoke so thick that no man could perceive his enemy. I found my sabre dripping blood; I heard a shout of "Victory"; and, in the clearing smoke, I saw the earthworks piled with dead and dying. The cannons were covered with a heap of corpses. About two hundred men in the French uniform were standing, without order, loading their muskets or wiping their bayonets. Eleven Russian prisoners were with them.

The colonel was lying, bathed in blood, upon a broken cannon. A group of soldiers crowded round him. I approached them.

"Who is the oldest captain?" he was asking of a sergeant.

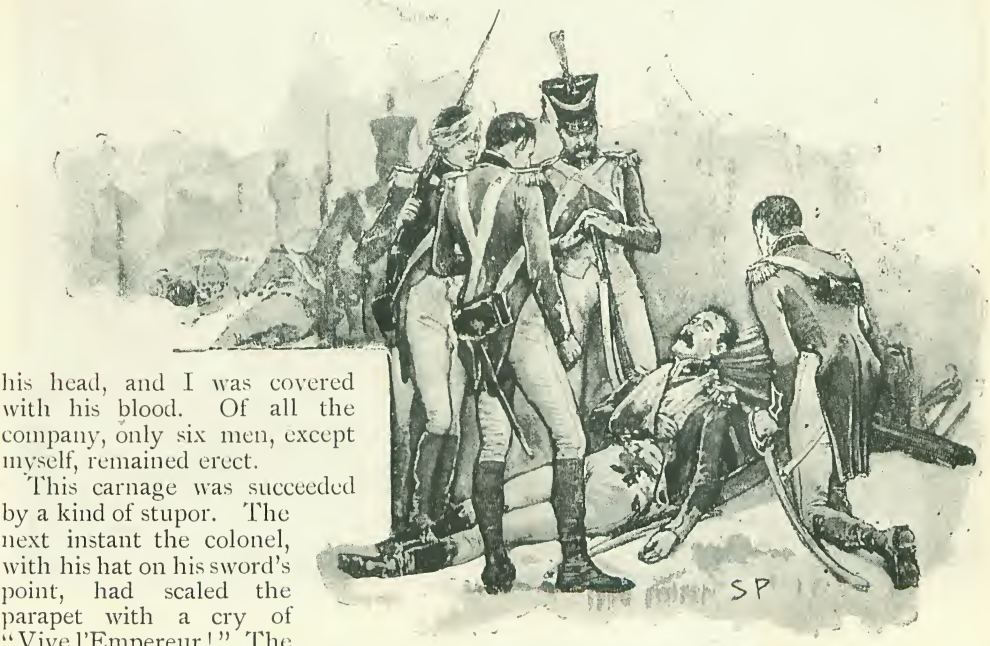
The sergeant shrugged his shoulders most expressively.

"Who is the oldest lieutenant?"

"This gentleman, who came last night," replied the sergeant, calmly.

The colonel smiled bitterly.

"Come, sir," he said to me, "you are now in chief command. Fortify the gorge of the redoubt at once with waggons, for the enemy is out in force. But General C—— is coming to support you."



"PISH, MY DEAR FELLOW! THE REDOUBT IS TAKEN!"

"Colonel," I asked him, "are you badly wounded?"

"Pish, my dear fellow! The redoubt is taken!"

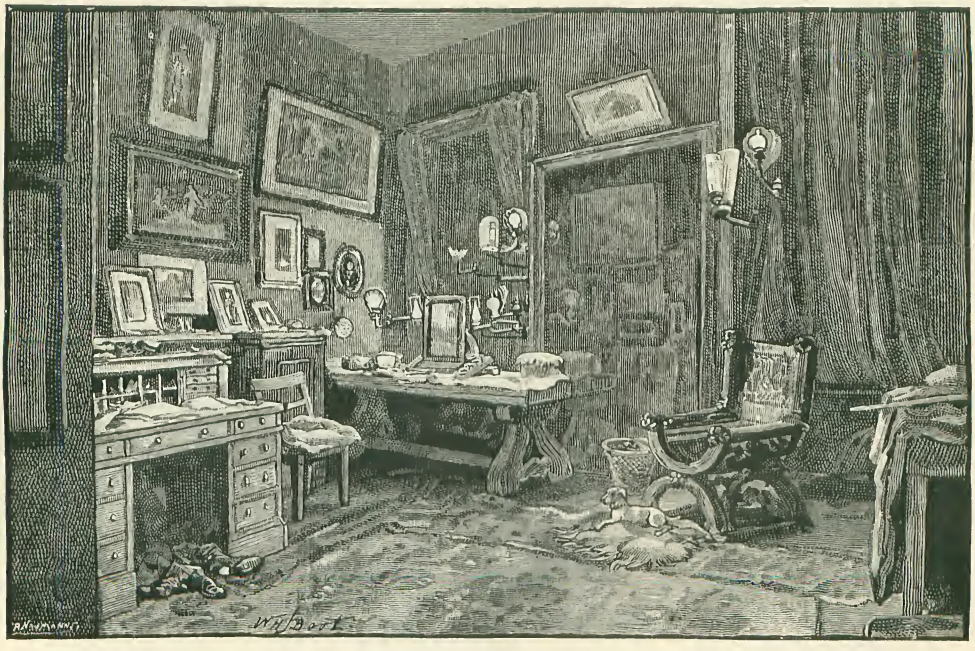
Actors' Dressing Rooms.

THE robing apartments of actors are pleasant retreats. Quaint old prints, autographed portraits and pictures, highly-prized programmes, letters from celebrities are as numerous as they are interesting, whilst every actor bids "good luck" cross his threshold by exhibiting his own particular horse-shoe in a conspicuous corner.

Where is a more picturesque room than that which Henry Irving enters nightly? Scarcely a dozen square inches of wall paper is to be seen—pictures are everywhere. The eminent tragedian has a private entrance in Burleigh-street, and you may know when the actor is not far away, for "Fussie," a pet fox-terrier, always heralds his approach. "Fussie" has his own mat to sit on, and here he waits during the whole of the performance until after the second act, when he regularly looks up for his customary biscuit. It was "Fussie" who was lost at Southampton when Mr. Irving was on his way to America. He turned up, however, at the Lyceum stage door four days afterwards, and it remains a mystery to this day as to whether Fussie came by road or rail.

Henry Irving's room is a comfortable apartment. The floor is covered with oil-cloth, and a huge rug imparts a cosy appearance. Irving always uses the same chair to sit in when making up. It has broken down a score of times, but has been patched up again and again. In fact, the actor has almost a reverence for anything which is a connecting link with old associations.

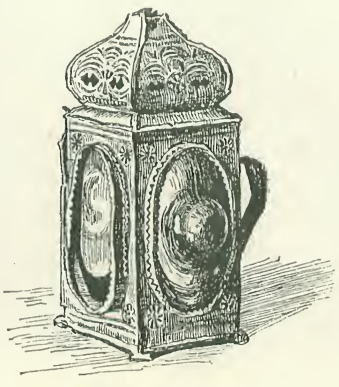
Look at the costumes, for instance, hanging behind a door which leads to a very unpretentious-looking wash-basin. There hangs the clothing of *The Master of Ravenswood*. The two Spanish hats with long feathers, the velvet coat and waistcoat with innumerable buttons, a quaint old crimson waistcoat, with elaborate silver work. Mr. Irving clings to an old coat so long as it will cling to him. He makes his clothes old—wears them during the day.



MR. IRVING'S DRESSING-ROOM.

That old beaver hat was worn in "Charles I." and "The Dead Heart"—now it is the characteristic head-gear of *The Master of Ravenswood*. The hat worn in the last act did duty ten years ago in "The Corsican Brothers."

There, just by the long pier glass, is the old fashioned oak dressing-table, of a pattern associated with the days of King Arthur—in fact, the table has done duty in "Macbeth" in one of the banqueting scenes. Handle some of the veritable curiosities on it. The very looking-glass is tied up with string—it has reflected its owner's face for fourteen years, and went across the Atlantic with him. The old pincushion went as well. On a chair are the actor's eye-glasses, which he always uses when making up. Scissors, nail parers, &c., are about, whilst the paints lie in a little side cabinet by the looking-glass, and four diminutive gallipots are conspicuous, filled with the colours mostly used. A great tin box of crepe hair is also at hand, for Mr. Irving makes all his own moustaches. He gums a little hair on where needed and then works in colour to get the effect.



EUGENE ARAM'S LANTERN.

The wicker hand-basket is interesting. The dresser carries this to "the wings" when the actor needs a rapid change of "make-up." It has three compartments, holding a glass of water, powder puff, saucer containing fuller's earth, cold cream, hare's foot, lip salve, rouge, and a remarkably old comb and brush. Here is a striking collection of rings; a great emerald—only a "stage" gem, alas!—is worn in "Louis XI." and "Richelieu," whilst here is one worn as *Doricourt* in the "Belle's Stratagem," the space where the stone ought to be being ingeniously filled up with blue sealing wax. These long pear-shaped pearl earrings are worn as *Charles I.*, such as all gay cavaliers were wont to wear.

You can handle the quaint old bull's-eye lantern which tradition says Eugene Aram carried on the night of the murder—for it is on the table. A piece of wick still remains and grease is visible—not as the morbid Aram left it, but as last used. The lantern itself is of stamped metal. The glass on either side is there, though that through which the light was seen in the centre has long since left. It is a highly interesting relic.

Be careful not to step into a big flower-pot saucer just close by, where "Fussie" drinks; mind not to overturn what looks like a magnified pepper-box near the fireplace, but which, after all, only contains the dust which is "peppered" on to the actor's long boots, to make them look travel-stained and worn. Then walk round the room and admire the treasures.

There is a little gift sent from Denmark. In a neat oak frame is a picture of Elsinore, sprays of leaves from "Ophelia's brook," and a number of tiny stones and pebbles from "Hamlet's Grave." Here again is Kean, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, a small "Maclise," a sketch by Charles Matthews, Fechter—who used to dress in this very room himself—as *The Master of Ravenswood*, Ellen Terry as *Ophelia*, Sara Bernhardt, and John L. Toole. Variety is found in a pair of horseshoes, one of which Mr. Irving carried with him to America.

Over the crimson plush mantel-board is "Garrick in the Green-room," and on either side a pair of ancient coloured prints of the one and only Joey Grimaldi, one of which represents him "as he appeared when he took his farewell benefit at Drury Lane Theatre on June 27, 1828," with pan and soap in his lap, arrayed in highly coloured garments, wonderfully made, and wearing a remarkably broad smile on his face. But to mention every one of Mr. Irving's treasures would be impossible.

The play over, he is in walking costume, cigar alight, and away in less than a quarter of an hour—"Fussie" with him, following faithfully in his steps.

Mr. Toole's room is exactly what every body imagines it to be—cosy and homely, like its genial occupant. The casual passer-by over the iron grating in King William-street little thinks that he is throwing a momentary shadow over the very corner where Toole's washstand, soap and towel find a convenient lodging.

How simple everything is! The little table in the centre where Toole sits down

and religiously "drops a line," during the time he is not wanted in the piece, to all those unknown "young friends" who would tempt good fortune on the stage; the sofa covered with flowered cretonne; and in close proximity to the fireplace a rising young actor who had only recently made his appearance—J. L. Toole by name.

Near a capital character sketch of Henry J. Byron, by Alfred Bryan, is an old playbill in a black ebony frame. This was the programme for one night:—

MR. TOOLE'S DRESSING-ROOM.

ricketty arm-chair in brown leather. The springs are broken, but what matter? That chair is Toole's, sir, and Royalty has occupied it many a time. Yes, nothing could be more simple than our own comedian's dressing-room. It is just a cosy parlour, and with Toole in the chair by the fire-side one would be loth to leave it.

The mantel-board has a clock in the centre, an ornament or two, and a bust of the occupant in his younger days. In a corner is the veritable umbrella used in *Paul Pry*. What a priceless collection of theatrical reminiscences meet the eye everywhere! There is a portrait group of a company of young actors who appeared in the original production of "Dearer than Life," at the New Queen's Theatre, Long-acre—Henry Irving, Charles Wyndham, John Clayton, Lionel Brough, John L. Toole, and Miss Henrietta Hodson, who afterwards became Mrs. Labouchere. A tolerably good cast! And here are portraits of a few actors taken years ago at Ryde, Isle of Wight, showing W. Creswick in a great Inverness cape, Benjamin Webster, S. Phelps, Paul Bedford, and a

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.
MERCHANT OF VENICE.

The Drama in 3 Acts:
MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.

KEELEY WORRIED BY BUCKSTONE.

Mr. Keeley ..... By himself.
Mr. Buckstone ..... By himself.

To conclude with the laughable farce,
THE SPITALFIELDS WEAVER.

Simmons ..... Mr. John L. Toole.
(*His first appearance on any stage*).

Many a white satin programme is about, and the tenant of the little dressing-room of King William-street is represented in many parts. Just by the door is Mr. Liston as *Paul Pry*, arrayed in bottle-green coat, big beaver hat, and armed with the inevitable umbrella—"just called to ask you how your tooth was."

An excellent portrait represents John Billington as *John Peerybingle* in "Dot," underneath which are penned some noteworthy lines: "I don't want anybody to

tell me my fortune. I've got one of the best little wives alive, a happy home over my head, a blessed baby, and a cricket on my hearth."

Certainly what Mr. W. S. Gilbert would term "a highly respectable" entrance is that which leads to Mr. Beerbohm Tree's dressing-room. The stage door is in Suffolk-street, and until Mr. Tree's tenancy of the Haymarket Theatre, there was an old clause in the lease setting forth that whenever Royalty visited the theatre they should have the right to enter by that way. Buckstone lived here—his dressing-room still remains. It is a quaint corner near the stage, now used by the actors as a smoking-room. The walls are covered with red paper, relieved by one or two decidedly ancient paintings. Buckstone's iron safe—wherein the renowned comedian was wont to store his money—is still visible; but the money-bags are there no longer; their place being occupied by sundry jars of tobacco and a churchwarden or two. Only on one occasion has Mr. Tree found it necessary to use this room. The corpulency of the bibulous *Falstaff* prevented the actor from conveniently coming down the stairs which lead from his own room to the stage—hence *Falstaff* was attired in this apartment.

MR. BEERBOHM TREE'S DRESSING-ROOM.

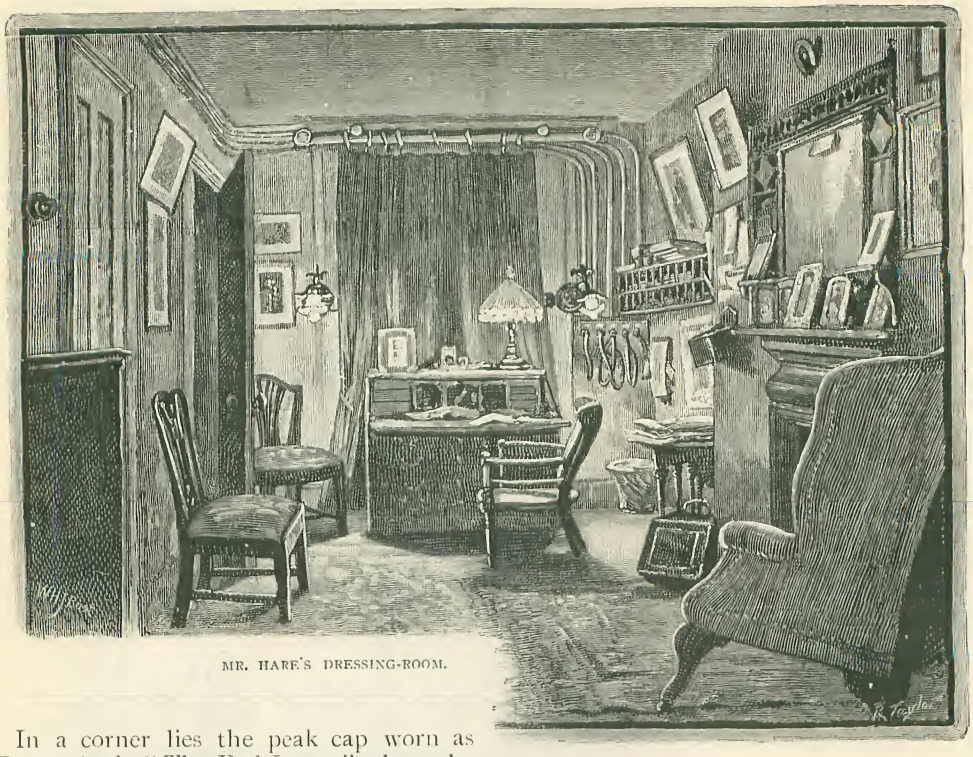
The sound of the overture is just beginning as we hurriedly follow Mr. Tree in the direction of his room. Though he has been singled out as a very master of the art of transferring the face into the presentment of character, it is a fact that Mr. Tree never sits down to dress until the overture has started, and attaches less importance to his make-up than to any other portion of the actor's art.

He throws himself into a chair of a decided "office" pattern, in front of a triple glass which reflects all positions of his face. The sticks of paint are arranged on a small Japanese tray, and the various powders in tin boxes. Everything about the room is quiet and unassuming—a washstand near the window, a few odd wooden-back chairs. The room is regarded rather as a workshop than a lounging-room, and it certainly possesses that appearance, though not without a certain pleasant cosiness.

The actor's fingers have evidently been recently at work on the lengthy pier-glass. Young Mr. Irving has just been in. He wanted some idea of a make-up for *King John*. Mr. Tree gave him one by taking a stick of grease paint and sketching it in outline on the glass. A number of still unanswered letters are lying about—some of them delightfully humorous missives from "stage-struck" young people. One is positively from a footman. It runs:—

"DEAR SIR,—I want to be an actor, so thought I would write to you. I am tall and dark, and have been a footman for five years in a nobleman's family. I have just had a hundred pounds left me, and if you will give me a part in one of your pieces I will give you fifty pounds of it. Write by return, as I have already given notice.—Your obedient servant, ——.

"P.S.—Mark the letter private."



MR. HARE'S DRESSING-ROOM.

In a corner lies the peak cap worn as *Demetrius* in "The Red Lamp"; here the cloth cap, gaily decorated with poppies, corn and feathers, used in "The Ballad Monger." Over the door is a gigantic horseshoe, measuring at least a couple of feet from top to bottom. This was placed here by Mrs. Bancroft.

Just at this moment a magnificent bull-dog—whose appearance we had not previously noticed—turns lazily on a mat under the dressing-table. This is "Ned," rechristened "Bully Boy." The dog plays a prominent part in the piece now running at the Haymarket.

A tap at the door. A voice cries, "Mr. Tree"—and hurriedly applying a line here and there about the eyes, as we accompany the actor to the stage, he has something interesting to say regarding "making-up." He rather laughs at the idea, and is perplexed to understand the reason why his facial paintings are so commented upon. He is always the last to reach the theatre. "The less make-up, the better," he observes. "The art of acting is not a matter of painting the face, for a very plain person can in a few seconds become extremely good-looking and *vice versâ*; it is what comes from within—what the player feels. It is his imagination which really illuminates the face, and not what he has put on it with hare's foot and pencil."

A peculiar interest is attached to the visit which we made to Mr. John Hare's room at the Garrick Theatre. Mr. Hare has been on the stage for twenty-six years, and previous to our finding him seated in his great arm-chair by the fireplace, had never been interviewed. Hence the few words he said, as he played with a cigarette, become particularly notable.

"I have been acting now for twenty-six years. I was for ten years with Mrs. Bancroft at the Prince of Wales's, and have been some twelve or thirteen years in management."

"What is your favourite part, Mr. Hare?"

"The present one in 'A Pair of Spectacles,'" is the reply. "I take about a month to study up a character. I always wear the clothes I am going to play in for some time previously, so as to get them to my figure. The longest time I ever bestowed on a make-up was in 'The Profligate.' I took half an hour over it."

Mr. Hare has really two rooms. The

big one is used for an office as much as possible, where the actor does all his correspondence. Note the old-fashioned high wire fender, the heavy plush curtains, and elaborate rosewood furniture. It is a most artistic apartment. Those speaking-tubes communicate with the stage door, prompter, box office, and acting manager.

The pictures which adorn the walls are as varied as they are valuable. Here may be

MR. HARE'S INNER ROOM.

found Leslie Ward's caricature of Corney Grain and of George Grossmith, together with an old engraving of Garrick, after R. E. Pine, published in 1818. Just by the glass is one of the few photos of Compton, in frock coat and plaid tie. Many a reminiscence of the Hare and Kendal management is about, and on the mantel-board of ebony and gold—over which rests the customary horse-shoe with the initials J. H. in the centre—portraits in silver frames of members of Mr. Hare's family are to be seen.

But by far the most attractive corner is a little room, scarcely large enough for two people to stand in, which branches off from the more spacious apartment. There, hanging up, is the light suit worn as *Benjamin Goldfinch*, with the long black coat which flaps about so marvellously—the actor finds plenty of "character" even in a coat—and the shepherd's-plaid trousers.

The looking-glass is of walnut, with electric lights on either side shaded with metal leaves. In front of this he sits, amidst a hundred little oddments. Here are tiny bottles of medicine and quinine—for the actor being is a firm believer in the properties of this traditional strength-reviver. The little room is as comfortable as it well can be, and has a thoroughly domesticated air about it.

There are many things to notice as we pass through the passages on our way toward Mr. Charles Wyndham's room at the Criterion; programmes and play-bills in German and Russian of "David Garrick"—in fact the passages are literally decorated with mementoes of the clever comedian's admirable impersonation of this character. A bronze of the actor as *Davy* raising the glass on high, and a massive silver loving cup, engraved "Garrick," is mounted on a pedestal bearing the inscription "Charles Wyndham, Von Direktor Lautenberg, Residencz Theatre, Berlin, December, 1887." Prints and pictures typical of Russian life are freely displayed. And here is an exceptional curiosity, and one which is doubtless highly treasured. In a modest oak frame is a piece of paper which once served to settle a little dispute, which is historical among things theatrical:—

"Mr. Bedford wages two gallons of claret with Mr. Williams, that Mr. Garrick did not play upon ye stage in ye year 1732 or before."

Then follows the suggestive word "Paid," and below it are the words:—

"I acted upon Goodman's Fields Theatre for ye first time in ye year 1741.

"D. GARRICK.

"Witness,

"SOMERSET DRAPER."

Mr. Wyndham's room has one thing about it which distinguishes it from all similar apartments in London. It is next to the stage, and by pulling up a little red blind he can see through an aperture just what is going on, and know exactly when his services are required.

The room is square, divided by a curtain. Strange to say, not a single portrait of a brother actor is apparent; but, whilst the actor paints his face, he can see many an invitation to dinner negligently thrust in the edges of the gilt frame. The dressing-table which occupies nearly the whole length of one end of the room is fully

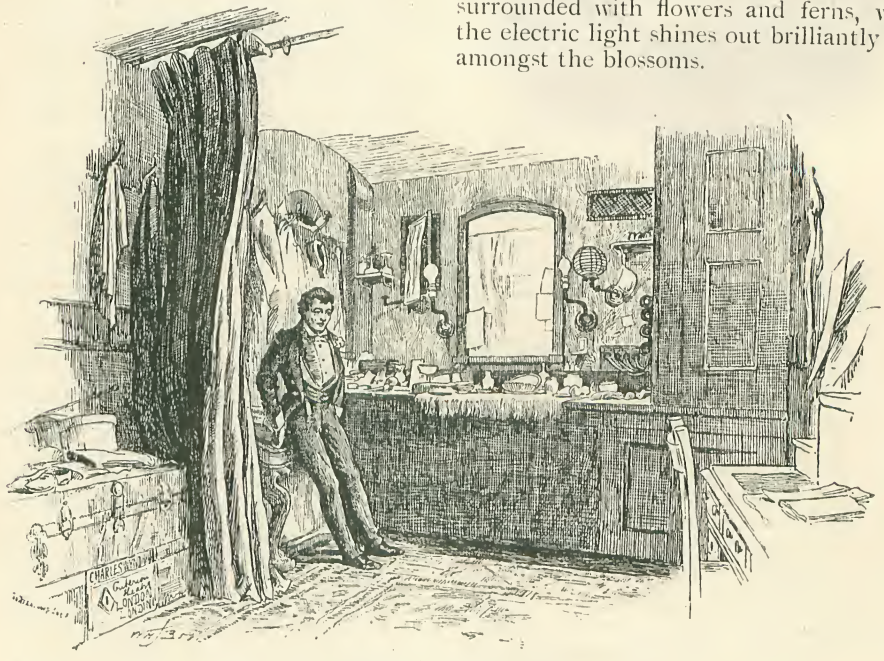
supplied with countless colours, whilst a little tray is positively brimming over with all patterns of collar studs. An egg is handy; it is intended for the hair, as Mr. Wyndham and wigs have never agreed. There is a writing-table and a chair or two, and an elaborate inlaid rosewood escritoire is in a corner, against which Mr. Wyndham stands for his portrait in the character of *Dazzle*, with his flowered waistcoat, frilled front, and hanging fob.

Nor must the apartment in which Mr. Wyndham entertains his friends be passed unnoticed. This is a room overlooking Piccadilly, and capable of seating some twenty or twenty-five persons. It was dark when we entered, but the next instant the electric light was switched on, and an apartment was presented which may be singled out as the only one of its kind ever built.

We were standing in the middle of a first-class cabin of a ship. Not a solitary item was wanting to complete the illusion. The ceiling was built low, and every article of furniture was made on sea-going principles, even down to the table. The walls are of walnut, the panels between being lined with exquisite sateen. Though one or two windows look out on to Piccadilly Circus, there are many port-holes about, all draped with old gold plush curtains. The upholstery consists principally of a series of settees of light blue plush, which go round the sides of the room.

The looking-glass over the mantelpiece is typical of a cabin. It is surrounded, in the form of a framework, by a cable, the ends of which are fastened off by diminutive anchors. Exactly in the centre, in an elaborate frame, is the programme used on the occasion of the performance of "David Garrick," which Mr. Wyndham and his brother actors gave before the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham some years ago.

The very lamps suspended from the ceiling are made to sway to and fro in case of rough and windy weather. The whole thing is an ingenious idea, delightfully carried out, and to-night Mr. Wyndham's cabin is seen at its best. There is to be a supper-party at the conclusion of the performance downstairs, and the tables for the time being are burdened down with every luxury. Fairy lamps are peeping out amongst the pines and hot-house grapes, and the lamps hanging from the roof are surrounded with flowers and ferns, whilst the electric light shines out brilliantly from amongst the blossoms.



MR. WYNDHAM'S DRESSING-ROOM.

The Minister's Crime.

By Maclaren Cobban.

I.

"THERE is really little use in my continuing to call," said the doctor; "it will only be running you into useless expense. I may go on prescribing and prescribing till I get through the whole pharmacopœia, but I can do him no good; what he needs is not drugs but air—a bracing air. Get him away out of this, and let him run wild in the country, or—if your engagements won't let you get to the country—remove to some open suburb north or south."

before been stricken down with an infant's ailment, and though that had passed, he continued so weak that the doctor had tested the soundness of heart and lungs, and the outcome of his examination was that the only hope for the child was change of air.

"I only wish," said the father, "that I could take him away. I must try, though I don't see at present how I am to do it."

He turned away to the window to hide the emotion that would rise to choke him when he met the large, weary blue eyes of his boy bent on him, as if in appeal that he

THE DOCTOR'S VISIT.

The doctor sat in a little parlour, in a shabby-genteel street of close-packed middle London. Opposite him was the patient, a child of three or four, on his mother's knee and clasped about with his mother's arms, while his father, the Rev. James Murray, stood anxiously listening. The boy—the first-born, and the only child of his parents—had a month or two

might not be allowed to fade and wither and die, like a flower before it has fairly bloomed.

"Can't you at least send the boy away with his mother?" asked the doctor.

"I must try," said the father without turning round. "I must see what can be done."

"In the meantime," said the doctor,

rising, "go on with the cod-liver oil and malt extract."

The doctor went, and still the Rev. James Murray stood by the window, striving to keep down the emotion that demanded to have its way. The wife rose with the child in her arms and went close to her husband.

"James, my dear," said she in a low voice (and she took his hand), "don't, my dear!"

James turned with the impulse of all his passionate love for his wife and child, and drew them together to his breast and bent his head over them. And one great sob of anguish broke from him, and one tear of bitter agony sprang in his eye, and fell hot upon his wife's hand.

"Oh, James, my darling!" she cried, clinging to him. "Don't! God *will* be good to us!"

They stood thus for some seconds, while no sound was heard but the loud ticking of the cheap lodging-house clock on the mantelpiece. The wife sobbed a little in sympathy with her husband; not that she considered at all how her own heart was wrung, but that she felt how his was. Seeing and hearing her, he recovered himself.

"Come, my dear," said he, "this does no good. Let us sit down, and see what can be arranged."

He led her back to her seat. He sat down beside her, transferred the boy to his own lap, and held her hand.

"Come now, Jim," said he to his boy, "how am I going to get you and your mammy to the country? Eh?"

"Daddy come, too," said the child, putting his arm about his father's neck.

"I would, Jim, I would," said he, with the faintest suspicion of a painful catch in his voice still; "but I have no money. And I don't know how mammy and you are to go, unless some kind friend offers to take you in."

"Oh, James dear!" exclaimed the wife, impulsively, catching her husband's hand to her cheek. "It's I who have taken you from kind friends! I am a burden to you, and nothing but a burden!"

"My dear wife," said he, bending to her, "you are the sweetest burden that man could bear, and I'd rather have you than all else the world could give."

"It's beautiful, my dear," said she, "to hear you say so. It's like sweet music to me; but it's not true. If you had married another—if you had married differently, and as you were expected to have married—you would not be here now; and if you had a sick boy, like our dear, poor Jim, there would have been no difficulty in getting to the country, or in getting anything that was needed for him! But you married me, and—my poor, dear love!—you bear the penalty!"

"Mary," said he, with a certain touch of solemnity in his voice, "I have not for one instant regretted that we loved each other, and married each other, and, whatever may come, I shall not regret it. The complete love of a woman like you is more precious than rubies. Your love, my darling,"—and he caressed the head crowned with a glory of bright hair—"is the joy of my life—God forgive me!"

She drew again his hand to her cheek, and pressed it there, and said no word more. And so they sat for a few seconds longer, while the vulgar, intrusive clock, with a kind of limp in its noisy tick, seemed to say, "*It's time! It's time!*"

Let us take the opportunity of this pause to explain how the Reverend James Murray got into the anxious position in which we find him. He was a minister of a well-known denomination of Nonconformists. When he left college he had been reckoned a young man of great promise and of considerable powers of persuasive eloquence, and he was expected to become a famous preacher. He was invited to be the minister of a large and wealthy congregation in a northern manufacturing town. He accepted the invitation, and for two or three years he was a great favourite with his people; never, they declared, had they heard so fine a preacher (though he was sometimes so "fine" that they did not understand him), and never had they known a better man. His praise was in everybody's mouth; the men admired him and the women adored him. But he was a bachelor, and there was not an unmarried lady in the congregation who did not aspire to be his wife, which put him in the awkward and invidious position of having to prefer one out of many. He astonished and offended all the well-to-do ladies, by falling in love with and marrying the pretty, shy governess of one of the wealthiest families—a girl who had not been regarded as having the smallest chance of occupying the proud position of minister's wife. His marriage alienated the women, and through them cooled the ardour of the men. The situation was strained; but it might have

gradually returned to its former easy condition, had not the minister soon after his marriage become what is termed "broad" in his religious views and uncompromising in his expression of them. His people grew alarmed, and his deacons remonstrated—(with less friendliness of feeling, probably, than if he had not offended them by his marriage)—but the minister declared he could not do otherwise than preach what he believed to be the truth. Then some people left him, and others would not speak to him, and his position became so difficult and finally so unbearable that he could do nothing but send in his resignation. He shook the dust and the grime of that northern town off his feet, and with sore heart and slender purse journeyed to London. He was resolved to labour among "the masses"; if the arrogant and wealthy people of the north would not hear him, he was sure the poor of London, bending beneath the weary burden of life, would hear him gladly. He had not been in London long when he became minister of a venerable, half-deserted chapel in one of those curiously quiet corners made by the rushing currents and the swirling eddies of the life of our huge metropolis. It was close to the heart of London, and yet no one knew it was there but the handful of small shop-keepers and their families and the few devout and destitute old women who made up its congregation. These poor people were fluttered with pride when they got so clever and beautiful a preacher for their own; they looked to see ere long the old chapel crowded with an attentive congregation as it had been in other days; and the chapel-keeper (who was also a painter) had put all the magnificent hopes of himself and his friends in the fresh inscription he made on the faded notice-board in the fore-court: "MINISTER, THE REV. JAMES MURRAY, M.A.," in letters of gold.

"THE PRETTY GOVERNESS."

A year had passed since then, and the minister's heart was sad. He had spent himself for the benefit of the poor that sweltered round that old chapel, and the poor did not seem to want him or his ministrations any more than the wealthy: they would gather round him if he spread a tea for them, but they would not come to hear him preach; so the chapel remained as empty as when he first ascended its pulpit. Most harassing and wearing anxiety of all, he was desperately poor. How he and his wife and child had lived during the year it would be difficult to tell; from the treasurer of the chapel funds he had received less than sixty pounds, and he was in debt for his lodgings, in debt to the doctor, his and his wife's clothes were become painfully shabby, and his child was sick unto death.

What now was to be done?

"If I had only two or three pounds in hand," said he, "or if I could raise them, I could send you and Jim away to some quiet seaside place; but everything is gone—everything!"

"Don't be cast down, my dear," said his wife, raising her head, and bravely smiling. "It is always darkest and coldest before the dawn. Something may come to us just when we least expect it."

"I am angry with myself," said he, "for being so cast down; but I can't help it. I care nothing for myself—nothing at all, you know, Mary: I have good health, and I can live on little. It's seeing you, my dear, and poor little Jim, going without things you ought to have, that goes to my heart; and to know now that the boy's life would be saved if I could do something which I have no hope of doing!—oh! it maddens me! I ask myself over and over again if I've done wrong to anyone that we should be at this desperate pass!"

"My dear, dear husband!" exclaimed his wife, again caressing his hand. "You done wrong to anyone? You could not hurt a fly! We must be patient and brave, my dear, and bear it. And Jim, poor boy, may really be improving: doctors sometimes make mistakes."

But it needed only to look at the child's thin, limp figure, his transparent skin, and his large, sad, lustreless eyes, to be convinced that there the doctor had made no mistake. The boy would die unless he could be taken

into the fresh, stimulating air of the seaside or the country. The parents glanced at the boy, and then looked involuntarily each into the sad face of the other, and turned their heads away.

At that moment there came a loud, double "rat-tat" at the street door, which made them both jump. Their sitting-room was on the ground-floor. The minister rose, pale and expectant. He heard no one coming to answer the summons.

"I wonder if it's for me?" he said.

"Go and see," said his wife.

He went into the passage and opened the door.

"Murray?" said the telegraph-boy, and, on being answered "Yes," handed a reply-paid telegram.

The minister's fingers trembled so, he could scarcely tear the envelope open. He took the telegram in to his wife and read it aloud :—

"*Can you supply Upton Chapel on Sunday next? Letter to follow.*"

That was all, with the name and address of the sender appended. Both the minister and his wife knew the Upton Chapel, and perceived at once that that was the most hopeful thing that had happened to them for more than a year.

"*Yes*," wrote the minister on the reply-form, which he handed to the telegraph-boy.

"Thank God for that, Mary," said he, when he returned to her. "Now I can send you and Jim away for at least a week! Thank God, my dear!"

He kissed her, and then set himself in his agitation to walk up down the little room.

"That will mean five pounds for us, I believe; I don't want to count the fee I shall get, but I can't help it now. It's a rich congregation, and I think I must get that. And, Mary," he went on, "what if they should ask me to be their minister? You know they are without one. Perhaps the 'letter to follow' will say something. Upton is a beautiful, bracing suburb, and Jim—our own little Jim!"—and he raised him in his arms—"would get strong there!"

"Ah, my dear," said his wife, "it is too tempting. I am afraid to hope. But I am sure when once they hear you they will like you. Now let us think: what sermons will you take?"

II.

THE "letter to follow" came by a late post, but it was only a fuller and politer version of the telegram. It hoped that Mr. Murray would be able to give the Upton congregation the pleasure of listening to him, it apologised for the short notice (it was then Friday), and it invited the minister to dine with the writer on Sunday. It thus gave no hint that the eye of the Upton congregation might be on Mr. Murray, but at the same time it did not completely dash the hope that it might be.

On Saturday the minister sat down and wrote one sermon expressly for the occasion, and with that and another in his pocket he set off on Sunday morning to fulfil his engagement with some trepidation.

The aspect of the Upton Chapel was itself cheerful and inspiriting. It was nearly new, and it was large and handsome in a semi-Gothic, open-raftered style; moreover, it was well filled, without being crowded. It was a complete contrast to the place where Mr. Murray usually ministered, where most of the high-backed musty pews were quite empty, where a kind of fog hung perpetually, and where the minister, perched aloft in the pulpit, was as "a voice crying in the wilderness." Then in the Upton Chapel there was a fine organ, and good singing by a well-trained choir. When the minister, therefore, rose to preach his sermon, it was with a sense of exaltation and inspiration which he had not felt for years. He delivered himself with effect, and he was listened to with wakeful attention and apparent appreciation. When the service was over, and one leader of the congregation after another came to the vestry to shake him warmly by the hand and to thank him for his "beautiful discourse," he thanked God and took courage, and wished that his Mary were with him, instead of sitting lonely and anxious in their little lodging with their sick boy.

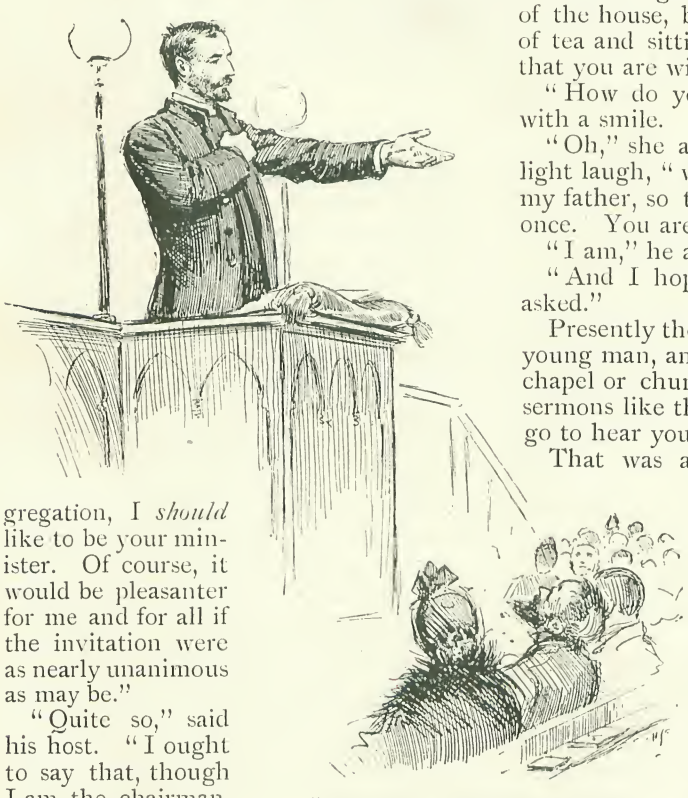
He went in good spirits to the home of his host, who was a merchant in the city, and he sat down with the family to the ample Sunday dinner. He sat next his hostess, a gentle, motherly lady, who asked him if he was married, and if he had any children; and he told her of Mary and the child. His host was a shrewd man, of middle age, who had clearly read much and thought a good deal, and all his family (three grown sons and two daughters) were intelligent and cultivated, and took a modest, but sufficient, share in the conversation of the table, and all listened to such opinions as the minister uttered with attention and understanding. Mr. Murray, therefore, felt

he was in a sociable, frank, and refined atmosphere, and he thought within himself: "What a place of brightness and pleasant endeavour this would be after my rude and stormy experience of the north and this terrible year in London! And, oh, what a haven of rest and health for my darling wife and boy!"

So it was with unaffected joy, when he walked round the large garden with his host after dinner, that he heard him say:—

"I think, Mr. Murray, absolute frankness in these matters is best. Let me ask you, if you were invited to become our minister, would you be willing? Would you like to come to us?"

"As frankly as you put the question," said Mr. Murray, "I answer that, from all I know and have seen of the Upton con-



"HE DELIVERED HIMSELF WITH EFFECT."

gregation, I *should* like to be your minister. Of course, it would be pleasanter for me and for all if the invitation were as nearly unanimous as may be."

"Quite so," said his host. "I ought to say that, though I am the chairman, I have at present no authority to speak for any but myself and my family. But we have heard a good report of you, Mr. Murray, and I know that many of our people have been much impressed by you this morning." Then, unconsciously, he went on to dash somewhat the minister's lively hopes. "There is a young man—Mr. Lloyd: you may know him. No? Well—some of our people are very much taken with him. He is a brilliant, popular sort of young fellow; but he *is* young—he has only been some two years or so a minister—and he is unmarried, and—and well, I don't want to say anything against him—but he is just a *little* flighty, and we older folk doubt how we should get on with him. I am glad, however, to have your assurance that you would come if you were asked."

He put his arm within the minister's, and thus they returned into the house. And—as if that had been a sign of consent agreed upon—all the company (and there were now a good many guests assembled) beamed upon them as they entered the drawing-room.

"I am *so* glad," said the eldest daughter of the house, bringing Mr. Murray a cup of tea and sitting down by him, "to know that you are willing to be our minister!"

"How do you know I am?" he asked, with a smile.

"Oh," she answered with a blush and a light laugh, "we arranged for a sign from my father, so that we should all know at once. You are willing, are you not?"

"I am," he answered, "quite."

"And I hope—I *do* hope—you will be asked."

Presently there came to him an unknown young man, and said: "I don't often go to chapel or church, but if you often preach sermons like this morning's, I should always go to hear you, I think."

That was a flattering tribute, and the minister showed his appreciation of it.

"Well, I confess," he said, "it is at least pleasant to hear you say so."

Thus the time passed till the hour came for evening service. The gas was lit, and floor and galleries were crowded with people. The minister had chosen a simple and pathetic theme for his evening discourse: "He took little children in His arms and blessed them;" and he spoke out of the fulness of experience and with the tender feeling of the father of a sick child, insomuch that all were moved, many even to sobs and tears. There was no doubt that he carried his audience with him; and, as in

the morning, he had to shake many hands and receive many thanks.

Last of all, his host of the day came and asked him to take also the services of the next Sunday; and then he hastened home by train to his wife with hopeful, grateful heart.

"There, Mary, my dear," said he, giving her the £5 note in an envelope as it had been slipped into his hand; "that's for you and Jim. I'll take you both down to Margate to-morrow — the air of Margate is the most bracing in England—and you can stay for two or three weeks at least, and the boy will begin to grow strong."

"ISN'T HE A JOLLY FELLOW?"

For answer Mary threw herself into her husband's arms, and sobbed upon his breast.

"Oh, how good God is, James! Let us be thankful, my dear! Oh, let us be thankful!"

Next day the minister took his wife and child to Margate, and placed them in lodgings on the breezy cliff-top. On Tuesday he returned to town; for he had much to do to prepare for his second Sunday at Upton and to fill the vacancy at the old, deserted chapel. In spite of his occupation he began, before the week was out, to feel lonely and depressed; for he and his wife had not separated before, save for a day or two, since the hour of their marriage. In the solitude of his close and dingy lodging he restlessly and morbidly meditated on his desire to go to Upton, and his chances of going. Had he any right to go, with such mercenary motives as moved him? But was the health of wife and child a mercenary motive? Was the desire to see them free from a narrow and blighting poverty a mercenary motive? And had he not other motives also—motives of truth and duty? If it was wrong to seek to go to Upton for these reasons, then God forgive him! for he could not help longing to go!

It was in something of that depressed and troubled mood that he went to fulfil his second Sunday. The congregation was larger than on the previous Sunday morning, and the minister felt that many must have come expressly to hear him; and, therefore, he had less brightness and freedom of delivery than on the Sunday before. He felt, when the service was over, that he had not acquitted himself well; and he began anew to torture himself with the thoughts of what would become of Mary and Jim if he should miss his chance of Upton.

To add discomfort to discomfort, and constraint to constraint, he was introduced in the vestry to the Reverend Mr. Lloyd—his rival, as he felt bound to consider him; and to his host for the day—a stout, loud-spoken, rather vulgar-looking man, who dropped his h's.

When they reached the home of his host (who clearly was a wealthy man, for the house was large and furnished with substantial splendour), he discovered that his rival also was to be a guest. That did not serve to put him more at his ease, the less that he perceived host and rival seemed on very friendly, if not familiar, terms. They called one another "Lloyd" and "Brown," and slapped each other on the back. "Brown" said something, and "Lloyd" flatly and boisterously contradicted and corrected him, and then "Brown" laughed loudly, and seemed to like it. Thus dinner wore away, while Mr. Murray said little save to his hostess—a pale, thin, and somewhat depressed woman, grievously overburdened, it was clear, with a "jolly" husband, and a loud and healthy young family. After dinner "Lloyd" romped and rollicked in and out of the house with the troop of noisy children, while Mr. Murray kept his hostess and her very youngest company, and the attention of his host was divided between duty and inclination—the duty of sitting by his wife and guest, and the inclination of "larking with 'Lloyd.'"

"Look at him!" he exclaimed once. "Isn't he a jolly fellow? I do think he's a

capital fellow! Oh, yes; and he has a nice mind."

It was all very depressing and saddening to Mr. Murray, though he appeared only to be very quiet. For he thought: "A large congregation like this of Upton must necessarily have more people like these Browns than like my friends of last Sunday; and it must, therefore, needs be that this Mr. Lloyd—who has no harm in him, I daresay, but who is little more than a rough, noisy, presumptuous boy not long from school—it must be that he should be preferred by the majority to me. I may as well, then, give up all hope of coming here. But what then of Mary and the boy—the boy?"

He was scarcely more satisfied with himself after the evening service (though he held the attention again of a crowded congregation), and he went back to his lonely lodging with a sore and doubting heart. He wrote, however, cheerfully (he thought) to his wife; but next day she replied to his letter and showed that his assumed cheerfulness had not deceived the watchful sense of love.

"You are not in good spirits, my dear," she wrote; "don't pretend you are. If you are not better to-day I shall come home to you, though little Jim is beginning to show the benefit of the change."

"Poor little chap!" the father thought. "He is beginning to improve. They must not come back, and I must not go down to them. My glum face would frighten Mary, and I should have to tell her all my fears. Besides, I cannot afford it. Oh, that it might be settled I'm to go to Upton!"

That was the refrain of his thoughts all that day. "Oh, that I might go to Upton!" It was a kind of prayer, and surely as worthy a prayer, and springing from as pure and loving a desire as any prayer that is uttered. He could do nothing more, however, to attain the desired end; he could only wait. Monday passed, and Tuesday, and still no word from Upton. On Wednesday came a letter from his first host — the Chairman of Committee. It contained little, but that little was charged with meaning and anxiety for the minister. Nothing, it declared, was yet absolutely decided; but on Thursday evening there was to be held a certain debate in the Lecture-room, in which it had been resolved that both Mr. Murray and Mr. Lloyd should be asked to take part.

"I am not officially instructed," continued the writer, "to say this to you, but I think I ought to tell you that there is a disposition among a good many to form their final choice for you or for Mr. Lloyd, on the conclusion of the debate."

III.

It was put gently and carefully, but the meaning of the communication to the minister plainly was that it had come to a contest between him and the young Mr. Lloyd, and that whichever should acquit himself in this debate most to the satisfaction and admiration of the audience would straightway be chosen as minister.

It was a terrible situation for the minister—how terrible none but himself knew, and none, not even the wife of his bosom, could ever sufficiently understand. He was a bad debater, and, worse than that, he was the most nervous, hesitating, and involved extempore speaker in the world. His sermons and discourses were always written, but he delivered them so well that very few would have guessed that he had manuscript before him. With his writing in his hand he was easy, vigorous, and self-possessed; but when he had to speak extempore a panic of fear shook him; he had neither ideas nor words, and he was completely lost.

It was simply a question of nerves with him, and whenever he knew beforehand that he was expected to speak extempore the strain upon him was crueller than man can tell. The strain imposed now upon a body weakened by the past year's privations and anxiety could not have been crueller if he had been under sentence of death; and, indeed, life or death seemed to his overwrought nerves to hang upon the issue. If he failed, and he feared he would fail, fail signally, for he did not doubt but that the young and boisterous Mr. Lloyd was without nerves, and was a glib and self-confident talker—then Upton was lost, and his wife was condemned for Heaven alone knew how long to grievous poverty, and his child to a lingering death. If he succeeded—but he had no reason to hope he would—then Upton was won, and with it life and health and happiness for those he loved.

It was Wednesday morning when he got the letter, and all that day he considered, with a frequent feeling of panic at the heart, and a constant fluttering of the nerves, what he could possibly do to ensure success. He thought he would write down something on the subject of the debate, and commit it to memory. He had sat

down and written a little, when he bethought him that he did not know when he would be called upon to speak, nor whether he might not have to expressly answer someone. He threw down the pen, and groaned in despair ; there was nothing to be done ; he must trust to the inspiration and self-possession of the moment.

When he went to bed his sleep was a succession of ghastly nightmares. He dreamt his wife and child were struggling and choking in a dark and slimy sea, that Mr. Lloyd stood aloof unconcernedly looking on, and that he, the husband and father, lay unable to stir hand or foot or tongue ! Then he awoke with a sharp cry, trembling with dread and bathed in perspiration, and found, lo ! it was but a dream !

So the night passed and the day came with its constant wearing fear and anxiety. He could not eat, he could not drink, he could not rest ; and thus the day passed and the hour came when he must set out for the fatal meeting. As he passed along the street people paused to glance at him : he appeared so pale and scared.

THE DEBATE.

When he entered the Lecture-room at Upton he was met by his friend, the Chairman of Committee, who looked at him and said :—

"Don't you feel well, Mr. Murray ? You look very faint and pale. Let me get you a glass of wine."

"No, thank you," said the minister. "I am really quite well."

"We shall have a good debate, I think," said his friend, then leading the way forward.

"I hope so," said the minister, "though I am afraid I can do little ; I am the worst extempore speaker you can imagine."

"Is that so ?" The friend turned quickly and considered him. "I should not have thought so. Ah, well, never mind."

But the minister felt that his friend's hope of his success was considerably shaken.

The chief persons of the assembly were gathered about a table at the upper end of the room. The chairman introduced the matter for debate ; one man rose and spoke on the affirmative side, and another rose and spoke on the negative. The minister listened, but he scarce knew what was said ; he drank great gulps of water to moisten his parched mouth (which, for all the water, remained obstinately dry) and he felt his hour was come. He glanced round him, but saw only shadows of men. One only he saw—the man opposite him, the very young and boisterous Mr. Lloyd, who clapped his hands and lustily said "Hear, hear !" when anything was said of which he approved or which he wished to deride. The minister's eyes burned upon him till he seemed to assume threatening, demoniac proportions as the boastful and blatant Apollyon whom Christian fought in the Valley.

At length young Mr. Lloyd rose, large and hairy, and then the minister listened with all his ears. He missed nothing the young man uttered—none of the foolish and ignorant opinions, none of the coarse and awkward phrases—and as he listened amazement seized him, and then anger, and he said to himself : "This is the man, this is the conceited and ignorant smatterer, who would supplant *me*, and rob my wife and child of health and happiness !" He rose at once in his anger to answer him, to smash and pulverise him. What he said in his anger

he did not know ; but when he had finished he sat down and buried his face in his hands and was sure he had made an egregious ass of himself. He felt very faint and drank more water, and it was all over. In a dazed and hurried fashion he said his adieux and went away to the train, convinced he should never see Upton more.

He had entered a carriage and sunk back with body exhausted, but with brain on fire ; the train was starting, when the door was flung open, and Mr. Lloyd burst in and sat down opposite him.

"Halloa!" he cried. "I did *not* think to find you here. What a splendid debate it was, wasn't it?" He did not wait for an answer, but hurried on in his loquacity, "I think I woke them up. They need waking up, and I'll do it when I'm their minister."

"THE DOOR SWUNG OPEN."

It clearly did not occur to him that his *vis-à-vis* might be minister instead ; and Mr. Murray, in his exaggerated dread and humility, thought that the question who was to be minister must really have been settled before the young man left. Mr. Murray said nothing, but that did not embarrass Mr. Lloyd.

"I shall soon settle," he continued, "the hash of some of those frightened old fogies who want things to go on in the old, humdrum way. It's a fine place, and a magnificent chapel, and can be made a popular cause : and I'll make it, too, when I'm among them. Good, rousing, popular stuff —that's the thing to make a success ; don't you think so, Murray?"

"No doubt," said Murray, scarce knowing or caring what he said in his bitterness and despair ; "only make noise enough."

Young Mr. Lloyd merely laughed boisterously, and Mr. Murray only kept saying to himself : "This is the man who has robbed me of my chance, and my wife and child of health and happiness ! But for this ignorant, conceited, and incompetent braggart *I* should be minister!"

And incontrollable dislike—and in his nervous, over-strained condition, hatred even —rose in him against the young man.

As Lloyd went on with his ding-dong, maddening talk, Mr. Murray, who could have cried aloud in his pain and despair of the loss he believed he had endured, observed absently that the inner handle of the door showed that the catch was open. The train slowed down, for some reason, in the middle of a tunnel, and Lloyd rose in his lusty, boisterous way, banged down the window, and looked out.

"These trains," quoth he, "are confoundedly slow."

Mr. Murray kept his eye on the brass handle of the door. It was a dangerous position for Mr. Lloyd ; if he leaned too heavily, or if the train went on with a jerk, he was likely to be thrown out. Should he warn him? Should he say, "Take care : you may fall in your rashness." Yet why did not the foolish, unobservant young man see for himself the condition of the door?

Still, the handle of the door fascinated the minister's eye, and he kept silence. At that moment the train started off again with a jerk and a screech ; the door swung open, and Lloyd fell, and as the minister put out his hands and head to catch him, with a horrified "Oh!" he saw the fiery eye of a train rushing down upon him from the opposite direction. It came on with thunderous roar and passed, and the minister sank back in the carriage *alone*, and fainted!

IV.

He came to himself only outside the London terminus at which he had to arrive, when the train drew up, and a man came along for the collection of tickets. In a half-

dazed condition (which the ticket-collector probably considered intoxication), he surrendered his ticket without a word, and then the train went on, and presently he was on the platform, stumbling out of the station on his way home, but no more in touch with the people and things he passed among than a man in a dream.

What had he done? What had he done? To what a depth of misery and infamy had he cast himself? It was impossible to sound the black bottom of it.

"*I have slain a man to my wounding; a young man to my hurt.*"

The old words rose in his mind unbidden—rose and sank, rose and sank again. He felt that the young man must be lying crushed across those rails. And it was his doing: he had not warned the young man of his danger; he had consented to his death, and, therefore, he had killed him! Oh, the horror! Oh, the pity of it!

When he reached his lonely lodging it was late, and he was dull and tired. He was conscious of having walked a long way round, and to and fro, but where he did not know. The strain was now off his nerves, and dull, dead misery was upon him. He mechanically undressed, and went to bed and sank to sleep at once; but his sleep was unrefreshing: it was troubled all the night through with alarms and terrors, with screeching and roaring trains, and falling bodies; and when in the morning he was fully awake, his misery settled upon him like a dense fog of death.

The morning postman brought a letter from his wife. She was in good spirits, and the boy was improving rapidly. Then tears—bitter, bitter tears!—came to his relief, and he sobbed in agony. What had possessed him? What fiend of anger and hate had entered into him to make him commit that deed? He was aghast at the atrocious possibilities of his own nature. He felt as if he could not look in the face of his wife again, or again venture to take her in his arms. Would she not shrink from him with horror when she knew? And would not his boy—his little Jim!—when he grew up (if he ever grew up) be ashamed of the father who had so dishonoured his name?

"Oh, my God!" he cried in his misery and grief. "Let me bear the utmost punishment of my sin, but spare them! Punish not the innocent with the guilty! Let my dear wife and child live in peace and honour before Thee!"

He could not eat a morsel of breakfast—he had scarcely tasted food or drink for two whole days—and he could not rest in the lodgings. He wandered out with his load of misery upon him. He was a man who seldom read the newspapers, and he did not think of buying one now, nor did it even occur to him to scan the contents-bills set outside the newsvendors' shops. He merely wandered on and round, revolving the horrible business that had brought him so low, and then he wandered back in the afternoon faint with exhaustion.

When he entered the sitting-room he saw a letter set for him on the mantelpiece. It was from his friend at Upton, and it declared with delight that, after the stirring debate on Thursday evening, he (Murray) had been "unanimously elected" minister. That was the most unlooked-for stroke of retribution! To think that he had committed his sin—nay, his crime!—in headlong wantonness! To think that at the very moment when he had committed it he was being elected to the place which he had believed the young man had been chosen to fill! Bitter, bitter was his punishment beginning to be; for, of course, he could not, with the stain of crime on his soul if not on his hands, accept the place—not even to save his wife and child from want!

The writer further said that it was desired he (Murray) should occupy next Sunday the pulpit which was henceforward to be his. What was to be done? Clearly but one thing: at all costs to occupy the pulpit on Sunday morning, to lay bare his soul to the people who had "unanimously" invited him, and to tell them he could never more be minister either there or elsewhere.

He sat thus with the letter in his hand, when the door opened and his wife came in with the boy asleep in her arms: he had omitted to write to her since Wednesday. He rose to his feet, and stood back against the fire-place.

"Oh, my poor dear!" she cried, when she saw him. "How terribly ill you look! Why didn't you tell me? I felt there was something wrong with you when I had no word." She carefully laid the sleeping child on the couch and returned to embrace her husband.

"Don't, Mary!" said he, keeping her back.

"Oh, James dear!" she said, clasping her hands. "What has gone wrong? You look worn to death!"

"Everything's gone wrong, Mary!" he answered. "My whole life's gone wrong!"

"What do you mean?" she asked in breathless terror. "What have you in your hand?"

He held out to her the letter, and sat down and covered his face.

"Oh, but this is good news, James!" she exclaimed. "You are elected minister at Upton!"

"I can't go, Mary! I can no longer be minister there or anywhere!"

"James, my darling!" She knelt beside him, and put her arms about him. "Something has happened to you! Tell me what it is!" But he held his peace. "Remember, my dear, that we are all the world to each other; remember that when we were married we said we should never have any secret from each other! Tell me your trouble, my dear!"

He could not resist her appeal: he told her the whole story.

"My poor, dear love!" she cried. "How terribly tried you have been! And I did not know it!"

"And you don't shrink from me, Mary?" said he.

"Shrink from you, my dear husband?" she demanded. "How can you ask me? Oh, my darling!"

She kissed his hands and his face, and covered him with her love and wept over him.

They sat in silence for a while, and then he told her what he proposed to do. She agreed with him that that was the proper thing.

"We must do the first thing that is right, whatever may happen to ourselves. Write and say that you do not feel you can take more than the morning service. I'll go with you, and you shall do as you say—and the rest is with God."

Thus it was arranged. And on Sunday morning they set off together for Upton, leaving the boy in the care of the landlady. They had no word to say to each other in the train, but they held close each other's hand. They avoided greetings, and introductions, and felicitations save from one or two by keeping close in the vestry till the hour struck, and the attendant came to usher the minister to the pulpit. He went out and up the pulpit stairs with a firm step, but his face was very pale, his lips were parched, and his heart was thumping hard, till he felt as if it would burst. The first part of the service was gone through, and the minister rose to deliver his sermon. He gave out his text, "*And Cain said unto the Lord, 'My punishment is greater than I can bear!'*" and glanced round upon the congregation, who sat up wondering what was to come of that. He repeated it, and happening to look down, saw seated immediately below the pulpit, looking as well and self-satisfied as usual, the young man whom he had imagined crushed in the tunnel! The revulsion of feeling was too great; the minister put up his hand to his head, with a cry something between sob and sigh, tottered, and fell back!

"DON'T, MARY!"

There was a flutter and a rustle of dis-

may throughout the congregation. The minister's wife was up the pulpit stairs in an instant, and she was followed by the chairman and the young Mr. Lloyd. Between them they carried the minister down into the vestry, where a few others presently assembled.

"Will you run for a doctor, Mr. Lloyd?" said the chairman.

Hearing the name "Lloyd," and seeing a man in minister's attire, Mrs. Murray guessed the truth at once.

"I think," said she, "there is no need for a doctor, my husband has only fainted. He has been terribly worried all the year, and the last week or two especially has told on him."

"I thought the other night," said the chairman, "that he looked ill."

"He has not been well since," said she; and she continued, turning to Mr. Lloyd, "I believe he was the more upset that he thought an accident had happened to you in the train, Mr. Lloyd."

"Oh," said the young man, "it was nothing. It really served me right for leaning against a door that was unlatched. I picked myself up all right."

The chairman and the others stared; they clearly had heard nothing of that.

"He is coming round," said the wife. "If someone will kindly get me a cab, I'll take him home."

* * * * *

That is the story of the unconfessed crime of the minister of Upton Chapel, who is to-day known as a gentle, sweet, and somewhat shy man, good to all, and especially tender and patient with all wrong-doers.

At the Children's Hospital.

CONVALESCENT HOME, HIGHGATE.

"WE want to move Johnny to a place where there are none but children; a place set up on purpose for sick children; where the good doctors and nurses pass their lives with children, talk to none but children, touch none but children, comfort and cure none but children."

Who does not remember that chapter in "Our Mutual Friend" in which Charles Dickens described Johnny's removal—with his Noah's Ark and his noble wooden steed—from the care of poor old Betty to that of the Hospital for Sick Children in Great Ormond-street? Johnny is dead—he died after bequeathing all his dear possessions, the Noah's Ark, the gallant horse, and the yellow bird, to his little sick neighbour—and his large-hearted creator is dead too; but the Hospital in Great Ormond-street still exists—in a finer form than Dickens knew it—and still receives sick children to be comforted and cured by its gentle nurses and good doctors.

And this is how the very first Hospital for Children came to be founded. Some fifty years ago, Dr. Charles West, a physician extremely interested in children and their ailments, was walking with a companion along Great Ormond-street. He stopped opposite the stately old mansion known as No. 49, which was then "to let," and said, "There! That is the future Children's Hospital. It can be had cheap, I believe, and it is in the midst of a district teeming with poor." The house was known to the Doctor as one with a history. It had been the residence of a great and kindly man—the famous Dr. Richard Mead, Court Physician to Queen Anne and George the First, and it is described by a chronicler of the time as a "splendidly-fitted mansion, with spacious gardens looking out into the fields" of St. Pancras. Another notable tenant of the mansion was the Rev. Zachary Macaulay, father of Lord Macaulay, and a co-worker with Clarkson and Wilberforce for the abolition of slavery.

Dr. Charles West pushed his project for

turning the house into a hospital for sick children with such effect that a Provisional Committee was formed, which held its first recorded meeting on January 30, 1850, under the presidency of the philanthropic banker Joseph Hoare. As a practical outcome of these and other meetings, the mansion and grounds were bought, and the necessary alterations were made to adapt them for their purpose. A "constitution" also was drawn up—which obtains to this day—and in that it was set down that the object of the Hospital was threefold:—"(1) The Medical and Surgical Treatment of Poor Children; (2) The Attainment and Diffusion of Knowledge regarding the Diseases of Children; and (3) The Training of Nurses for Children." So, in the February of 1852—exactly nine-and-thirty years ago—the Hospital for Sick Children was opened, and visitors had displayed to them the curious sight of ailing children lying contentedly in little cots in the splendid apartments still decorated with flowing figures and scrolls of beautiful blue on the ceiling, and bright shepherds and shepherdesses in the panels of the walls—rooms where the beaux and belles of Queen Anne and King George, in wigs and buckle-shoes, in frills and furbelows, had been wont to assemble; where the kindly Dr. Mead had learnedly discussed with his brethren, and where Zachary Macaulay had presided at many an anti-slavery meeting. It was, indeed, a haunted house that the poor sick children had been carried into—haunted, however, not by hideous spirits of darkness and crime, but by gentle memories of Christian charity and loving-kindness.

For some time poor people were shy of the new hospital. In the first month only eight cots were occupied out of the ten provided, and only twenty-four out-patients were treated. The treatment of these, however, soon told upon the people, and by and by more little patients were brought to the door of the Hospital than could be received. The place steadily grew in usefulness and popularity, so that in five years 1,483 little people occupied its cots, and 39,300 passed through its out-patient department. But by 1858 the hearts of the founders and managers misgave them; for funds had fallen so low that it was feared the doors of the Hospital must be closed. No doubt the anxious and terrible events of the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny had done much to divert public attention from the claims of the little folk in 49, Great Ormond-street, but the general tendency of even kindly people to run after new things and then to neglect them had done more. It was then that Charles Dickens stood the true and practical friend of the Hospital. He was appealed to for the magic help of his pen and his voice. He wrote about the sick children, and he spoke for them at the annual dinner of 1858 in a speech so potent to move the heart and to untie the purse-strings that the Hospital managers smiled again; the number of cots was increased to 44, two additional physicians were appointed, and No. 48 was added to No. 49, Great Ormond-street.

From that date the institution prospered and grew, till, in 1869, Cromwell House, at the top of Highgate-hill (of which more anon) was opened as a Convalescent Branch of the Hospital, and in 1872 the first stone of the present building was laid by the Princess of Wales, in the spacious garden of Number Forty-Nine. The funds, however, were insufficient for the completion of the whole place, and until 1889 the Hospital stood with but one wing. Extraordinary efforts were made to collect money, with the result that last year the new wing was begun on the site of the two "stately mansions" which had been for years the home of the Hospital. With all this increase, and the temptation sometimes to borrow rather than slacken in a good work, the managers have never borrowed nor run into debt. They have steadily believed in the excellent advice which Mr. Micawber made a present of to his young friend Copperfield, "Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen nineteen six: result, happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds ought and six: result, misery"; and, as a consequence, they are annually dependent on the voluntary contributions of kind-hearted people who are willing to aid them to rescue ailing little children from "the two grim nurses, Poverty and Sickness."

But, in order to be interested in the work of the Hospital and its little charges, there is nothing like a personal visit. One bitterly cold afternoon a little while before Christmas, we kept an appointment with the courteous Secretary, and were by him led past the uniformed porter at the great door, and up the great staircase to the little snuggery of Miss Hicks, the Lady Superintendent. On our way we had glimpses through glass doors into clean, bright

wards, which gave a first impression at once cheerful and soothing, heightened by contrast with the heavy black cold that oppressed all life out of doors. By the Secretary we were transferred to the guidance of Miss Hicks, who has done more than can here be told for the prosperity of the Hospital and the completion of the building. She led us again downstairs, to begin our tour of inspection at the very beginning—at the door of the out-patients' department. That is opened at half-past eight every week-day morning, and in troop crowds of poor mothers with children of all ages up to twelve—babies in arms and toddlekins led by the hand. They pass through a kind of turnstile and take their seats in the order of their arrival on rows of benches in a large waiting-room, provided with a stove, a lavatory, and a drinking-fountain, with an attendant nurse and a woman to sell cheap, wholesome buns baked in the Hospital; for they may have to wait all the morning before their turn arrives to go in to the doctor, who sits from nine to twelve seeing and prescribing for child after child; and, if the matter is very serious, sending the poor thing on into the Hospital to occupy one of the cosy cots. All the morning this stream of sad and ailing mothers and children trickles on out of the waiting-room into the presence of the keen-eyed, kindly doctor, out to the window of the great dispensary (which stretches the whole length of the building) to take up the medicine ordered, on past a little box on the wall, which requests the mothers to "please spare a penny," and so out into the street again. There are two such out-patient departments—one at either end of the great building—and there pass through them in a year between eighteen and nineteen thousand cases, which leave grateful casual pennies in the little wall-box to the respectable amount of £100 a year. It does not need much arithmetic to reckon that that means no less than 24,000 pence.

Leaving that lower region (which is, of course, deserted when we view it in the afternoon) we re-ascend to look at the little in-patients. From the first ward we seek to enter we are admonished by our own senses to turn back. We have barely looked in when the faint, sweet odour of chloroform hanging in the air, the hiss of the antiseptic-spray machine, and the screens placed round a cot inform us that one of the surgeons is conducting an operation. The ward is all hushed in silence, for the children are quick to learn that, when the big, kind-eyed doctor is putting a little comrade to sleep in order to do some clever thing to him to make him well, all must be as quiet as mice. There is no more touching evidence of the trust and faith of childhood than the readiness with which these children yield themselves to the influence of chloroform, and surrender themselves without a pang of fear into the careful hands of the doctor. Sometimes, when an examination or an operation is over, there is a little flash of resentment, as in the case of the poor boy who, after having submitted patiently to have his lungs examined, exclaimed to the doctor, "I'll tell my mother you've been a-squeezing of me!"

DAISY.

We cross to the other side and enter the ward called after Queen Victoria. The ward is quiet, for it is one of those set apart for medical cases. Here the poor mites of patients are almost all lying weak and ill. On the left, not far from the door, we come

upon a pretty and piteous sight. In a cot roofed and curtained with white, save on one side, lies a little flaxen-haired girl—a mere baby of between two and three—named "Daisy." Her eyes are open, but she does not move when we look at her; she only continues to cuddle to her bosom her brush and comb, from which, the nurse tells us, she resolutely refuses to be parted. She is ill of some kind of growths in the throat, and on the other side of her cot stands a bronchial kettle over a spirit-lamp, thrusting its long nozzle through the white curtain of the cot to moisten and mollify the atmosphere breathed by the little patient. While our artist prepares to make a sketch, we note that the baby's eyes are fixed on the vapours from the kettle, which are curling and writhing, and hovering and melting over her. What does she think of them? Do they suggest to her at all, child though she is, the dimness and evanescence of that human life which she is thus painfully beginning? Does she wonder what it all means—her illness, the curling vapour, and the people near her bed? Poor Daisy! There are scores of children like her here, and tens of thousands out of doors, who suffer thus for the sins of society and the sins of their parents. It is possible to pity her and them without reserve, for they have done nothing to bring these sufferings on themselves. Surely, then, their parents and society owe it to them that all things possible should be done to set them in the way of health.

And much is certainly done in this Hospital for Sick Children. We look round the ward—and what we say of this ward may be understood to apply to all—and note how architectural art and sanitary and medical skill have done their utmost to make this as perfect a place as can be contrived for the recovery of health. The ward is large and lofty, and contains twenty-one cots, half of which are for boys and half for girls. The walls have been built double, with an air space in the midst, for the sake of warming and ventilation. The inner face of the walls is made of glazed bricks of various colours, a pleasant shade of green being the chief. That not only has an agreeable effect, but also ensures that no infection or taint can be retained—and, to make that surety doubly sure, the walls are once a month washed down with disinfectants. Every ward has attached to it, but completely outside and isolated, a small kitchen, a clothes-room, a bath-room, &c. These are against the several corners of the ward, and combine to form the towers which run up in the front and back of the building. Every ward also has a stove with double open fireplace, which serves, not only to warm the room in the ordinary way, but also to burn, so to say, and carry away the vitiated air, and, moreover, to send off warm through the open iron-work surrounding it fresh air which comes through openings in the floor from ventilating shafts communicating with the outer atmosphere. That is what architectural and sanitary art has done for children. And what does not medical and nursing skill do for them? And tender human kindness, which is as nourishing to the ailing little ones as mother's milk? It is small reproach against poor parents to say that seldom do their children know real childish happiness, and cleanliness, and comfort, till they are brought into one of these wards. It is in itself an invigoration to be gently waited upon and fed by sweet, comely young nurses, none of whom is allowed to enter fully upon her duties till she has proved herself fond of children and deft to manage them. And what a delight it must be to have constantly on your bed wonderful picture-books, and on the tray that slides along the top rails of your cot the whole animal creation trooping out of Noah's Ark, armies of tin soldiers, and wonderful woolly dogs with amazing barks concealed in their bowels, or—if you happen to be a girl—dolls, dressed and undressed, of all sorts and sizes! And, lastly, what a contrast is all this space, and light, and pure air—which is never hot and never cold—to the low ceilings and narrow walls, the stuffiness, and the impurity of the poor little homes from which the children come. There, if they are unwell only, they cannot but toss and cry and suffer on their bed, exasperate their hard-worked mother, and drive their home-coming father forth to drown his sorrows in the flowing bowl: here they are wrapped softly in a heavenly calm, ministered to by skilful, tender hands, and spoken to by soft and kindly voices: so that they wonder, and insensibly are soothed and cease to suffer. Until he has been in a children's hospital, no one would guess how thoughtful, and good-tempered, and contented a sick child can be amid his strange surroundings.

But we linger too long in this ward.

With a glance at the chubby, convalescent boy, "Martin," asleep in his arm-chair before the fire—whom we leave our artist companion to sketch—we pass upstairs to another medical ward, which promises to be the liveliest of all; for, as soon as we are

MARTIN.

ushered through the door, a cheery voice rings out from somewhere near the stove:—

"Halloa, man! Ha, ha, ha!"

We are instantly led with a laugh to the owner of the voice, who occupies a cot over against the fire. He is called "Freddy," and he is a merry little chap, with dark hair, and bright twinkling eyes—so young and yet so active that he is tethered by the waist to one of the bars at the head of his bed lest he should fling himself out upon the floor—so young, and yet afflicted with so old a couple of ailments. He is being treated for "chronic asthma and bronchitis." He is a child of the slums; he is by nature strong and merry, and—poor little chap!—he has been brought to this pass merely by a cold steadily and ignorantly neglected. Let us hope that "Freddy" will be cured, and that he will become a sturdy and useful citizen, and keep ever bright the memory of his childish experience of hospital care and tenderness.

Next to "Freddy" is another kind of boy altogether. He has evidently been the pet of his mother at home, as he is the pet of the nurses here. He is sitting up in his cot, playing in a serious, melancholy way with a set of tea-things. He is very pretty. He has large eyes and a mass of fair curls, and he looks up in a pensive way that makes the nurses call him "Bubbles," after Sir John Millais' well-known picture-poster. He has a knack of saying droll things with an unconscious seriousness which makes them doubly amusing. He is shy, however, and it is difficult to engage him in conversation. We try to wake his friendliness by presenting him with a specimen of a common coin of the realm, but for some time without effect. For several seconds he will bend his powerful mind to nothing but the important matter of finding a receptacle for the coin that will be safe, and that will at the same time constantly exhibit it to his delighted eye. These conditions being at length fulfilled, he condescends to listen to our questions.

Does he like being in the Hospital?

"Yes. But I'm goin' 'ome on Kismas Day. My mother's comin' for me."

We express our pleasure at the news. He looks at us with his large, pensive eyes, and continues in the same low, slow, pensive tone:—

"Will the doctor let me? Eh? Will he let me? I've nearly finished my medicine. Will I have to finish it all?"

We reluctantly utter the opinion that very likely he will have to "finish it all" in order to get well enough to go home. And then after another remark or two we turn away to look at other little patients; but from afar we can see that the child is still deeply pondering the question. Presently we hear the slow, pensive voice call:—

"I say!"

We go to him, and he inquires: "Is Kismas in the shops? Eh? Is there toys and fings?"

We answer that the shops are simply overflowing with Christmas delights, and again we retire; but by and by the slow, pensive voice again calls:—

"I say!"

Again we return, and he says: "Will the doctor come to me on Kismas morning

and say, 'Cheer up, Tommy; you're goin' 'ome to-day?' Will he? Eh?"

Poor little boy! Though the nurses love him, and though he loves his nurses, he longs for his mother and the "Kismas" joys of home. And though he looks so healthy, and has only turned three years, he has incipient consumption, and his "Kismas" must be spent either here or in the Convalescent Home on the top of Highgate-hill.

It is impossible, and needless, to go round all the little beds; it is a constant tale of children innocently and cheerfully bearing the punishment of the neglect, the mistakes, or the sins of their parents, or of society. Here is a mere baby suffering from tuberculosis because it has been underfed; there, and there, and there are children, boys and girls—girls more frequently—afflicted with chorea, or St. Vitus' dance, because their weak nerves have been overwrought, either with fright at home or in the streets, or with overwork or punishment at school; and so on, and so on, runs the sad and weary tale. But, before we leave the ward, let us note one bright and fanciful little picture, crowning evidence of the kindness of the nurses to the children, and even of their womanly delight in them. Near the cheerful glow of one of the faces of the double-faced stove, in a fairy-like bassinette—a special gift to the ward—sit "Robin" and "Carrie," two babies decked out as an extraordinary treat in gala array of white frocks and ribbons. These gala dresses, it must be chronicled, are bought by the nurses' own money and made in the nurses' own time for the particular and Sunday decoration of their little charges. On the other side of the stove sits Charlie, a pretty little fellow, on his bed-sofa.

And so we pass on to the surgical wards; but it is much the same tale as before. Only here the children are on the whole older, livelier, and hungrier. We do not wish to harrow the feelings of our readers, so we shall not take them round the cots to point out the strange and wonderful operations the surgeons have performed. We shall but note that the great proportion of these cases are scrofulous of some order or other—caries, or strumous disease of the bones, or something similar; and, finally, we shall point out one little fellow, helpless as a dry twig, but bold as a lion, at least if his words are to be trusted. He has caries, or decay, of the backbone. He has been operated upon, and he is compelled to lie flat on his back always without stirring. He could not have tackled a black-beetle, and yet one visitors' day the father of his neighbour having somehow offended him

CHARLIE, ROBIN, AND CARRIE.

he threatened to throw him "out o' winder," and on another occasion he made his comrades quake by declaring he would "fetch a big gun, and shoot every man-jack of 'em!" But, for all his Bombastes vein, he is a patient and stoical little chap.

There are here altogether 110 cases in five wards (there will be 200 cots when the new wing is finished), and a few infectious fever and diphtheria cases in an isolated building in the grounds; and the cases treated and nursed in the course of the year average 1,000. But the most obstinate cases, we are told, are now sent to Highgate, to keep company with the convalescents, because of the constant urgency of receiving new patients into Great Ormond-street. To the top of Highgate-hill, therefore, to Cromwell House, we make our way the following afternoon.

EVA.

Frost and fog hang black and cold over densely-peopled London; but, as we ascend towards Highgate, it brightens, till we reach the top of the hill, where the air is clear, and crisp, and bracing. No finer spot than this could have been chosen within the metropolitan boundary for a convalescent branch of the Children's Hospital.

We are received by Miss Wilson, the Lady Superintendent of Cromwell House, in her cosy little sitting-room; and, before we set out on our round of the wards, we sit and hear her relate some of the legends connected with the noble old house. It is no legend, however, but historical fact, which connects it with the name of Oliver Cromwell. The house was built by Cromwell for his daughter, whom he gave in marriage to General Ireton, and it still bears evidence of the Ireton occupation. About a house so old and associated with so formidable a name, it must needs be there are strange stories. Miss Wilson tells us, for instance, that immediately behind her where she sits is a panel in the wainscot which was once movable, and which admitted to a secret staircase leading down to an underground passage communicating with another old mansion across the way—namely, Lauderdale House, built by an Earl of Lauderdale, and once tenanted by the famous Nell Gwynne. Moreover, Cromwell House contains a veritable skeleton closet, from which a genuine skeleton was taken when the Hospital entered upon occupation. We are promised that we shall see the outside of the closet, but no more; because the door has been nailed up.

So we set out on our round of the wards. It is Thursday, and therefore there is considerable bustle; for on that day regularly come the convalescents from Great Ormond-street. They come to stay for from three to eight weeks, and to run wild in the large garden, and to grow fresh roses on their cheeks, blown by the fresh air of Highgate-hill. The average stay is six weeks, though one or two tedious cases of recovery have been allowed to remain seven months. Difficult cases of scrofula, however, frequently gain admittance to the Sea-Bathing Infirmary at Margate.

The first little ward we enter (all the wards are little here: they contain from ten to a dozen cots) is one of difficult and obstinate cases. But here, by the fireplace, stands convalescent one of these with her nurse—a child named "Eva," stout and ruddy, but with her head tied up. She has had a wonderfully delicate operation performed upon her. She had what the doctors term a "mastoid abscess" pressing upon her brain in the neighbourhood of her ear.

It was within her skull, that is to say, but the surgeon cleverly got at it by piercing behind the ear, and so draining it off through the ear. Some other obstinate "cases" that are well on the way to recovery are sitting about the room in their little arm-chairs, playing with toys or reading story picture-books. But several obstinate ones are so obstinate that they must stay in bed. Here is one boy who has endured excision of the hip-joint, but who is lively enough to be still interested in the fortunes of the outside world. He has a weight hung from his foot to keep him rigidly extended; but, as we pass, he begs Miss Wilson to raise him for an instant that he may see the great fire that a comrade by the window has told him is raging across the way. She yields to his appeal, and carefully lifts him in her arms. It is only a big fire of brushwood in Waterlow Park, but he exclaims:—

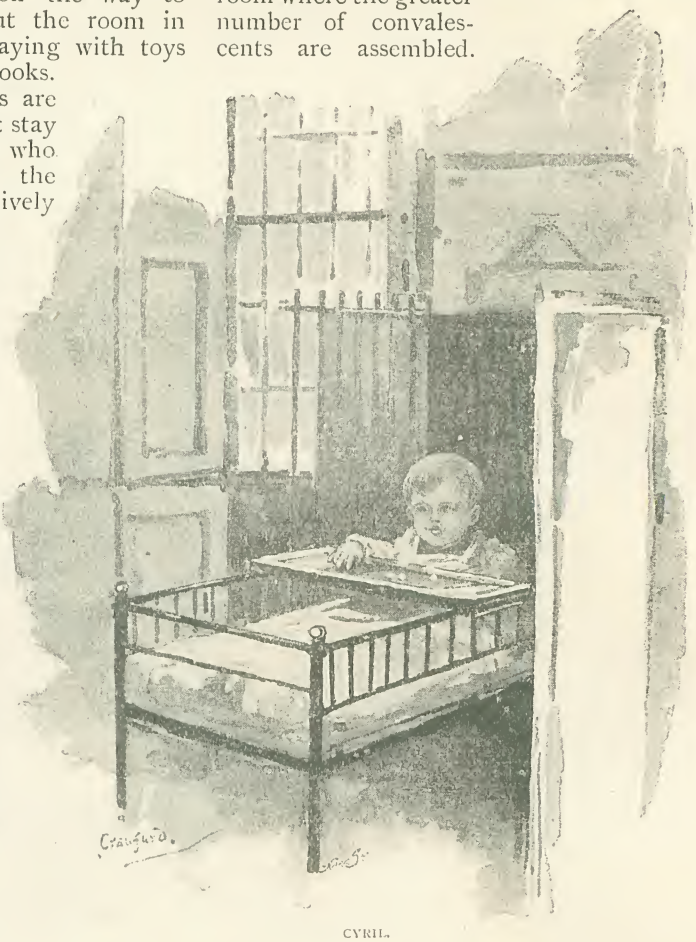
"Oh! it's as big as a house, ain't it? They'd better get the firemen!"

And down he lies again to think how he should like to see the fire-engine come dashing up, and to run helter-skelter after it. Poor boy! There'll be no more running for him in this world!

Close by him is a very interesting personage, a kind of infant Achilles. That we say, not because of his robust or warlike aspect, but because disease has found him vulnerable only in the heel. He suffers from what the doctors call "oscalsus."

Thus we might go round pointing out that this girl has paraplegia, and that boy empyema; but these "blessed" words would neither instruct, nor amuse, nor touch the heart. Let us note, however, before we pass on, that here are two champions in their way: the champion stoic, who absolutely enjoys being operated upon, and the champion sufferer—the boy "Cyril"—who has endured almost as many ailments as he has lived months, but who yet fights them all, with the help of doctor and nurse, patiently and cheerfully.

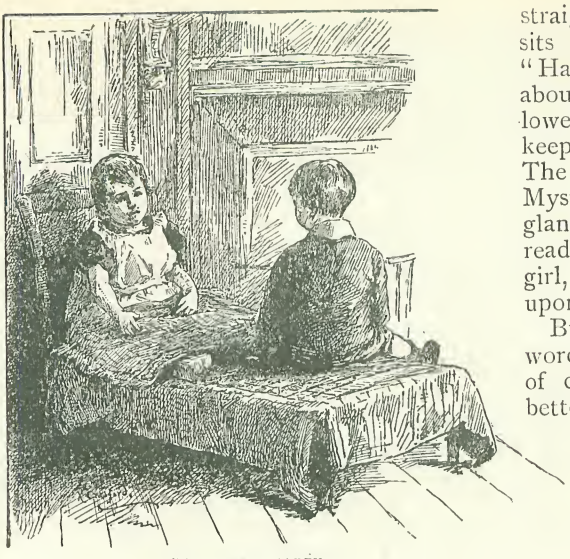
And so we pass on into the other little wards, and then downstairs into a sitting-room where the greater number of convalescents are assembled.



CYRIL.

This room was probably the dining-room of the mansion in Cromwell's days, and here, about the table and the fire where the children sit, must have gathered grave and austere Puritans, and soldiers in clanking jack-boots from among Cromwell's invincible Ironsides. Over the fireplace is still to be seen in complete preservation General Ireton's coat-of-arms, and between the windows are mirrors of the same date. But we have little more than crossed the threshold when all thought of Puritans and Ironsides is banished by a cry not unlike the laugh of a hyena.

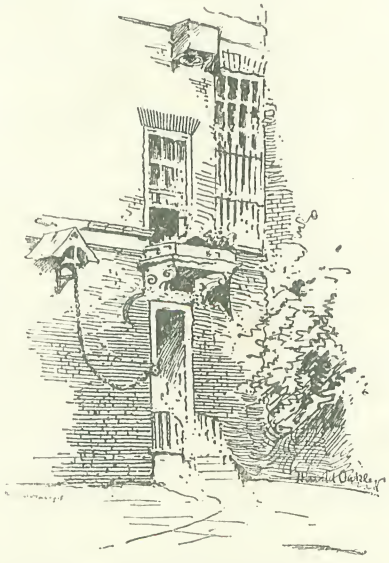
Our guide points out to us the utterer of the cry—a little boy sitting up at the head of a couch against the fireplace. He is one



DOTTY AND HARRY.

of the very few children who are afraid of a doctor, and he sees men there so seldom that every man appears to him a doctor: hence his cry. We consider him from afar off, so as not to distress him unduly; and we learn that he is commonly known as "Dotty," partly because he is small and partly because his wits are temporarily somewhat obscured. His chief affliction, however, is that he has curiously crooked feet which the surgeon is trying to set straight. Over against him, on the couch, sits a Boy of Mystery. He is called "Harry" (there is nothing mysterious about that), but some months ago he swallowed an old copper coin, which he still keeps concealed somewhere in his interior. The doctors are puzzled, but the Boy of Mystery sits unconcerned. With one final glance round and a word to a girl who is reading "The Nursery Alice" to a younger girl, we turn away, and the door closes upon the children.

But we cannot leave them without a final word to our readers. Of all possible forms of charitable work there is surely none better or more hopeful than that which is concerned with children, and especially that which is anxious about the health of children. More than one-third of the annual deaths in London are the unnatural deaths of innocent young folk. "The two grim nurses, Poverty and Sickness," said Dickens in his famous speech, "who bring these children before you, preside over their births, rock their wretched cradles, nail down their little coffins, pile up the earth above their graves." Have we no duty towards them as fellow-citizens? If we pity their hard condition, and admire the patience and fortitude with which they endure suffering, then let us show our pity and our admiration in such practical ways as are open to us.

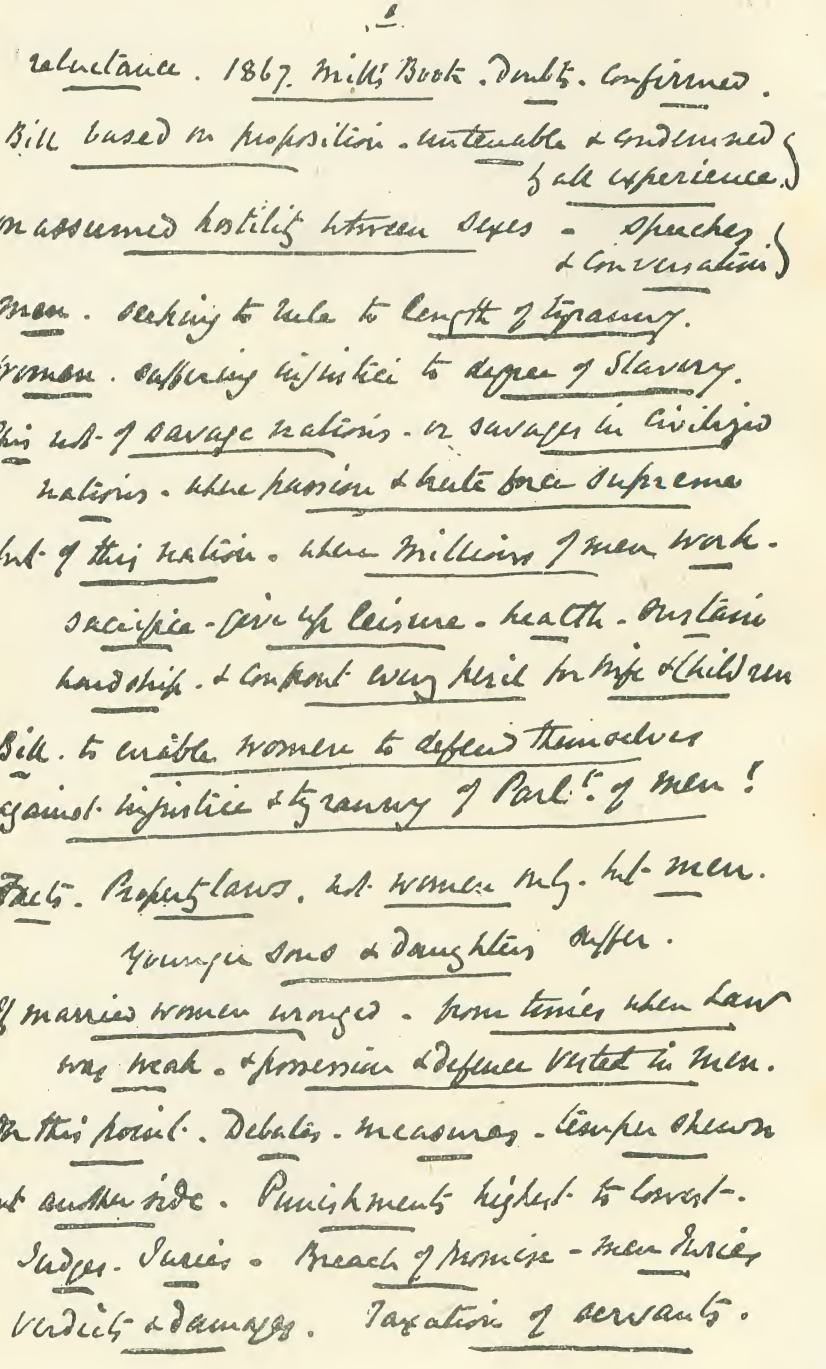


THE GARDEN ENTRANCE: CROMWELL HOUSE.

Fac-simile of the Notes of a Speech by John Bright.

THIS month we present our readers with a curiosity—the fac-simile notes of John Bright's famous speech on Women's Suffrage, in the House of Commons, April 26, 1876. Mr. J. A. Bright, M.P., to whose kindness we owe them, believes that no others by his father are extant, so that the interest of the present is unique. To allow the reader to compare the speech, as spoken, with the notes, we add an abstract of the *Times* report next morning.

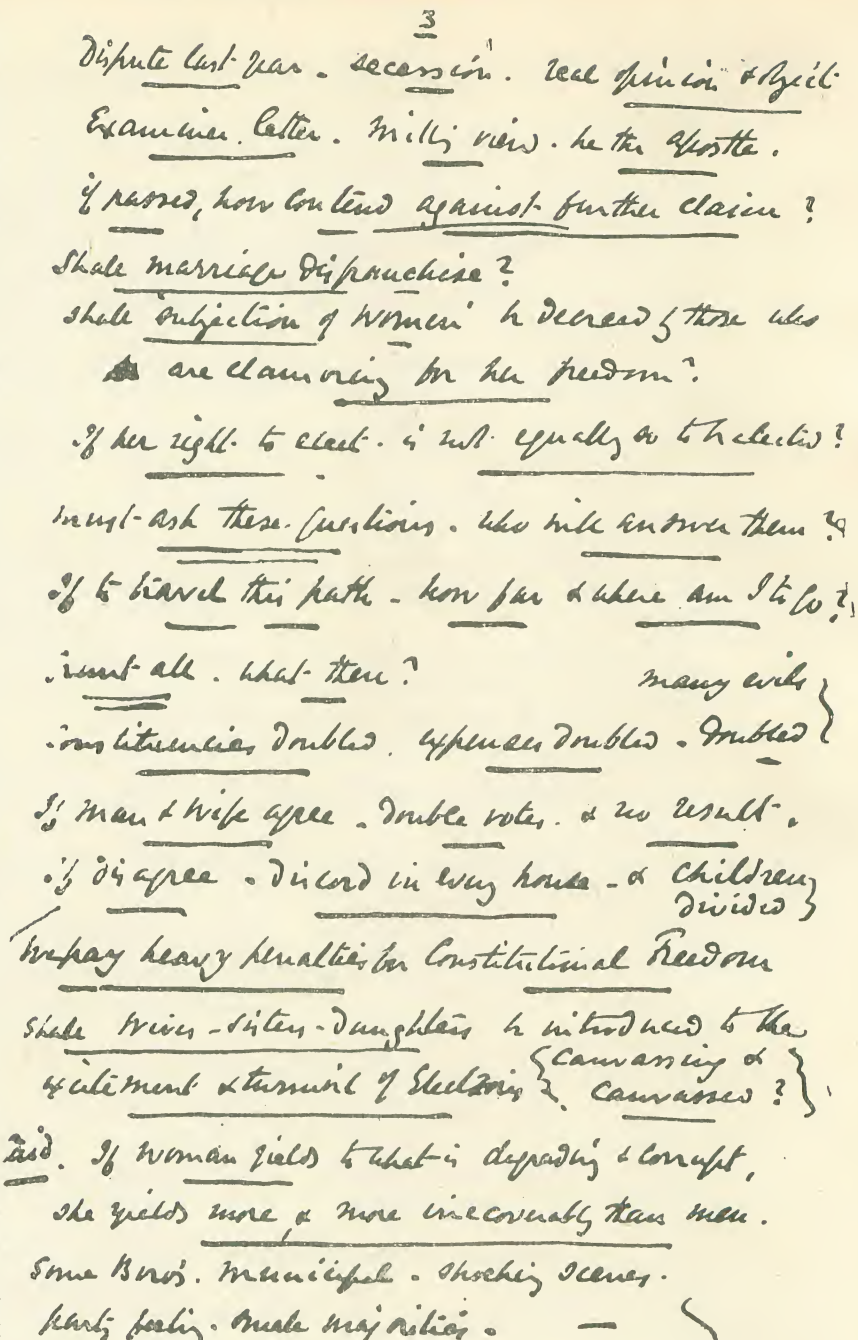
MR. BRIGHT said it was with extreme reluctance that he took part in this debate. . . . The Bill seemed to him based on a proposition which was untenable, and which, he thought, was contradicted by universal experience. (Cheers.) In fact, it was a Bill based on the assumed hostility between the sexes. (Hear.) . . . Men were represented as ruling even to the length of tyranny, and women were represented as suffering injustice even to the length of very degrading slavery. (Hear.) . . . This was not said of women in savage nations, but it was said of women in general in this civilised and Christian country in which they lived. If he looked at the population of this country, that which struck him more than almost anything else was this—that at this moment there were millions of men at work, sacrificing and giving up their leisure to a life of sustained hardship, confronting peril in every shape, for the sake of the sustenance, and the comfort and the happiness of women and children. (Cheers.) . . . The avowed object of this Bill was to enable the women of this country to defend themselves against a Parliament of men. (Hear.) . . . There might be injustice with regard to the laws which affected the property of married women; but was there no injustice in the laws which affected the property of men? Had younger sons no right to complain? (A laugh.) . . . But there was another side to this question. He would take the question of punishment. There could be no doubt whatever that, as regards the question of punishment, there was much greater moderation or

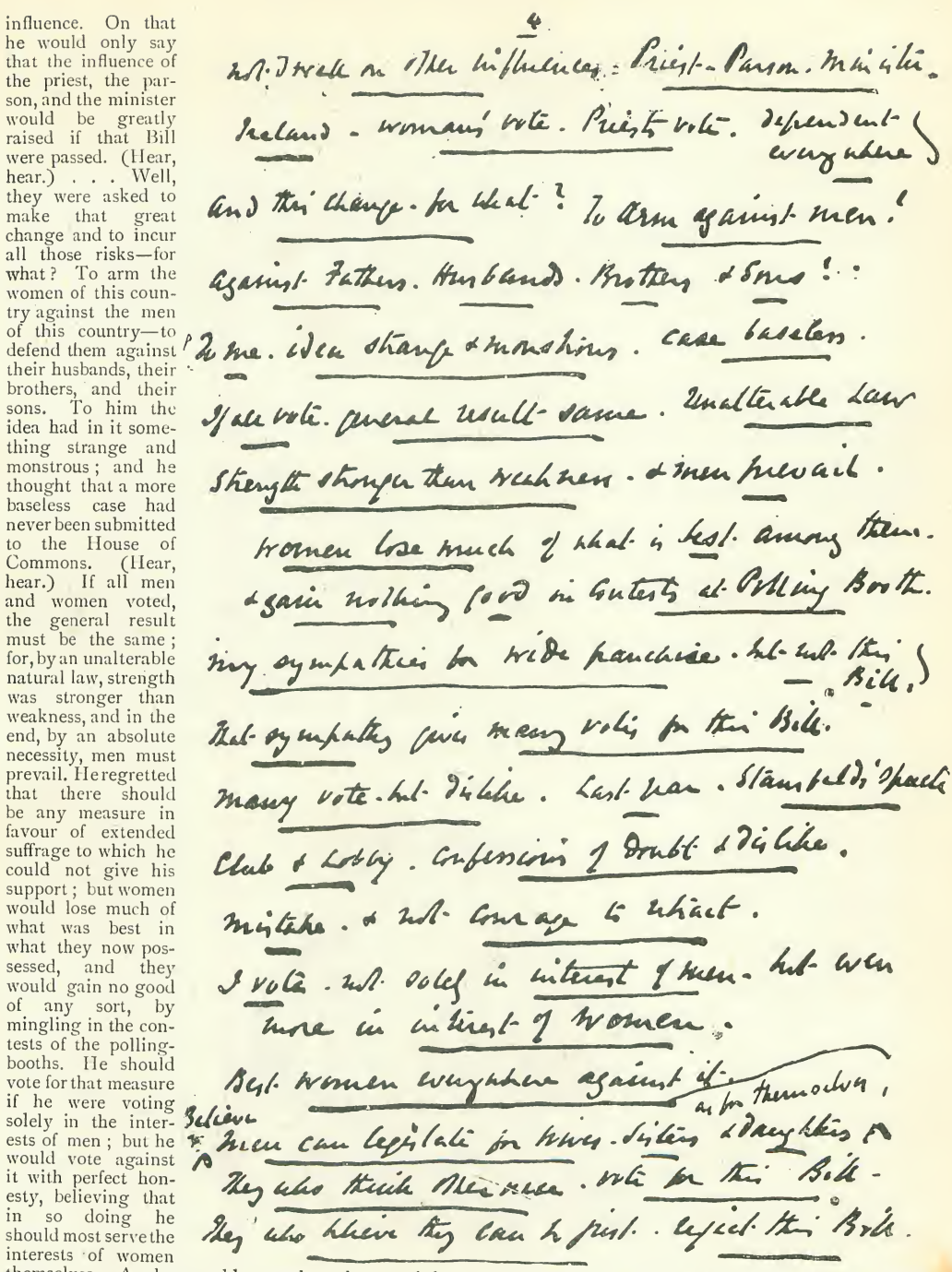

1.
reluctance. 1867. Mill's Book. Doubts. Confirmed.
Bill based on proposition. untenable & condemned by all experience.
on assumed hostility between sexes. speeches & conversations
men. seeking to rule to length of tyranny.
women. suffering injustice to degree of slavery.
This not of savage nations. or savages in civilized nations. where passion & brute force supreme
but of this nation. where millions of men work. sacrifice. give up leisure. health. sustain hardship. & confront every peril for wife & children
Bill. to enable women to defend themselves against injustice & tyranny of Parl.t of men!
Facts. Property laws. not women only. but men. Younger sons & daughters suffer.
If married women wronged. from times when Law was weak. & possession & defence vested in men.
On this point. Debates. measures. temper shown
But another side. Punishments highest to lowest.
Judges. Juries. Breach of promise. men fined
Verdicts & damages. Taxation of servants.

mercy dealt out to women than to men. (Hear.) . . . In all cases of punishment judges and juries were always more lenient in disposition to women than they were to men. He would point out to some of those ladies who were so excited on this matter, that in cases of breach of promise of marriage the advantage on their side seemed to be enormous. (Laughter and cheers.) . . . They almost always got a verdict, and very often, he was satisfied, when they ought not to have got it. (Laughter.) . . . Women servants were not taxed, and men servants were taxed. . . . There was an argument which told with many, and that was the argument of equal rights. . . . He supposed the country had a right to determine how it would be governed—whether by one, by few, or by many. Honourable members told us that unless this Bill passed we should have a class discontented. . . . But the great mistake was in arguing that women were a class. (Hear.) Nothing could be more monstrous or absurd than to describe women as a class. They were not like the class of agricultural labourers or factory workers. Who were so near the hearts of the legislators of this country as the members of their own families? (Cheers.) It was a scandalous and odious libel to say women were a class, and were therefore excluded from our sympathy, and Parliament could do no justice in regard to them. (Cheers.) . . . Unfortunately for those who argued about political wrongs, the measure excluded by far the greatest proportion of women — viz., those who, if there were any special qualification required for an elector, might be said to be specially qualified. It excluded married women, though they were generally older, more informed, and had greater interests at stake. Then it was said that the Bill was an instalment, that it was one step in the emancipation of women.

If that were so, it was very odd that those most concerned in the Bill did not appear to be aware of it, because last year there was a great dispute on that matter. . . . Last year he saw a letter, signed "A Married Claimant of the Franchise," in a newspaper, who said that a married woman could not claim to vote as a householder, but why should she not pay her husband a sum for her lodgings, so as to entitle her to claim the lodger franchise? (Laughter.) . . . If that Bill passed, how would they contend against further claims? (Hear, hear.) . . . And what were they to say to those women who were to have votes until they

married? The moment the woman householder came out of church or chapel as a wife her vote would vanish, and her husband would become the elector. (A laugh.) It seemed to him that if they passed that Bill and went no further, what Mr. Mill called "the subjection of women" was decreed by the very measure intended to enfranchise them, and by the very women, and the very party in that House, who were in favour of that Bill. (Hear, hear.) Then again, if all men being householders had a right to be elected, on what principle were women not also to have a right to be elected? (Hear, hear.) Those who opposed that Bill had a right to ask these questions, and to have an answer to them. If they were to travel that path, let them know how far they were going, and to what it led. . . . If they granted that every woman, married or unmarried, was to have a vote, the hon. member for Lincolnshire had referred to what would happen in every house where there was a double vote. If the husband and wife agreed, it would make no difference in the result of the election; but if they disagreed, it would possibly introduce discord into every family; and if there were discord between man and wife, there would certainly be discord between the children. . . . In that House they had one peculiar kind of knowledge—namely, of the penalties they paid for their constitutional freedom. . . . Was it desirable to introduce their mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters to the excitement, the turmoil, and, it might be, the very humiliation which seemed in every country to attend a system of Parliamentary representation? (Hear, hear.) Women were more likely to be tainted in that way than men were. There had been some instances of it, ever since the Municipal Act gave them votes. He knew a place in his neighbourhood where scenes of the most shocking kind had occurred. . . . In another borough in Lancashire, at an election, women—by the hundred, he was told—but in great numbers—were seen drunk and disgraced under the temptation offered them in the fierceness and unscrupulousness of a political contest. . . . The hon. member for Warwickshire had referred to priestly


3
Dispute last year. secession. real principle of Bill.
Examine Letter. Mill's views. be the Gazette.
if passed, how contend against further claim?
Shall marriage disfranchise?
shall subjection of women be decreed of those who are clamouring for her freedom?
if her right to elect. is not equally as to the elected?
must ask these questions. who will answer them?
if to travel this path. how far & where am I led to?
must all. what then?
many evils
constituencies doubled. expenses doubled. doubled
if man & wife agree. double votes. & no result.
if disagree. discord in every house. & children divided
to pay heavy penalties for Constitutional Freedom
Shall wives. sisters. daughters be introduced to the excitement & turmoil of Elections {canvassing & canvasses?}
said. if woman yields to what is degrading & corrupt, she yields more & more irrecoverably than men.
Some Boro's. municipal. shocking scenes.
party feeling. make majorities.



influence. On that he would only say that the influence of the priest, the parson, and the minister would be greatly raised if that Bill were passed. (Hear, hear.) . . . Well, they were asked to make that great change and to incur all those risks—for what? To arm the women of this country against the men of this country—to defend them against their husbands, their brothers, and their sons. To him the idea had in it something strange and monstrous; and he thought that a more baseless case had never been submitted to the House of Commons. (Hear, hear.) If all men and women voted, the general result must be the same; for, by an unalterable natural law, strength was stronger than weakness, and in the end, by an absolute necessity, men must prevail. He regretted that there should be any measure in favour of extended suffrage to which he could not give his support; but women would lose much of what was best in what they now possessed, and they would gain no good of any sort, by mingling in the contests of the polling-booths. He should vote for that measure if he were voting solely in the interests of men; but he would vote against it with perfect honesty, believing that in so doing he should most serve the interests of women themselves. An honourable member who voted for the Bill last year, in a conversation with him the next day, told him that he had very great doubts in the matter, for he found wherever he went that all the best women seemed to be against the measure. (Laughter and cheers.) If the House believed that they could not legislate justly for their mothers, their wives, their sisters, and their daughters, the House might abdicate, and might pass that Bill. But he believed that Parliament could not, unless it were in ignorance, be otherwise than just to the women of this country, with whom they were so intimately allied; and with that conviction, and having these doubts—which were stronger even than he had been able to express—doubts also which had only become strengthened the more he had considered the subject—he was obliged—differing from many of those whom he cared for and loved—to give his opposition to that Bill.

A Passion in the Desert.

FROM THE FRENCH OF BALZAC.

[THE greatest of French novelists hardly needs an introduction. Innumerable books of recent years have rendered him and his peculiarities familiar to the world—his ponderous figure and his face like Nero's, his early struggles as a Grub-street hack, his garret in the Rue Lesdiguières, his meals of bread and milk at twopence-halfpenny a day, his midnight draughts of coffee, his everlasting dressing-gown, his eighteen hours of work to five of sleep, his innumerable proof-sheets blackened with corrections, his debts, his duns, his quarrels with his publishers, his gradual rise to affluence and glory, his romantic passion for the Russian Countess, his marriage with her after sixteen years of waiting, and his death of heart disease just as the land of promise lay before him. Balzac, who took all human nature for his theme, and who pourtrayed above two thousand men and women, made but one study of an animal—a circumstance which gives "A Passion in the Desert" an interest all its own.]

"IT is a terrible sight!" she exclaimed as we left the menagerie of Monsieur Martin.

She had just been witnessing this daring showman "performing" in the cage of his hyena.

"By what means," she went on, "can he have so tamed these animals as to be secure of their affection?"

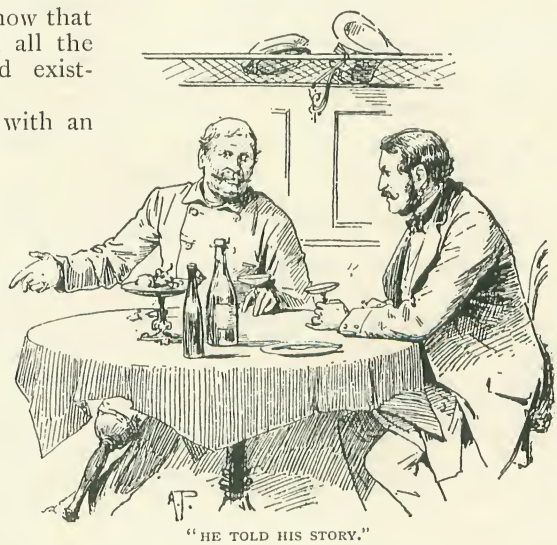
"What seems to you a problem," I responded, interrupting her, "is in reality a fact of nature."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, with an incredulous smile.

"You think, then, that animals are devoid of passions?" I asked her. "You must know that we can teach them all the qualities of civilised existence."

She looked at me with an astonished air.

"But," I went on, "when I first saw Monsieur Martin, I confess that, like yourself, I uttered an exclamation of surprise. I happened to be standing by the side of an old soldier, whose right leg had been amputated, and who had come in with me. I was struck by his appearance. His was one of those intrepid heads, stamped with the seal of war, upon whose brows are written the battles of Napoleon. About this old soldier was a certain air of frankness and of gaiety which always gains my favour. He was doubtless one of those old troopers whom nothing can surprise; who find food for laughter in the dying spasms of a comrade, who gaily bury and despoil him, who challenge bullets with indifference—though their arguments are short enough—and who would hob-nob with the devil. After keenly looking at the showman as he was coming from the cage, my neighbour pursed his lips with that significant expression of contempt which superior men assume to show their difference from the dupes. At my exclamation of surprise at Monsieur Martin's courage he smiled, and nodding with a knowing air, remarked, 'I understand all that.'



"HE TOLD HIS STORY."

"'How?' I answered. 'If you can explain this mystery to me you will oblige me greatly.'

"In a few moments we had struck up an acquaintance, and went to dine at the first restaurant at hand. At dessert a bottle of champagne completely cleared the memory of this strange old soldier. He told his story, and I saw he was right when he exclaimed, 'I understand all that.'

When we got home, she teased me so, and yet so prettily, that I consented to write out for her the soldier's reminiscences.

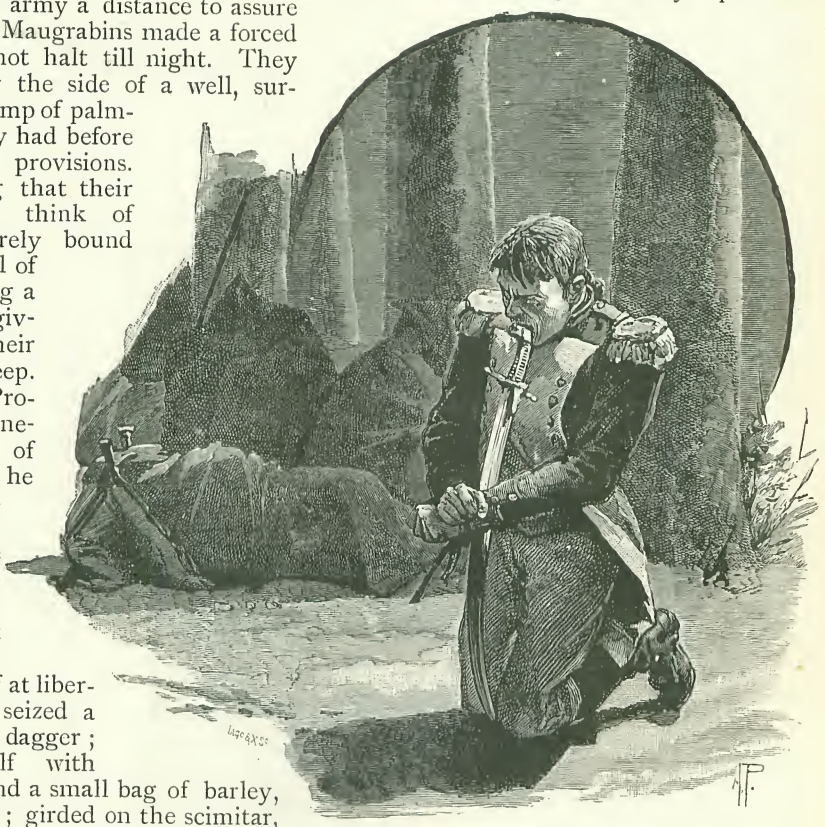
The next day she received this episode,

from an epic that might be called "The French in Egypt."

During the expedition undertaken in Upper Egypt by General Desaix, a Provençal soldier, who had fallen into the hands of the Maugrabins, was taken by these Arabs into the desert beyond the cataracts of the Nile. In order to put between them and the French army a distance to assure their safety, the Maugrabins made a forced march, and did not halt till night. They then camped by the side of a well, surrounded by a clump of palm-trees, where they had before buried some provisions. Never dreaming that their prisoner would think of flight, they merely bound his hands, and all of them, after eating a few dates, and giving barley to their horses, went to sleep. When the bold Provençal saw his enemies incapable of watching him, he picked up a scimitar with his teeth, and then with the blade fixed between his knees, cut the cords that lashed his wrists, and found himself at liberty. He at once seized a carbine and a dagger; provided himself with some dry dates and a small bag of barley, powder and balls; girded on the scimitar, sprang on a horse, and pressed forward in the direction where he fancied the French army must be found. Impatient to regain the bivouac, he so urged the weary horse, that the poor beast fell dead, its sides torn with the spurs, leaving the Frenchman alone in the midst of the desert.

After wandering for some time amidst the sand with the desperate courage of an escaping convict, the soldier was forced to stop. Night was closing in. Despite the beauty of the Eastern night he had not strength sufficient to go on. Fortunately he had reached a height on the top of which were palm trees, whose leaves, for some time visible far off, had awakened in his heart a hope of safety. He was so weary that he lay down on a granite stone, oddly shaped like a camp bed, and went to sleep, without taking the precaution to protect himself in his slumber. He had sacrificed his life, and his last thought was a regret for having left the Maugrabins, whose wandering life began to please him, now that he was far from them and from all hope of succour.

He was awakened by the sun, whose pitiless rays falling vertically upon the granite made it intolerably hot. For the Provençal had been so careless as to cast himself upon the ground in the direction opposite to that on which the green majestic palm-tops threw their shadow. He looked at these solitary trees and shuddered! They reminded him of the graceful shafts surmounted by long foils that distinguish the Saracenic columns of the Cathedral of Arles. He counted the few palms; and then looked about him. A terrible despair seized upon his soul. He saw a boundless ocean. The melancholy sands spread round him, glittering like a blade of steel in a bright light, as far as eye could see. He knew not whether he was gazing on an



"HE CUT THE CORDS."

ocean, or a chain of lakes as lustrous as a mirror. A fiery mist shimmered, in little ripples, above the tremulous landscape. The sky possessed an Oriental blaze, the brilliancy which brings despair, seeing that it leaves the imagination nothing to desire. Heaven and earth alike were all aflame. The silence was terrible in its wild and awful majesty. Infinity, immensity, oppressed the soul on all sides; not a cloud was in the sky, not a breath was in the air, not a movement on the bosom of the sand, which undulated into tiny waves. Far away, the horizon was marked off, as on a summer day at sea, by a line of light as bright and narrow as a sabre's edge.

The Provençal clasped his arms about a palm tree as if it had been the body of a friend; then, sheltered by the straight and meagre shadow, he sat down weeping on the granite, and looking with deep dread upon the lonely scene spread out before his eyes. He cried aloud as if to tempt the the solitude. His voice, lost in the hollows of the height, gave forth far-off a feeble sound that woke no echo; the echo was within his heart!

The Provençal was twenty-two years old. He loaded his carbine.

"Time enough for that!" he muttered to himself, placing the weapon of deliverance on the ground.

Looking by turns at the melancholy waste of sand and at the blue expanse of sky, the soldier dreamed of France. With delight he fancied that he smelt the Paris gutters, and recalled the towns through which he had passed, the faces of his comrades, and the slightest incidents of his life. Then, his Southern imagination made him fancy in the play of heat quivering above the plain, the pebbles of his own dear Provence. But fearing all the dangers of this cruel mirage, he went down in the direction opposite to that which he had taken when he had climbed the hill the night before. Great was his joy on discovering a kind of grotto, naturally cut out of the enormous fragments of granite that formed the bottom of the hill. The remnants of a mat showed that this retreat had once been inhabited. Then, a few steps further, he saw palm-trees with a load of dates. Again the instinct which attaches man to life awoke within his heart. He now hoped to live until the passing of some Maugrabin; or perhaps he would soon hear the boom of cannon, for at that time Buonaparte was overrunning Egypt. Revived by this reflection, the Frenchman cut down a few bunches of ripe fruit, beneath whose weight the date trees seemed to bend, and felt sure, on tasting this unhoped-for manna, that the inhabitant of this grotto had cultivated the palm-trees. The fresh and luscious substance of the date bore witness to his predecessor's care.

"THE POOR BEAST FELL DEAD."

The Provençal passed suddenly from dark despair to well-nigh insane delight. He climbed the hill again; and spent the remainder of the day in cutting down a barren palm-tree, which the night before had served him for shelter.

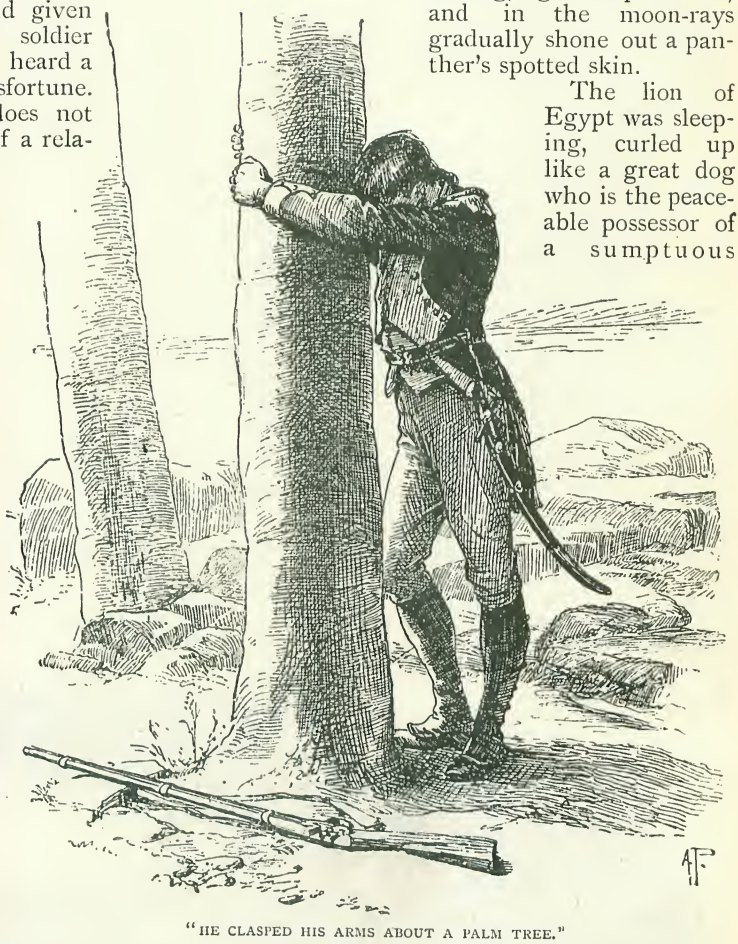
A vague remembrance made him think of the wild desert beasts; and, foreseeing that they might come to seek the spring which bubbled through the sand among the rocks, he resolved to secure himself against their visits

by placing a barrier at the door of his hermitage. In spite of his exertions, in spite of the strength with which the fear of being eaten during sleep endued him, it was impossible for him to cut the palm to pieces in one day; but he contrived to bring it down. When, towards evening, the monarch of the desert fell, the thunder of its crash resounded far, as if the mighty Solitude had given forth a moan. The soldier shuddered as if he had heard a voice that prophesied misfortune. But like an heir who does not long bewail the death of a relation, he stripped the tree of the broad, long, green leaves, and used them to repair the mat on which he was about to lie. At length, wearied by the heat and by his labours, he fell asleep beneath the red roof of his murky grotto.

In the middle of the night he was disturbed by a strange noise. He sat up; in the profound silence he could hear a creature breathing—a savage respiration which resembled nothing human. Terror, intensified by darkness, silence, and the fancies of one suddenly awakened, froze his blood. He felt the sharp contraction of his scalp, when, as the pupils of his eyes dilated, he saw in the shadow two faint and yellow lights. At first he thought these lights were some reflection of his eyeballs, but soon, the clear brightness of the night helping him to distinguish objects in the grotto, he saw lying at two paces from him an enormous beast!

Was it a lion?—a tiger?—a crocodile? The Provençal was not sufficiently educated to know the species of his enemy, but his terror was all the greater; since his ignorance assisted his imagination. He bore the cruel torture of listening, of marking the caprices of this awful breathing, without losing a sound of it, or venturing to make the slightest movement. A smell as pungent as a fox's, but more penetrating, filled the grotto; and when it entered his nostrils his terror passed all bounds; he could no longer doubt the presence of the terrible companion whose royal den was serving him for bivouac. Presently the moon, now sinking, lighted up the den, and in the moon-rays gradually shone out a panther's spotted skin.

The lion of Egypt was sleeping, curled up like a great dog who is the peaceable possessor of a sumptuous kennel at a mansion door; its eyes, which had been opened for one moment, were now closed again. Its face was turned towards the Frenchman.



"HE CLASPED HIS ARMS ABOUT A PALM TREE."

A thousand troubled thoughts passed through the mind of the panther's prisoner. At first he thought of shooting it; but there was not enough room between them to adjust his gun; the barrel would have reached beyond the animal. And what if he awoke it! This supposition made him motionless. Listening in the silence to the beating of his heart, he cursed the loud

pulsations, fearing to disturb the sleep that gave him time to seek some means of safety. Twice he placed his hand upon his scimitar, with the intention of cutting off the head of his enemy; but the difficulty of cutting through the short, strong fur compelled him to abandon the idea. To fail was certain death. He preferred the odds of conflict, and determined to await the daybreak. And daylight was not long in coming. The Frenchman was able to examine the panther. Its muzzle was stained with blood.

"It has eaten plenty," he reflected, without conjecturing that the feast might have been composed of human flesh; "it will not be hungry when it wakes."

It was a female. The fur upon her breast and thighs shone with whiteness. A number of little spots like velvet looked like charming bracelets around her paws. The muscular tail was also white, but tipped with black rings. The upper part of her coat, yellow as old gold, but very soft and smooth, bore those characteristic marks, shaded into the form of roses, which serve to distinguish the panther from the other species of the genus *Felis*. This fearful visitor was snoring tranquilly in an attitude as graceful as that of a kitten lying on the cushions of an ottoman. Her sinewy, blood-stained paws, with powerful claws, were spread beyond her head, which rested on them, and from which stood out the thin, straight whiskers with a gleam like silver wires.

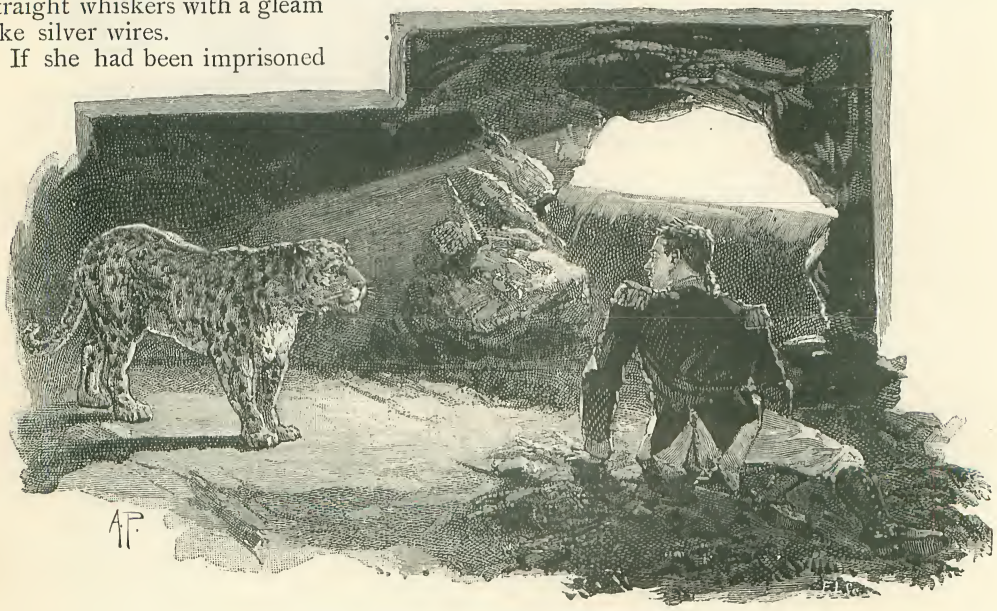
If she had been imprisoned in a cage, the Provençal would assuredly have admired the creature's grace, and the vivid contrasts of colour that gave her garment an imperial lustre; but at this moment he felt his sight grow dim at her sinister aspect. The presence of the panther, even sleeping, made him experience the effect which the magnetic eyes of the serpent are said to exercise upon the nightingale.

In the presence of this danger the courage of the soldier faltered, although without doubt it would have risen at the cannon's mouth. A desperate thought, however, filled his mind, and dried up at its source the chilly moisture which was rolling down his forehead. Acting as men do who, driven to extremities, at last defy their fate, and nerve themselves to meet their doom, he saw a tragedy in this adventure, and resolved to play his part in it with honour to the last.

"Two days ago," he argued with himself, "the Arabs might have killed me."

Considering himself as good as dead, he waited bravely, yet with restless curiosity, for the awaking of his enemy.

When the sun shone out, the panther opened her eyes suddenly; then she spread out her paws forcibly, as if to stretch them and get rid of cramp. Then she yawned, showing an alarming set of teeth and an indented, rasp-like tongue. "She is like a dainty lady!" thought the Frenchman,



"THE BEAST BEGAN TO MOVE TOWARDS HIM."

as he saw her rolling over with a gentle and coquettish movement. She licked off the blood that stained her paws and mouth, and rubbed her head with movements full of charm. "That's it! Just beautify yourself a little!" the Frenchman said, his gaiety returning with his courage. "Then we must say good-morning." And he took up the short dagger of which he had relieved the Maugrabins.

At this moment the panther turned her head towards the Frenchman, and looked at him fixedly, without advancing. The rigidity of those metallic eyes, and their insupportable brightness, made the Provençal shudder. The beast began to move towards him. He looked at her caressingly, and fixing her eyes as if to magnetise her, he let her come close up to him; then, with a soft and gentle gesture, he passed his hand along her body, from head to tail, scratching with his nails the flexible vertebræ that divide a panther's yellow back. The beast put up her tail with pleasure; her eyes grew softer; and when for the third time the Frenchman accomplished this self-interested piece of flattery, she broke into a purring like a cat. But this purr proceeded from a throat so deep and powerful that it re-echoed through the grotto like the peals of a cathedral organ. The Provençal, realising the success of his caresses, redoubled them, until the imperious beauty was completely soothed and lulled.

When he felt sure that he had perfectly subdued the ferocity of his capricious companion, whose hunger had been satisfied so cruelly the night before, he got up to leave the grotto. The panther let him go; but when he had climbed the hill, she came bounding after him with the lightness of a sparrow hopping from branch to branch, and rubbed herself against the soldier's leg, arching her back after the fashion of a cat. Then looking at her guest with eyes whose brightness had grown less inflexible, she uttered that savage cry which naturalists have compared to the sound of a saw.

"What an exacting beauty!" cried the Frenchman, smiling. He set himself to play with her ears, to caress her body, and to scratch her head hard with his nails. Then, growing bolder with success, he tickled her skull with the point of his dagger, watching for the spot to strike her. But the hardness of the bones made him afraid of failing.

The sultana of the desert approved the action of her slave by raising her head, stretching her neck, and showing her delight by the quietness of her attitude. The Frenchman suddenly reflected that in order to assassinate this fierce princess with one blow he need only stab her in the neck. He had just raised his knife for the attempt, when the panther, with a graceful action, threw herself upon the ground before his feet, casting him from time to time a look in which, in spite of its ferocity of nature, there was a gleam of tenderness.

The poor Provençal, with his back against a palm tree, ate his dates, while he cast inquiring glances, now towards the desert for deliverers, now upon his terrible companion, to keep an eye upon her dubious clemency. Every time he threw away a date-stone, the panther fixed her eyes upon the spot with inconceivable mistrust. She scrutinised the Frenchman with a business-like attention; but the examination seemed favourable, for when he finished his poor meal, she licked his boots, and with her rough, strong tongue removed the dust incrusted in their creases.

"But when she becomes hungry?" thought the Provençal.

Despite the shudder this idea caused him, the soldier began examining with curiosity the proportions of the panther, certainly one of the most beautiful specimens of her kind. She was three feet high and four feet long, without the tail. This powerful weapon, as round as a club, was nearly three feet long. The head—large as that of a lioness—was distinguished by an expression of rare delicacy; true, the cold cruelty of the tiger dominated, but there was also a resemblance to the features of a wily woman. In a word, the countenance of the solitary queen wore at this moment an expression of fierce gaiety, like that of Nero flushed with wine; she had quenched her thirst in blood, and now desired to play.

The soldier tried to come and go, and the panther let him, content to follow him with her eyes, but less after the manner of a faithful dog than of a great Angora cat, suspicious even of the movements of its master. When he turned round he saw beside the fountain the carcase of his horse; the panther had dragged the body all that distance. About two-thirds had been devoured. This sight reassured the Frenchman. He was thus easily able to explain the absence of the panther, and the respect

which she had shown for him while he was sleeping.

This first piece of luck emboldened him about the future. He conceived the mad idea of setting up a pleasant household life, together with the panther, neglecting no means of pacifying her and of conciliating her good graces. He returned to her, and saw, to his delight, that she moved her tail with an almost imperceptible motion. Then he sat down beside her without fear, and began to play with her; he grasped her paws, her muzzle, pulled her ears, threw her over on her back, and vigorously scratched her warm and silky sides. She let him have his way, and when the soldier tried to smooth the fur upon her paws she carefully drew in her claws, which had the curve of a Damascus blade. The Frenchman, who kept one hand upon his dagger, was still thinking of plunging it into the body of the too-confiding panther; but he feared lest she should strangle him in her last convulsions. And besides, within his heart there was a movement of remorse that warned him to respect an inoffensive creature. It seemed to him that he had found a friend in this vast desert. Involuntarily he called to mind a woman whom he once had loved, whom he sarcastically had nicknamed "Mignonne," from her jealousy, which was so fierce that during the whole time of their acquaintance he went in fear that she would stab him. This memory of his youth suggested the idea of calling the young panther by this name, whose lithe agility and grace he now admired with less terror.

Towards evening he had become so far accustomed to his perilous position, that he almost liked the hazard of it. At last his companion had got into the habit of looking at him when he called in a falsetto voice "Mignonne."

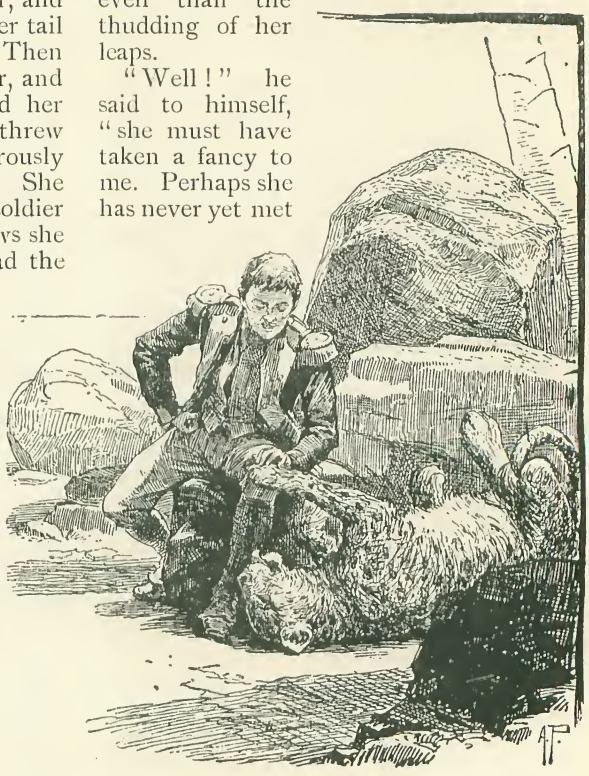
At sun-down Mignonne uttered several times a deep and melancholy cry.

"She has been properly brought up," thought the light-hearted soldier; "she says her prayers!" But it was, no doubt, her peaceful attitude which brought the jest into his mind.

"All right, my little pet; I will let you get to sleep first," he said, relying on his legs to get away as soon as she was sleeping, and to seek some other shelter for the night.

The soldier waited with patience for the hour of flight, and when it came, set out full speed in the direction of the Nile. But he had only gone a quarter of a league across the sand when he heard the panther bounding after him, uttering at intervals that saw-like cry, more terrible even than the thudding of her leaps.

"Well!" he said to himself, "she must have taken a fancy to me. Perhaps she has never yet met anyone. It is flattering to be her first love!" At this moment the Frenchman fell into a shifting quicksand, so dangerous to the traveller in the desert, escape from which is hopeless. He felt that he was sinking; he gave a cry of terror. The panther seized him by the collar with her teeth, and springing backwards with stupendous vigour drew him from the gulf as if by magic.



"HE BEGAN TO PLAY WITH HER."

"Ah! Mignonne!" cried the soldier, enthusiastically caressing her, "we are friends now for life and death. But no tricks, eh?" and he retraced his steps.

Henceforth the desert was as though it had been peopled. It contained a being with whom he could converse, and whose ferocity had been softened for him, without his being able to explain so strange a friendship.

"HE GAVE A CRY OF TERROR."

However great was his desire to keep awake and on his guard, he fell asleep. On awakening, Mignonne was no longer to be seen. He climbed the hill, and then perceived her afar off, coming along by leaps and bounds, according to the nature of these creatures, the extreme flexibility of whose vertebræ prevents their running.

Mignonne came up, her jaws besmeared with blood. She received the caresses of her companion with deep purrs of satisfaction. Her eyes, now full of softness, were turned, with even greater tenderness than the night before, to the Provençal, who spoke to her as to a pet.

"Ah! Beauty! you are a respectable young woman, are you not? You like petting, don't you? Are you not ashamed of yourself? You have been eating a Maugrabin! Well! they're animals, as you are. But don't you go and gobble up a Frenchman. If you do, I shall not love you!"

She played as a young pup plays with its master, letting him roll her over, beat and pet her; and sometimes she would coax him to caress her with a movement of entreaty.

A few days passed thus. This companionship revealed to the Provençal the sublime beauties of the desert. From the moment when he found within it hours of fear and yet of calm, a sufficiency of food, and a living creature who absorbed his thoughts, his soul was stirred by new emotions. It was a life of contrasts. Solitude revealed to him her secrets, and involved him in her charm. He discovered in the rising and the setting of the sun a splendour hidden from the world of men. His frame quivered when he heard above his head the soft whirr of a bird's wings—rare wayfarer; or when he saw the clouds—those changeful, many-coloured voyagers—mingle in the depth of heaven. In the dead of night he studied the effects of the moon upon the sea of sand, which the simoon drove in ever-changing undulations. He lived with the Oriental day; he marvelled at its pomp and glory; and often, after having watched the grandeur of a tempest in the plain, in which the sands were whirled in dry red mists of deadly vapour, he beheld with ecstasy the coming on of night, for then there fell upon him the benignant coolness of the stars. He heard imaginary music in the sky. Solitude taught him all the bliss of reverie. He spent whole hours in calling trifles to remembrance, in comparing his past life with his strange present. To his panther he grew passionately attached, for he required an object of affection. Whether by a strong effort of his will he had really changed the character of his companion, or whether, thanks to the constant warfare of the deserts, she found sufficient food, she showed no disposition to attack him, and at last, in her perfect tameness, he no longer felt the slightest fear.

He spent a great part of his time in sleeping, but ever, like a spider in its web, with mind alert, that he might not let deliverance escape him, should any chance to pass within the sphere described by the horizon. He had sacrificed his shirt to make a flag, which he had hoisted to the summit of a palm-tree stripped of leaves. Taught by necessity, he had found the means to keep it spread by stretching it with sticks,

lest the wind should fail to wave it at the moment when the hoped-for traveller might be travelling the waste of sand.

It was during the long hours when hope abandoned him that he amused himself with his companion. He had learnt to understand the different inflexions of her voice, and the expression of her glances; he had studied the varying changes of the spots that starred her robe of gold. Mignonne no longer growled, even when he seized her by the tuft with which her terrible tail ended, to count the black and white rings which adorned it, and which glittered in the sun like precious gems. It delighted him to watch the delicate soft lines of her snowy breast and graceful head. But above all when she was gambolling in her play he watched her with delight, for the agility, the youthfulness of all her movements filled him with an ever-fresh surprise. He admired her suppleness in leaping, climbing, gliding, pressing close against him, swaying, rolling over, crouching for a bound. But however swift her spring, however slippery the block of granite, she would stop short, without motion, at the sound of the word "Mignonne!"

One day, in the most dazzling sunshine, an enormous bird was hovering in the air. The Provençal left his panther to examine this new visitor; but after waiting for a moment the deserted sultana uttered a hoarse growl.

"Blessed if I don't believe that she is jealous!" he exclaimed, perceiving that her eyes were once more hard and rigid. "A woman's soul has passed into her body, that is certain!"

The eagle disappeared in air, while he admired afresh the rounded back and graceful outlines of the panther. She was as pretty as a woman. The blonde fur blended in its delicate gradations into the dull white colour of the thighs. The brilliant sunshine made this vivid gold, with spots of brown, take on a lustre indescribable. The Provençal and the panther looked at one another understandingly; the beauty of the desert quivered when she felt the nails of her admirer on her skull. Her eyes gave forth a flash like lightning, and then she closed them hard.

"She *has* a soul," he cried, as he beheld the desert queen in her repose, golden as the sands, white as their blinding lustre, and, like them, fiery and alone.

"Well?" she said to me, "I have read your pleading on behalf of animals. But what was the end of these two persons so well made to understand each other?"

"I PLUNGED MY DAGGER INTO HER NECK."

"Ah! They ended as all great passions end—through a misunderstanding. Each thinks the other guilty of a falsity, each is too proud for explanation, and obstinacy brings about a rupture."

"And sometimes in the happiest moments," she said, "a look, an exclamation, is enough! Well, what was the end of the story?"

"That is difficult to tell, but you will understand what the old fellow had confided to me, when, finishing his bottle of champagne, he exclaimed, 'I don't know how I hurt her, but she turned on me like mad, and with her sharp teeth seized my thigh. The action was not savage; but fancying that she meant to kill me I plunged my dagger into her neck. She rolled over with a cry that froze my blood; she looked at me in her last struggles without anger. I would have given everything on earth, even my cross—which then I had not won—to bring her back to life. It was as if I had slain a human being. And the soldiers who had seen my flag, and who were hastening to my succour, found me bathed in tears.

"'Well, sir,' he went on, after a moment's silence, 'since then I have been through the wars in Germany, Spain, Russia, France; I have dragged my carcase round the world; but there is nothing like the desert in my eyes! Ah! it is beautiful—superb.'

"'What did you feel there?' I inquired of him.

"'Oh! that I cannot tell you. Besides, I do not always regret my panther, and my clump of palm-trees. I must be sad at heart for that. But mark my words. In the desert, there is everything and there is nothing.'

"'Explain yourself.'

"'Well!' he continued, with a gesture of impatience, 'it is God without man.'"

Barak Hageb and His Wives

A Story for Children, from the Hungarian of Moritz Jokaï.

[Moritz Jokaï, the most popular of Hungarian writers living, was born at Kormorn, in 1825. His father, who was a lawyer, intended Moritz for the same profession, and at twelve years old the boy began to drive a quill. But his ambition was to be a painter and an author. Often, after office hours, he would write or paint in his own room till day was breaking. His pictures turned out failures—though he still makes dashing sketches, full of life and colour—but his writings met with a peculiar stroke of luck. One day his master lighted on a bundle of his papers, looked into them, and was amazed to find his clerk a man of genius. He took the papers to a printer, and had them printed at his own expense. The book caught the public fancy, and Moritz, who was now an orphan, took the counsel of his friendly master, and turned from his engrossing to write tales and plays. At the age of twenty-three he married Rosa Laborfabri, the greatest of Hungarian actresses—a step for which his family discarded him, but to which, a year afterwards, he owed his life. The Revolution broke upon the country; Moritz drew his sword to strike a blow for liberty, was present at the surrender of Villagos, was taken prisoner, and was sentenced to be shot. On the eve of the execution his wife arrived from Pesth; she had sold her jewels to raise money, with which she bribed the guards, and the pair escaped into the woods of Buk, where for some time, in danger of their lives, they lurked in caves and slept on heaps of leaves. Thence they stole to Pesth, where they have ever since resided—in summer, in a pretty house, half buried in its vines and looking from a rising ground across the roofs and steeples of the grand old city; in winter, in a house within the town, where Jokaï writes among his books and pictures in a room ablaze with flowers. His works amount to some two hundred volumes; indeed, the modern literature of Hungary is almost wholly his creation; and in everything he writes his original and striking gifts are visible, whether it be a novel in five volumes, or the slightest of amusing trifles, like "Barak Hageb and his Wives."]

BARAK HAGEB had no less than three hundred and sixty-five wives; one for every day in the year. How he managed in leap year with one wife short, remains for ever a mystery.

But you are not, therefore, to suppose that Barak was a Sultan; he was only High Chamberlain—as the title Hageb shows—at the court of Sultan Mahmoud.

Barak had come into the land in the first instance as ambassador from the great empire of Mongolia, and the Regent, the widow of the late Sultan, who was still a young woman, had entrusted everything to him. Mahmoud was as yet no more than a child.

Barak governed as he thought fit. It was a very thrifty rule. He introduced that reform in the army by which the soldier's pay was reduced from four half-pennies to three; for he declared that three was a sacred number, if only because there had been three Prophets.

One day the Grand Vizier Darfoor Ali came to visit the worthy Barak Hageb, and while they sipped their coffee the guest spoke: "Verily," said he, "it is a piece of folly quite unworthy of you to keep so many wives. If, indeed, it were the custom with us, as among the Franks, to give wives for nothing, or even on occasion to pay a dowry to the husband, I should have nothing to say to it, for you would be richer than King Crœsus. But among us the world is topsy-turvy; we buy our wives, and generally pay money down. You have squandered vast sums in this way. If it had been your own money it would have

mattered nothing. But it is the nation's money that you have spent to buy more and more wives—that is where the mischief lies. A hundred warriors could be placed in the field for the price of one of your wives."

"Very true; but would a hundred warriors afford me greater pleasure than one beautiful woman?" replied Barak, with profound wisdom. And Ali was obliged in his soul to admit that he was right.

However, he objected to the multiplicity of wives, saying: "Everyone may gather as many flowers in the garden of the world as he possibly can. This the Prophet allows, and you might have collected every variety: fair and dark, pale and black, blue-eyed and green-eyed women, yellow Chinese and tawny Malays, and, for aught I care, women who dye their hair red and their teeth black; still, I think that one specimen of each would have been enough. By Allah! Why, you could not even repeat the names of all your wives, or the use they are to you."

"I WILL ENUMERATE THEM ALL."

"You are quite mistaken," replied Barak Hageb. "I will enumerate them all in order. First, there is Ildibah, who can prophesy, and is indispensable to the fate of the country; then there is Hafitem, a ghost-seer, who calls up the spirits of the dead; Nourmahal, who understands the language of birds better than I understand yours; Alpaida, who tells tales which would send even a Sultan to sleep; and Mahaderi and Assinta, who dance a *pas de deux* to perfection. As to Mangora, she makes cakes fit for a King, and Sandabad prepares such a miraculous sherbet that when you have drunk it, it makes you sad to wipe your moustache. Via Hia, my Chinese wife, has a way of arranging cock-fights which are more amusing than a battle; and Haka, the Hindoo, can subjugate wild beasts, and tame even lions to harness to her chariot. Roxana is an astrologer, and can tell you the day of your death; Aysha understands the culture of flowers; Kaika to be sure is hideous, but to this peculiarity she adds the power of rubbing the gout out of my limbs. Jarko, my Tartar wife, is an accomplished horsewoman, and teaches the others to ride. Abuzayda, who is highly educated, writes the letters I dictate to her; Josa reads to me out of the Koran; Rachel sings psalms, in which she is assisted by Kadigaval and Samuza, for a man of any position at all must have a trio. Of Tukinna I need only say that she is a rope-dancer, while Zibella can cast a knife with such precision as to divide a human hair at twelve paces. Barossa is skilled in medicine, Aliben embroiders in gold, Alaciel binds my turban

admirably, and Khatum of Bagdad interprets my most interesting dreams. Mavola plays the harp, Zebra the tom-tom, and Hia the tambourine, a quite celestial harmony. Ah, and then Sichem——"

The Grand Vizier had begun by counting the list of ladies on his fingers, and then on his toes; but when the number already exceeded thirty, he cried "Hold, enough!" for he began to fear that he should remain all night, and still that his friend would not have done.

"Well, well," he broke in, "I have heard enough. No doubt you require all the three hundred and sixty-five. Each of them has her admirable side, but beware lest some day the bad side should be turned outwards."

And the Grand Vizier was right, as we shall see in the sequel.

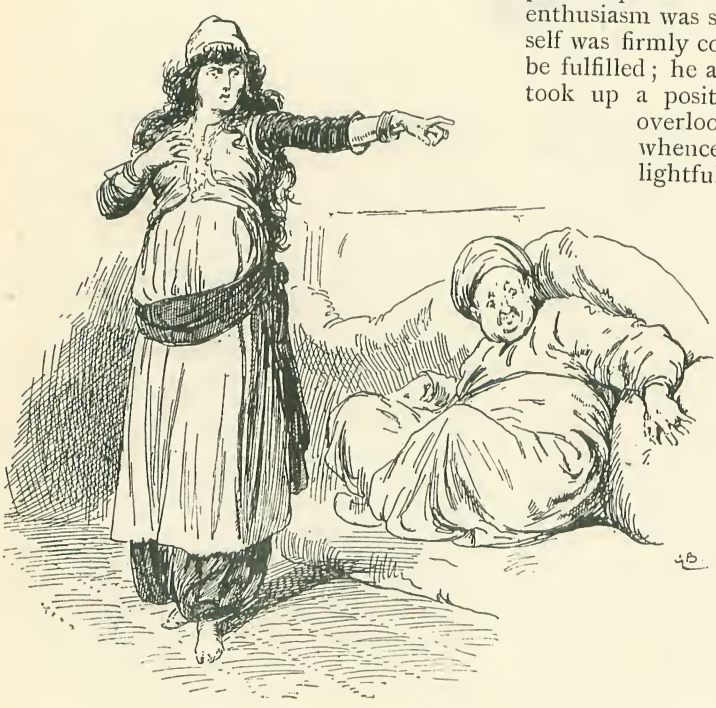
Sultan Sidi Ahmed, of Herman, the ruler of an adjacent State, had received information that the people in Mahmoud's territory were ill-content, and he determined to set the oppressed free. To cure the diseases of his neighbour was in all ages a favourite undertaking with every Oriental Sovereign.

Sidi Ahmed was master of a vast army. Some Persian writers affirm that he had ten thousand soldiers, while other historians estimate them as at least a hundred thousand. Something between the two is probably nearer the truth. He had three hundred horsemen; that much is certain.

Before declaring war, the Sultan raised his soldiers' pay from four halfpennies to five. This announcement fired the whole army with enthusiasm. At the head of the troops was the Sultan himself. He and his horse were a blaze of jewels, a sight which filled his bare-foot troops with honest pride. The most costly delicacies were carried in his train, and the thought that he alone would feast on these dainties brought great consolation to the hungry warriors.

Mahmoud, too, fitted out a great army; of how many men history does not tell, but at any rate they were twice as many as the enemy could put into the field. The Grand Vizier Darfoor Ali led them in person.

On the eve of the first battle one of Barak's wives, the above-named Ildibah, foretold that the neighbouring realm would be brought to nought; and the lady Roxana, who was also a soothsayer, solemnly declared that on the morrow Sidi Ahmed must die. Barak Hageb had these prophecies proclaimed in the capital, and the enthusiasm was soon general. Barak himself was firmly convinced that both would be fulfilled; he and all his wifely following took up a position next day on a hill overlooking the field of battle, whence they could enjoy the delightful prospect of the enemy's defeat.



ILDIBAH PROPHESIES.

The struggle began at daybreak, but it did not last long. The historians before quoted, or rather alluded to, differ widely in their accounts. Persian chroniclers assert that Mahmoud's army lost forty-five thousand men, and that the enemy only left three for dead; another writer, on the contrary, says that Mahmoud's troops lost not even a slipper, much less the man belonging thereto, while the dead on the other side may be reckoned in round numbers

at thirty-three thousand. In this case, again, perhaps the truth lies between the two. But by fairly trustworthy accounts the worthy Mahmoud's army—the men whose pay had been so liberally reduced—at the first onslaught took to their heels, seizing the opportunity of showing that no one could catch them up. What wonder? Who would care to sell his life for three halfpence? Sidi Ahmed's troops thereupon announced that they were masters of the field, and their first business was to plunder the villages in the neighbourhood, his choice collection of wives; and when he was told that Barak and his women had taken to flight he thought he could not do better than start at once in pursuit. Till late at night two clouds of dust might be discerned scudding along one behind the other: the foremost raised by Barak and his wives, the second by Sidi Ahmed's horsemen.

"By the apron of the Prophet's wife!" Barak growled, "Roxana's prognostications have not proved true. It is I who shall be a dead man this day, and not Sidi Ahmed."

"A TALL WARRIOR RODE FORTH."

at that time a favourite way of setting a people free.

"By the beard of the Prophet!" cried Barak Hageb, as he saw his countrymen take to flight, "I almost fancy that Ildibah's prophecy will not be fulfilled; on the contrary, our side seems to be losing.

"Patience," said Ildibah, to comfort him, "the sun has not yet sunk in the sea."

This observation was true, no doubt, yet did Barak Hageb tarry no longer to philosophise, but set spurs into his horse and rode away. His wives followed his example.

Sidi Ahmed, the conqueror, had heard many fine things about the fabulous wealth of Barak Hageb, and more especially about

"The stars are not yet risen," replied the sage Roxana, and she added: "But there, by that tank, we will rest awhile. There you can perform your evening ablutions. Leave the rest to us."

But never had Barak so little enjoyed his bath.

The women meanwhile were plotting a stratagem. They cut off the horses' tails and made themselves false beards, so that they looked quite terrible. They cut bamboo canes in the neighbouring thicket, and fastened their dainty little daggers to the end of them; thus they contrived excellent lances. When Barak Hageb returned from

his evening devotions, instead of his troop of docile wives, he found an army of bearded warriors! He started, for they really looked very dreadful.

Jarko the Tartar and Zibella the Indian commanded the light cavalry; and on this occasion the wonder was wrought, that one woman would obey another's orders. To be sure, the times were evil.

The little army formed in three divisions, and awaited the enemy's onslaught. Sidi Ahmed came rushing on in hot haste. But when he saw this force, with beards flowing down to their stirrup-irons, his heart sank into the depths of his baggy pantaloons. Before he had quite recovered from the shock, a tall warrior rode forth and called to him: "Sidi Ahmed! if you are not a coward, come out and try your strength with me in single combat."

This hero was Zibella, so greatly skilled in casting the knife. Nor did her cunning betray her. She flung her javelin, and Sidi Ahmed was that instant a dead man; he had not time to drop from his horse.

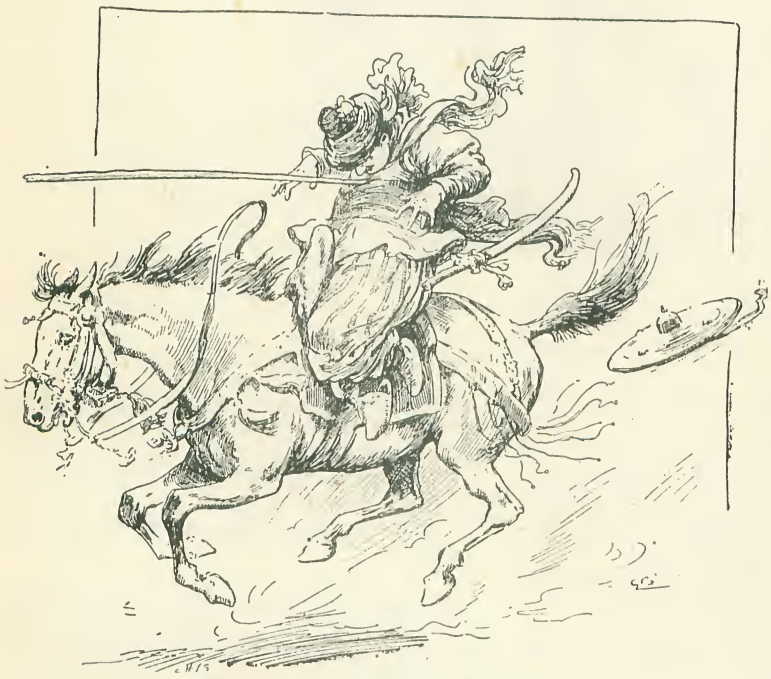
The rest of the Amazons, under the command of Jarko, now pressed on the enemy. But Sidi Ahmed's followers did not like the look of things. Five halfpence are indeed a handsome sum, but even for such a guerdon as this a man will not give his skin to be punctured *ad libitum*. So each man flung his shield over his back, which he turned on the adversary, and the horsemen fled as fast as feet could carry them, shouting as they went: "The Tartars are on us, the barbarians are at our heels! Ten thousand—twenty thousand—a hundred thousand fighting men have risen up to protect Barak Hageb! Ride for your lives—ride! The Tartars shoot with lightnings!"

"Now you see that my prophecy is fulfilled!" said Roxana to Barak Hageb. "Sidi Ahmed lies dead before you."

"And mine, too, will yet come true," said Ildibah. "Our enemy's realm will perish. Let us hasten to Kerman!"

So they cut off the dead Sultan's head, and set it on a lance. With this badge of victory they rode in triumph to Kerman, their followers increasing from hour to hour. The soldiers who had ran away came out of their hiding-places, and joined the array, so that it was a large force by the time they crossed the frontier. The gates of the towns were flung open joyfully, for every one was now ready to say that Sidi Ahmed had, in truth, been a tyrant, and Barak Hageb was hailed as a deliverer, and was finally proclaimed as Sultan.

This conclusion, which is so strange that no one will believe this history, though it is the literal truth, happened in the year after the flight of the Prophet 612.



"HE HAD NOT TIME TO DROP FROM HIS HORSE."

THE QUEEN'S FIRST BABY.

Drawn and Etched by Her Majesty the Queen.

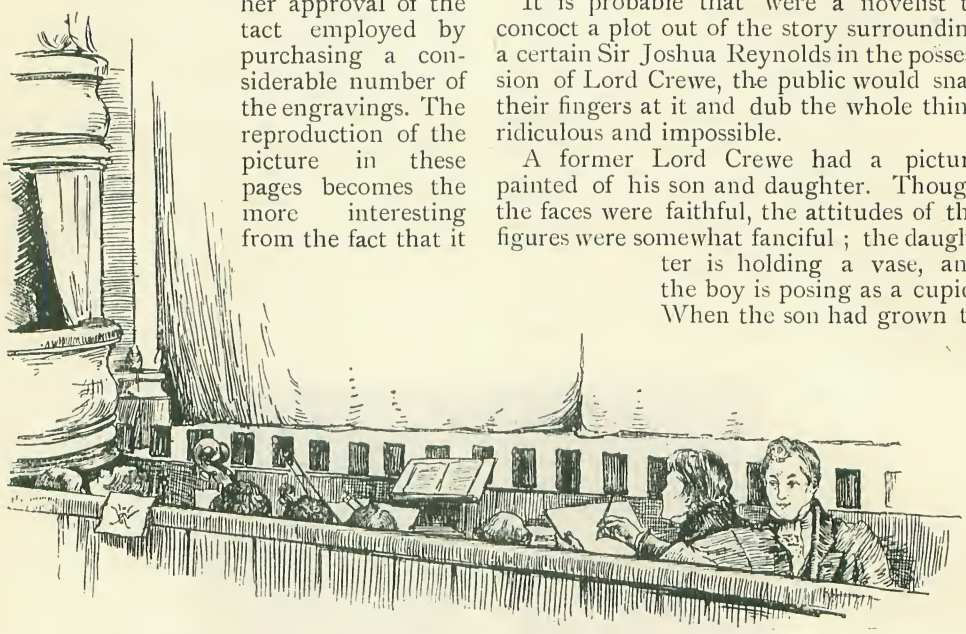
Pictures with Histories.

A PICTURE within a picture—there is a romance surrounding every canvas, a story hidden away with every product of the pencil or brush. Our frontispiece, "The Queen's First Baby," provides an excellent example. During the first few years of Her Majesty's married life a room in Buckingham Palace was fitted up with all necessities for printing etchings, and here the Queen and Prince Consort would come and take impressions of their own work from the printing press. It is such a one that we are enabled to reproduce—a *fac-simile* of an etching, sketched in the first place, prepared and put on the press, and finally printed by the Royal mother of the little one it represents. The original etching is now in the possession of the writer. It is probably the earliest picture known of the Empress Frederick of Germany, Princess Royal at the time—for the etching bears date February 22, 1841, when the Princess was but three months old. Every line, every item betokens how anxious the Royal artist was to obtain a faithful drawing of her first child, whose name, "Victoria," is written under it. The little Princess is so held that the nurse's face is quite concealed, and in no way divides the attention the mother was desirous of winning for her little one. When the Queen was making the sketch, a cage with a parrot had been placed on a table near at hand, in order to rivet the child's attention. The whole thing is suggestive of the simplicity and homeliness which characterised the dispositions of the Royal workers at the press; and we think the picture tells its own history of life in the Palace fifty years ago.

HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.
The first portrait painted after her Coronation.

The history as to how the first portrait of Her Majesty after her coronation was obtained is also full of interest. The Queen is represented in all her youthful beauty in the Royal box at Drury Lane Theatre, and it is the work of E. T. Parris, a fashionable portrait painter of those days. Parris was totally ignorant of the fact that when he agreed with Mr. Henry Graves, the well-known publisher, to paint "the portrait of a lady for fifty guineas," he would have to localise himself amongst the musical instruments of the orchestra of the National Theatre, and handle his pencil in the immediate neighbourhood of the big drum. Neither was he made aware as to the identity of his subject until the eventful night arrived. Bunn was the manager of Drury Lane at the time, and he flatly refused to accommodate Mr. Graves with two seats in the orchestra. But the solution of the difficulty was easy. Bunn was indebted to Grieve, the scenic artist, for a thousand pounds. Grieve was persuaded to threaten to issue a writ for the money unless the "order for two" was forthcoming. Bunn succumbed, and the publisher triumphed; and whilst the young Queen watched the performance,

she was innocently sitting for her picture to Parris and Mr. Graves, who were cornered in the orchestra. Parris afterwards shut himself up in his studio, and never left it until he had finished his work. The price agreed upon was doubled, and the Queen signified her approval of the tact employed by purchasing a considerable number of the engravings. The reproduction of the picture in these pages becomes the more interesting from the fact that it is done by permission of the still living occupant of one of the two orchestra seats —Mr. Henry Graves.



IN THE ORCHESTRA: SKETCHING THE QUEEN.

Much might be said regarding missing and mutilated pictures. The story as to how Gainsborough's "Duchess of Devonshire" was cut from the frame a few days after 10,100 guineas had been paid for it is well known, but we may add a scrap of information hitherto unpublished, which will, we think, add somewhat to the value of the work as a picture with a history. The ingenious thief knew very well that in order to get his prize in safety through the streets it would be necessary to roll it up. This, of course, could not be done without cracking the paint. Accordingly, he had provided himself with paste and paper to lay over the picture. But when he came to lay the paper on the canvas, he found that he had forgotten—a brush! The people who flocked to see the beautiful "Duchess" were kept at a respectful distance by the customary barrier of silken rope. The clever purloiner cut off a few inches of the thick cord, and, fraying out one of the ends, improvised a really excellent substitute wherewith to lay on the paste. The brush of rope was found next morning on the floor, where he had left it, and told a story of such ingenuity as certainly demands a word of recognition.

It is probable that were a novelist to concoct a plot out of the story surrounding a certain Sir Joshua Reynolds in the possession of Lord Crewe, the public would snap their fingers at it and dub the whole thing ridiculous and impossible.

A former Lord Crewe had a picture painted of his son and daughter. Though the faces were faithful, the attitudes of the figures were somewhat fanciful; the daughter is holding a vase, and the boy is posing as a cupid. When the son had grown to manhood he quarrelled with his father, and he, to mark his extreme anger, caused the cupid to be cut out of the canvas, giving instructions for it to be destroyed, and a tripod painted in its place. Thus it remained for over a hundred years. But the little cupid was not lost. It had, by some mysterious means, after this lapse of time, found its way into the hands of a dealer, who recognised it, having seen an engraving of the original before it was cut. He immediately communicated with the present Lord Crewe, who still had the picture. It was found that the cupid fitted exactly into the space where the tripod stood. Lord Crewe not only caused the cupid to be restored to its proper place, but, in order to commemorate this remarkable incident, took out the now historical tripod, had a piece of canvas with appropriate scenery painted, and caused the tripod to be inserted therein. The cupid now hangs in his house as a memento of a strange act on the part of one of his ancestors.

Lord Cheylesmore, well known as having

one of the finest collections of Landseers in the world, has a dog painted by this great artist, with a curious story attached to it. After Charles Landseer had all but completed the painting of his celebrated picture of "Charles I. at Edge Hill," he persuaded his brother Edwin to paint in a dog. This Sir Edwin consented to do; and, after the work was engraved, the original got into the hands of a dealer, who cleverly cut out the dog, and had another put in place of it. He secured the services of an able artist to paint a background for the animal which had been so ignominiously deprived of the honour of reclining in the presence of Charles I. This he sold as a Landseer—as, indeed, it was; and this highly interesting little creature is the one now owned by Lord Cheylesmore. As regards that of "Charles I. at Edge Hill," we believe we are correct in saying that it was recently purchased by the Walker Art Gallery at Liverpool.

SON AND DAUGHTER OF LORD CREWE. *By Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

A somewhat similar circumstance befell Holbein's famous picture of "The Field of the Cloth of Gold," which hangs at Hampton Court Palace. After the execution of Charles I., Cromwell proposed to sell many of the late monarch's pictures to dealers and others who approached him on the subject, and amongst others that painted by Holbein. Negotiations for the purchase concluded, the time came round for its delivery. On examining "The Field of the Cloth of Gold" it was discovered that one of the principal faces—that of Henry VIII.—had been cut out in a complete circle. Naturally, the dealer—a foreigner—declined to conclude the bargain, and the mutilated Holbein was stowed away. After the Restoration, a nobleman appeared at court and begged Charles II. to graciously accept an article which the king might possibly be glad to know was still preserved to the English nation. It proved to be a circular piece of canvas, representing the robust countenance of Henry VIII., which the nobleman had himself cut from the picture in Cromwell's time. This great work was seen at the Tudor Exhibition last year, the mark of the circle being plainly visible.

The fact of a picture worth £10,000 being converted into a sort of bullseye mark for schoolboys' marbles is a little history in itself. The work, by Gainsborough, is that of the Honourable Miss Duncombe — a renowned beauty of her day, who lived at Dalby Hall, near Melton Mowbray. She married General Bowater. For over fifty years this magnificent work of art had hung in the hall of this old house in Leicestershire, and the children, as they played and romped about the ancient oaken staircases, delighted to make a target of the Gainsborough, and to throw their marbles at the beauty. It hung there year after year, full of holes, only to be sold under the hammer one day for the sum of £6, a big price for the torn and tattered canvas. The owner of the bargain let it go for £183 15s., the lucky purchaser this time being Mr. Henry Graves. The day it came into the famous printseller's shop in Pall Mall, Lord Chesterfield offered 1,000 guineas for it, at which price it was sold. But romances run freely amongst all

things pertaining to pictures, for before the work was delivered a fever seized Lord Chesterfield and he died. Lady Chesterfield was informed that, if she wished, the agreement might be cancelled. Her ladyship replied that she was glad of this, as she did not require the picture, which accordingly remained in Mr. Graves' shop waiting for another purchaser. It had not long to wait. One of the wealthiest and most discriminating judges of pictures in England, Baron Lionel Rothschild, came in search of it, and the following conversation between him and the owner, Mr. Graves, ensued :

"You ask me fifteen hundred guineas for it ?" exclaimed the great financier, when he was told the price; "why, you sold it the other day for a thousand !"

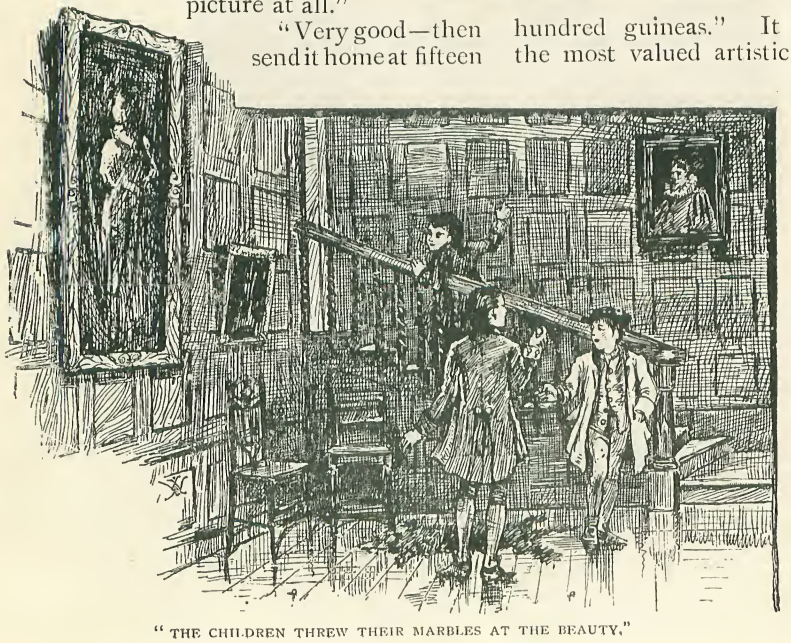
"Yes, I know I did," replied the dealer, "but that was done in a hurry, before it had been restored."

"Well, now I'll give you twelve hundred for it—twelve hundred," said the Baron, looking longingly at the work.

"Now, Baron," said Mr. Graves, good-humouredly, though firmly, "if you beat me down another shilling, you shan't have the picture at all."

"Very good—then send it home at fifteen hundred guineas." It is now amongst the most valued artistic treasures of the Rothschilds, and £10,000 would not buy it to-day.

THE HONOURABLE MISS DUNCOMBE. *By Gainsborough.*



"THE CHILDREN THREW THEIR MARBLES AT THE BEAUTY."

The two illustrations we now give of pictures —one of which is still missing and the other recovered after a long lapse of time—are both after Sir Joshua Reynolds. It is certain that the missing one will never be seen again. Reward after reward has been offered, but all to no avail—"The Countess of Derby," by Sir

Joshua, so far as the original goes, is a thing of the past. The mystery as to its sudden disappearance has never been fully cleared up, but it is indisputable that the Earl of Derby of the period had this picture painted of his wife, that he quarrelled with her, and that just at this time the picture vanished. Little room is left for doubt that the Earl himself destroyed the work.

The other is that of Miss Gale, painted when she was fifteen, a canvas worth at least £5,000 (page 232). She married Admiral Gardner, who was so much attached to his wife, that whenever he went to sea he always took the picture with him, and had it conspicuously hung up in his cabin. His vessel was wrecked off the West Indies, and though the Admiral was saved, the ship, with "Miss Gale" in the cabin, went down. There it lay at the bottom of the ocean for a considerable period, until at last attempts were made to recover it. This was successfully accomplished, though the canvas was much damaged, and was afterwards reduced in length and breadth. The picture seems to have been peculiarly unfortunate, both on land and sea, for in 1864 it was damaged again by the Midland Railway. Until recently it was in the possession of the Rev. Allen Gardner Cornwall.

THE COUNTESS OF DERBY. *By Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

The fact of a picture of fabulous value being picked up in a pawnbroker's shop, or veritable gems being discovered fastened with tin-tacks to the wall of a servant's bedroom, is alone sufficient cause to rank them among pictures with a history. But surely no such remarkable instance of innocence regarding the real value of a work has been known for a long time as that which came to light in a West End picture dealer's shop a few weeks ago. The story is a simple one. A painter—presumably an amateur—ran short of canvas, and, living in the country, some days must needs elapse before he could get a fresh supply. Hanging up in his house was an old work, representing an ancient-looking gentleman. He had hung there a long time, practically unnoticed. To meet the emergency, the painter conceived a happy thought, and one which he immediately proceeded to carry into effect. Why not paint on the back of the ancient-looking gentleman who had hung uncared-for for so long? The canvas was taken off the stretcher, turned round, and re-stretched, the back of the picture being used on which to paint a copy of Sir Joshua Reynolds' "Age of Innocence." Innocence there truly was—for the painting which the amateur had screened from view turned out to be a Gainsborough. The original Gainsborough is at the present moment at the back of the newly-painted picture, and is partly hidden by the stretcher, as shown in the sketch (page 233), made as it lay by the counter in the dealer's shop.

One artist might be singled out of whom it may safely be said that he never painted

a picture without a history attached to it. Landseer's works abound in suggestive incident and delightful romance. He would paint out of sheer gratitude a picture worth £10,000 simply because an admirer, for whom he had executed a commission, had expressed his approval of the artist's genius, by paying him more money than that originally agreed upon. Such an incident as this was the means of bringing Landseer's brush to work on "The Maid and the Magpie," now in the National Gallery.

There are two or three anecdotes — hitherto unpublished, we believe—relating to pictures with histories, and associated with Landseer's name.

It is said—and results have proved how justly—that Landseer never forgot a dog after once seeing it. "The Shepherd's Bible" is a rare instance of this. Mr. Jacob Bell referred to this work as "the property of a gentleman who was for many years a candidate for a picture by Sir E. Landseer, and kept a collie dog in the hope that he might some day be so fortunate as to obtain his portrait." The collie, however, died. Some two years afterwards, its owner received a note from Sir Edwin appointing a day for a sitting. Fortunately, he had provided himself with another dog, hoping yet to secure the services of the greatest of all animal painters, and taking the creature with him, kept the appointment on the day named. He told Landseer that the old favourite was dead, and gave a description of his colour and general appearance.

"Oh! yes," the painter replied, "I know the dog exactly," and he made a sketch which proved the truth of his words. The picture was painted in less than two days, and the portrait of the dead animal was exact, even to the very expression of the dog's eye.

MISS GALE. *By Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

Landseer, too, was often very happy in his choice of a subject. "Dignity and Impudence" is one of the treasures of the National Gallery, and though the one is a fine bloodhound named "Grafton," and the other a little terrier called "Scratch," it is likely that two gentlemen innocently suggested the whole thing to him. It seems that one day Landseer entered a picture shop, and was annoyed at the way in which he was treated by one of the assistants, who mistook him for a customer, and who addressed him in a style a trifle too pushing and businesslike to suit his taste.

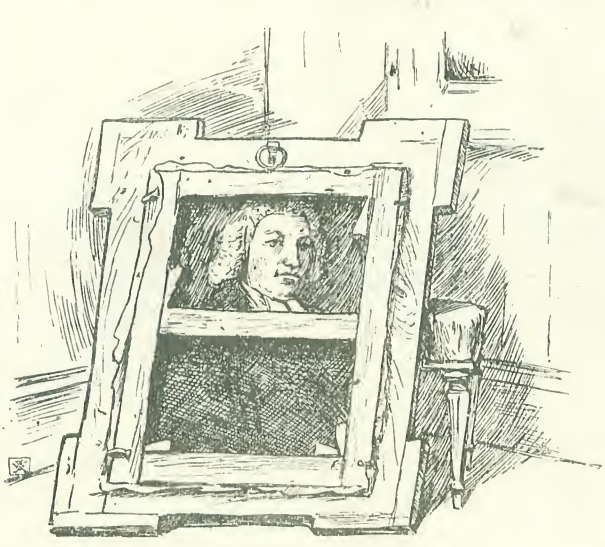
Just then the proprietor entered, a fine, handsome, dignified man.

"Well, have you got anything new in the way of a picture?" he asked.

"No," replied Landseer, "but I've just got a subject. I'll let you know when it is

finished." The result was the picture referred to, and it is said that the grand bloodhound bore a striking resemblance to the picture dealer, whilst the little terrier, presumably, was suggested by the assistant; whose manner, after all, was simply that of a sharp man of business.

"There's Life in the Old Dog Yet," another fine work, was, in 1857, the property of Mr. Henry McConnell, for whom it was painted in 1838. Mr. McConnell was asked if he would lend it to the Art Treasures Exhibition at Manchester. He had a very great horror of railway travelling, but agreed to grant the request on one condition, that the picture, with the others asked for, should be sent down by road. Everything was packed up, and the precious load started on its journey. The van had got about half-way to Manchester, when, in passing over a level crossing—common enough in those days—the horses were startled by an approaching train. It was impossible to get across the lines in time, and the engine dashed into the van, shattering many of the pictures, including "There's Life in the Old Dog Yet." So great was the destruction that when the driver went to the front wheel of the engine, he found entwined round it a piece of the canvas of this famous picture.



THE HIDDEN "GAINSBOROUGH."

An anecdote might be told regarding "The Cavalier's Pets," further illustrating the rapid rate at which Landseer worked, and the fate which seemed to hang over his canine subjects. The dogs were pets of Mr. Vernon's, and a sketch was made in his house as a commission to Sir Edwin. It seems, however, that Landseer forgot all about it, until some time afterwards he was met by the owner of the pets in the street, who gently reminded him of his little commission. In two days the work as it is now seen was completed and delivered, though not a line had been put on the canvas previous to the meeting. Both the beautiful creatures came to an untimely end. The white Blenheim spaniel was killed by a fall from a table, whilst the King Charles fell through the railings of a staircase at his master's house, and was picked up dead at the bottom of the steps.

We cannot do better than conclude with an anecdote which connects this great painter with the early life of Her Majesty.

That the Queen has always displayed a marked interest in works of art is indisputable. Her collection of pictures, many of them of the Flemish and Dutch schools, her Vandykes and Rubens, are almost priceless. But Her Majesty's favours bestowed on matters artistic have also drifted into home channels, as witness her generous spirit shown at all times towards Sir Edwin Landseer.

Amongst all the priceless works to be found in the Royal galleries, one picture may here be singled out with a pleasing story attached to it. "Loch Laggan" shows the Queen in a quiet and unassuming gown, beside her camp-stool, at which she has a few moments before been sketching. The Princess Royal and the Prince of Wales are there as children. In the centre stands a pony with a burden of deer on its back, its owner, a stalwart Highlander, at its head, with an expression of countenance half-amused, half-surprised.

Sir Edwin Landseer—who painted the picture—was at the time in Scotland giving lessons to the Queen. Whilst on his way to Balmoral he wandered in the direction of Loch Laggan, and became perplexed as to which path to take. Espying the Highlander, he bade him hasten to find the Queen, and say that Sir Edwin would reach her ere long. The man needed no second bidding, and jumped on the pony's back. He had not proceeded far round the lake before he drew up his pony in front of a lady, who was sketching, whilst her two

children were busying themselves by handing her the various drawing implements as required.

Respectfully removing his cap, he asked if she could tell him where he might possibly find the Queen.

"Oh, yes," replied the lady, turning from her drawing, "I am the Queen."

This was too much for the worthy Scot. He could not associate the great stone on which Her Majesty had been sitting with all the splendour of a throne. All he could do was to put his hands upon his knees and suggestively utter the single word—"*Gammon!*"

By this time Sir Edwin had arrived. He drew the picture with the Highlander in the very act of relieving himself of an expression not often heard in the presence of Royalty. Our drawing is a sketch of the figures in the painting of this highly interesting scene.

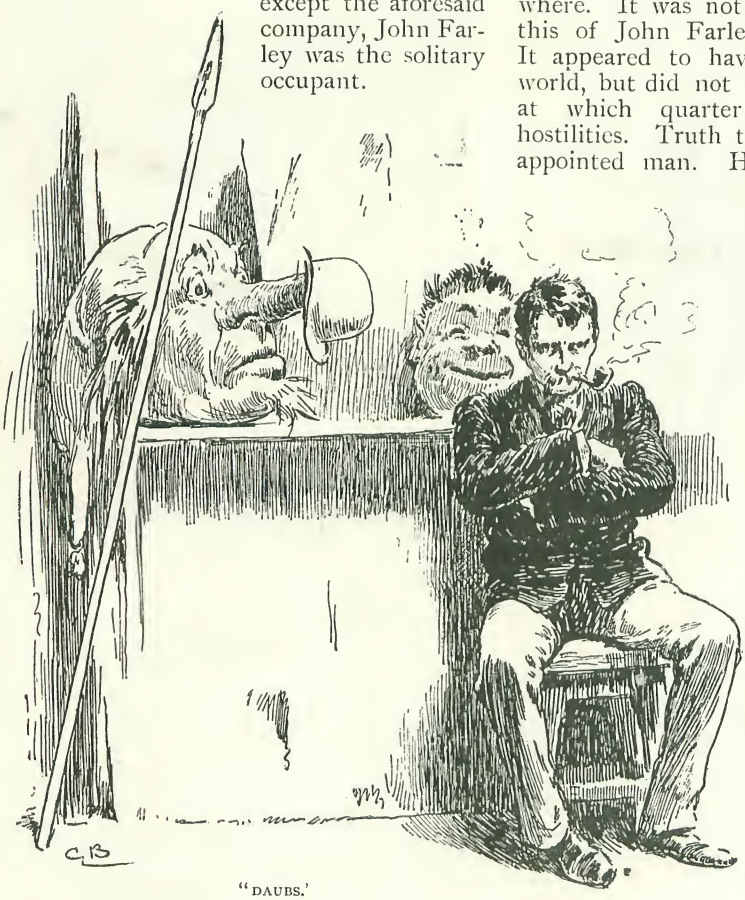
"GAMMON!"

Making an Angel.

By J. Harwood Panting.

GROTESQUE—yes, that is the word for the gathering.

An ogre cannot always enjoy the regal society of a king ; nor can it be said that the features of Hodge are usually to be seen glancing, with grinning condescension, upon a grave Prime Minister. There were other anomalies, too numerous to mention, in the room ; for this was one of the workshops of the curious Kingdom of Make-Believe, of which, at the present time, if we may except the aforesaid company, John Farley was the solitary occupant.



"DAUBS."

John Farley, nicknamed "Daubs," was scene-painter of the Comedy Theatre, Porchester, and this was the room whence proceeded those marvellous designs that stirred the gallery to enthusiastic applause, the boxes to derisive laughter.

It was the season of pantomime. The curtain had been rung down upon the "grand phantasmagorical, allegorical, and whimsicorical" legend of "King Pippin," and the denizens of that monarch's court—or, rather, their faces—were resting peacefully from their labours on the wall. John Farley, too, was presumably resting from *his* labours, for he was sitting upon a wooden stool, smoking vigorously, and gazing, with a far-away glance, into the region of Nowhere. It was not a satisfied expression, this of John Farley's—no, decidedly not. It appeared to have a quarrel with the world, but did not seem to know precisely at which quarter of it to commence hostilities. Truth to tell, he was a disappointed man. He had started life, as many another, with high aims and ambitions, and they had brought him no better fruit than scene-painter to the Porchester Theatre, with, instead of academic diplomas and honours, the unflattering title of "Daubs!" Do you wonder, then, that sitting there, a man verging upon the "thirties," he looked upon life with little love, and upon the constituents of its big constituency with little admiration ?

John had a private grievance as well as a public. He lived in a flat of a block of houses situate in Seymour-street, about a quarter of an hour's walk from the theatre. For some days past he had determined on making another bid for fame and fortune by painting a grand picture. He had commenced various designs for this "masterpiece," but none

of them had proved entirely satisfactory. And now, as though to frustrate all his hopes, a new source of disturbance had arisen. John possessed one of those mercurial, nervous temperaments, born principally of a morbid, solitary life, which demanded absolute quiet for any profitable employment of the intellect. For this reason he detested the atmosphere of a theatre, and for this reason he yet more detested the fate that had cast his fortunes in its midst. In the apartments where he lived, mean as they were, he usually found tranquillity. He could at least think, smoke, sketch, or write, as the fit took him, without disturbance. But now, just at the time when he most desired and needed quiet, the bugbear he fled had attacked him in his very stronghold.

In the rooms beneath those he occupied lived a poor widow with her two children, a boy and girl. John knew this much from the landlady. He knew, too, that the boy was employed at the Comedy Theatre. Further than this he had not cared to inquire. Usually they were as quiet as the proverbial mouse, but latterly John's ears had been afflicted with groans and cries of pain, proceeding from the widow's apartments, and kept up with aggravating regularity throughout the night. They were the cries of a child—no doubt about that—and a child in great suffering. A person less centred in his own projects than John might have at least felt some sympathy with the sufferer, but John had evidently lost kinship with the deeper emotions, and instead of sympathy he experienced only a feeling of annoyance and keen resentment against the widow and "her brats," as he styled them. Thus it was that, think as he would, the subject of this grand picture which was to take the world by storm and out-Raphael Raphael, persisted in evading him; and thus it is we find him, in a more cynical mood than usual, at the Comedy Theatre, in no haste to return to the scene of his failures.

"What is the use of striving?" mused John, as he slowly puffed his pipe. "One might as well throw up the sponge. Fate is too much for me. He follows at my elbow everywhere. His usual running-ground is not enough for him. Now he follows me home, and gives me a solo of his own peculiar music through one of his imps."

"IT WAS AN IMP."

A timid knock sounded upon the door. John was busy with his thoughts, and did not hear it.

"That theory of Longfellow's is correct—art *is* long. In what sphere could you find a longer? Supportable might this be, but cold indifference to a poor devil aching for a gleam of sympathy is insupportable."

The knock at the door was repeated, but with the same effect as before.

"The grinning public—just tickle its side: that is all it needs. He who caters most to its stupidity in life is he who gains the proud distinction of a public mausoleum

at his death. I have not got quite into the way, but still I see in perspective a monument dedicated to—'Daubs.'"

A sound, light as gossamer wing, was heard in the room. John Farley turned his head. Then he stared; then he rubbed his eyes; then he stared again. Well he might. Was this an offspring of the immortal whom he had just been apostrophising?

It was decidedly an imp—at least it had the apparel of one. It was clothed in scarlet; dependent from its haunches was a tail; on its head a Satanic cowl. But there was melancholy rather than mischief in its eye, and it was of a restful, confiding brown rather than an unrestful, flashing black.

John again inserted his knuckles in his eyes, and waved off the smoke from his pipe. And then he recognised his uncanny visitor. It was the little son of the widow who lived under his flat. He was one of the imps of King Pippin's kingdom in the pantomime, and doomed for a small pittance to indulge his apish tricks nightly with the gnomes and fairies of that fanciful realm.

"Daubs!" said the imp.

Yes, only that was necessary to incite John's wrath. A nickname that was supportable from the actors and scene-shifters was insupportable from a child.

"Daubs" therefore turned sharply upon the boy:—

"Are you referring to me?"

"Yes, sir."

John was on the point of brusquely informing the lad that he was not acquainted with a gentleman of the name of Daubs, and peremptorily showing him the door. A glance from the honest brown eyes, however, restrained him. It told him that what he had at first assumed to be impudence was really the result of ignorance—that, and only that.

"I would like to know you, Mr. Daubs. You don't mind knowing a little boy—do you?"

John opened his eyes in astonishment. What a curious imp! John was not aware that anybody had any particular desire for his society; in fact, the reverse had hitherto seemed the case. He was usually regarded as an unsociable being.

"I have not the least objection to making your acquaintance," said he, *un*reluctantly, it must be confessed.

"Oh, thank you," said the little fellow, drawing nearer, and putting his hand confidingly in John's, and looking up at him with bright, happy eyes. "Then perhaps I may—may I?"

What "may I" meant was a gentle pressure of the lips upon the smoky cheek of John. If John had been astonished before he was still more astonished now—so much so that the pipe he was smoking fell from his fingers, and was broken into fragments on the floor. What had he, a grumpy bachelor, to do with kissing? Twenty years had passed since his cheek had felt the pressure of lips, and then they were the death-cold lips of a younger brother—surely about the size of this strange imp—who had left him with that dumb farewell for ever.

"What is your name, my lad?" said he, softly.

"Willie Maxwell. Mother calls me 'her Willie.' Dodo—that is my sister, you know—when she is well" (here the little fellow sighed) "says that I'm her pet. But at the theatre I'm only known as 'Fourth Imp.' Mr. Billings"—Mr. Billings was the stage-manager of the Comedy—"has promised that, if I'm a good boy, I shall some day be First Imp!"

"That will be a rise in the world, and no mistake," remarked John.

"Well, Mr. Daubs, it will be a little more money for mother—threepence extra a night—but I shouldn't like to push out Teddy Morris. You know Teddy?"

John was obliged to confess that he had not the honour of that young gentleman's acquaintance. He never troubled himself with anything or anybody outside his own department.

"Teddy Morris is First Imp. He doesn't like me, you know, because he thinks I'm—what do you call it, Mr. Daubs?"

"Ambitious?"

"Yes, 'bitious, that's the word."

John's crusty humour was gradually melting, and he smiled—first, at anyone disliking this frank, affectionate boy; next, at the rivalry of the imps. "All the world," thought he, "is indeed a stage, and the struggle for a position on it extends to strange quarters."

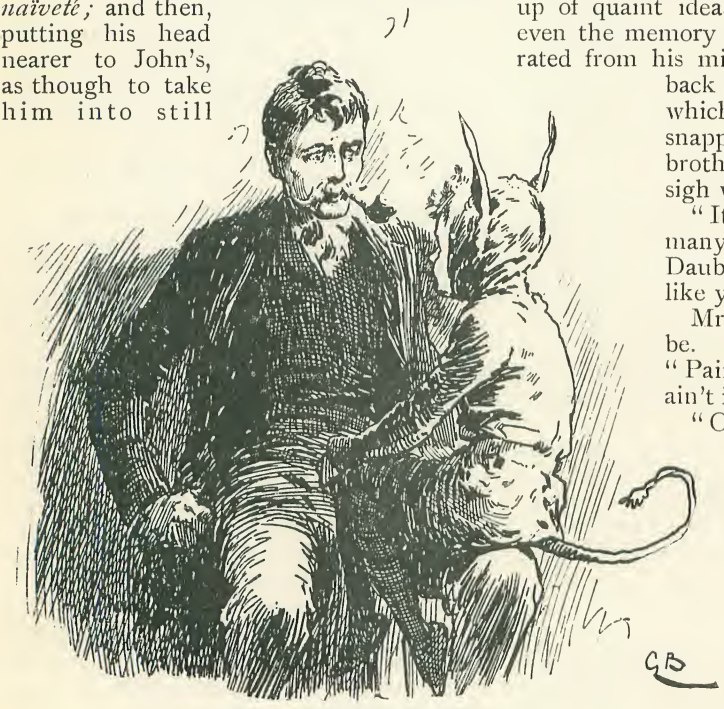
"But I'm not 'bitious, Mr. Daubs"—here Willie paused, and deliberately climbed on John's knee—"no, I really ain't, 'cept of you!"

John started at this bold confession. He was on the point of exploding into loud laughter, but the brown eyes were looking earnestly into his, and with these searching

witnesses before him John thought that such an ebullition of mirth would be little short of profanation.

"Oh, you're ambitious of me, are you? Well, my little man, if it's your intention to supplant me as scene-painter to the Comedy Theatre, I'm exceedingly grateful to you for giving me due notice of the fact. Only let me know when you think I ought to resign my position, won't you?"

"Yes," assented Willie, with childish *naïveté;* and then, putting his head nearer to John's, as though to take him into still closer confidence—"Do you know, I've often seen you, and wanted to speak to you, but somehow I've not liked to. I've watched you when you weren't looking, and you've always seemed to look like—you don't mind a little boy saying it, Mr. Daubs—like that." Willie pointed to a mask of one of the ogres. John did not think the comparison very flattering, and felt very uncomfortable. The next instant the child was nestling closer to him; a pair of thin arms were clasped tightly round John's neck; and the lips which again pressed his whispered softly: "But you're not a bit like that now, Mr. Daubs."



"PAINTING'S VERY HARD, SIR—AIN'T IT?"

Then the comparison was forgiven, but not forgotten.

"Tell me, Willie, why you are ambitious of me? Ambitious of me," John mentally added, "who thought myself the least envied mortal in the world!"

Willie's only answer was to take John's big hand into his small one; then he instituted a minute comparison between the two; then he patted it fondly; then he dropped it suddenly, and remained buried in deep thought. John gave himself up to the child's whim. It was a delicious experience—the more delicious because unexpected. This was an infantile world, made up of quaint ideas and actions, of which even the memory had been almost obliterated from his mind. Thought took him back to its last link—that which had been rudely snapped by the death of his brother. He sighed, and the sigh was echoed.

"It will be a long while—many years, I suppose, Mr. Daubs—before my hand gets like yours?"

Mr. Daubs thought it would be. Willie sighed again. "Painting's very hard, sir—ain't it?"

"Oh, no, my boy; it's the easiest thing in the world," said the artist bitterly; "and the world accepts it at its right value, for it is never inclined to pay very dearly for it. Just a few paints, a brush, and there you are."

"Well, Mr. Daubs, I hardly think that's quite right—you don't mind my saying so, do you?—'cause I saved up a shilling and bought a paint-brush and some paints, and tried ever so hard to make a picture, but it was no use. No, it was nothing like a picture—all smudge, you know—so I thought that p'raps God never meant little boys should make pictures, and that I would have to wait till I grew up like you, Mr. Daubs."

"It's as well somebody should think I can paint pictures; but do you know, my young art critic, that many persons have no higher estimate of my efforts than you have of yours—that is to say," seeing the eyes widening in astonishment, "their term for them is 'smudge!'"

"No, do they say that? No, Mr. Daubs, they wouldn't dare," said Willie, indignantly. "Why, you paint lovely horses

and flowers, and trees, and mountains, and your birds, if they could only sing, like the little bird Dodo once had, they would seem quite alive."

John had never had so flattering, nor so unique a criticism of his art. "Molière," thought he, "used to read his plays to the children, and gather something from their prattle. Why should I disdain opinion from a like source, especially as it chimes in so beautifully with what my vanity would have had me acknowledge long since?"

"Well, youngster, admitting that I am the fine artist you would make of me, what then? In what way do you expect to convert a world which prefers real horses, real trees, and real birds? See, now, even here—at the Comedy Theatre—we have only to announce on the playbills that a *real* horse, a *real* steam-engine, or a *real* goose or donkey, for that matter, will be exhibited, and the best efforts of my artistic genius are thrown into the shade. You are a case in point. Could I draw an imp that would meet with half the success that you do? But what nonsense I am talking—you don't understand a word of it."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Daubs, I do—something. Do you know what I think?"

"Say on, youngster."

"I think we don't often know or think what *is* best for us. Mother says little boys don't always know what is best for them. 'Real' is a live thing—ain't it? I used to *think*, Mr. Daubs, you were a real live ogre once. But now I know you ain't—are you?" This with a pressure of the arms again round John's neck. What could the "real live ogre" say to such an appeal? After a pause: "Mr. Daubs, can I tell you something—may I?"

John assented, wondering what was the next strange thing this curious sprite would ask.

"And will you say 'yes' to what I ask?"

John again assented, though he thought that possibly his assent might necessitate a journey to Timbuctoo.

"Well, I want you to make me—an angel!" And then he quickly added, seeing the startled expression on John's face, "You are so clever!"

"An angel!"

"Yes, an angel. You won't say no?" There was a quiver of anxiety in the boy's tones. "It's for Dodo."

"For Dodo! But, child, I'm not a manufacturer of angels!"

"But you can draw birds. Birds have wings, and so have angels, and it's for Dodo," he again repeated.

The logic of Willie's reasoning was irrefutable. Where was John standing? He scarcely knew. He had caught the boy's conception. This, then, was the reason of his anxiety to become an artist. Never imp was surely such a seraph! The angel was for his sister. They were her moans and cries John had heard in his lonely chamber these three nights past, and it was with an angel her brother hoped, in his childish imagination, to bring relief from pain and suffering. With one quick flash of inspiration John saw it all—the intense longing, the all-embracing love, the unselfishness, the exquisite sense of bringing to suffering its one great alleviation. And as he thought, John's head dropped, and a tear fell on the eager, youthful face upturned to his.

"Mother says that all angels are in heaven, and Dodo's always talking about angels. She says she wants to see one, and would like one to come to her. But they can't, Mr. Daubs, unless we first go to them. And I don't want—no, no, I don't want"—with a big sob—"Dodo—to—go—away. If *I* could take it to her she would stay here."

John's heart was full—full to overflowing. He could scarcely speak.

"Go—go, and change your clothes, youngster, and we will try to make you an angel."

"Oh, thank you so much."

In a flash Willie was gone, and John was left alone. "Heaven help me!" he said, with a tender, pathetic glance in the direction whence the little figure had vanished; "Heaven help me!" and John did what he had not done since his own brother died. He fell upon his knees, and sent a hasty prayer heavenward for inspiration. Then he took a large piece of cardboard, and some crayons, and commenced—making an angel! He worked as one inspired. With nervous, skilful fingers he worked. All was silent in the great city below; the stillness lent inspiration to the artist's imagination. Never had he seemed in closer touch with Heaven. To give John his due, the petty contentions of men had always been beneath him, but the "peace which passeth understanding" had never been his, because of the selfishness by which his better nature had been warped. Now, through this child's *un*selfishness, he almost heard the flapping of angelic wings,

and he depicted them, in all their softened beauty, upon his cardboard, with a face between that seemed to look out in ineffable love upon a guilt-laden world. This was what the artist wrought.

"Oh, Mr. Daubs!"

The exclamation was pregnant with meaning. Willie had returned, and was devouring with open mouth and eyes the sketch of the angel.

"Well, youngster, do you think that will do for Dodo?"

"And that's for Dodo?" was the only answer, for the boy was still absorbed in the artist's creation.

"Have you ever seen an angel, Mr. Daubs? Ah, you must have. I knew you were clever at horses, and trees, and birds, and skies, but I didn't guess you were so good at angels. It's just what mother said they were!"

"There, don't make me vain, but take it; and"—added John partly to himself, "may the King of Cherubim hold in reserve *his* messenger, not for a death-warrant, but a blessing!"

"Thank you, so much. But I'm going to pay you, you know." And Willie drew out proudly an old pocket-handkerchief, and, applying his teeth vigorously to a special corner of it, took therefrom a sixpence.

John smiled, but took the coin without a word. Then he lifted the boy up, and kissed him tenderly. The next moment he was alone; Willie had departed with his angel. The artist listened to the pattering footsteps as they descended the stairs, then bowed his head upon his arms, and what with his three nights of unrest, and thinking over what he had been and might have been, fell into a profound sleep.

Not long had he been in the land of counterpane, when of a sudden there was a stir from without.

The night air was quick with cries, and a childish treble seemed to echo and re-echo above them all. There was something familiar in this latter sound. It was as a harsh note on a diapason that had but recently brought him sweetest music.

In a moment John had gained the street. He had connected the cry with one object—Willie. That object had for him a value infinite, so quick in its power of attraction is the spark of sympathy when once kindled. John's view of life had seemed, in this last half-hour, to have greatly widened. It took account of things previously unnoticed; it opened up feelings long dormant. His ear was strangely sensitive to the beat of this new pulse—so much so that a vague terror shaped itself out of that night-cry. It seemed to him to portend disaster.

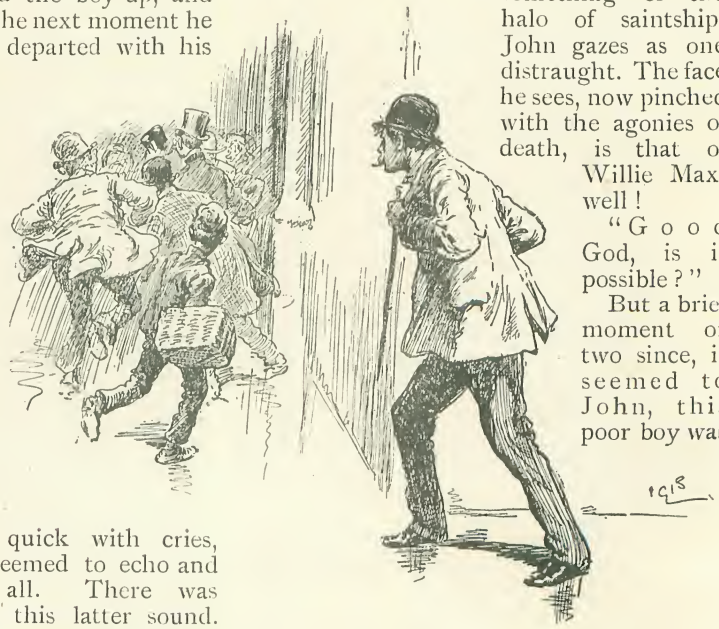
But surely his worst fears are realised! What is that moving mass away in the distance? Soon John has reached the spot. He hears a hum of sympathy, and then there is a reverential silence: John's ears have caught the pitying accents of a bystander, "Poor lad! Heaven help him!"

"Help him! Help whom?"

John's mind is quick at inference. He parts the crowd, and with certain glance looks upon its point of observation. He knew it: no need of words to tell him. A little form is there, mangled with the hoofs of a horse. Its life-blood is slowly oozing out on the pavement. The face has the hue of death—no mistaking that—and yet it has around it something of the halo of saintship. John gazes as one distraught. The face he sees, now pinched with the agonies of death, is that of Willie Maxwell!

"Good God, is it possible?"

But a brief moment or two since, it seemed to John, this poor boy was



"WHAT IS THAT?"

in the bloom of health, full of the radiant sunshine of life. Now the finger of death had touched him, and he stood on the threshold of the Kingdom of Shadows.

For an instant John was ready to launch again his maledictions against Fate. The presence of this child had cast a ray of sunshine on a sunless existence—had given to it a brief gleam of happiness, which was flickering out in this tragic way on the roadside. John had so frequently taken a selfish estimate of life, that even in this supreme crisis that feeling was momentarily uppermost, but only momentarily. The child was resting in the arms of a rough carman, and as John looked a spasm of returning consciousness passed over the little sufferer's frame. Then there was a faint moan. Was there a chance of saving the boy's life? John came closer, and as he did so a light seemed to radiate from the child's face on to his.

Now the eyes are looking at him in a pained, dazed way. There is a gleam of recognition, and about the mouth flickers a smile of content.

"Mr. Da—Da—Daubs,—I'm—so—glad—you've—come."

John kneels on the ground, and kisses the pale, cold lips of the sufferer. The little arms are nervously at work; then with an effort they are extended towards him: "Will you please take this, Mr. Daubs?"

John looked. It was the sketch of the angel! "I'm so glad I didn't drop it. I held it tight, you see, Mr. Daubs—oh, so tight! I was afraid Dodo wouldn't get it. No one knows Dodo, you see. I can't—take—it—to her—to-night; so—will you—please?"

John's tears are falling fast upon the pavement. He seems to hear the stifled sobs of the bystanders as he takes in his hand the sketch of the angel. "I shall—see her—again—when the—light comes. Now—it is—so dark—and cold—so cold!" John mechanically takes off his coat, and wraps it around the little form.

"Thank you—Mr. Daubs—you're—a—kind—gentleman. May I—may I?"—John had heard a similar request before that evening, and thanked God that he knew what it meant. He bent his face forward. "That for dear—*dear* mother, and that for—darling—sister—sister Dodo."

As John's lips received the death-cold kisses, a strange thing happened. The picture of the angel was suddenly wrested from his grasp, and flew upward and upward, in shape like a bat. There was a moment of mystery—of intense darkness and solemn silence. Then the heavens were agleam with sunshine, and John seemed to see radiant forms winging their way earthward. One of these outsped the rest. Nearer and nearer it came, and John in wonderment fixed his gaze intently thereon. He had never seen a real angel before, but he recognised this one. It was the angel he had sketched, transfigured into celestial life. It came to where the child rested, and John fell backward, dazzled with its light. When he looked up again the child and the angel had both vanished, and all was again dark.

"Daubs, Daubs! Wake up, wake up!"

John looked up with sleepy eyes. Where the deuce was he? Not in any angelic presence, that was certain. The voice was not pitched in a very heavenly key, and wafted odours of tobacco and beer rather than frankincense and myrrh. John pinched himself to make sure he was awake. This was assuredly no celestial visitor, but Verges—that was his theatrical nickname—the Comedy Theatre watchman.

"Is it you, Verges? Will you have the kindness to tell me where I am?" John looked around him in bewilderment. The masks seemed grinning at him in an aggravating way.

"Well, you are at present, Mister, in the Comedy Theatre; but you was just now very soundly in the land of Nod, I guess. You'd make a splendid watchman, you would!"

Verges' denunciation came with beautiful appropriateness, as he had just come from the public-house opposite, where he had been indulging in sundry libations for this hour past at the expense of some of its customers.

"It *is* a dream, then—not a hideous reality? Thank God, thank God!"

"What's a dream?" said Verges, looking with some apprehension at John. When he saw that gentleman begin to caper round the room his fears were not lessened, for he thought that John had taken leave of some of his senses.

"Am I awake now, Verges?"

"Well, you look like it."

"You are certain?" and he put a shilling into Verges' hand.

"I never knew you to be more waker.

You can keep on being as wide-awake as you please at the same price, Mister!"

"Give me my hat and coat, Verges. Thank you," and John passed rapidly out at the door with a hasty "Good night!" Verges looked after him with wide-mouthed astonishment; then he looked at the piece of money in his hand; then he tapped his forehead, and shook his head ominously, muttering, "Daubs is daft—clean daft!"

"WAKE UP, WAKE UP!"

John would not trust his waking senses till he reached the corner of the street at which he had seen so vividly in his dream the incidents just recorded. A solitary policeman was walking up and down, and not so much as a vehicle was to be seen. And then another fear took possession of John. Was his dream a presentiment of danger, and had an accident befallen Willie in some other form?

He soon reached his lodgings, hurried up the staircase, and listened fearfully outside the widow's door. Nobody seemed astir, but he could see that a light was burning within. Should he knock? What right had he, a perfect stranger, to intrude at this unreasonable hour? He remembered, too, his bitter thoughts and words about the widow and her children—her "brats!" So he mounted reluctantly to his apartments. How the silence—previously so much desired—oppressed him! He would eagerly have welcomed at that moment a cry, a sob, or any sound of life from the room below. But the sufferer gave no token, and John, in turn, became the sufferer in the worst form of suffering—that of mental anguish.

He could stand it no longer. John determined, at any cost, to see whether or not Willie had returned in safety. So he descended, and knocked at Mrs. Maxwell's door.

"Come in," said a quiet voice, and John opened the door. The first thing that met his gaze was his picture of the angel hanging at the head of a child's cot. Beneath it, calmly asleep, was Dodo—Willie's sister. A frail morsel of humanity she seemed, with pale, almost transparent, complexion—the paler by its contrasting framework of golden hair. Mrs. Maxwell was busily engaged at needlework. She hastily rose when she saw her visitor. "I thought it

was Mrs. Baker" (Mrs. Baker was the landlady), she said. "She usually looks in the last thing."

"Pardon me for intruding, but I was anxious to know whether your son had arrived here in safety?"

"Yes, oh yes; some time since. Are you the gentleman who gave him the angel?"

"Yes," said John, simply.

"Thank you so much; you have made my little girl so happy. Children have strange fancies in sickness, and she has been talking about nothing but angels for days past. See," pointing to the sleeping child, "it is the first night she has slept soundly for a whole week."

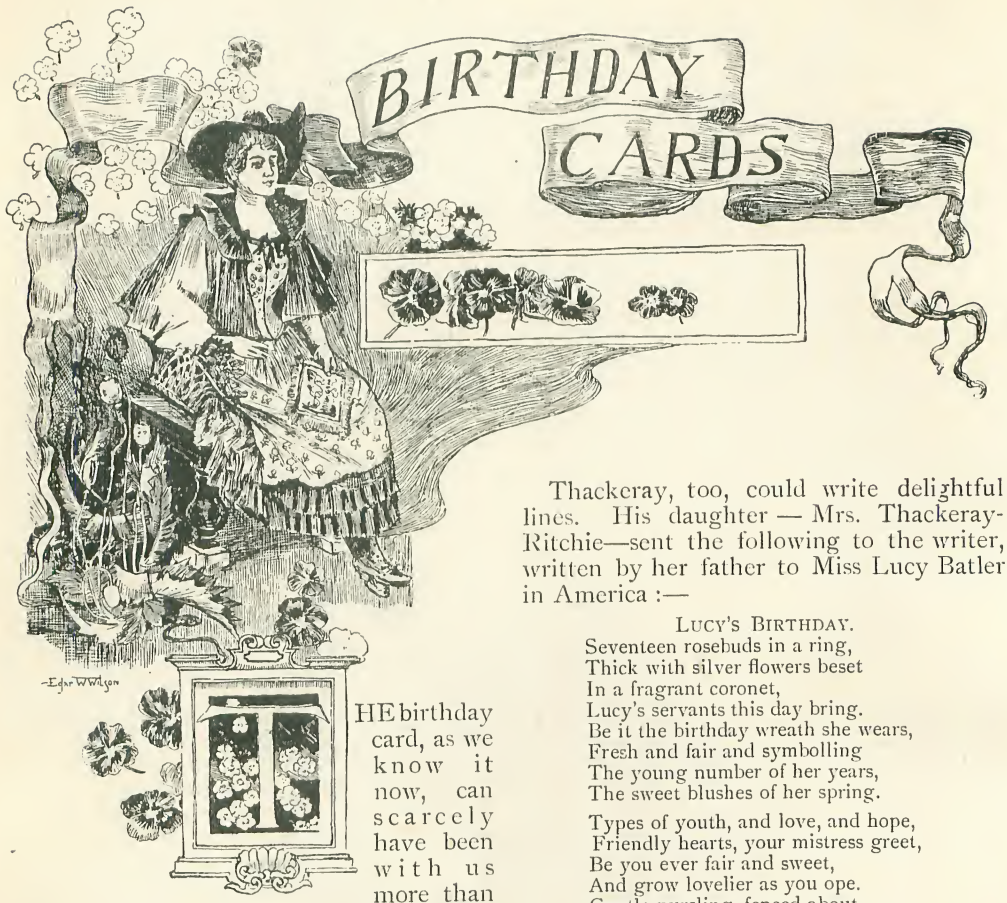
The holiest feeling John had ever experienced since he knelt as a child at his mother's knee passed over him. He had never before felt so thoroughly that a good action was its own reward.

"May I crave one great favour as a return for so trivial a service? Will you let me see your son?"

The widow immediately arose, took a lamp, and beckoned John to follow her into the next room. There was little Willie fast asleep in his cot. His lips, even in his sleep, were wreathed in a happy smile, and as John bent and reverently kissed them, they murmured softly: "Mr. Daubs!"

When John again mounted to his chamber it was with a light heart. His evil angel—dissatisfaction—had gone out of him, and his good angel—contentment—reigned in its stead.

From that time forth he shared the widow's vigils; he was to her an elder son—to the children, a loving brother. His heart, too, expanded in sympathy for his fellows, and under this genial influence his energies, previously cramped, expanded also. The best proof I can give of this, if proof be necessary, is that the picture which he shortly afterwards exhibited, entitled "The Two Angels," was the picture of the year, and brought to him the fame which had previously so persistently evaded him. One of the happiest moments in his life was when he took Dodo—now quite recovered — and Willie to view his "masterpiece."



THE birthday card, as we know it now, can scarcely have been with us more than fifty or fifty-five years, and there is very little doubt that the more ancient reminder of St. Valentine's Day suggested the idea of putting a verse, appropriate to a birthday, in the place of the often far-fetched sentiments of February the fourteenth. Nearly all our later poets have contributed to birthday literature, and we may presume that the delightful *morceaux* which came from their pens were written on a card or sheet of paper, and quietly dispatched to the recipient. Eliza Cook, Tom Moore, Burns, Cowper, Johnson, Tom Hood, Charles Lamb, and Mrs. Hemans have given to the world the most beautiful of thoughts within the limits of a four-line verse. Where is a more suggestive sentiment—considered by many the finest of all such verse—than that which Pope addressed to Martha Blount?—

Is that a birthday? 'Tis, alas! too clear
'Tis but the funeral of the former year.

Thackeray, too, could write delightful lines. His daughter — Mrs. Thackeray-Ritchie—sent the following to the writer, written by her father to Miss Lucy Batler in America:—

LUCY'S BIRTHDAY.

Seventeen rosebuds in a ring,
Thick with silver flowers beset
In a fragrant coronet,
Lucy's servants this day bring.
Be it the birthday wreath she wears,
Fresh and fair and symbolling
The young number of her years,
The sweet blushes of her spring.

Types of youth, and love, and hope,
Friendly hearts, your mistress greet,
Be you ever fair and sweet,
And grow lovelier as you ope.
Gentle nursling, fenced about
With fond care, and guarded so,
Scarce you've heard of storms without,
Frosts that bite, and winds that blow!

Kindly has your life begun,
And we pray that Heaven may send
To our floweret a warm sun,
A calm summer, a sweet end.
And where'er shall be her home,
May she decorate the place,
Still expanding into bloom,
And developing in grace.

To-day our birthday poets are limited—not in numbers, for the publishers of cards are inundated with verses—but in those of merit. One firm, indeed, during the last twelve or thirteen years has received no fewer than 150,000 compositions, of which number only some 5,600 have been found usable; not a very great number, when it is remembered that something between ten and twelve millions of cards pass between well-wishers in this country alone every year, and that a similar

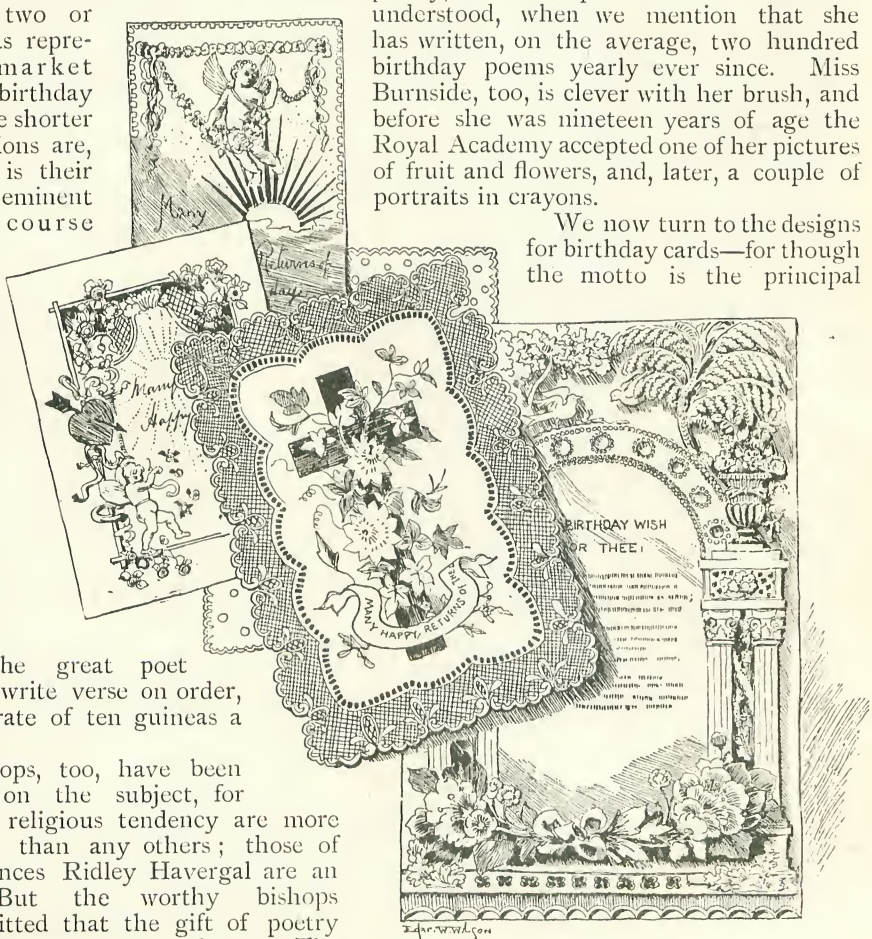
MISS HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

quantity are exported to the United States, India, China, and the Colonies. From five shillings to two or three guineas represents the market value of a birthday poem, and the shorter such expressions are, the greater is their value. But eminent writers of course obtain much more. Lord Tennyson was once asked to pen a dozen birthday poems of eight lines each. A thousand guineas were offered for the stanzas—but, alas for birthday literature, the great poet declined to write verse on order, even at the rate of ten guineas a line.

The Bishops, too, have been approached on the subject, for verses of a religious tendency are more sought after than any others; those of the late Frances Ridley Havergal are an instance. But the worthy bishops frankly admitted that the gift of poetry had not been allotted to them. The late Bishop of Worcester said: "I have not poetical talent enough to write short poems." Dr. King, Bishop of Lincoln, said: "I am sorry, but I am not a poet." The Bishops of Manchester and Liverpool also honestly confessed to being no poets, whilst Dr. Temple, Bishop of London, said: "I am afraid I should make a great mistake if at my age I began to write short poems;" generously adding, "the Bishop of Exeter is a genuine poet."

Perhaps the most popular writer to-day is the lady whose initials—H. M. B.—have been appended to many millions of cards—Miss Helen Marion Burnside, of whom we give a portrait. Miss Burnside was born at Bromley Hall, Middlesex, in 1843, and at twelve years of age was seized with a severe attack of scarlet fever, the result of which was that she lost her hearing. A year later she commenced to write birthday poetry, and her prolific abilities will be understood, when we mention that she has written, on the average, two hundred birthday poems yearly ever since. Miss Burnside, too, is clever with her brush, and before she was nineteen years of age the Royal Academy accepted one of her pictures of fruit and flowers, and, later, a couple of portraits in crayons.

We now turn to the designs for birthday cards—for though the motto is the principal



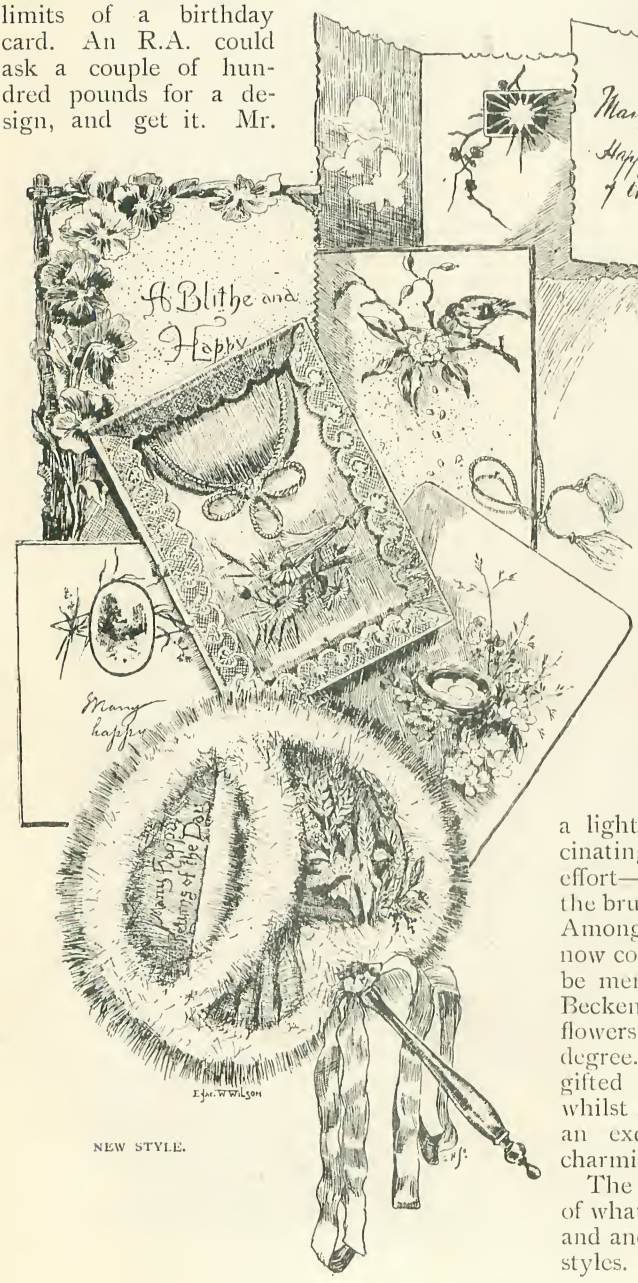
OLD STYLE.

consideration, a pretty and fanciful surrounding is by no means to be despised.

Royal Academicians really do little in this branch of art. Though both Mr. Poynter and Mr. Sant have applied their brushes in this direction, and Sir John Millais has before now signified his willingness to accept a commission, it is presumed that R.A.'s prefer not to have their work confined to the narrow limits of a birthday card. An R.A. could ask a couple of hundred pounds for a design, and get it. Mr. Alma Tadema, when asked what he would charge to paint a pair of cards, replied—£600. Ordinary designs fetch from three to six guineas, though a distinctly original and novel idea, be it only in the shape of a score of splashes from the brush, is worth from ten to fifteen guineas.

Both the Princess Louise and Princess Beatrice have done some really artistic work, but their efforts have not been made public—save in the instance of the Princess Beatrice, whose Birthday Book is well known. Cards designed by Royalty have passed only between members of the Royal Family. They are very simple and picturesque, flowers and effective landscapes with mountain scenery figuring prominently. It is indisputable that women excel in such designs. Theirs seems to be a light, airy, graceful, and almost fascinating touch; there appears to be no effort—they seem only to play with the brush, though with delightful results. Amongst those ladies who are just now contributing excellent work might be mentioned the Baroness Marie Von Beckendorf, a German lady, whose flowers are delicate and fanciful to a degree. Miss Bertha Maguire is also gifted in the way of flower-painting, whilst Miss Annie Simpson paints many an exquisite blossom combined with charming landscape.

The illustrations we give show a page of what have now become ancient cards, and another of the very latest modern styles.



NEW STYLE.

It will at once be seen how the birthday card has grown out of the valentine. The two designs in the top corner of the first are essentially of a fourteenth of February tendency. Note the tiny god of love, that irrepressible mite of mischief, Cupid, playing with a garland of roses; and there, too, is the heart, a trifle too symmetrical to be natural, with the customary arrow, almost as big as young Cupid himself, cruelly thrust through the very middle of it. The centre card is a French design, embossed round the edges with lace paper, with a silken cross and hand-painted passion flowers laid on the card proper, which is of rice-paper. The remaining specimen is exceedingly quaint in the original, and has passed through more than forty birthdays. It is almost funereal in appearance, as indeed were most of those made at that period; indeed, many of the specimens of old-time birthday cards we have examined are made up of weeping willows, young women shedding copious tears into huge urns at their feet, and what, to all appearance, is a mausoleum in the distance. And above all is written, "Many happy returns of the day!"

The other set of cards, the modern ones, are all suggestive of the good wishes they carry with them. Many of them are of satin with real lace, delicately hand-painted marguerites, pansies, and apple-blossoms, whilst the elaborate fan, with its flowing ribbons, is edged with white swan's-down and gaily decorated with artificial corn and poppies. These are from designs kindly placed at our disposal by Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons. The printing of the cards is in itself an art. One of the largest printing establishments in the world devoted to this purpose is that of Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons, in Germany, whence comes the greater portion of those required for the English market. In the little village of Rendnitz, just outside Leipsic, from a thousand to twelve hundred people find employment. Here may be found a room containing no fewer than thirty-two of the largest presses, on which colour-lithography is being printed. Every machine does its own work, and the amount of labour required on a single birthday card is such that many cards pass through eighteen or twenty different stages of printing, and in some exceptionally elaborate instances the number has run up to thirty-seven.

The cards are printed on great sheets of board, and from a thousand to fifteen hundred such sheets, so far as one colouring is concerned, constitute a good day's work. These sheets measure 29 inches by 30 inches, and when the various colours are complete, they are cut up by machinery into some twenty or more pieces, according to the size of the card. Nor is the printing of birthday cards confined to cardboard. Effective work has been of late years produced on satin, celluloid, and Japanese paper; and prices range from as low as twopence half-penny a gross to as much as seven and eight guineas for each card. The production of a birthday card, from the time it is designed to the time when it is laid before the public, generally occupies from eight to nine months.

The Architect's Wife.

FROM THE SPANISH OF ANTONIO TRUEBA.

[ANTONIO TRUEBA, who is still alive, was born on Christmas Eve, 1821, at Sopuerta, in Spain. As in the case of Burns, his father was a peasant, and Antonio, as a child, played in the gutters with the other village urchins, or worked with his father in the fields. But at fifteen, one of his relations, who kept a shop at Madrid, made him his assistant. By day he waited on the customers; by night he studied in his room. Genius like that of Burns and of Trueba cannot be kept down. Like Burns, the boy began to put forth songs, strong, sweet, and simple, which stirred the people's hearts like music, and soon were hummed in every village street. His fame spread; it reached the Court; and Queen Isabella bestowed upon him the lofty title of Queen's Poet. He wrote also, and still writes, prose stories of all kinds, but mostly such as, like the following, belong to the romance of history, and are rather truth than fiction.]

I.

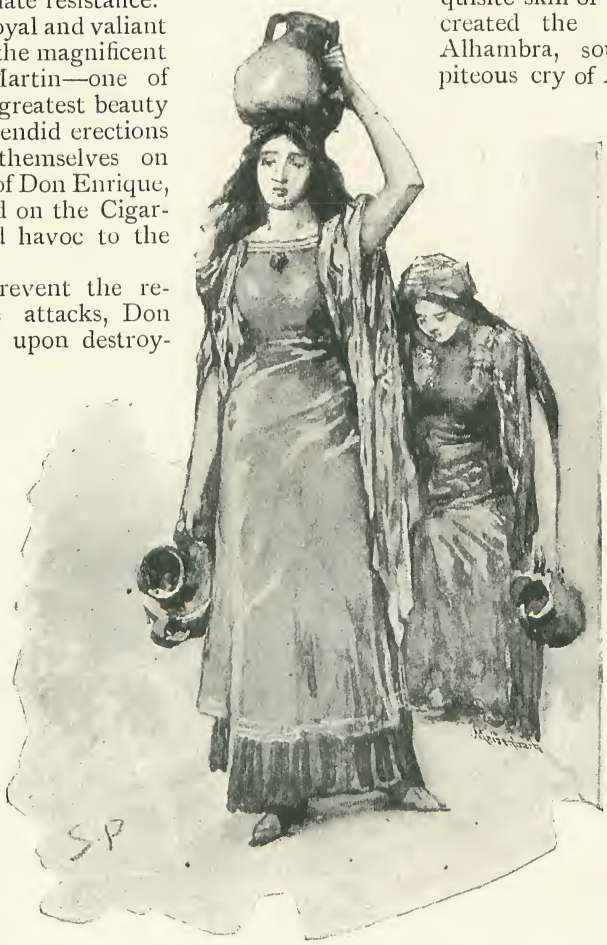
TOWARDS the middle of the fourteenth century, Toledo was laid under siege by Don Enrique de Trastamara; but the city, faithful to the King surnamed "the Cruel," offered a brave and obstinate resistance.

Often had the loyal and valiant Toledans crossed the magnificent bridge of San Martin—one of the structures of greatest beauty of that city of splendid erections—and had cast themselves on the encampment of Don Enrique, which was pitched on the Cigarrales, causing sad havoc to the besieging army.

In order to prevent the repetition of these attacks, Don Enrique resolved upon destroying the bridge.

The Cigarrales, upon which the army was encamped, were beautiful lands enclosing luxuriant orchards, pleasure gardens, and summer residences. The fame of their beauty had inspired Tirso and many Spanish poets to sing its praises.

One night the luxuriant trees were cut down by the soldiers of Don Enrique, and heaped upon the bridge. At day-dawn an immense fire raged on the bridge of San Martin, which assumed huge proportions, its sinister gleams lighting up the devastating hordes, the flowing current of the Tagus, the Palace of Don Rodrigo, and the little Arab Tower. The crackling of the strong and massive pillars, worked with all the exquisite skill of the artificers who created the marvels of the Alhambra, sounded like the piteous cry of Art oppressed by barbarism.



"MAIDENS RETURNED SORROWFULLY WITH EMPTY PITCHERS."

The Toledans, awakened by this terrible spectacle, ran to save the beautiful erection from the utter ruin which menaced it, but all their efforts were unavailing. A tremendous crash, which resounded throughout the creeks and valleys watered by the Tagus, told them that the bridge no longer existed.

Alas! it was too true!

When the rising sun gilded the cupolas of the Imperial City, the Toledan maidens who came down to the river to fill their pitchers from the pure and crystal stream, returned sorrowfully with empty

pitchers on their heads ; the clear waters had become turbid and muddy, for the roaring waves were carrying down the still smoking ruins of the bridge.

Popular indignation rose to its highest pitch, and overflowed all limits ; for the bridge of San Martin was the only path that led to the lovely Cigarrales.

Joining their forces for one supreme effort, the Toledans made a furious onslaught on the camp, and, after blood had flowed in torrents, compelled the army to take flight.

II.

MANY years passed since the bridge of San Martin had been destroyed.

Kings and Archbishops had projected schemes to replace it by another structure, of equal strength and beauty ; but the genius and perseverance of the most famous architects were unable to carry out their wishes. The rapid, powerful currents of the river destroyed and swept away the scaffolding and framework before the gigantic arches could be completed.

Don Pedro Tenorio, Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo, to whom the city owes her glory almost as much as to her Kings, sent criers throughout the cities and towns of Spain, inviting architects, Christian and Moorish, to undertake the reconstruction of the bridge of San Martin ; but with no result. The difficulties to be encountered were judged insurmountable.

At length one day a man and a woman, complete strangers to the place, entered Toledo through the Cambron Gate. They carefully inspected the ruined bridge. Then they engaged a small house near the ruins, and proceeded to take up their quarters there.

On the following day the man proceeded to the Archbishop's Palace.

His Eminence was holding a conference of prelates, learned men, and distinguished knights, who were attracted by his piety and wisdom.

Great was his joy when one of his attendants announced that an architect from distant lands solicited the honour of an audience.

The Cardinal Archbishop hastened to receive the stranger. The first salutations over, his Eminence bade him be seated.

"My Lord Archbishop," began the stranger, "my name, which is unknown to your Eminence, is Juan de Arèvalo, and I am an architect by profession."

"Are you come in answer to the invitation I have issued calling upon skilful architects to come and rebuild the bridge of San Martin, which in former times afforded a passage between the city and the Cigarrales ? "

"It was indeed that invitation which brought me to Toledo."

"Are you aware of the difficulties of its construction ? "

"I am well aware of them. But I can surmount them."

"Where did you study architecture ? "

"In Salamanca."

"And what erection have you to show me as a proof of your skill ? "

"None whatever, my lord."

The Archbishop made a gesture of impatience and distrust which was noticed by the stranger.

"I was a soldier in my youth," continued he, "but ill-health compelled me to leave the ardous profession of arms and return to Castille, the land of my birth, where I dedicated myself to the study of architecture, theoretical and practical."

"I regret," replied the Archbishop, "that you are unable to mention any work of skill that you have carried out."

"There are some erections on the Tormes and the Duero of which others have the credit, but which ought to honour him who now addresses you."

"I do not understand you."

"I was poor and obscure," rejoined Juan de Arèvalo, "and I sought only to earn bread and shelter. Glory I left to others."

"I deeply regret," replied Don Pedro Tenorio, "that you have no means of assuring us that we should not trust in you in vain."

"My lord, I can offer you one guarantee which I trust will satisfy your Eminence."

"What is that ? "

"My life ! "

"Explain yourself."

"When the framework of the centre arch shall be removed, I, the architect, will stand upon the keystone. Should the bridge fall, I shall perish with it."

"I accept the guarantee."

"My lord, trust me, and I will carry out the work ! ".

The Archbishop pressed the hand of the architect, and Juan de Arèvalo departed, his heart full of joyous expectation. His wife was anxiously awaiting his return. She was young and handsome still, despite the ravages of want and suffering.

"Catherine! my Catherine!" cried the architect, clasping his wife to his arms, "amid the monuments that embellish Toledo there will be one to transmit to posterity the name of Juan de Arèvalo!"

III.

TIME passed. No longer could the Toledans say, on approaching the Tagus across the rugged cliffs and solitary places where in former times stood the Garden of Florinda, "Here once stood the bridge of San Martin." Though the new bridge was still supported by solid scaffolding and massive frames, yet the centre arch already rose to view, and the whole was firmly planted on the ruins of the former.

The Archbishop, Don Pedro Tenorio, and the Toledans were heaping gifts and praises on the fortunate architect whose skill had joined the central arch, despite the furious power of the surging currents, and who had completed the gigantic work with consummate daring.

It was the eve of the feast of San Ildefonso, the patron saint of the city of Toledo. Juan de Arèvalo respectfully informed the Cardinal Archbishop that nothing was now wanting to conclude the work, but to remove the woodwork of the arches and the scaffolding. The joy of the Cardinal and of the people was great. The removal of the scaffolding and frames which supported the masonry was a work attended with considerable danger; but the calmness and confidence of the architect who had pledged himself to stand on the keystone and await the consequences of success or lose his life, inspired all with perfect trust.

The solemn blessing and inauguration of the bridge of San Martin was fixed to take place on the day following, and the bells of all the churches of Toledo were joyously ringing in announcement of the grand event appointed for the morrow. The Toledans contemplated with rejoicing from the heights above the Tagus the lovely Cigarrales, which for many years had remained solitary and silent—indeed, almost abandoned—but which on the day following would be restored to life.

"EXPLAIN YOURSELF."

Towards nightfall Juan de Arèvalo mounted the central arch to see that all was ready for the opening ceremony. He went humming to himself as he inspected all the works and preparations. But, suddenly, an expression of misgiving overspread his countenance. A thought had struck him—a thought that froze his blood. He descended from the bridge and hastened home.

At the door his wife received him with a joyous smile and a merry word of congratulation. But on beholding his troubled face she turned deadly pale.

"Good heavens!" she cried, affrighted, "are you ill, dear Juan?"

"No, dear wife," he replied, striving to master his emotion.

"Do not deceive me! your face tells me that something ails you?"

"Oh! the evening is cold and the work has been excessive."

"Come in and sit down at the hearth and I will get the supper ready, and when you have had something to eat and are rested you will be at ease again!"

"At ease!" murmured Juan to himself, in agony of spirit, whilst his wife busied herself in the preparation of the supper, placing the table close to the hearth, upon which she threw a faggot.

Juan made a supreme effort to overcome his sadness, but it was futile. His wife could not be deceived.

"For the first time in our married life," she said, "you hide a sorrow from me. Am I no longer worthy of your love and confidence?"

"Catherine!" he exclaimed, "do not, for heaven's sake, grieve me further by doubting my affection for you!"

"Where there is no trust," she rejoined in feeling tones, "there can be no true love."

"Then respect, for your own good and mine, the secret I conceal from you."

"Your secret is a sorrow, and I wish to know it and to lighten it."

"To lighten it? That is impossible!"

"To such a love as mine," she urged, "nothing is impossible."

"Very well: then hear me. To-morrow my life and honour will be lost. The bridge must fall into the river, and I on the keystone shall perish with the fabric which, with so much anxiety and so many hopes, I have erected!"

"ARE YOU ILL, DEAR JUAN?"

"No, no!" cried Catherine, as she clasped her husband in her arms with loving tenderness, smothering in her own heart the anguish of the revelation.

"Yes, dear wife! When I was most confident of my triumph, I discovered that, owing to an error in my calculations, the bridge must fall to-morrow when the framework is removed. And with it perishes the architect who projected and directed it."

"The bridge may sink into the waters, but not you, my loved one. On bended knees I will beseech the noble Cardinal to release you from your terrible engagement."

"What you ask will be in vain. Even should the Cardinal accede to your entreaty, I refuse life destitute of honour."

"You shall have life and honour both, dear husband," replied Catherine.

IV.

It was midnight. Juan, worn out with grief and anxious work, at last had fallen asleep; a feverish

sleep that partook more of the character of a nightmare than of Nature's sweet restorer.

Meanwhile his wife had for some time made a show of sleeping. But she watched her husband anxiously. When she felt certain that he had at length succumbed to a deep sleep, she softly rose, and scarcely daring to breathe, crept out into the kitchen. She opened the window gently and looked out.

The night was dark; now and again vivid flashes of lightning lit up the sky. No sound was heard save the roar of the rushing currents of the Tagus, and the sighing of the wind as it swept in and out among the scaffolding and complicated framework of the bridge.

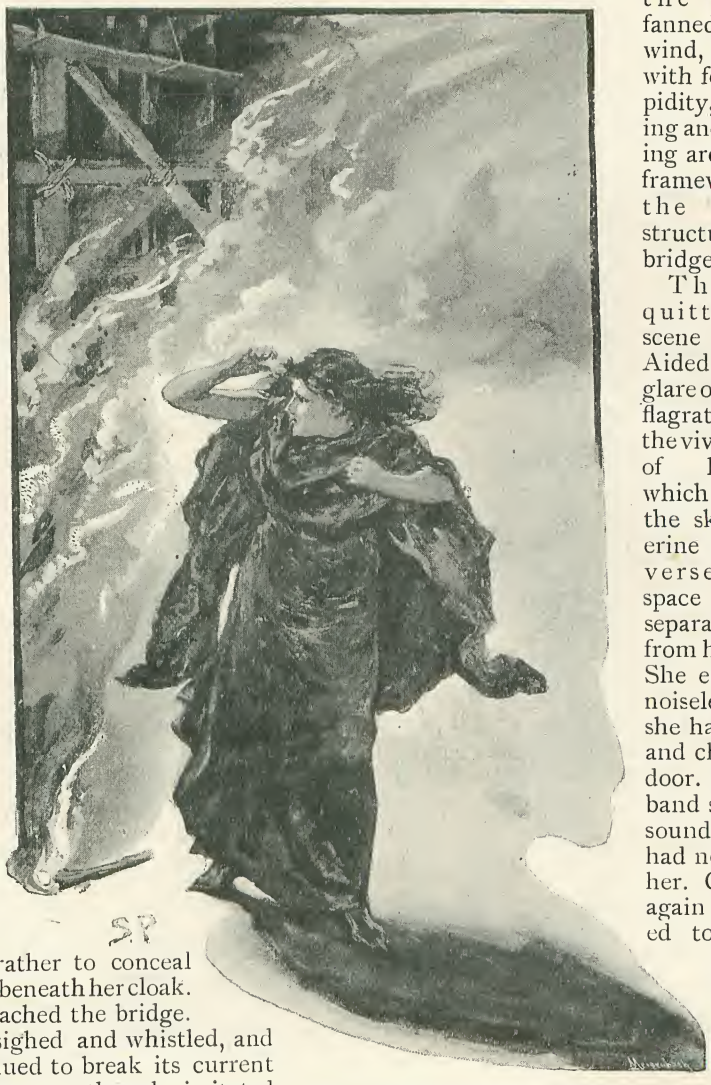
Catherine noiselessly closed the window. From the hearth she took one of the half-burnt faggots which still smouldered, and throwing a cloak over her shoulders went out into the silent streets, her heart beating wildly.

Where was she proceeding? Was she carrying that burning faggot as a torch to light her path in the dense darkness of a moonless night? It was indeed a dangerous track, covered as it was with broken boulders, and uneven ground. Yet she strove rather to conceal the lighted wood beneath her cloak.

At last she reached the bridge. The wind still sighed and whistled, and the river continued to break its current against the pillars, as though irritated at meeting obstacles which it could no longer sweep away.

Catherine approached the buttress of the bridge. An involuntary shudder of terror passed through her frame. Was it because she stood on the edge of that abyss of roaring waters? Or was it because her hand, only accustomed hitherto to deeds of goodness, was now brandishing the torch of destruction? Or rather did she tremble because a tremendous peal of thunder at that moment resounded through the vault of heaven.

Waving the torch to kindle it afresh, she applied it to the dry, resinous wood of the scaffolding. The wood quickly ignited, and the flame, fanned by the wind, ascended with fearful rapidity, spreading and involving arches and framework and the whole structure of the bridge.

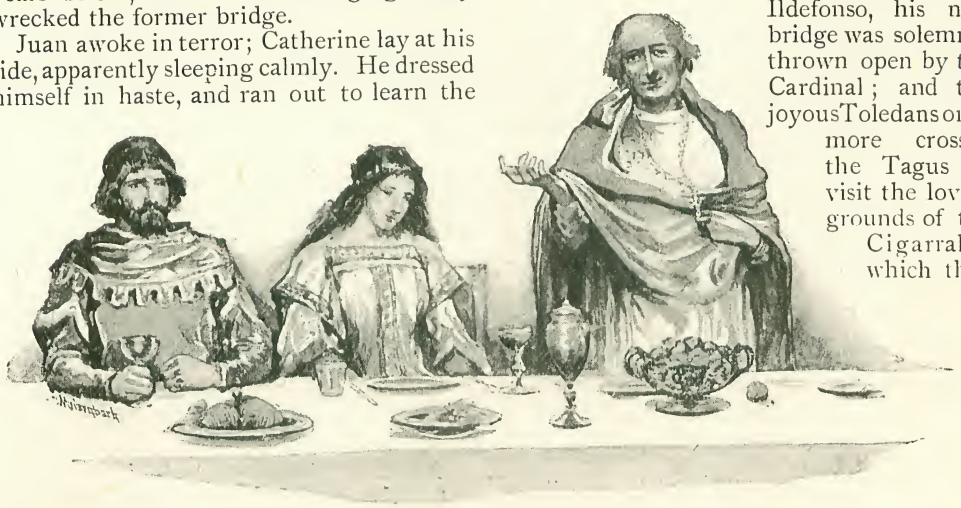


"THE FLAME ASCENDED WITH FEARFUL RAPIDITY."

Then she quitted the scene swiftly. Aided by the glare of the conflagration and the vivid flashes of lightning which lit up the sky, Catherine soon traversed the space which separated her from her home. She entered as noiselessly as she had left it, and closed the door. Her husband still slept soundly, and had not missed her. Catherine again pretended to be fast asleep, as though she had never left her bed.

A few moments later, a noise of many people running arose within the city, while from every belfry the bells rang forth the terrible alarm of fire. A tremendous crash succeeded, followed by a cry of anguish such as had been uttered years before, when the besieging army wrecked the former bridge.

Juan awoke in terror; Catherine lay at his side, apparently sleeping calmly. He dressed himself in haste, and ran out to learn the reason of the uproar. To his secret joy he beheld the ruin of the burning bridge.

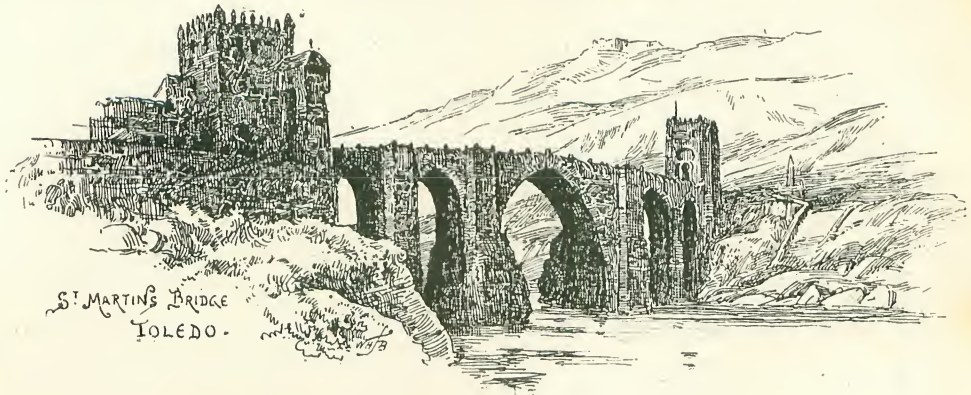


"AT HIS RIGHT HAND SAT THE ARCHITECT AND HIS NOBLE WIFE."

The Cardinal Archbishop and the Toledans attributed the disaster to a flash of lightning which had struck the central arch, and had, moreover, ignited the whole structure. The general sorrow was intense. Great also was the public sympathy with the despair which the calamity must have caused the architect, who was on the eve of a great triumph. The inhabitants never knew whether it was fire from heaven, or an accident that had caused the conflagration ; but Juan de Arèvalo, who was good and pious, and firmly believed in the protection of heaven, never wavered for an instant in the belief that the bridge had really been destroyed by lightning.

The destruction of the bridge, however, only retarded Juan's triumph for a twelvemonth. On the following year, on the same festival of San Ildefonso, his new bridge was solemnly thrown open by the Cardinal ; and the joyous Toledans once more crossed the Tagus to visit the lovely grounds of the Cigarrales, which they had been deprived of for so many years. On that auspicious day the Cardinal celebrated the event by giving a magnificent banquet. At his right hand sat the architect and his noble wife ; and after a highly complimentary speech from the Cardinal, the whole company, amidst a tumult of applause, conducted Juan and Catherine to their home.

Five hundred years have passed since then, but Juan's bridge still stands secure above the rushing waters of the Tagus. His second calculation had no error. The following illustration shows its appearance at the present day.



On the Decay of Humour in the House of Commons.

By Henry W. Lucy ("Toby, M.P.").

THERE is no doubt—it is not feigned by tired fancy—that the present House of Commons is a less entertaining assembly than it was wont to be. This is partly due to the lack of heaven-born comedians and largely to the curtailment of opportunity. The alteration of the rules of time under which the House sits for work was fatal to redundancy of humour. The House of Commons is, after all, human, and it is an indisputable fact that mankind is more disposed to mirth after dinner than before. If the record be searched it will be found that ninety per cent. of the famous scenes that have established its reputation as a place of public entertainment have happened after dinner.

Under the new rules, which practically close debate at midnight, there is no "after dinner." Mechanically, apparently involuntarily, the old arrangement of debate has shifted. Time was, within the memory of many sitting in the present House, when the climax of debate was found in its closing hours. The Leader of the House rose at eleven or half-past, and before a crowded and excited assembly cheered on his followers to an impending division. When he sat down, amid thundering cheers from his supporters, the Leader of the Opposition sprang to his feet, was hailed with a wild cheer from his friends, struck ringing blows across the table, and then, at one o'clock, or two o'clock, or whatever hour of the morning it might chance to be, members poured forth in tumultuous tide, parting at the division lobby.

"ADMIRABLY-FEIGNED SURPRISE."

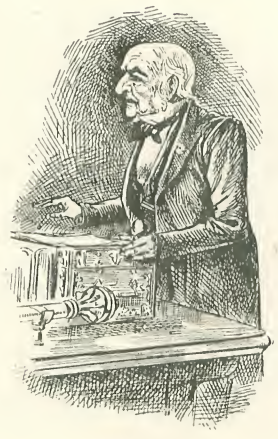
This was the period of the evening when chartered libertines of debate appeared on the scene and the fun grew fast and furious. It was Mr. O'Donnell's pleasing habit to rise when the duel between the Leaders was concluded, and the crowded House roared for the division like caged lions whose feeding-time is overstepped. Pausing to recapture his errant eyeglass, Mr. O'Donnell was accustomed to gaze round the seething mass of senators with admirably-feigned surprise at their impatience. When the uproar lulled he began his speech; when it rose again he stopped; but the speech was inevitable, and members presently recognising the position, sat in sullen silence till he had said his say.

This was comedy, not highly conceived it is true, but worked out with great skill, the enraged House chiefly contributing to its success. It was varied by the tragedy of the desperate English or Scotch member who, striving vainly night after night to catch the Speaker's eye, made a mad plunge at his last chance, and was literally howled down. It was a favourite hour for the late Mr. Biggar's manifestations, and the lamented and immortal Major O'Gorman never failed to put in an appearance at eleven o'clock, ready for any fun that might be going or might be made.

Now, when members slowly fill the House after dinner, dropping in between ten and eleven o'clock, they know there is no time for anything but business. If a division is imminent the debate must necessarily stop before midnight for the question to be put. If it is to be continued, it must be adjourned sharp on the stroke of midnight. As the House rarely refills much before eleven o'clock, there is not opportunity after dinner for more than one set speech from a favourite orator. The consequence is that the plums of debate are in these days all pulled out before dinner; and though at this period, the withers of the House being unwrung it is ready for a brisk fight, it is not in the mellow mood that invites and encourages the humorous.

Whilst the opportunities of the Parliamentary Yorick are thus peremptorily curtailed, he is at a further disadvantage in

view of the personality of the Leadership. It is impossible that a House led by Mr. W. H. Smith can be as prone to merriment as was one which found its head in Mr. Disraeli. When, in the Parliament of 1868, Mr. Gladstone was Premier and Mr. Disraeli Leader of the Opposition, or in the succeeding Parliament, when these positions were reversed, the House of Commons enjoyed a unique incentive to conditions of humour. Mr. Gladstone, with his gravity of mien, his sonorous sustained eloquence, and his seriousness about trifles, was a superb foil for the gay, but always mordant humour of Mr. Disraeli.



"ELOQUENCE."

From the outset of his career that great Parliamentarian enjoyed extraordinary advantage by reason of the accident of the personality against which, first and last, he was pitted. Having had Sir Robert Peel to gird against through the space of a dozen years, it was too much to hope that for fully a quarter of a century he should have enjoyed the crowning mercy of being opposed to and contrasted with Mr. Gladstone. Yet such was his good fortune. How little he did with Lord Hartington in the interregnum of 1874-7, and how little mark he made against Lord Granville when he met him in the Lords, brings into strong light the advantage fortune had secured for him through the longer period of his life.

Whilst the tone and habit of the House of Commons in matters of humour are to a considerable extent conformable with the idosyncrasy of its leaders, it will sometimes, in despair of prevailing dulness, assume a joke if it has it not. There is nothing more delightful in the happiest efforts of Mr. Disraeli than the peculiar relations which subsist between the present House of Commons and Mr. W. H. Smith. On one side we have a good, amiable, somewhat pedagogic gentleman, unexpectedly thrust into the seat haunted by the shades of Palmerston and Disraeli. On the other side is the House of Commons, a little doubtful of the result, but personally liking the new Leader, and constitutionally prone to recognise authority.

At first Mr. Smith was voted unbearably dull. His hesitating manner, his painful self-consciousness, his moral reflections, and his all-pervading sense of "duty to his Queen and country" bored the House. In the first few months of his succession to Lord Randolph Churchill, there was seen the unwonted spectacle of members getting up and leaving the House when the Leader presented himself at the table. But Mr. Smith plodded on, patiently, pathetically, trolling out his moral reflections, and tremulously preserving what with full consciousness of the contradiction of words may be described as an air of submissive authority. Members began to perceive, or perhaps to invent, the fun of the thing. Mr. Smith realised their boyhood's idea of Mr. Barlow conversing with his pupils; only he was always benevolent, and though he frequently shook his ferule with threatening gesture, Sandford and Merton felt that the palms of their hands were safe.

"HAUNTED."

Mr. Smith is, however, peculiarly a House of Commons' possession. No one out of the House can quite understand how precious he is, how inimitable, how indescribable. To the outsider he makes poor amends for the Irish Members of the Parliament of 1874, or the Fourth Party that played so prominent a *rôle* in the House that met in 1880. The Fourth Party, like the Major, Mr. Biggar, Mr. Delahunty, Mr. McCarthy Downing, and the famous Lord Mayor of

Dublin—who warned Mr. Forster what would happen in the event of an (absolutely uncontemplated) attempt on the part of the Chief Secretary to drag his lordship's spouse out of her bed in the dead of the night—are with us no more. Gone too,

"THREE-FOURTHS OF A PARTY."

faded into dreamland, are the characters who made up the Fourth Party. Happily three of them remain with us, though in strangely altered circumstances. Two sit on the Treasury Bench, and one watches it from behind with friendly concern that adds a new terror to Ministerial office.

Each in his way brilliantly sustains the reputation of the famous school in which he was trained. There is in the House only one possibly superior combination of debaters to Lord Randolph Churchill, Mr. Arthur Balfour, and Sir John Gorst. In the quality of humour especially under consideration, this combination carries away the palm from the other. I think it is untrue to say, as is commonly accepted, that Mr. Gladstone is devoid of the sense of humour, though it must be admitted that it does not predominate in his House of Commons speeches. Mr. Chamberlain is even more conspicuously lacking in this commanding quality. On the other hand, Mr. Balfour in his House of Commons addresses does not shine as a humorist. He is in his public character (in strange contrast, by the way, with his personal habitude) not sufficiently genial. But he has a pretty wit of the sarcastic, poisoned-dagger style, which, differing from the effects of humour, makes everybody laugh, save the object of the attack. *He* writhes.

Mr. Balfour's Parliamentary style, doubtless unconsciously, perhaps for reasons connected with heredity, is shaped upon his distinguished uncle's. He lacks the grave ponderosity which gives the finishing touch to Lord Salisbury's occasional trifling with public questions. But he is still young, and his style inchoate.

The Minister who answers for India in the House of Commons cannot fairly be expected to contribute to the hilarity of its proceedings. Yet occasionally Sir John Gorst, more particularly at question-time, standing at the table with almost funereal aspect, drops a parenthetical remark that convulses the House with laughter. Lord Randolph Churchill, since he has taken to racing, has assumed a gravity of manner which militates against repetition of his old successes in setting the table in a roar.

But the gloom under which he has enveloped himself is, like that which just now obscures the sunlight of laughter over the House generally, only a temporary condition. The present House has accidentally run into a groove of gloom, which will probably outlast its existence. But there is no reason to believe that the decay of humour noted will be permanent. There is no assembly in the world so pathetically eager to be amused as is the House of Commons. It sits and listens entranced to bursts of sustained argument. It follows with keen intellectual delight the course of subtle

"HE WRITHES."

argument. It burns with fierce indignation at a story of wrong-doing. It flashes with generous impulse at an invitation to do right. But it likes, above all things, to be made to laugh. In its despair of worthier efforts, almost anything will do. An agitated orator rounding off his peroration by sitting down on his hat ; a glass of water upset ; or, primest joke of all, an impassioned oratorical fist brought down with resonant thud on the hat of a listener sitting attentive on the bench below—these are trivial, familiar accidents that never fail to bring down the House.

"AN IMPASSIONED ORATORICAL FIST."

So persistently eager is the House to be amused that, failing the gift of beneficent nature, it will, as in the case of Mr. W. H. Smith, invent a humorous aspect of a man, and laugh at its own creation. There are many cases where a man has commenced his Parliamentary career amidst evidences not only of personal disfavour, but of almost malignant animosity, and has finished by finding his interposition in debate hailed by hilarious cheering. Such a case was that of the late Mr. Biggar, who for fully ten years of his Parliamentary career was an object of unbridled execration. He lived to find himself almost a prime favourite in the House, a man who, when he had not got further in his speech than to ejaculate "Mr. Speaker, sir," found himself the focus of a circle of beaming faces, keenly anticipatory of fun. Mr. Biggar in the sessions of 1886-9 was the same member for Cavan who, in the Parliament of 1874, was a constant mark of contumely, and even of personal hatred. The House had grown used to him, and had gradually built up round his name and personality an ideal of eccentric humour. But the creative power was with the audience — a priceless quality that remains with it even in these dull times, and though temporarily subdued, will presently have its day again.

"A PRIME FAVOURITE."

The Snowstorm.

FROM THE RUSSIAN OF ALEXANDER PUSHKIN.

TOWARDS the end of 1811, at a memorable period for Russians, lived on his own domain of Nenaradova the kind-hearted Gavril R. He was celebrated in the whole district for his hospitality and his genial character. Neighbours constantly visited him to have something to eat and drink, and to play at five-copeck boston with his wife, Praskovia. Some, too, went to have a look at their daughter, Maria; a tall pale girl of seventeen. She was an heiress, and they desired her either for themselves or for their sons.

Maria had been brought up on French novels, and consequently was in love. The object of her affection was a poor ensign in the army, who was now at home in his small village on leave of absence. As a matter of course, the young man reciprocated Maria's passion. But the parents of his beloved, noticing their mutual attachment, forbade their daughter even to think of him, while they received him worse than an ex-assize judge.

Our lovers corresponded, and met alone daily in the pine wood or by the old roadway chapel. There they vowed everlasting love, inveighed against fate, and exchanged various suggestions. Writing and talking in this way, they quite naturally reached the following conclusion :—

If we cannot exist apart from each other, and if the tyranny of hard-hearted parents throws obstacles in the way of our happiness, then can we not manage without them?

Of course, this happy idea originated in the mind of the young man; but it pleased immensely the romantic imagination of Maria.

"THE LOVERS MET IN THE PINE WOOD."

Winter set in, and put a stop to their meetings. But their correspondence became all the more active. Vladimir begged Maria in every letter to give herself up to him that they might get married secretly, hide for a while, and then throw themselves at the feet of their parents, who would of course in the end be touched by their heroic constancy and say to them, "Children, come to our arms!"

Maria hesitated a long while, and out of many different plans proposed, that of flight was for a time rejected. At last, how-

ever, she consented. On the appointed day she was to decline supper, and retire to her room under the plea of a headache. She and her maid, who was in the secret, were then to go out into the garden by the back stairs, and beyond the garden they would find a sledge ready for them, would get into it and drive a distance of five miles from Nenaradova, to the village of Jadrino, straight to the church, where Vladimir would be waiting for them.

On the eve of the decisive day, Maria did not sleep all night; she was packing and tying up linen and dresses. She wrote, moreover, a long letter to a friend of hers, a sentimental young lady; and another to her parents. Of the latter, she took leave in the most touching terms. She excused the step she was taking by reason of the unconquerable power of love, and wound up by declaring that she should consider it the happiest moment of her life when she was allowed to throw herself at the feet of her dearest parents. Sealing both letters with a Toula seal, on which were engraven two flaming hearts with an appropriate inscription, she at last threw herself upon her bed before daybreak, and dosed off, though even then she was awakened from one moment to another by terrible thoughts. First it seemed to her that at the moment of entering the sledge in order to go and get married, her father stopped her, and with cruel rapidity dragged her over the snow, and threw her into a dark bottomless cellar—down which she fell headlong with an indescribable sinking of the heart. Then she saw Vladimir, lying on the grass, pale and bleeding; with his dying breath he implored her to make haste and marry him. Other hideous and senseless visions floated before her one after another. Finally, she rose paler than usual, and with a real headache.

"SHE BURST INTO TEARS."

Both her father and her mother remarked her indisposition. Their tender anxiety and constant inquiries, "What is the matter with you, Masha—are you ill?" cut her to the heart. She tried to pacify them and to appear cheerful; but she could not. Evening set in. The idea that she was passing the day for the last time in the midst of her family oppressed her. In her secret heart she took leave of everybody, of everything which surrounded her.

Supper was served; her heart beat violently. In a trembling voice she declared that she did not want any supper, and wished her father and mother good-night. They kissed her, and as usual blessed her; and she nearly wept.

Reaching her own room, she threw herself into an easy chair and burst into tears. Her maid begged her to be calm and take courage. Everything was ready. In half an hour Masha would leave for ever her parents' house, her own room, her peaceful life as a young girl.

Out of doors the snow was falling, the wind howling. The shutters rattled and shook. In everything she seemed to recognise omens and threats.

Soon the whole home was quiet and asleep. Masha wrapped herself in a shawl,

put on a warm cloak, and with a box in her hand, passed out on to the back staircase. The maid carried two bundles after her. They descended into the garden. The snowstorm raged; a strong wind blew against them, as if trying to stop the young culprit. With difficulty they reached the end of the garden. In the road a sledge awaited them.

The horses, from cold, would not stand still. Vladimir's coachman was walking to and fro in front of them, trying to quiet them. He helped the young lady and her maid to their seats, and packing away the bundles and the dressing-case, took up the reins, and the horses flew forward into the darkness of the night.

Having entrusted the young lady to the care of fate and of Tereshka the coachman, let us return to the young lover.

Vladimir had spent the whole day in driving. In the morning he had called on the Jadrino priest, and, with difficulty, came to terms with him. Then he went to seek for witnesses from amongst the neighbouring gentry. The first on whom he called was a former cornet of horse, Dravin by name, a man in his forties, who consented at once. The adventure, he declared, reminded him of old times and of his larks when he was in the Hussars. He persuaded Vladimir to stop to dinner with him, assuring him that there would be no difficulty in getting the other two witnesses. Indeed, immediately after dinner in came the surveyor Schmidt, with a moustache and spurs, and the son of a captain-magistrate, a boy of sixteen, who had recently entered the Uhlans. They not only accepted Vladimir's proposal, but even swore that they were ready to sacrifice their lives for him. Vladimir embraced them with delight, and drove off to get everything ready.

It had long been dark. Vladimir despatched his trustworthy Tereshka to Nenaradova with his two-horsed sledge, and with appropriate instructions for the occasion. For himself he ordered the small sledge with one horse, and started alone without a coachman for Jadrino, where Maria ought to arrive in a couple of hours. He knew the road, and the drive would only occupy twenty minutes.

But Vladimir had scarcely passed from the enclosure into the open field when the wind rose, and soon there was a driving snowstorm so heavy and so severe that he could not see. In a moment the road was covered with snow. All landmarks disappeared in the murky yellow darkness, through which fell white flakes of snow. Sky and earth became merged into one. Vladimir, in the midst

"ALL LANDMARKS DISAPPEARED."

of the field, tried in vain to get to the road. The horse walked on at random, and every moment stepped either into deep snow or into a rut, so that the sledge was constantly upsetting. Vladimir tried at least not to lose the right direction; but it seemed to him that more than half an hour had passed, and he had not yet reached the Jadrino wood. Another ten minutes passed, and still the wood was invisible. Vladimir drove across fields intersected by deep ditches. The snowstorm did not abate, and the sky did not clear. The horse was getting tired and the perspiration rolled from him like hail, in spite of the fact that every moment his legs were disappearing in the snow.

At last Vladimir found that he was going in the wrong direction. He stopped; began to reflect, recollect, and consider; till at last he became convinced that he ought to have turned to the right. He did so now. His horse could scarcely drag along. But he had been more than an hour on the road, and Jadrino could not now be far. He drove and drove, but there was no getting out of the field. Still snow-drifts and ditches. Every moment the sledge was upset, and every moment Vladimir had to raise it up.

Time was slipping by; and Vladimir grew seriously anxious. At last in the distance some dark object could be seen.

Vladimir turned in its direction, and as he drew near found it was a wood.

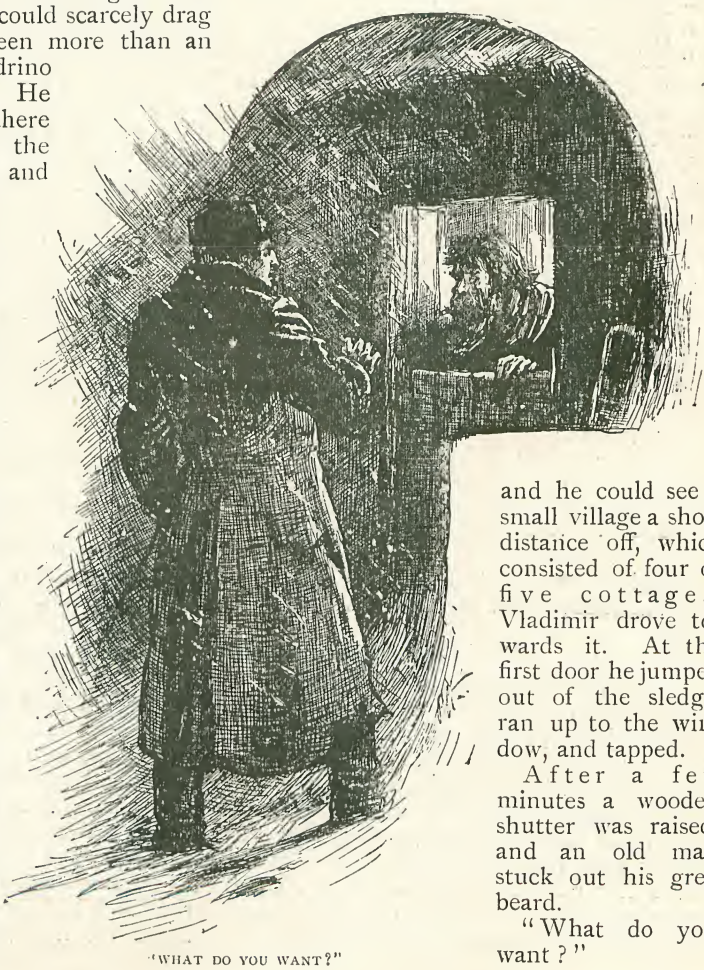
"Thank Heaven," he thought, "I am now near the end."

He drove by the side of the wood, hoping to come at once upon the familiar road, or, if not, to pass round the wood. Jadrino was situated immediately behind it.

He soon found the road, and passed into the darkness of the wood, now stripped by the winter. The wind could not rage here; the road was smooth, the horse picked up courage, and Vladimir was comforted.

He drove and drove, but still Jadrino was not to be seen; there was no end to the wood. Then, to his horror, he discovered that he had got into a strange wood! He was in despair. He whipped his horse, and the poor animal started off at a trot. But it soon got tired, and in a quarter of an hour, in spite of all poor Vladimir's efforts, could only crawl.

Gradually the trees became thinner, and Vladimir drove out of the wood; but Jadrino was not to be seen. It must have been about midnight. Tears gushed from the young man's eyes. He drove on at random; and now the weather abated, the clouds dispersed, and before him was a wide stretch of plain covered with a white billowy carpet. The night was comparatively clear,



"WHAT DO YOU WANT?"

and he could see a small village a short distance off, which consisted of four or five cottages. Vladimir drove towards it. At the first door he jumped out of the sledge, ran up to the window, and tapped.

After a few minutes a wooden shutter was raised, and an old man stuck out his grey beard.

"What do you want?"

"How far is Jadrino?"

"How far is Jadrino?"

"Yes, yes! Is it far?"

"Not far; about ten miles."

At this answer Vladimir clutched hold of his hair, and stood motionless, like a man condemned to death.

"Where do you come from?" added the man. Vladimir had not the courage to reply.

"My man," he said, "can you procure me horses to Jadrino?"

"We have no horses," answered the peasant.

"Could I find a guide? I will pay him any sum he likes."

"Stop!" said the old man, dropping the shutter; "I will send my son out to you; he will conduct you."

Vladimir waited. Scarcely a minute had passed when he again knocked. The shutter was lifted, and a beard was seen.

"What do you want?"

"What about your son?"

"He'll come out directly: he is putting on his boots. Are you cold? Come in and warm yourself."

"Thanks; send out your son quickly."

The gate creaked; a youth came out with a cudgel, and walked on in front, at one time pointing out the road, at another looking for it in a mass of drifted snow.

"What o'clock is it?" Vladimir asked him.

"It will soon be daylight," replied the young peasant. Vladimir spoke not another word.

The cocks were crowing, and it was light when they reached Jadrino. The church was closed. Vladimir paid the guide, and drove into the yard of the priest's house. In the yard his two-horsed sledge was not to be seen. What news awaited him!

But let us return to the kind proprietors of Nenaradova, and see what is going on there.

Nothing.

The old people awoke, and went into the sitting-room, Gavril in a night-cap and flannel jacket, Praskovia in a wadded dressing gown. The samovar was brought in, and Gavril sent the little maid to ask Maria how she was and how she had slept. The little maid returned, saying that her young lady had slept badly, but that she was better now, and that she would come into the sitting-room in a moment. And indeed the door opened and Maria came in and wished her papa and mamma good morning.

"How is your head-ache, Masha?" (familiar for Mary) inquired Gavril.

"Better, papa," answered Masha.

"The fumes from the stoves must have given you your headache," remarked Praskovia.

"Perhaps so, mamma," replied Masha.

The day passed well enough, but in the night Masha was taken ill. A doctor was sent for from town. He came towards evening and found the patient delirious. Soon she was in a severe fever, and in a fortnight the poor patient was on the brink of the grave.

No member of the family knew anything of the flight from home. The letters written by Masha the evening before had been burnt; and the maid, fearing the wrath of the master and mistress, had not breathed a word. The priest, the ex-cornet, the big moustached surveyor, and the little lancer were equally discreet, and with good reason. Tereshka, the coachman, never said too much, not even in his drink. Thus the secret was kept better than it might have been by half a dozen conspirators.

But Maria herself, in the course of her long fever let out her secret. Nevertheless, her words were so disconnected that her mother, who never left her bedside, could only make out from them that her daughter was desperately in love with Vladimir, and that probably love was the cause of her illness. She consulted her husband and some of her neighbours, and at last it was decided unanimously that the fate of Maria ought not to be interfered with, that a woman must not ride away from the man she is destined to marry, that poverty is no crime, that a woman has to live not with money but with a man, and so on. Moral proverbs are wonderfully useful on such occasions, when we can invent little or nothing in our own justification.

Meanwhile the young lady began to recover. Vladimir had not been seen for a long time in the house of Gavril, so frightened had he been by his previous reception. It was now resolved to send and announce to him the good news which he could scarcely expect: the consent of her parents to his marriage with Maria.

But what was the astonishment of the proprietors of Nenaradova when, in answer to their invitation they received an insane reply. Vladimir informed them he could never set foot in their house, and begged

them to forget an unhappy man whose only hope now was in death. A few days afterwards they heard that Vladimir had left the place and joined the army.

A long time passed before they ventured to tell Masha, who was now recovering. She never mentioned Vladimir. Some months later, however, finding his name in the list of those who had distinguished themselves and been severely wounded at Borodino, she fainted, and it was feared that the fever might return. But, Heaven be thanked! the fainting fit had no bad results.

Maria experienced yet another sorrow. Her father died, leaving her the heiress of all his property. But the inheritance could not console her. She shared sincerely the affliction of her mother, and vowed she would never leave her.

Suitors clustered round the charming heiress; but she gave no one the slightest hope. Her mother sometimes tried to persuade her to choose a companion in life; but Maria shook her head, and grew pensive.

Vladimir no longer existed. He had died at Moscow on the eve of the arrival of the French. His memory was held sacred by Maria, and she treasured up everything that would remind her of him: books he had read, drawings which he had made; songs he had sung, and the pieces of poetry which he had copied out for her.

The neighbours, hearing all this, wondered at her fidelity, and awaited with curiosity the arrival of the hero who must in the end triumph over the melancholy constancy of this virgin Artemis.

Meanwhile, the war had been brought to a glorious conclusion, and our armies were returning from abroad. The people ran to meet them. The music played by the regimental bands consisted of war songs, "Vive Henri-Quatre," Tirolese waltzes and airs from Joconde. Nourished on the atmosphere of winter, officers who had started on the campaign mere striplings, returned grown men, and covered with decorations. The soldiers conversed gaily among themselves, mingling German and French words every moment in their speech. A time never to be forgotten—a time of glory and delight! How quickly beat the Russian heart at the words, "Native land!" How sweet the tears of meeting! With what unanimity did we combine feelings of national pride with love for the 'Tsar! And for him, what a moment!

The women—our Russian women—were splendid then. Their usual coldness disappeared. Their delight was really intoxicating when, meeting the conquerors, they

"A TIME OF GLORY AND DELIGHT."

cried, "Hurrah!" And they threw up their caps in the air.

Who of the officers of that period does not own that to the Russian women he was indebted for his best and most valued reward? During this brilliant period Maria was living with her mother in retirement, and neither of them saw how, in both the capitals, the returning troops were welcomed. But in the districts and villages the general enthusiasm was, perhaps, even greater.

In these places the appearance of an officer became for him a veritable triumph. The accepted lover in plain clothes fared badly by his side.

We have already said that, in spite of her coldness, Maria was still, as before, surrounded by suitors. But all had to fall in the rear when there arrived at his castle the wounded young captain of Hussars —Bourmin by name—with the order of St. George in his button-hole, and an interesting pallor on his face. He was about twenty-six. He had come home on leave to his estates, which were close to Maria's villa. Maria paid him such attention as none of the others received. In his presence her habitual gloom disappeared. It could not be said that she flirted with him. But a poet, observing her behaviour, might have asked, "S' amor non è, che dunque?"

Bourmin was really a very agreeable young man. He possessed just the kind of sense that pleased women: a sense of what is suitable and becoming. He had no affectation, and was carelessly satirical. His manner towards Maria was simple and easy. He seemed to be of a quiet and modest disposition; but rumour said that he had at one time been terribly wild. This, however, did not harm him in the opinion of Maria, who (like all other young ladies) excused, with pleasure, vagaries which were the result of impulsiveness and daring.

But above all—more than his love-making, more than his pleasant talk, more than his interesting pallor, more even than his bandaged arm—the silence of the young Hussar excited her curiosity and her imagination. She could not help confessing to herself that he pleased her very much. Probably he too, with his acuteness and his experience, had seen that he interested her. How was it, then, that up to this moment she had not seen him at her feet; had not received from him any declaration whatever? And wherefore did she not encourage him with more attention, and, according to circumstances, even with tenderness? Had she a secret of her own which would account for her behaviour?

At last, Bourmin fell into such deep meditation, and his black eyes rested with such fire upon Maria, that the decisive moment seemed very near. The neighbours spoke of the marriage as an accomplished fact, and kind Praskovia rejoiced that her daughter had at last found for herself a worthy mate.

The lady was sitting alone once in the drawing-room, laying out grande-patience, when Bourmin entered the room, and at once inquired for Maria.

"She is in the garden," replied the old lady: "go to her, and I will wait for you here." Bourmin went, and the old lady made the sign of the cross and thought, "Perhaps the affair will be settled to-day!"

Bourmin found Maria in the ivy-bower beside the pond, with a book in her hands, and wearing a white dress—a veritable heroine of romance. After the first inquiries, Maria purposely let the conversation drop; increasing by these means the mutual embarrassment, from which it was only possible to escape by means of a sudden and positive declaration.

It happened thus. Bourmin, feeling the awkwardness of his position, informed Maria that he had long sought an opportunity of opening his heart to her, and that he begged for a moment's attention. Maria closed the book and lowered her eyes, as a sign that she was listening.

"I love you," said Bourmin, "I love you passionately!" Maria blushed, and bent her head still lower.

"I have behaved imprudently, yielding as I have done to the seductive pleasure of seeing and hearing you daily." Maria recollected the first letter of St. Preux in "La Nouvelle Heloise." "It is too late now to resist my fate. The remembrance of you, your dear incomparable image, must from to-day be at once the torment and the consolation of my existence. I have now a grave duty to perform, a terrible secret to disclose, which will place between us an insurmountable barrier."

"It has always existed!" interrupted Maria; "I could never have been your wife."

"I know," he replied quickly; "I know that you once loved. But death and three years of mourning may have worked some change. Dear, kind Maria, do not try to deprive me of my last consolation;

the idea that you might have consented to make me happy if——. Don't speak, for God's sake don't speak—you torture me. Yes, I know, I feel that you could have been mine, but—I am the most miserable of beings—I am already married ! "

Maria looked at him in astonishment.

"IN THE IVY-BOWER."

"I am married," continued Bourmin ; "I have been married more than three years, and do not know who my wife is, or where she is, or whether I shall ever see her again."

"What are you saying ?" exclaimed Maria ; "how strange ! Pray continue."

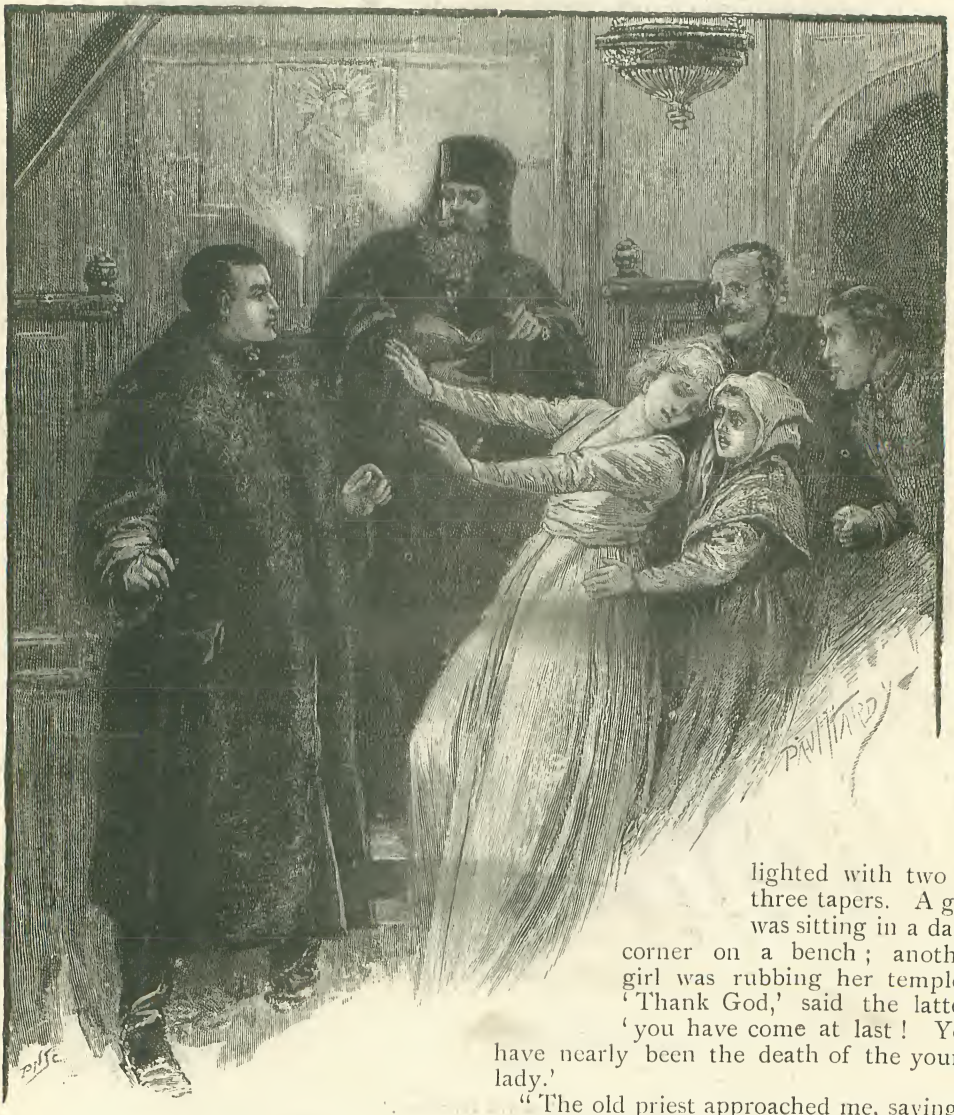
"In the beginning of 1812," said Bourmin, "I was hurrying on to Wilna, where my regiment was stationed. Arriving one evening late at a station, I ordered the horses to be got ready quickly, when suddenly a fearful snowstorm broke out. Both station-master and drivers advised me to wait till it was over. I listened to their advice, but an unaccountable restlessness took possession of me, just as though someone was pushing me on. Meanwhile, the snowstorm did not abate. I could bear it no longer, and again ordered the horses, and started in the midst of the storm. The driver took it into his head to drive along the river, which would shorten the distance by three miles. The banks were covered with snowdrifts ; the driver missed

the turning which would have brought us out on to the road, and we turned up in an unknown place. The storm never ceased. I could discern a light, and told the driver to make for it. We entered a village, and found that the light proceeded from a wooden church. The church was open. Outsides the railings stood several sledges, and people passing in and out through the porch.

"'Here! here!' cried several voices. I told the coachman to drive up.

"'Where have you dawdled?' said someone to me. 'The bride has fainted; the priest does not know what to do; we were on the point of going back. Make haste and get out!'

"I got out of the sledge in silence, and stepped into the church, which was dimly lighted with two or three tapers. A girl was sitting in a dark corner on a bench; another girl was rubbing her temples. 'Thank God,' said the latter, 'you have come at last! You have nearly been the death of the young lady.'



"IT IS NOT HE!—NOT HE!"

"The old priest approached me, saying,

"'Shall I begin?'

"'Begin—begin, reverend father,' I replied, absently.

"The young lady was raised up. I thought her rather pretty. Oh, wild, unpardonable frivolity! I placed myself by her side at the altar. The priest hurried on.

"Three men and the maid supported

the bride, and occupied themselves with her alone. We were married!

"'Kiss your wife,' said the priest.

"My wife turned her pale face towards me. I was going to kiss her, when she exclaimed, 'Oh! it is not he—not he!' and fell back insensible.

"The witnesses stared at me. I turned round and left the church without any attempt being made to stop me, threw myself into the sledge, and cried, 'Away!'"

"What!" exclaimed Maria. "And you don't know what became of your unhappy wife?"

"I do not," replied Bourmin; "neither do I know the name of the village where I was married, nor that of the station from which I started. At that time I thought so little of my wicked joke that, on driving away from the church, I fell asleep, and never woke till early the next morning, after reaching the third station. The servant who was with me died during the campaign, so that I have now no hope of ever discovering the unhappy woman on whom I played such a cruel trick, and who is now so cruelly avenged."

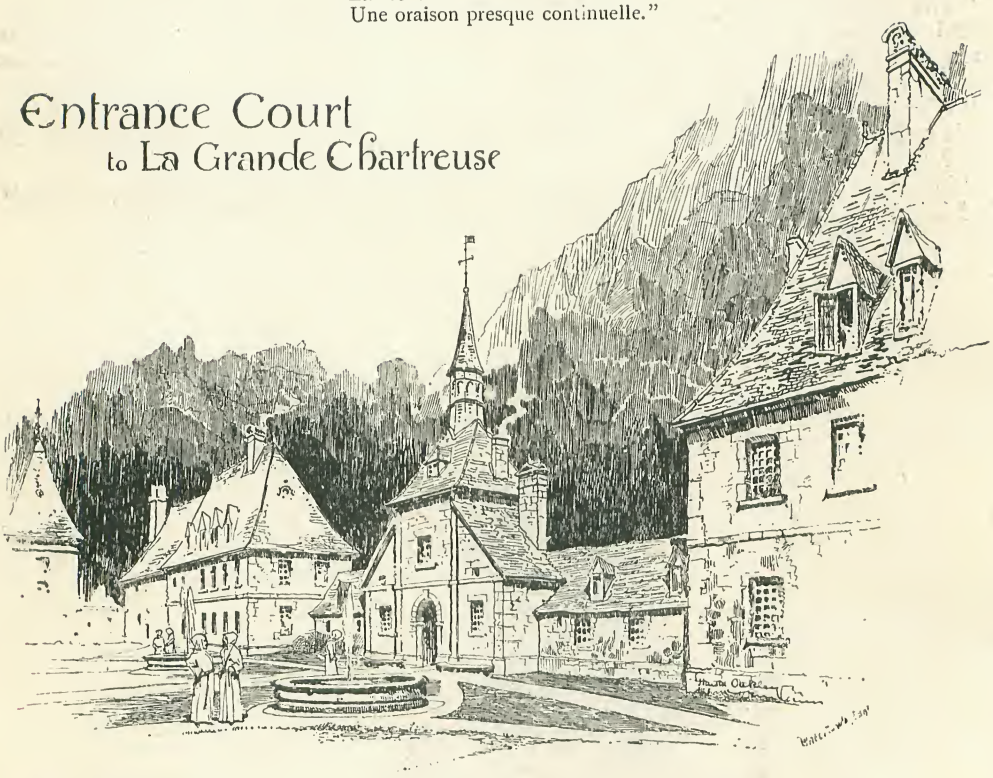
"Great heavens!" cried Maria, seizing his hand. "Then it was you, and you do not recognise me?"

Bourmin turned pale—and threw himself at her feet.

A Night at The Grand Chartreuse.

By J. E. Muddock.

" La vie d'un bon Chartreux doit être
Une oraison presque continuelle."



Entrance Court
to La Grande Chartreuse

THE above is the legend that is painted on the door of every cell occupied by a monk of the silent Order of Carthusians. To pray always for those who never pray; to pray for those who have done you wrong; to pray for those who sin every hour of their lives; to pray for all sorts and conditions of men, no matter what their colour, no matter what their creed; to pray that God will remove doubt and scepticism from the world, and open all human eyes to the way of faith and salvation. Such is the chief duty of the Chartreux. That the lives of these men is a continual prayer would seem to be an undoubted fact; but they are more than that—they are lives of silence, that must not be broken, save under exceptional circumstances. Time has been when they were surrounded by their families, their friends, when perhaps they had ambitions like other men, hopes like other men, and, it may be, have given their love to women. But then something has happened to change the current of their lives, the course of their thought: the mundane world has become distasteful, and with heavy hearts and weary feet they have sought the lonely monastery, and, having once entered, the door has closed upon them for ever. Henceforth the horizon of their world is the monastery wall; and the only sounds they will hear save the wind when it howls, or the thunder when it rolls, are the eternal tolling of the bell, and the wail and chant of the monotonous prayers. It is difficult to understand how men, young, rich, well-favoured, can seclude themselves in this busy and wonderful age; and, renouncing all the pleasures and gaiety of the world, take upon themselves solemn vows of chastity and silence, which, once

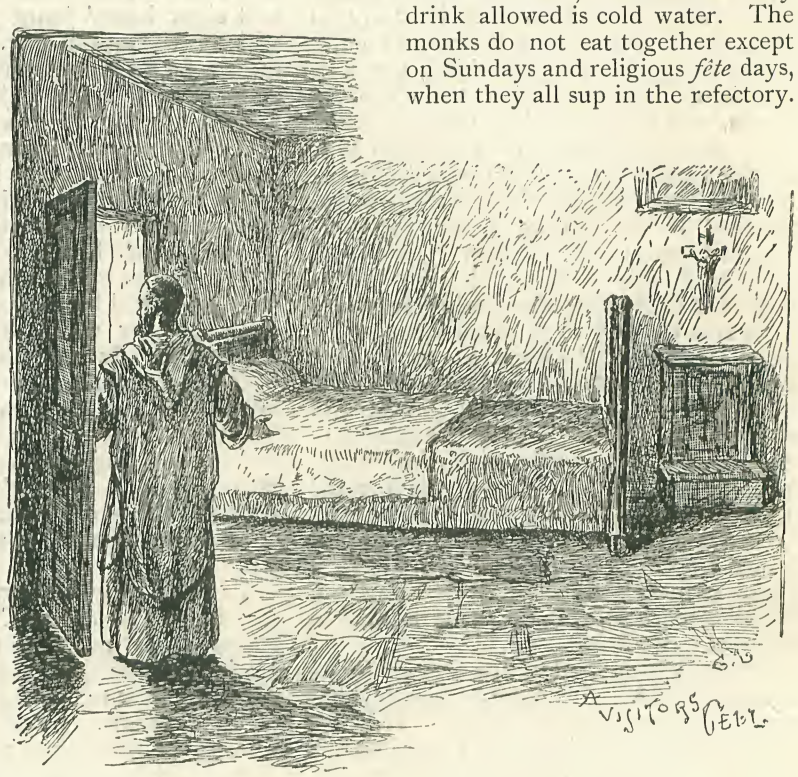
taken, are devoutly kept. To God and God's service they dedicate themselves; and though on the earth, they are scarcely of it. They live, but for them it is the beginning of eternity; the passion and fret of the world will never more disturb them, and their one longing is to change the finite for the infinite. It is surely no ordinary faith that impels men to enter into a living death of this kind, nor is it fanaticism, but a devotion too deep for words, too mysterious for ordinary comprehensions to grasp. One must go back to the eleventh century for the beginning of the history of this strange Order. It was founded by St. Bruno, of Cologne, who imposed upon his votaries "Solitude," "Silence," and "Fasting." For above eight hundred years the Carthusians have been true to their saint, and wherever they have established themselves they have lived their lives of silence, knowing nothing of the seductive and tender influence of women, or the love and sweetness of children; dying, when their time came, without a pang of regret at leaving the world, and with nothing to perpetuate their memories, save a tiny wooden cross, on which a number is painted. But in half a dozen years or so the cross rots away, and is never renewed, and the dead brother is referred to no more.

The lonely convent of the Grande Chartreuse is as old as the Order, although it has undergone considerable change. It is now a great building, occupying a considerable extent of ground, but originally it must have been a single small house. It stands in a defile, in a region of utter loneliness. Gradually it has grown and expanded, and in order to protect it against the attacks of thieves and marauders, it is surrounded by a massive wall that is loopholed and embrasured. For what purpose it is difficult to say, for these monks would never take human life, not even to save their own. So far, however, as I have been able to learn there is no record of the convent having been seriously attacked during any period of its history. But in the Revolution of 1792 the monks were cruelly expelled, and their most valuable library was destroyed. They separated in little groups, and found refuge in holy houses of their order in different parts of Europe, until the restoration of 1815—that memorable year—when they reunited and returned to their beloved monastery amid the solitude of the eternal mountains.

La Grande Chartreuse is situated amidst scenes of savage grandeur, 3,800 feet above the sea, at the foot of the Mont Grand Som, which reaches a height of 6,668 feet, and commands a view of surpassing magnificence. It is in the Department of Isère, France, and eight hours' journey from Grenoble, which is the capital of the Department, and famous for its gloves. The nearest railway station is a five hours' journey away, and there is no other human habitation within many miles of the convent. The approaches are by wild and rugged gorges, through which excellent roads have of late years been made, but formerly these gorges might have been held by a handful of men against a host. In the winter the roads are blocked with snow, and between the lonely convent and the outer world there is little communication. In summer the pine woods look solemn and dark, and the ravines are filled with the music of falling waters. There is a strange absence of bird melody, and the wind sighs amongst the pines, and moans around the rocks. And yet the region is one of entrancing beauty, and full of a dreamy repose that makes its influence felt.

To this lonely convent I travelled one day in the late autumn, when the falling leaves spoke sadly of departed summer glories, and the shrill blasts that came down the glens were messengers from the regions of ice and snow. I had gone by train to Voiron, between Rives and Grenoble, and thence had tramped through the beautiful gorges of Crossey for five hours. The afternoon had been sullen, and bitterly cold, and the shades of night were fast falling as, weary and hungry, I rang the great bell at the convent gate, and begged for hospitality. A tall, cowled monk received me, but uttered no word. He merely made a sign for me to follow him, and, closing the gate and shooting the massive bolts, he led the way across a court, where I was met by another monk, who was allowed to break the rigid vow of silence so far that he could inquire of strangers what their business was. He asked me if I desired food and rest, and on my answering in the affirmative he led me to a third and silent brother, and by him I was conducted to a cell with whitewashed walls. It contained a small bed of unpainted pine wood, and a tiny table, on which was an iron basin and a jug of water. A crucifix hung on the wall, and beneath it was a *prie-dieu*. The

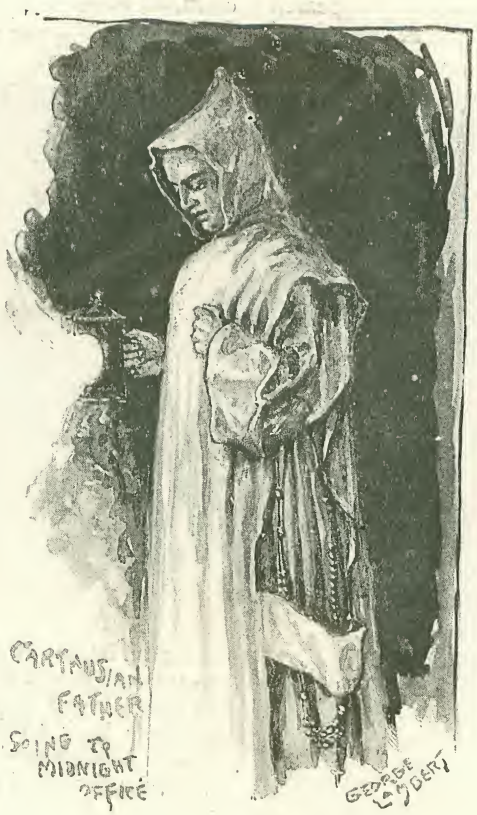
cell was somehow suggestive of a prison, and yet I am not sure that there was as much comfort to be found in it as a prison cell affords in these humanitarian times. Everything about the Grande Chartreuse is of Spartan-like simplicity. There the body is mortified for the soul's sake, and nothing that could pander in the least degree to luxurious tastes is allowed. As I was to learn afterwards, even such barren comfort as is afforded by this "Visitor's Cell" is unknown in the cells occupied by the monks.



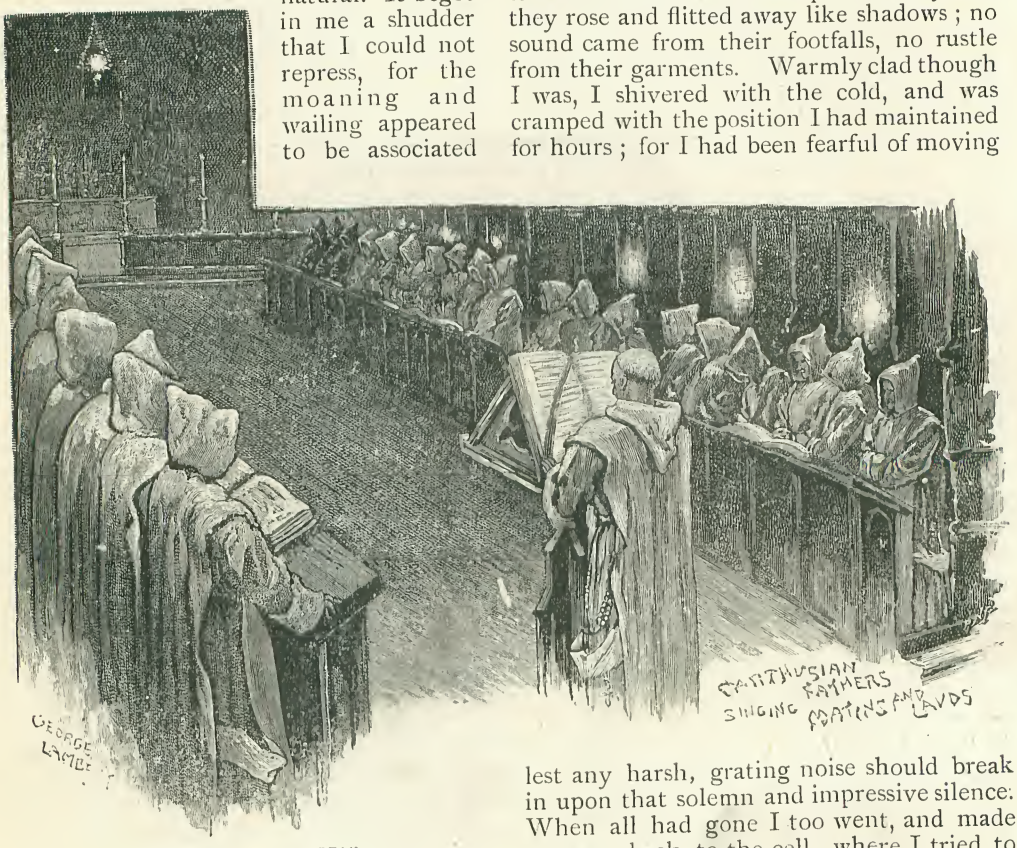
When I had somewhat freshened myself up by a wash, I went into the corridor where my attendant was waiting, and, following him in obedience to a sign he made, I traversed a long, lofty, cold passage, with bare walls and floor. At the end of the passage there was carved in the stone the Latin inscription, *Stat crux dum volvitur orbis*. Passing through an arched doorway we reached the refectory. The great hall or supper room was cold, barren, and dismal. Everything looked ghostly and dim in the feeble light shed by two small swinging lamps, that seemed rather to emphasise the gloom than dispel it. Comfort there was none in this echoing chamber, with its whitewashed walls and shadowy recesses, from which I half expected to see the spirit forms of dead monks glide. Taking my seat at a small, bare table, a silent brother placed before me a bowl of thin vegetable soup, in which some chopped eggs floated. Fish followed, then an omelette, and the whole was washed down with a bottle of excellent red wine. It was a frugal repast, but an Epicurean spread as compared with the dietary scale of the monks themselves. Meat of every kind is rigorously interdicted, that is, the flesh of animals in any form. Each brother only gets two meals a day. They consist of hot water flavoured with egg; vegetables cooked in oil; while the only drink allowed is cold water. The monks do not eat together except on Sundays and religious *fête* days, when they all sup in the refectory. On other days every man has his meals alone, in the solitude of his cell, and but a brief time is allowed him, for it is considered sinful to spend more time in eating and drinking than is absolutely necessary to swallow down so much food as will hold body and soul together. That men may keep themselves healthy, even on such meagre diet as that I have mentioned, is proved by the monks of the Grande Chartreuse, for they enjoy excellent health, and generally live to a green old age. Even the weak and delicate grow strong and hardy under the severe discipline. The rasping friction of the nervous system, which annually slays its tens of thousands in the outer world, is unknown here. All is calm and peaceful, and the austerity of the life led is compensated for by the abiding and hopeful faith. It is a brief preparation for an eternal life of unsullied joy in a world where man's sin is known no more.

Surely nothing else but such a faith could sustain mortal beings under an ordeal so trying.

This strange community of Carthusians is divided into categories of "Fathers" and "Brothers." The former wear robes of white wool, cinctured with a girdle of white leather. Their heads and faces are closely shaven, and the head is generally enveloped in a cowl, which is attached to the robe. They are all ordained priests, and it is to them the rule of silence, solitude, and fasting, more particularly applies. The fasting is represented by the daily bill of fare I have given, and it never varies all the year round, except on Fridays and certain days in Lent, when, poor as it is, it is still further reduced. The solitude consists of many hours spent in prayer in the loneliness of the cell, and the silence imposed is only broken by monosyllabic answers to questions addressed to them. Sustained conversation is a fault, and would be severely punished. Aspirants for the Fatherhood have to submit to a most trying novitiate, which lasts for five full years. After that they are ordained, and from that moment they renounce the world, with all its luring temptations and its sin. Their lives henceforth must be strictly holy in accordance with the tenets of their religion. The Brothers are the manual labourers, the hewers of wood and drawers of water. They do everything that is required in the way of domestic service. They wear sandals on their bare feet, and their bodies are clothed in a long, loose, brown robe, fastened at the waist by a rope girdle. On both branches of the Order the same severe *régime* is compulsory, but on Fridays the Brothers only get a morsel of black bread and a cup of cold water. The attention to spiritual duties is all-absorbing, and under no circumstances must it be relaxed. Matins commence in the chapel at twelve o'clock at night, and continue until about two o'clock. After a short rest, the Divine service is resumed at six o'clock. But all the monks do not attend the matins at one time. While some sleep others pray. And it is doubtful if amongst the religious orders of the world anything more solemn and impressive than this midnight service could be found. To witness it was my chief aim in going to the convent, and so I left my cell after a short sleep, and proceeded to the chapel as the deep-toned bell struck twelve with sonorous sounds that rolled in ghostly echoes along the lofty corridors. The passage through which I made my way was a vast one, and a solitary lamp ineffectually struggled to illumine the darkness. I groped along until I reached a door that swung silently open to my touch. Then I stood within the chapel, where all was silent, and a Cimmerian gloom reigned. Far in the depths of the darkness was a glimmering, star-like lamp over the altar, but its beams, feeble and straggling, revealed nothing, it only accentuated the pitchy blackness all around. The feeble lanterns of the monks, one to every third stall, were invisible from my position. Everything was suggestive of a tomb far down in the bowels of the earth—the silence, the cold, the damp earthy smell that filled one's nostrils, all seemed to indicate decaying mortality. Suddenly, with startling abruptness, a single voice broke into a plaintive, monotonous chant. Then others took up the cadence



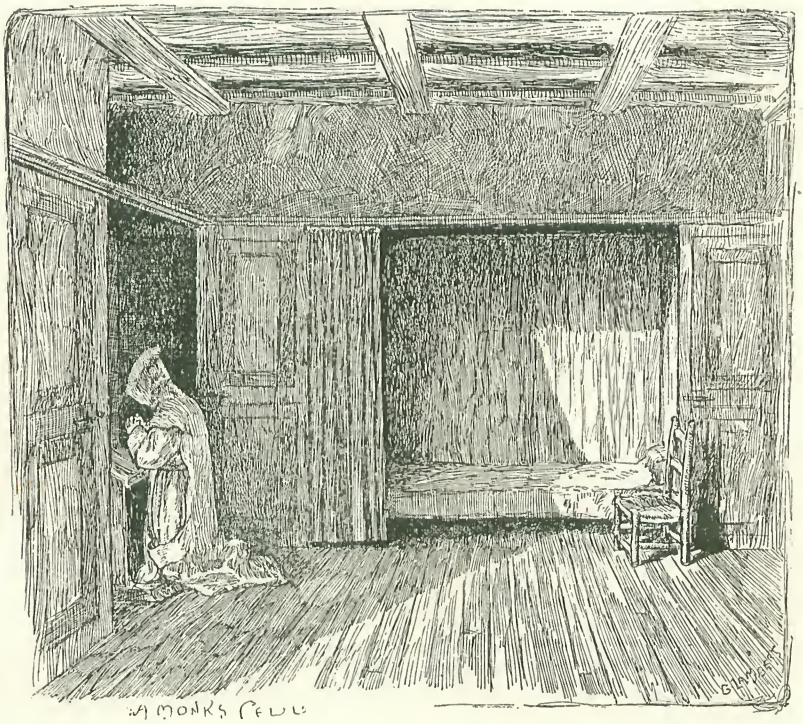
with a moaning wail that gradually died away until there was unbroken silence again. There was something strange and weird in this performance, for the impenetrable darkness, the star-like lamp, the wailing voices of unseen figures, seemed altogether unnatural. It begot in me a shudder that I could not repress, for the moaning and wailing appeared to be associated with death rather than life. There was nothing in the whole ceremony indicative of joy or hope, but rather their converse —sadness and despair. Throughout those weary hours the wailing chant and the silence alternated. I wanted to go away, but could not. Some strange fascination kept me there, and I recalled some of the wonderful descriptive scenes in Dantè which were irresistibly suggested. My imagination was wrought on to such an extent that I pictured that vast gloomy space as filled with unquiet spirits condemned to torture; and the lamp as typical of the one ray of hope that told them that after a long period of penance they should pass from the gloom of woe to the lightness and joy of eternal day, when their anguish should cease for ever and rest be found. At last, to my great relief, I saw the beams of a new morn steal in at the chapel windows. The bowed forms of the cowled monks were faintly discernible, kneeling before the altar, where still burned the watch-lamp. One by one they rose and flitted away like shadows; no sound came from their footfalls, no rustle from their garments. Warmly clad though I was, I shivered with the cold, and was cramped with the position I had maintained for hours; for I had been fearful of moving lest any harsh, grating noise should break in upon that solemn and impressive silence. When all had gone I too went, and made my way back to the cell, where I tried to snatch a few hours' sleep, but it was all in vain, for my mind seemed as if it had been upset by a strange and terrible dream. Although I have had a wide and varied experience of men and manners in all parts of the world, I never witnessed such a strange scene before as I witnessed that night. It was like a nightmare picture, a poem evolved from a distorted imagination. I say a poem because it had the elements of poetry in it, but it was the poetry of ineffable human sadness.



IN THE CHAPEL: DAYBREAK.

Truly it is singular that men can so strengthen their faith, so enwrap themselves, as it were, in a gloomy creed, that they are willing to deny themselves every pleasure in life, to shut themselves off from all that is joyous and beautiful in the world, in order to submit to an endless sorrowing

for human sins; a sorrowing that finds expression every hour of their lonely, saddened lives. For from sunset to sunrise, and sunrise to sunset again, they are warned by the mournful tolling of the iron bell, every quivering stroke of which seems to say "death," to pray without ceasing.



A MONK'S CELL

Many of the monks at the Grande Chartreuse are still in the very prime of their manhood, and not a few of them are members of distinguished and wealthy families. Yet they have renounced everything; all the advantages that influence and wealth could give them; all the comforts of home; the love of wife and children; the fascination of travel and of strange sights—every temptation that this most beautiful world could hold out has been resisted, and they have dedicated themselves to gloom, fasting, and silence. Verily, human nature is an unfathomable mystery. One may well ask if these monks are truly happy? If they have no longings for the flesh-pots of Egypt? If they do not sometimes pine and sigh for the busy haunts and the excitement of the great towns? Such questions are not easily answered, unless we get the answer in the fact that the monastic vows are faithfully and religiously kept; and there is no record of a Carthusian monk ever having broken his vow. Surely then there must be something strangely, even terribly attractive in that stern life which is so full of hardship and trial, and from year's end to year's end knows no change, until the great change which comes to us all, sooner or later, whether we be monks or revellers.

I have already mentioned that notwithstanding their sparse and meagre diet, which seems to us ordinary mortals to lack nutriment and sustaining power, the monks of the Grande Chartreuse are healthy and vigorous. The Brothers labour in their fields and gardens, and they cultivate all the vegetables that they use, as well as grow most of their own corn for the bread. They do any bricklaying, carpentering, or painting that may be required, as well as all the washing and mending of the establishment, for a woman is never allowed to enter the sacred precincts. The furniture of each cell consists of a very narrow bed as hard as a board, and with little covering; a small stove, for the rigours of the climate

render a fire indispensable at times, and yet the fires are used but sparingly; a little basin, with a jug of water for ablutions; and of course there is the *prie-dieu*, and the image of a saint. Attached to the convent is a cemetery, which cannot fail to have a very melancholy interest for the visitor. It is divided into two parts, one being for the Fathers, the other for the Brothers, for as the two branches of the Order are kept distinct in life, so they are separated in death. No mounds mark the last resting-places of the quiet sleepers; but at the head of each is a wooden cross, though it bears no indication of the name, age, or date of death of the deceased—only a number. Having played his little part and returned to the dust from whence he sprang, it is considered meet that the Carthusian should be forgotten. And the cross is merely an indication that beneath moulder the remains of what was once a man.

As is well known, the monks distil the famous liqueur which finds its way to all parts of the world, and yields a very handsome revenue. The process of its concoction is an inviolable secret, but it is largely composed of herbs and cognac. It is said that the recipe was brought to the convent by one of the fathers, who had been expelled in 1792, and that at first the liqueur was used as a medicine and distributed amongst the poor. In the course of time, however, it was improved upon, for its fame having spread a demand for it sprang up, and it was resolved to make it an article of commerce. For this purpose a separate building was erected apart from the monastery, and placed in charge of one of the Fathers, who has a staff of brothers under him. The basis of the liqueur is supposed to be an indigenous mountain herb combined with the petals of certain wild flowers. These are macerated with honey until fermentation takes place. The liquid is then refined and brandy is added. Formerly it was made without brandy. The "green" is most favoured by connaisseurs, and its exquisite, delicate fragrance and flavour have never been imitated. More care is bestowed upon the "green" than the "yellow," which is somewhat inferior in quality and of a coarser flavour. On several occasions very large sums have been offered for the right to manufacture the chartreuse by financial speculators, but all such offers have been resolutely refused. Although I believe that the greater part of the income of the convent is spent in deeds of charity, it may be doubted by some people whether it is not a somewhat questionable way for a religious Order to augment its funds by the preparation of an intoxicating liquor for which, according to their own doctrine, there is absolutely no need. The chartreuse has a strong rival in the well-known benedictine, made by the Benedictine Monks; and which, while being similar in character, is said by some to be superior. There is little doubt, however, that the chartreuse has much the larger sale of the two. Many attempts have been made from time to time by outsiders to manufacture both these liqueurs, but without success, and the exact secret of their decoction is as religiously preserved as are the secrets of Freemasonry.

Like the Great St. Bernard, the Grande Chartreuse, though not to the same extent, is a show place in summer. Perhaps this is hardly a fair way of putting it, for it would be a cruel injustice to let it be supposed that the Chartreux had the slightest desire to make an exhibition of their lonely convent. But the travelling facilities afforded the tourist nowadays enable him to penetrate to the remotest recesses of the earth. No place is sacred to him; and as he thinks nothing of going into a Continental theatre dressed in a tweed suit, so he does not hesitate, garbed in hob-nailed boots and knickerbockers, to demand entrance into the Grande Chartreuse, whose mystery he does not understand and cares nought for, and whose solemnity does not awe him. To refuse hospitality even to the irreverent curiosity-monger would be contrary to the Carthusian's creed, which teaches charity to all men, and to "turn no deaf ear to him who asks for bread and succour." And so anything of the masculine gender is admitted and fed with the frugal fare that is now specially provided for visitors; and very properly he who partakes of this hospitality, not being in actual want of it, is required to pay for his entertainment. The ordinary visitor is not allowed to pass the night under the roof of the convent, and therefore that strange and ghostly service in the chapel during the hours of darkness is rarely witnessed. The Grande Chartreuse boasts of a magnificent library, which numbers upwards of 20,000 volumes, for the most part of a theological nature. Many of these books are unique and of great age,

and to the theological student would probably prove a mine of wealth. Amongst the volumes are some very rare Bibles and Prayer-books of nearly every civilised country in the world. This library replaces the one that was destroyed, and has been collected during the present century.

What is known as the Chapter-room is an exception to the rest of the place, inasmuch as it is hung with portraits of the Father Superiors from the very foundation of the Order. There are about fifty of these portraits altogether, and some of the earlier ones are more curious than artistic. The "Superiors" are the only men of the Order whose memory is thus kept alive.

The Grand Cloister is the largest apartment in the building. It is a not quite perfect square, and is lighted by a hundred and thirty windows. A portion of this cloister dates back to the early part of the thirteenth century. There are two main corridors, seven hundred and twenty-two feet long, and abutting on these corridors are the cells, thirty-six in number. There is also a Chapelle des Morts, built about the end of the thirteenth century. Here the bodies of the dead monks rest during the religious services that are held over them before they are finally consigned to the little cemetery to which I have already made reference. Nor must I forget to mention what is known as the Map-room, where there is a very valuable collection of maps of different parts of the world, but particularly of France. There is also a small museum of insects and butterflies indigenous to the mountains of the region in which the convent is situated. That region is the southern group of the singularly interesting limestone Alps of Savoy, and the convent stands in about the middle section of the group which culminates in the Pointe de Chamchaude, 6,845 feet high.

In choosing the site for the convent, there is little doubt that isolation as well as a position of natural defence were aimed at. Isolated it truly is, and up to a couple of hundred years ago it must have been absolutely impregnable. But it is well known that the monks of old had an eye also to beauty of surroundings, and it is doubtful if the faithful followers of St. Bruno could have found a site commanding a view of more magnificent beauty in all France than that which the Grande Chartreuse occupies, and by ascending to the summit of the Grand Som, which throws its shadow over the convent, a panorama of unsurpassed grandeur is unfolded to the wondering gaze. To the west it embraces the valley of the Rhône, the town of Lyons, and the mountains of Ardèche and Forez; to the east the chain of glittering Alps that stretches from Mont Visio to Mont Blanc; to the north is the Mont du Chat of Chambéry, the Lake of Bourget, and that part of the Rhône Valley which is bounded by the rugged peaks of the purple Jura, while to the south are smiling valleys and rolling uplands.

This view of the outer world is all the monks ever obtain, for, having once taken the vows, they leave the convent no more; and they know little of what goes on in the busy haunts of men, where the passion of life reaches fever heat, save what they gather from the chattering of the throngs of summer idlers. In winter they live in a silent, white world, and the face of a stranger is very rarely seen.

Before leaving the neighbourhood I paid a visit to the Chapelle de St. Bruno, which is within half an hour's walk of the monastery. It is erected in a very wild spot, said to be the site of the saint's original hermitage. There is nothing particularly interesting in the chapel, which is in a state of dilapidation. But it is curious to speculate that here dwelt, in what was little more than a cavern, the man who, by the austerity of his life and his gloomy views, was able to found a religious Order which has endured for many ages, and is one of the few that escaped destruction during the revolutions and upheavals of the last century. The situation of the Chapelle is one of singular loneliness and desolation, and for eight months of the year at least it is buried in snow.

As I turned my back upon the Grande Chartreuse, after that memorable night spent under its roof, and feeling grateful for the shelter and refreshment it had afforded me, the morning sun was gilding the glorious landscape, and I breathed a sigh of relief and gladness, for I seemed to have come from a region of sorrow and gloom, where the coldness of death was ever present, into the healthy, joyous life of the throbbing, breathing world.

CHAPEL OF ST. BRUNO

From a Drawing by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.
AGE 6 MONTHS.

From a] AGE 8. *[Miniature.*

From a Drawing by] AGE 18. *[R. Lane, A.R.A.*

From a Painting by] AGE 45. *[A. Graefle.*

From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Wallery.*

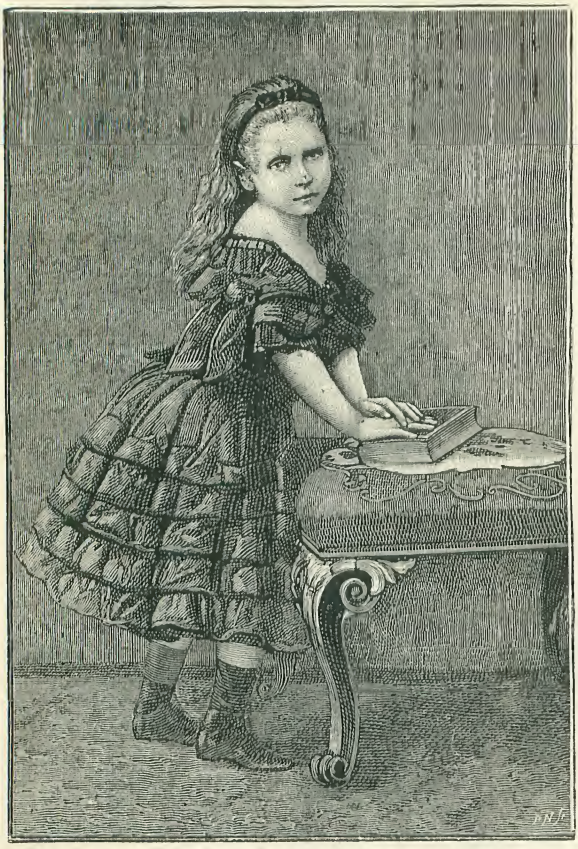
HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.

WE here present a series of portraits of the Queen, which, together with the portrait given on our first page, completely represent the features of Her Majesty from babyhood until the present day.

PRINCESS BEATRICE.

BORN 1857.

IT is fitting that next the portraits of Her Majesty the Queen should be placed those of the daughter who has been her most constant companion of late years.



From a] AGE 4. *[Photograph.*

From a Painting by] AGE 7. *[Lauchert.*

From a Lithograph by Maclure & Macdonald,
AGE 17.

From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Messrs. Elliott & Fry.*

From a Miniature by W. C. Ross, A.R.A., Miniature Painter to the Queen.
AGE 12 MONTHS.

From a] AGE 6. *[Painting.*

From a Picture by] AGE 18. *[F. Winterhalter.*

From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Byrne & Co., Richmond.*

THE EMPRESS FREDERICK OF GERMANY.

BABY, child, bride, and widow—such are the four portraits of the Queen's eldest daughter which we give above. An earlier portrait even than the first of these, and one of the most interesting in existence, is that which the Queen with her own hand depicted of her baby while it was still in swaddling-clothes, and which we have the pleasure of presenting to our readers as the frontispiece of the present number.

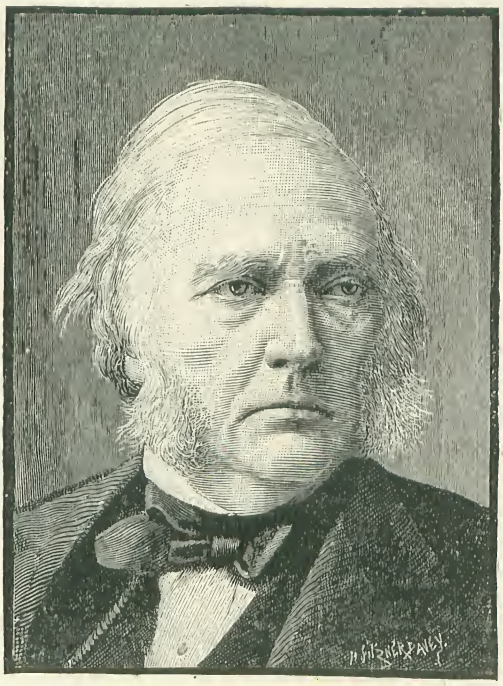
From a Drawing by] AGE 28. *[J. E. Swinton.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 45. *[Messrs. Elliott & Fry.*

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

BORN 1823.

AT the age of eight-and-twenty the Duke of Argyll, who had succeeded to the dukedom four years earlier, was already well known as a writer, a politician, and a public speaker, and as one who took keen interest in all Scottish questions which came before the public. At this age, also, he was elected Chancellor of the University of St. Andrews, and was already, what he has since remained, one of the most prominent figures in the House of Lords. The Duke, who has held many of the highest offices in various Governments, was, at the age at which he is represented in our second picture, Secretary of State for India under Mr. Gladstone. But as a politician the Duke's position is not easy to define; he has been described as "Whig by family, Liberal by intellect, Independent by nature, and Conservative by inclination." But it is in questions of science and theology rather than in politics that the Duke's name is known, and his most celebrated book, "The Reign of Law," was considered by Darwin himself so powerful an attack upon the Theory of Descent as to call for special refutation.



From a Photo. by] AGE 67. *[Messrs. Elliott & Fry.*

From a] AGE 5. *[Photograph.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 17. *[The Stereoscopic Co.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 29. *[A. Bassano.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 36. *[The Stereoscopic Co.*

H. BEERBOHM TREE.

THE first photograph we give of Mr. Herbert Beerbohm Tree, shows him at the age of five, then a cherubic and rosy boy of seemingly serious disposition. The second likeness represents him at seventeen, soon after he had left the college of Schnepfenthal in Thuringia, where he received his education, but where, according to his own modest statement, he acquired no distinction in the walks of learning. But so great was his evident talent for acting that he was persuaded to adopt the stage as a profession, with what instant success we all know. He became manager of the Haymarket in 1887. As a manager he has shown not only enterprise, but an almost quixotic liberality. His latest Monday night venture has proved one of the happiest of his many happy thoughts.

For leave to reproduce these portraits we have to thank the kindness of Mr. Beerbohm Tree.

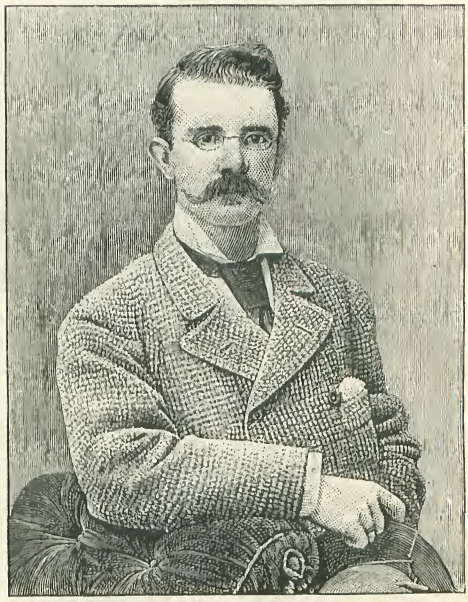
From a Photo. by] AGE 20. *[Cramb Bros., Glasgow.*

WILLIAM BLACK.

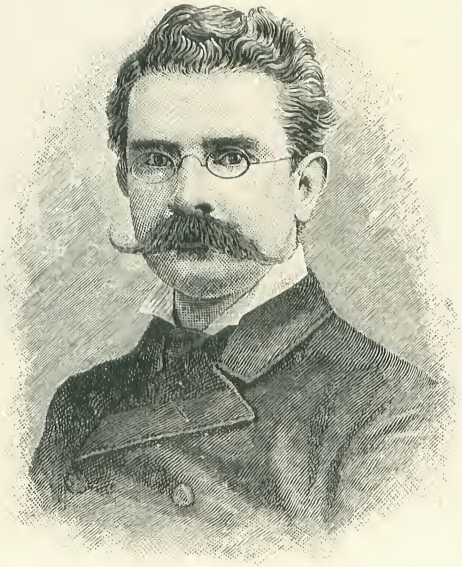
BORN 1841.

MR. BLACK'S ambition as a boy was to become an artist, and he studied for a short time in the School of Art at Glasgow, in which city he was born. "As an artist," he tells us, "I was a complete failure, and so qualified myself for a time in after life as an art critic." Yet in feeling for the beauty of sea, forest, moor, and hill, and in graphic power of painting them in words, Mr. Black has rarely had a rival. At twenty, the age at which our first portrait shows him, he had already turned to journalism, and was writing in the *Glasgow Weekly Citizen*. Three years afterwards he came to London, where he wrote for newspapers and magazines. During the Prusso-Austrian War of 1866 he acted as the Special Correspondent of the *Morning Star*. Scenes taken from his adventures appeared in his first novel, "Love or Marriage," which he wrote on his return. Several other novels followed during the next four or five years, none of which had any great success; but in 1871, just at the age depicted in our second portrait, Mr. Black produced the striking story — "A Daughter of Heth." Since then, his books have become household words, and probably no living author has given pleasure to so many readers by means at once so simple and so fine. With less of plot and startling incident than almost any novelist, Mr. Black has two points of excellence in which he stands alone —in power of painting scenery and of depicting charming girls.

We are indebted for these portraits to the courtesy of Mr. Black.



From a Photo. by] AGE 30. *[Sarony, Birmingham.*



From a Photo. by] AGE 45. *[Messrs. Elliott & Fry.*

From a] AGE 18. *[Miniature.*

CHARLES WYNDHAM.

MR. CHARLES WYNDHAM was, at eighteen, the age at which our first portrait represents him, a medical student at Liverpool, at which city he was born ; but having taken his degrees of L.R.C.S. and L.S.A., he went, at twenty-one, to America, and made his first appearance as an actor at Washington, with John Wilkes Booth, to whose *Hamlet* he played *Osric*. Booth, who perhaps was never wholly sane, and who three years later made himself a name of world-wide infamy by shooting President Lincoln in a theatre-box, saw so little sign of genius in the new actor that he discharged him for incompetency. Mr. Wyndham then served as surgeon to the 19th Army Corps, and was present at some of the most deadly battles of the Civil War. His appearance at that time was that of our second portrait, which represents him in his uniform. Two years later, on his return to England, he again went on the boards, and entered at once upon the career which has long been recognised as that of the finest light comedian at present on the stage.

From a Photo. by] AGE 22. *[Parviance, New York.*

From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Vernon Heath.*

HENRY M. STANLEY.

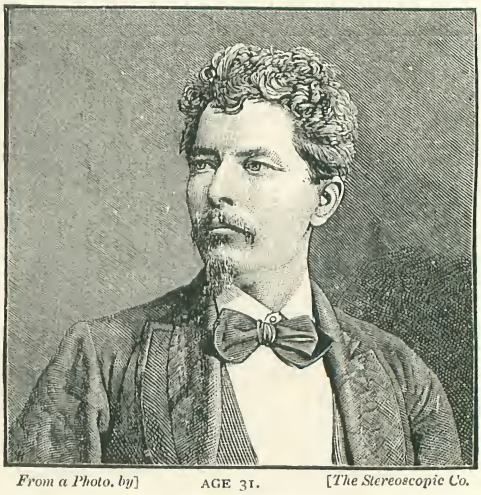
AT 19, John Rowlands, a poor Welsh boy, had emigrated to America, had been adopted by a merchant of the name of Stanley, and had assumed the latter name. At 22, his adopting father having died without a will, young Stanley was serving as a petty officer on board the war-ship *Minnesota*. At 26 he had become a journalist, and was about to represent the *New York Herald* with the British army in Abyssinia. On returning from this expedition he delivered lectures on his adventures, a handbill of which we reproduce on the page opposite, as a veritable curiosity. At 31 he had discovered Dr. Livingstone, and had returned with glory. What Mr. Stanley has done recently is known to all the world.

From a] AGE 19. *[Photograph.*

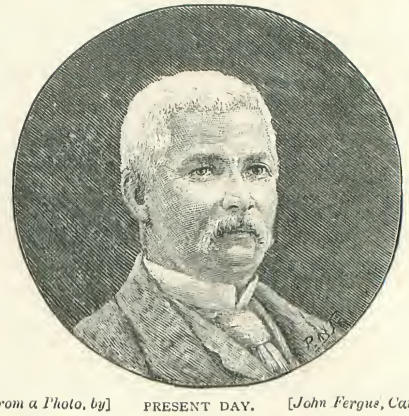
Always -
Your loving Nephew
Henry Stanley
H.M.S. "Minnesota"

From a] AGE 22. *[Photograph.*

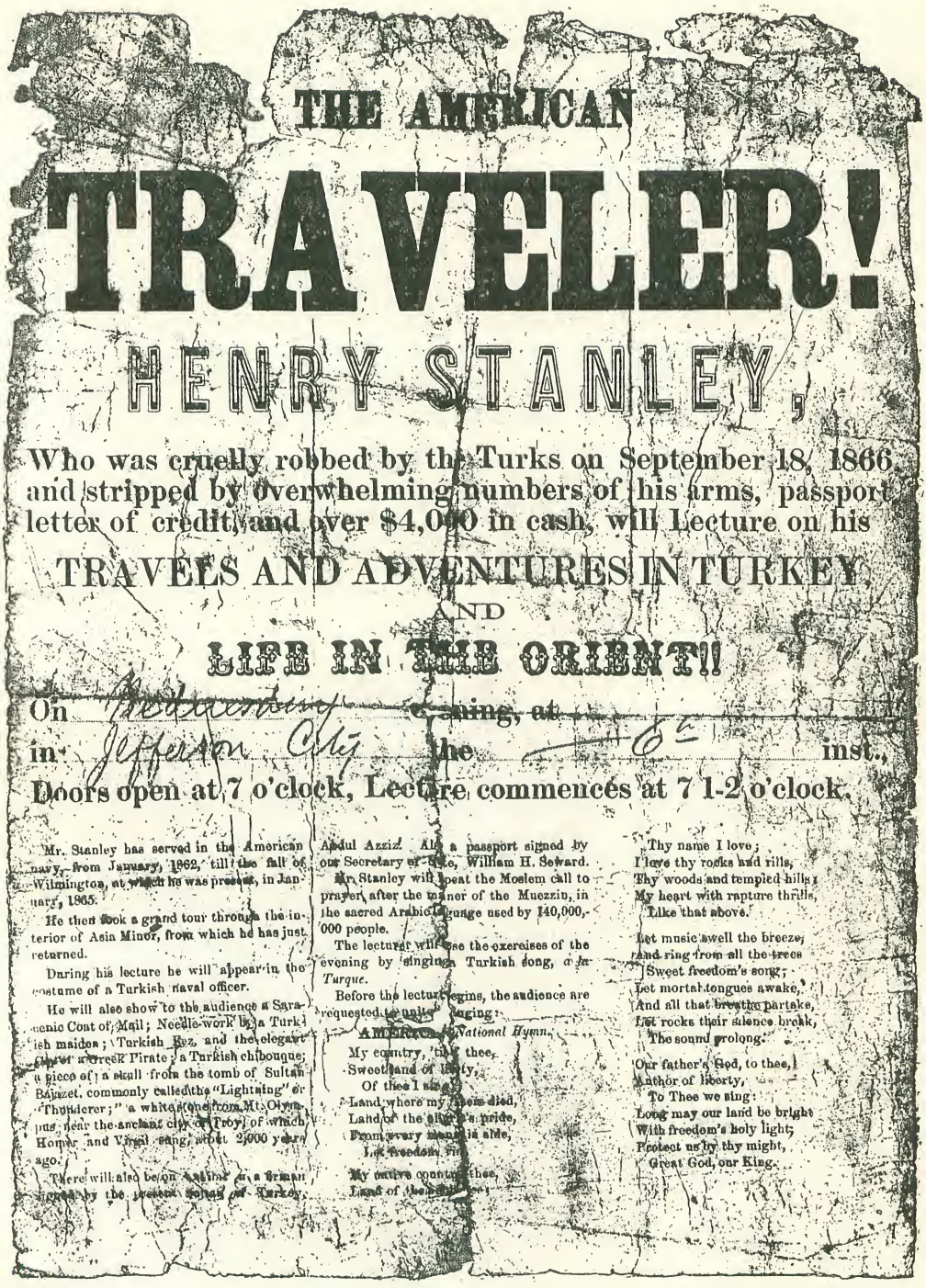
From a Photo. by] AGE 26. *[Rockwell & Co., New York.*



From a Photo. by] AGE 31. *[The Stereoscopic Co.*



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[John Fergus, Cannes.*



THE AMERICAN

TRAVELER!

HENRY STANLEY,

Who was cruelly robbed by the Turks on September 18, 1866, and stripped by overwhelming numbers of his arms, passport, letter of credit, and over $4,000 in cash, will Lecture on his

TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES IN TURKEY,

AND

LIFE IN THE ORIENT!!

On Wednesday evening, at

in Jefferson City **the** 6th **inst.,**

Doors open at 7 o'clock, Lecture commences at 7 1-2 o'clock.

Mr. Stanley has served in the American navy, from January, 1862, till the fall of Wilmington, at which he was present, in January, 1865.

He then took a grand tour through the interior of Asia Minor, from which he has just returned.

During his lecture he will appear in the costume of a Turkish naval officer.

He will also show to the audience a Saracenic Coat of Mail; Needle-work by a Turkish maiden; Turkish Rez, and the elegant sword of a Greek Pirate; a Turkish chibouque; a piece of a skull from the tomb of Sultan Bajazet, commonly called the "Lightning" or "Thunderer;" a white stone from Mt. Olympus, near the ancient city of Troy, of which Homer and Virgil sang, about 2,000 years ago.

There will also be on exhibition a firman signed by the present Sultan of Turkey, Abdul Azziz. Also a passport signed by our Secretary of State, William H. Seward.

Mr. Stanley will repeat the Moslem call to prayer, after the manner of the Muezzin, in the sacred Arabic language used by 140,000,000 people.

The lecturer will close the exercises of the evening by singing a Turkish song, *a la Turque*.

Before the lecture begins, the audience are requested to unite in singing:

AMERICA. *National Hymn.*

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side,
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
And all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our father's God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

Fac-simile of Handbill of Mr. H. M. STANLEY's first Lecture in America.
(*Half original size.*)

Stories of the Victoria Cross: Told by Those who have Won it.

NO tales of heroism are more thrilling and exciting than the narratives of the exploits which have gained the coveted reward of the Victoria Cross; and a story never has so much reality and vividness as when it comes first-hand from the performer of the deed. Accordingly, we have asked a number of the heroes of the Victoria Cross—a truly noble army—to relate in their own language how they came to win the most glorious decoration open to a soldier, the plain bronze cross "For Valour." The narratives which follow require no further introduction, and will, we think, be found to possess an interest which is all their own—the interest and impression of reality.

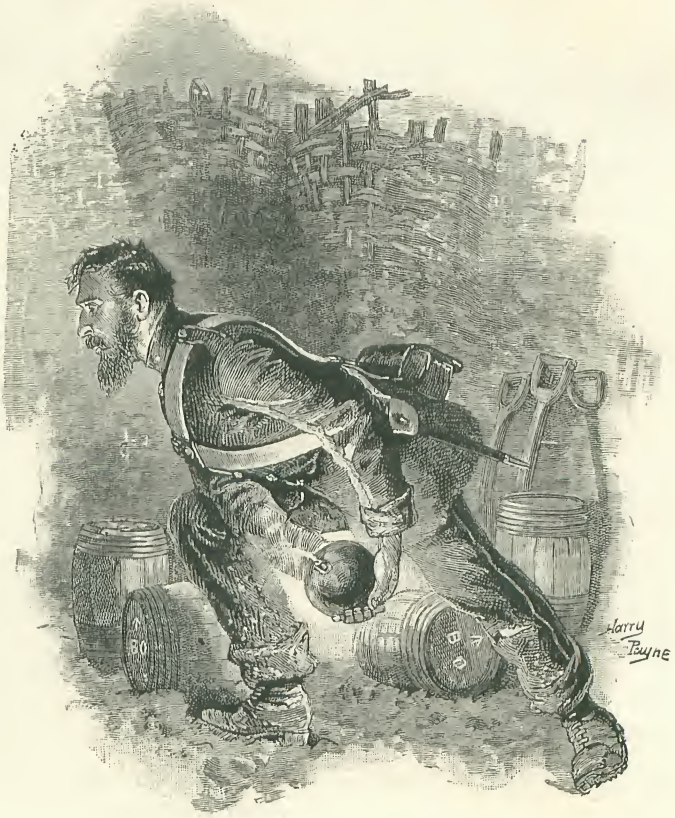
Sergeant Ablett.

One of the most gallant acts which can be conceived is the seizing a live shell and casting it away, so as to prevent mischief from its explosion. A second's delay may be fatal, and the man who picks up the shell cannot tell whether the second in question will be allowed him. If it bursts in his hands it means certain death. Not only the greatest, but also the promptest, courage is needed for such an act of courage. Among the few who have performed such a feat is Sergeant Ablett, late Grenadier Guards, whose own modest account is as follows:—

On the 2nd September, 1854, when in the trenches before Sebastopol, the sentries shouted "Look out there!" a shell coming right in the trenches at the same moment and dropping amongst some barrels of ammunition. I at once pulled it from them. It ran between my legs, and I then picked it up and threw it out of the trench; it burst as it touched the ground. From the force of it I fell, and was covered by its explosion with gravel and dirt.

Sergeant Baker and others picked me up, and asked if I was hurt. I said, "No; but I have had a good shaking." There was a great number in the trenches at the time, but I am glad to say no one was hurt. The Sergeant reported the circumstances to the officer in charge.

On coming off duty I was taken before the commanding officer, and promoted to the rank of Corporal, and then Sergeant. He also presented me with a silk necktie made by her most gracious Majesty. I was at the battles of Alma, Balaclava, Inkerman, and the capture of Sebastopol after eleven months' siege. This is all I think I need say as to myself and the Victoria Cross. My likeness is to be found in Victoria Cross Picture Gallery, Crystal Palace, and Alexandra Palace.



"I THREW IT OUT OF THE TRENCH."

Major John Berryman.

Among those who won the Victoria Cross at Balaclava none gained it more worthily than Major John Berryman, who served in the Crimea as Troop-Sergeant Major in the 17th Lancers. This is how Major Berryman describes the charge of the Light Brigade :—

"Gallop!" was the order as the firing became general. And here a discharge from the battery in our front, whose guns were doubly shotted, first with shot or shell, and then with case, swept away Captain Winter and the whole division on my right. The gap was noticed by Captain Morris, who gave the order, "Right incline," but a warning voice came from my coverer in the rear rank (Corporal John Penn), "Keep straight on, Jack; keep straight on." He saw what I did not, that we were opposite the intervals of the guns, and thus we escaped, for the next round must have swept us into eternity. My attention here was attracted to James Melrose, a Shakespearian reciter, calling out, "What man here would ask another man from England?" Poor fellow, they were the last words he spoke, for the next round from the guns killed him and many others. We were then so close to the guns that the report rang through my head, and I felt that I was quite deaf for a time. It was this round that broke my mare's off hind leg, and caused her to stop instantly. I felt that I was hit, but not till I dismounted. Seeing that the mare's leg was broken, I debated in my own mind whether to shoot her or not, when Captain Webb came up to me, and asked me, was I wounded? I replied, "Only slightly, I thought, in the leg, but that my horse was shot." I then asked, "Are you hurt, sir?" He said that he was, and in the leg, too; what had he better do? "Keep to your horse, sir, and get back as far as you can." He turned, and rode back. I now caught a loose horse, and got on to his back, but he fell directly, the brass of the breast-plate having been driven into his chest. Seeing that there was no hope of my joining the regiment in the *mêlée*, and the 11th Hussars being close upon me, I moved a little to the right, so as to pass through the interval between the squadrons. Both squadrons closed in a little, and let me pass through. I well remember that Sergeant Gutteridge was the right guide of the 2nd squadron. Finding that Captain Webb had halted, I ran to him, and on inquiries found that his wound was so painful that he could not ride any further. Lieutenant George Smith, of my own regiment, coming by, I got him to stand at the horse's head whilst I lifted the captain off. Having accomplished this, I assisted Smith to mount Webb's horse, and ride for a stretcher, taking notice where we were. By this time the Russians had got back to their guns, and re-opened fire. I saw six men of my own regiment get together to recount to each other their escapes. Seeing their danger, I called to them to separate, but too late, for a shell dropped amongst them, and I don't think one escaped alive. Hearing me call to these men, Captain Webb asked what I thought the Russians would do?

"They are sure to pursue, sir, unless the Heavy Brigade comes down."

"Then you had better consult your own safety, and leave me."

"Oh no, sir, I shall not leave you now."

"Perhaps they will only take me prisoner."

"If they do, sir, we will go together."

"Don't mind me, look to yourself."

"All right, sir; only we will go together, whatever happens."

Just at this time I saw Sergeant Farrell coming by. I called to him. He asked, "Who is it?" When told, he came over. I said, "We must get Captain Webb out of this, for we shall be pursued."

He agreeing, we made a chair of our hands, lifted the Captain up, and found that we could carry him with comparative ease. We had got about 200 yards in this manner, when the Captain complained that his leg was very painful. A private of the 13th being near, Malone, I asked him would he be good enough to support Captain Webb's legs, until we could procure a stretcher? He did so, and several of the officers passed us. Sir G. Wombwell said, "What is the matter, Peck?" (Captain Webb's nickname.)

"Hit in the leg, old fellow. How did you escape?"

"Well, I was unhorsed and taken prisoner, but when the second line came down, in the confusion I got away, and, seizing the first horse I could, I got away, and I find that it is Morris's."

Sir W. Gordon made the same inquiry, and got the same answer. He had a very nasty cut on the head, and blood was then running down his face. He was carrying

his dress cap in his hand. We had now reached the rear of the Greys, and I procured a stretcher from two Infantry band boys, and a young officer of the "Greys" gave me a "tourniquet," saying that he did not know how to apply it, but perhaps I might. I put it on the right thigh, and screwed it up. Doctor Kendal came here, and I pointed out what I had done, and asked was it right?

"Ah! and you sergeant?" looking at the stripes on my arm.

"Yes."

"Ah! If you were in French service, I would make you an officer on the spot." Then, standing in his stirrups and extending his right hand, said:—

"Oh! it was grand, it was *magnifique*, but it is not war, it is not war."

This officer was General Morris. We re-

"I LIFTED THE CAPTAIN OFF."

"I could not have done it better myself; bring him along."

I and Farrell now raised the stretcher and carried it for about fifty yards, and again set it down. I was made aware of an officer of the Chasseurs d'Afrique being on my left by his placing his hand upon my shoulder. I turned and saluted. Pointing to Captain Webb, but looking at me, he said:—

"Your officer?"

"Yes."

sumed our patient, and got to the doctors (Massy and Kendal). I saw the boot cut off and the nature of the wound, the right shin bone being shattered. Farrell made an exclamation, and I was motioned to take him away. I told him that I should go and see the end of it. He said that he was too exhausted to do any more. Finding a horse in the lines, I mounted him, although the animal belonged to the 4th Light Dragoons, and thus dropped in behind

the Duke of Cambridge, and heard what passed. The Duke, speaking to Lord Cardigan, said :—

"Cardigan, where's the Brigade, then?"

"There," said Cardigan.

"Is that all of them? You have lost the finest Brigade that ever left the shores of England."

A little further on he spoke to Captain Godfrey Morgan (Lord Tredegar) :—

"Morgan, where's the regiment, then?"

"Your Royal Highness, that is all of them!"

"My poor regiment, my poor regiment!"

I now took my place in the ranks, and, in numbering off, being on the extreme left, I counted 22. We fell back during the night, and, being dismounted, I, with my servant, was left behind. I suffered intensely with my head, and got a napkin and tied it as tightly as possible round my brows. I also had time to examine my wound, which was inside the calf of my leg. A small piece about the size of a shilling had been cut clean out of my leg; but except that the blood had run into my boots, I felt but very little inconvenience from it. Cold water bandage was all I used; but, unfortunately, scurvy got to it, and it was a long time healing.

Private William Norman.

Private William Norman, of the 7th Regiment, in a true modest and soldier-like style thus describes the exploit which won for him the Victoria Cross :—

On the night of December 19, 1854, I was placed on single sentry at some distance in front of the advanced sentries of an out-lying picquet in the White Horse Ravine—a post of much danger, and requiring great vigilance. The Russian picquet was posted 300 yards in our front. Three Russian soldiers advanced under cover of the brushwood for the purpose of reconnoitring. I immediately fired my rifle, which was the signal of alarm, and then jumped into the trench almost on the top of the three Russians, two of whom I succeeded single-handed in taking prisoners, and marched them into our lines, the other one having fled back to the Russian lines.

My feelings I can hardly describe, as what I did was on the spur of the moment. But

"I JUMPED ALMOST ON THE TOP OF THREE RUSSIANS."

it was no doubt the means of saving our position.

Private James Davis.

The attack on Fort Ruhiya on April 15, 1858, gave an opportunity for much display of courage and devotion. Among those who conspicuously distinguished themselves was Private James Davis, of the 42nd Highlanders. This gallant soldier, who had previously served throughout the Crimean War, also saw much fighting during the Indian Mutiny, and for his conduct at Fort Ruhiya was awarded the Victoria Cross.

The following is his account of the feat which won for him the much-prized honour :—

I belonged to the Light Company, under the command of Captain (now Sir John) Macleod. We got orders to lie down under some trees for a short time. Two Engineer officers came up and asked for some men to come with them to see where they could make a breach with the artillery. I was one who went. There was a small garden ditch under the walls of the fort, not high enough to cover our heads. After a short time the officers left. I was on the right of the ditch with Lieut. Alfred Jennings Bramley, of Tunbridge Wells, as brave a young officer as ever drew sword, and saw a large force coming out to cut us off. He said, "Try and shoot the leader. I will run down and tell Macleod." The leader was shot, by whom I don't know. I never took credit for shooting anyone. Before poor Bramley got down he was shot in the temple, but not dead. He died during the night.

The captain said, "We can't leave him. Who will take him out?" I said, "I will." The fort was firing hard all the time. I said, "Eadie, give me a hand. Put him on my back." As he was doing so he was shot in the back of the head, knocking me down, his blood running down my back. A man crawled over and pulled Eadie off. At this time I thought I was shot, the warm blood running down my back. The captain said, "We can't lose any more lives. Are you wounded?" I said, "I don't think I am." He said, "Will you still take him out?" I said, "Yes." He was such a brave young fellow that the company all loved him. I got him on my back again, and told him to take me tight round the neck. I ran across the open space. During the time his watch fell out; I did not like to leave it, so I sat down and picked it up, all the time under a heavy fire. There was a man of the name of Dods, who came and took him off my back. I went back again

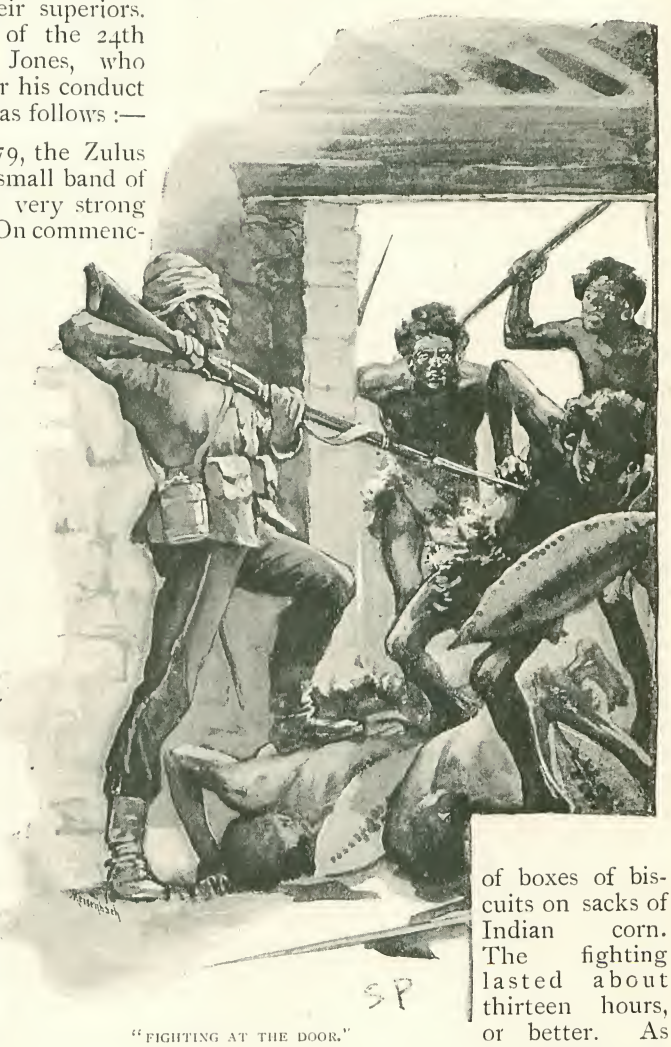
"I RAN ACROSS THE OPEN SPACE."

through the same fire, and helped to take up the man Eadie. Then I returned for my rifle, and firing a volley we all left. It was a badly managed affair altogether.

Private Robert Jones.

At the gallant defence of the fort at Rorke's Drift, every man fought like a hero, but some were fortunate enough to attract the particular attention of their superiors. Among these was a private of the 24th Regiment, named Robert Jones, who obtained the Victoria Cross for his conduct on the occasion. His story is as follows :—

"On the 22nd January, 1879, the Zulus attacked us, we being only a small band of English soldiers and they in very strong and overwhelming numbers. On commencing fighting, I was one of the soldiers who were in the hospital to protect it. I and another soldier of the name of William Jones were on duty at the back of the hospital, trying to defeat and drive back the rebels, and doing our endeavours to convey the wounded and sick soldiers out through a hole in the wall, so that they might reach in safety the small band of men in the square. On retiring from one room into another, after taking a wounded man by the name of Mayer, belonging to the volunteers, to join William Jones, I found a crowd in front of the hospital and coming into the doorway. I said to my companion, 'They are on top of us,' and sprang to one side of the doorway. There we crossed our bayonets, and as fast as they came up to the doorway we bayoneted them, until the doorway was nearly filled with dead and wounded Zulus. In the meanwhile, I had three assegai wounds, two in the right side and one in the left of my body. We did not know of anyone being in the hospital, only the Zulus, and then after a long time of fighting at the door, we made the enemy retire, and then we made our escape out of the building. Just as I got outside, the roof fell in—a complete mass of flames and fire. I had to cross a space of about twenty or thirty yards from the ruins of the hospital to the leagued company where they were keeping the enemy at bay. While I was crossing the front of the square, the bullets were whishing past me from every direction. When I got in, the enemy came on closer and closer, until they were close to the outer side of our laager, which was made up



"FIGHTING AT THE DOOR."

of boxes of biscuits on sacks of Indian corn. The fighting lasted about thirteen hours, or better. As to my feelings at the time, they were that I was certain that if we did not kill them they would kill us, and after a few minutes' fighting I did not mind it more than at the present time ; my thought was only to fight as an English soldier ought to for his most gracious Sovereign, Queen Victoria, and for the benefit of old England."

GUNNER JAMES COLLIS.

Gunner James Collis tells his story in these words :—

On the twenty-seventh of July, 1880, we were encamped at Khushk-i-Nakhud, in Afghanistan. At 4 a.m. that day we—Battery E, Battery B Brigade—marched with the rest of the force on Maiwand to meet Ayub Khan. About 9 a.m. we came in sight of him in position under the hills. We were on the open plain. Major Henry Blackwood, commanding my battery, gave the order "Action front." I was a limber gunner that day. We began firing with common shell from the right of the battery. After we had fired a few rounds, their artillery replied. The first shot struck the near wheel of my gun, killing a gunner, wounding another, and Lieutenant Fowler.

The limber box upon my gun was smashed by a shell which also killed the wheel horses, but did not touch the driver. Several riding horses of my battery were killed, and a good deal of damage done to guns and carriage. Four gunners and Sergeant Wood, the No. 1 of my gun, were killed, and two men wounded, leaving only three men to work the gun. I took Sergeant Wood's place.

At about 1.30 p.m., some of Jacob's Rifles, who were lying down about ten yards in rear of the trail, began to be panic-stricken, and crowded round our guns and carriages, some getting under the carriages. Three got under my gun. We tried to drive them away, but it was no use. About that time we ceased firing a little, the enemy having set the example. During that pause the enemy on the left got pretty close. To check them, General Nuttall formed up the 3rd Bombay Cavalry and the 3rd Scinde Horse to charge. Gunner Smith of my gun, seeing what was going to be done, mounted his horse and joined the cavalry. General Nuttall led the charge, Gunner Smith being at his side. After going about 300 yards, the enemy being about 200 yards off, the whole line, with the exception of the General, the European officers, and Gunner Smith, turned tail, forming up when in line with the guns. General Nuttall with the officers, finding themselves deserted, returned, General Nuttall actually crying from mortification. Gunner Smith dashed on alone, and was cut down.

About 4 p.m. a large body of the enemy's infantry charged the left of the battery, the men of the left division 5 and 6 being compelled to use their handspikes and charge staves to keep them off. Major Blackwood on this ordered the battery to limber up and retire. When Lieutenant Maclaine heard this order he said, as I was afterwards informed, "Limber up be damned! Give them another round." We limbered up and retired at a gallop about 2,000 yards. In the meantime Major Blackwood remained behind with Lieutenant Maclaine's guns and was killed, Lieutenant Osborne by his side, Lieutenant Maclaine fighting to the last. At length, seeing no use in stopping, he galloped after us—we had got separated from the right division—and called out to us, only two guns, "Action, rear." We fired two rounds with shrapnel. Captain Slade, who had been in temporary command of the smoothbores, finding Major Blackwood dead, came up with his smoothbores and took command of all the guns. Colonel Malcolmson a moment later ordered Captain Slade to retire, saying, "Captain Slade, if you and the Lieutenant keep those two guns, he will lose them the same as he has lost his own." We then limbered up and went off. Just then a shell burst open our treasure chest. Many of the troops and camp followers stopped to pick up the money and were overtaken and killed. Just after that some of the enemy's cavalry caught up the guns. One of them wounded me on the left eyebrow as he passed. He wheeled round and came at me again ; I took my carbine, waited till he was within four or five yards, and let drive, hitting him on the chest and knocking him off his horse. As he fell his money fell out of his turban, and Trumpeter Jones jumped off his horse and picked it up. He escaped, and is now corporal R.H.A., and wears the Distinguished Service medal for his conduct at Maiwand.

It was now beginning to get dusk, and I got off to walk by the side of my gun. Seeing a village close by, and some men at a well, I followed them and got some water. Just as we got to the well the enemy charged and drove us off, killing a good many.

On my return I missed my gun, and picked up with No. 2, which I stuck to till I reached Candahar. It was now dark, and we were with a stream of men of all regiments, camp followers, camels, and waggons. Going along I saw a lot of sick and wounded lying by the side of the road, and I picked them up and put them on the gun and

limber. I had about ten altogether; they were all 66th men, and a colonel whose name I do not know and never heard of.

We had been fighting all day, marching all night and next day without a bit of food or a drink of water. I did not feel it so much, as I was so occupied, but I saw several dying by the roadside from thirst and fatigue. About four in the afternoon of the 28th, we came to a place called Kokeran, 7½ miles from Candahar; I saw a village where I could get water for the men who were with me. I went off and brought the water back and the men with me. On going to saddle. I shot one horse and two men. After firing about thirty-five rounds General Nuttall came up with some native cavalry, and drove them off. When I first saw the enemy they were about 300 yards off, when they left they had got 150 yards. General Nuttall asked me my name, saying, "You're a gallant young man, what is your name?" I said, "Gunner Collis, of E. of B, R.H.A." He entered it into a pocket-book and rode off. I then followed up my gun, which I found some 500 yards distant by the side of a river. The enemy's fire, which had been going on all the way from Mai-

"I WAS LET DOWN."

"I TOOK MY CARBINE AND LET DRIVE."

the village I saw Lieutenant Maclaine mounted; when I came back I saw two horses without a rider. I then went again for more water. I was about 150 yards from the gun when I saw ten or twelve of the enemy's cavalry coming on at a slow pace towards the gun. The gun went off and I lay down and allowed the gun to pass me, and began firing with a rifle which I had got from a wounded 66th man, in order to draw their fire upon myself, and stop them from going forward with the gun. I was concealed in a little nullah, and I fancy they thought there was more than one man, for they stopped and fired at me from the wand, now became hotter, the surrounding hills being full of them. Some of the garrison of Candahar met us about four miles from the Fort and escorted us in. I arrived about seven p.m.

On the occasion of the sortie from Candahar in the middle of August, 1880, the fighting was going on in the village situated about 200 yards from the edge of the ditch of the fort. I was standing by my gun on the rampart, when General Primrose, General Nuttall, and Colonel Burnet came up. I heard them talking about sending a message to General Dewberry,

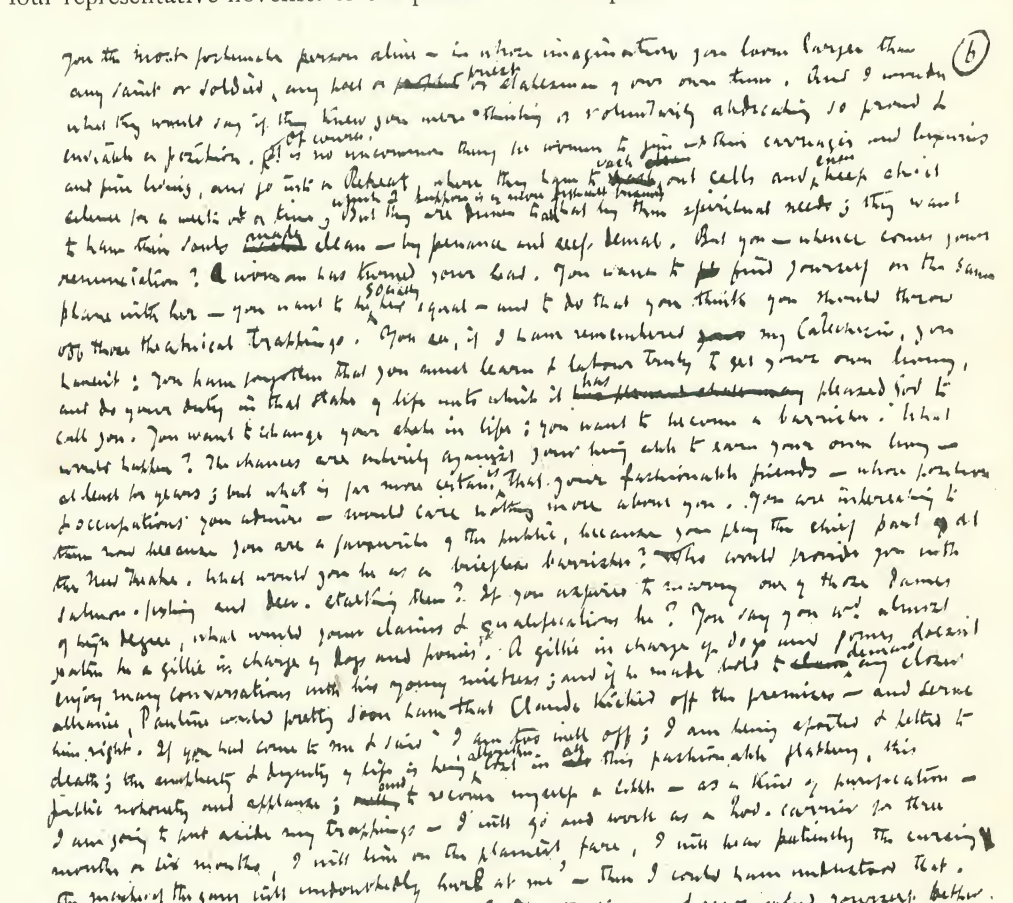
who had succeeded General Brooke, who had been killed. I spoke to Colonel Burnet and said that I would take the message over the wall. After a little hesitation General Primrose gave me a note. I was let down a distance of about thirty or forty feet to the bottom of the ditch by a rope. When half down I was fired at but not hit by matchlock men about 250 yards distant, and I scrambled up the open side of the ditch and ran across to the village. I found the officer commanding in the middle of it, and fighting going on all round. I delivered the note and returned. When half way up the rope I was fired at again, one bullet cutting off the heel of my left boot. General Primrose congratulated me and Colonel Burnet gave me a drop out of his flask, for what with not having recovered from the fatigues of Maiwand and the exertion and excitement of this trip, I was a bit faint.

I was recommended for the Victoria Cross without my knowledge about September 10, by Sir F. Roberts, on the report of General Nuttall and Colonel Burnet. It was given to me July 28, 1881.

(*To be continued.*)

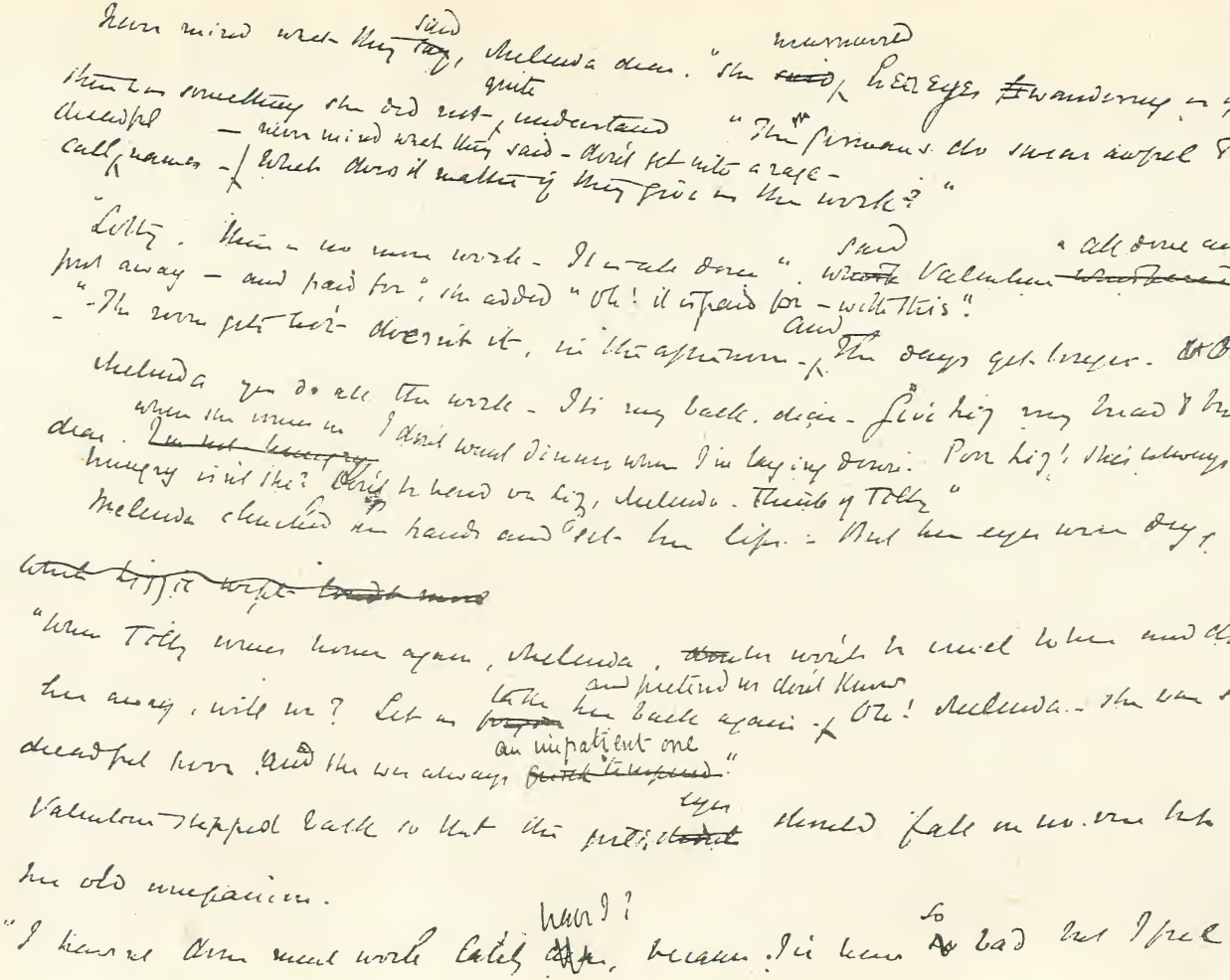
How Novelists Write for the Press.

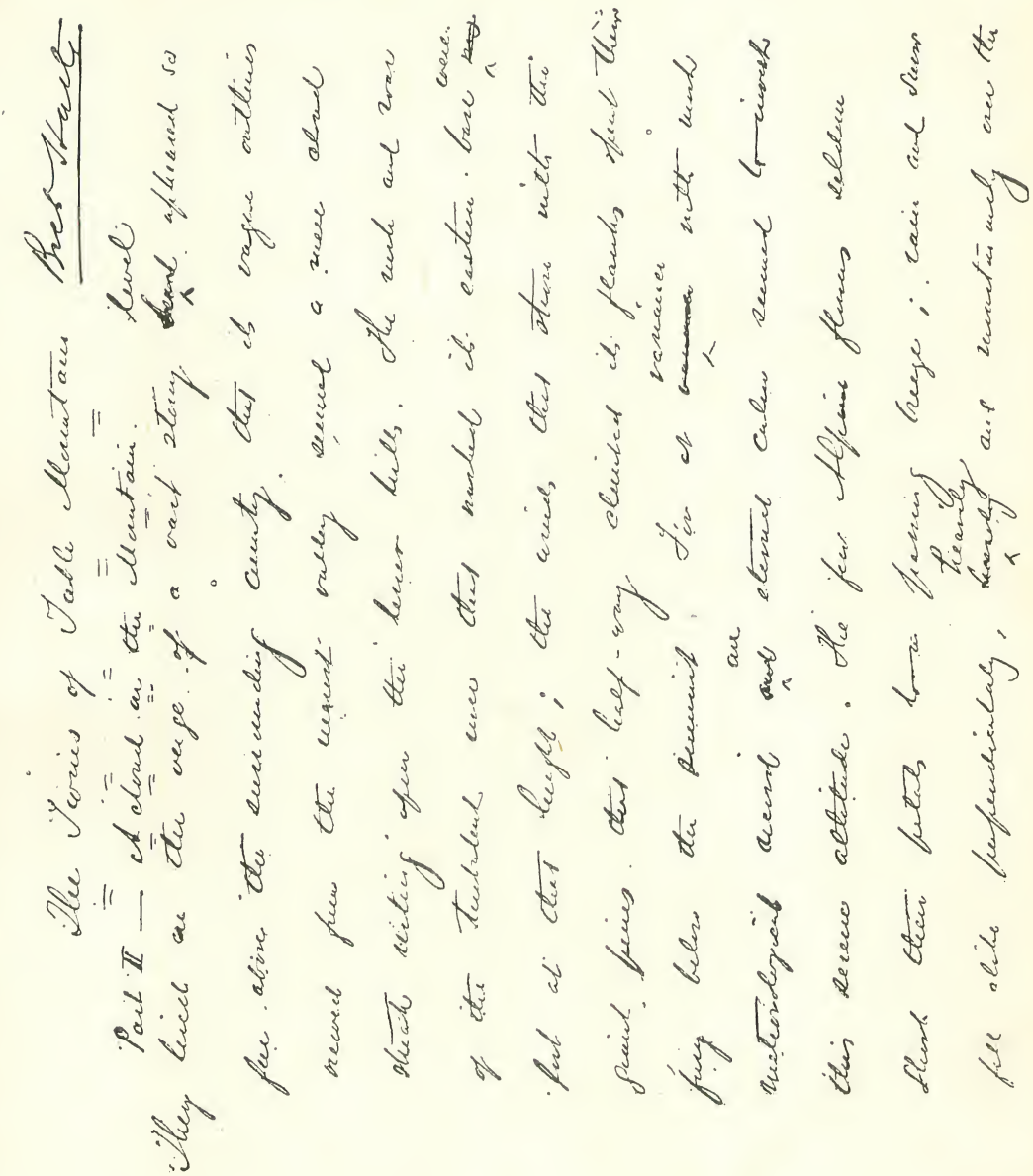
HOW authors work — what methods are peculiar to each individual in preparing MS. for the printer—is a question on which, we think, the following fac-similes, of the same size as the originals, of the work of four representative novelists of the present day, will throw an interesting light. William Black, Walter Besant, Bret Harte, and Grant Allen—here is a page from the manuscript of each. Mr. Black's, with which we commence, fine and careful as it is, is however only a rough draft, which is afterwards re-copied, with slight alterations, for the press.



Fac-simile of a page of MS. from Mr. WILLIAM BLACK'S *Prince Fortunatus.*

Fac-simile of the last page but one of the MS. of Mr. WALTER BESANT'S novel, *Children of Gibeon*.





The Twins of Table Mountain Bret Harte

Part II — A Cloud on the Mountain. Level

They lived on the verge of a vast story ~~[illegible]~~ upheaved so far above the surrounding country that its vague outlines moved from the nearest valley seemed a mere cloud sheath writing upon the lower hills. The rush and roar of the turbulent river that marked its eastern bare were ~~[illegible]~~ but at that height; the winds that strove with the giant pines that half-way clinched its flanks spent their fury below the summit. For at ~~[illegible]~~ variance with such meteorological accord ~~and~~ an storm calm seemed to invest this serene altitude. The few Alpine flowers seldom shook their petals to a passing breeze; rain and snow fell alike perpendicularly, ~~[illegible]~~ heavily and mountainously over the

Fac-simile of a page of the MS. of Mr. BRET HARTE'S story, *The Twins of Table Mountain.*

Jerry Stokes
=
~~The Lord's Delay~~
=
1

Jerry Stokes was a member of her Majesty's civil service. To put it more plainly, he was the provincial hangman. Not a man in all Canada, he used to boast with laudable professional pride, had turned off as many famous murderers as he had. He was a pillar of the constitution, was Jerry Stokes. He represented the executive. And he wasn't ashamed of his office, either. Quite on the contrary, zeal for his vocation shone visible in his face. If it were not for him and his utensils, he loved to say to the ~~gaping~~ crowd that stood him treat, in the saloons, no man's life would be safe for a day in the Province. He was a practical philanthropist in his way, a public benefactor. It is not good that foul crime should stalk unpunished through the land: and he, Jerry Stokes, was there to prevent it. He was the chosen instrument for its salutary repression. Executions performed with punctuality and despatch: for terms, apply to Jeremiah Stokes, Port Hope, Ontario.

He called it a useful, a respectable, and a necessary calling.

Not that philanthropy was the most ~~striking~~ salient characteristic in Jerry's outer

Fac-simile of a page of the MS. of Mr. GRANT ALLEN'S story, *Jerry Stokes* (see next page).

Jerry Stokes.

By Grant Allen.

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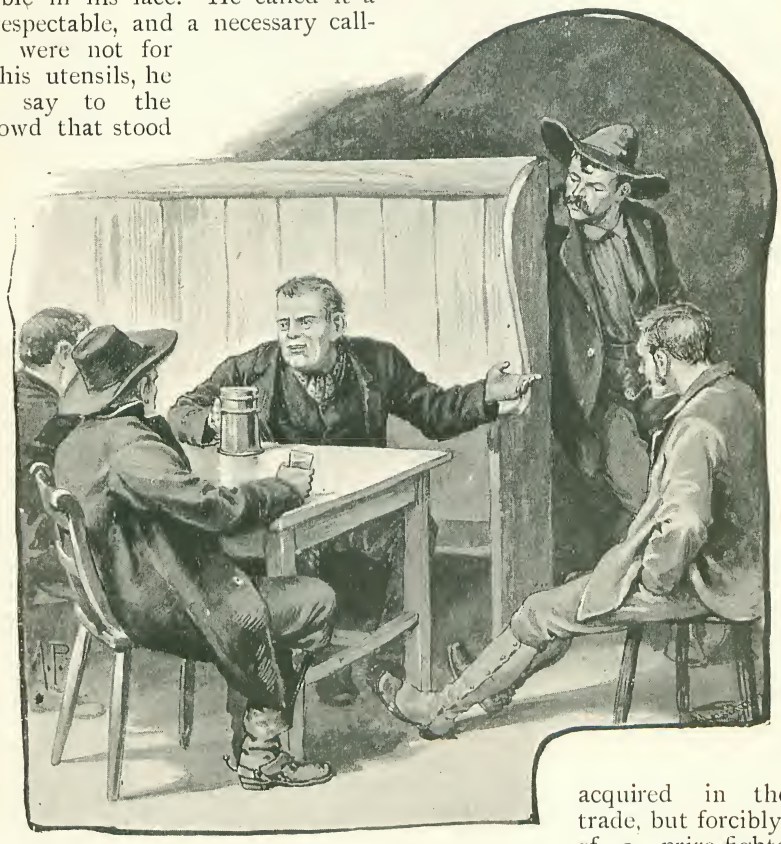
Not that philanthropy was the most salient characteristic in Jerry's outer man. He was a short and thick-set person, very burly and dogged-looking; he had a massive, square head, and a powerful lower jaw, and a coarse, bull neck, and a pair of stout arms,



"HE WAS A PUBLIC BENEFACTOR."

him treat in the saloons, no man's life would be safe for a day in the province. He was a practical philanthropist in his way, a public benefactor. It is not good that foul crime should stalk unpunished

acquired in the lumber trade, but forcibly suggestive of a prize-fighter's occupation. Except on the subject of the Executive, he was a taciturn soul; he had nothing to say, and he said it briefly. Silence, stolidity, and a marked capacity for the absorption of liquids without detriment to his centre of gravity, physical or mental, were the lead-

ing traits in Mr. Stokes' character. Those who knew him well, however, affirmed that Jerry was "a straight man"; and though the security was perhaps a trifle doubtful, "a straight man" nevertheless he was generally considered by all who had the misfortune to require his services.

It was a principle with Jerry never to attend a trial for murder. This showed his natural delicacy of feeling. Etiquette, I believe, forbids an undertaker to make kind inquiries at the door of a dying person. It is feared the object of his visits might be misunderstood; he might be considered to act from interested motives. A similar and equally creditable scruple restrained Jerry Stokes from putting in an appearance at a court of justice when a capital charge was under investigation. People might think, he said, he was on the look-out for a job. Nay, more; his presence might even interfere with the administration of justice; for if the jury had happened to spot him in the body of the hall, it would naturally prejudice them in the prisoner's favour. To prevent such a misfortune — which would of course, incidentally, be bad for trade — Mr. Stokes denied himself the congenial pleasure of following out in detail the cases on which he might in the end be called upon to operate—except through the medium of the public press. He was a kind-hearted man, his friends averred; and he knew that his presence in court might be distasteful to the prisoner and the prisoner's relations. Though, to say the truth, in thus absenting himself, Mr. Stokes was exercising considerable self-denial; for to a hangman, even more than to all the rest of the world, a good first-class murder case is replete with plot-interest.

THE PRISONER.

Every man, however, is guilty at some time or other in his life of a breach of principle; and once, though once only, in his professional experience, Jerry Stokes, like the rest of us, gave way to temptation. To err is human; Jerry erred by attending a capital trial in Kingston court-house. The case was one that aroused immense attention at the time in the Dominion. A young lawyer at Napanee, it was said, had poisoned his wife to inherit her money, and public feeling ran fierce and strong against him. From the very first, this dead set of public opinion brought out Jerry Stokes' sympathy in the prisoner's favour. The crowd had tried to mob Ogilvy — that was the man's name— on his way from his house to jail, and again on his journey from Napanee to Kingston assizes. Men shook their fists angrily in the face of the accused; women surged around with deep cries, and strove to tear him to pieces. The police with difficulty prevented the swaying mass from lynching him on the spot. Jerry Stokes, who was present, looked on at these irregular proceedings with a disapproving eye. Most unconstitutional, to dismember a culprit by main force, without form of trial, instead of handing him over in due course of law to be properly turned off by the appointed officer!

So when the trial came on, Jerry Stokes, in defiance of established etiquette, took his stand in court, and watched the progress of the case with profound interest.

The public recognised him, and nudged one another, well pleased. Farmers had

driven in with their waggons from the townships. All Ontario was agog. People stared at Jerry, and then at the prisoner. "Stokes is looking out for him!" they chuckled in their satisfaction. "He's got no chance. He'll never get off. The hangman's in waiting!"

The suspected man took his place in the dock. Jerry Stokes glanced across at him—rubbed his eyes—thought it curious. "Well, I never saw a murderer like him in my born days afore," Jerry philosophised to himself. "I've turned off square dozens of 'em in my time, in the province; and I know their looks. But hanged if I've come across a murderer yet like this one, any way!"

"Richard Ogilvy, stand up: are you guilty or not guilty?" asked the clerk of assigns.

And the prisoner, leaning forward, in a very low voice, but clear and distinct, answered out, "Not Guilty!"

He was a tall and delicate pale-faced man, with thoughtful grey eyes and a high white forehead. But to Jerry Stokes' experienced gaze all that counted for nothing. He knew his patients well enough to know there are murderers and murderers—the refined and educated as well as the coarse and brutal. Why, he'd turned off square dozens of them, and both sorts, too, equally. No; it wasn't that—and he couldn't say what it was—but as Richard Ogilvy answered "Not Guilty" that morning a thrill ran cold down the hangman's back. He was sure it was true: he felt intuitively certain of it.

From that moment forth, Jerry followed the evidence with the closest interest. He leaned forward in his place, and drank it all in anxiously. People who sat near him remarked that his conduct was disgusting. He was thirsting for a conviction. It was ghastly to see the hangman so intent upon his prey. He seemed to hang on the lips of the witnesses for the prosecution.

But Jerry himself sat on, all unconscious of their criticism. For the very first time in his life, he forgot his trade. He remembered only that a human soul was at stake that day, and that in one glimpse of intuition he had seen its innocence.

Counsel for the Crown piled up a cumulative case, very strong and conclusive against the man Ogilvy. They showed that the prisoner had lived on bad terms with his wife—though through whose fault they had lived so, whether his or hers, wasn't very apparent. They showed that scenes had lately occurred between them. They showed that Ogilvy had bought poison at a chemist's in Kingston on the usual plea, "to get rid of the rats." They showed that Mrs. Ogilvy had died of such poison. Their principal witness was the Napanee doctor, a man named Wade, who attended the deceased in her fatal illness. This doctor was intelligent, and frank, and straightforward; he gave his evidence in the most admirable style—evidence that told dead against the prisoner in every way. At the close of the case for the Crown, the game was up: everybody in court said all was finished: impossible for Ogilvy to rebut such a mass of damning evidence.

Everybody in court—except Jerry Stokes. And Jerry Stokes went home—for it was a two days' trial—much concerned in soul about Richard Ogilvy.

It was something new for Jerry Stokes, this disinterested interest in an accused criminal; and it took hold of him with all the binding and compelling force of a novel emotion. He wrestled and strained with it. All night long he lay awake, and tossed and turned on his bed, and thought of Richard Ogilvy's pale white face, as he stood there, a picture of mute agony, in the court-house. Strange thoughts surged up thick in Jerry Stokes' soul, that had surged up in no other soul among all those actively hostile spectators. The silent suffering in the man's grey eyes had stirred him deeply. A thousand times over, Jerry said to himself, as he tossed and turned, "That man never done it." Now and again he dozed off, and awoke with a start, and each time he woke he found himself muttering in his sleep, with all the profound force of unreasoned conviction, "He never done it! he never done it!"

Next morning, as soon as the court was open, Jerry Stokes was in his place again, craning his bull-neck eagerly. All day long he craned that bull-neck and listened. The public was scandalised now. Jerry Stokes in court! Jerry Stokes scenting blood! He ought to have kept away! This was really atrocious!

Evidence for the defence hung fire sadly. To say the truth, Ogilvy's counsel had no defence at all to offer, except an assurance that he didn't do it. They confined themselves to suggesting a possible alternative here, and a possible alternative there. Mrs. Ogilvy might have taken the rat-poison by mistake; or this person might have given

it her somehow unawares, or that person might have had some unknown grudge against her. Jerry Stokes sat and listened with a sickening heart. The man in the dock was innocent, he felt sure; but the case—why, the case was going dead against him!

Slowly, as he listened, an idea began to break in upon Jerry Stokes' mind. Ideas didn't often come his way. He was a thick-headed man, little given to theories, and he didn't know even now it was a theory he was forming. He only knew this was the way the case impressed him. The prisoner at the bar had never done it.

"JERRY WATCHED HIM CLOSELY."

But there had been scenes in his house—scenes brought about by Mrs. Ogilvy's conduct. Mrs. Ogilvy, he felt confident from the evidence he heard, had been given to drink—perhaps to other things; and the prisoner, for his child's sake (he had one little girl of three years old), was anxious to screen his wife's shame from the public. So he had suggested but little in this direction to his counsel. The scenes, however, were not of his making, and he certainly never meant to poison the woman. Jerry Stokes watched him closely as each witness stood up and told his tale, and he was confident of so much. That twitching of the lips was no murderer's trick. It was the plain emotion of an honest man who sees the circumstances unaccountably turning against him.

There was another person in court who watched the case almost as closely as Jerry himself, and that person was the doctor who attended Mrs. Ogilvy and made the *post-mortem*. His steely grey eyes were fixed with a frank stare on each witness as he detailed his story; and from time to time he gave a little satisfied gasp, when anything went obviously against the prisoner's chances. Jerry was too much occupied, however, for the most part, in watching the man in the dock to have any time left for watching the doctor. Once only he raised his eyes and caught the other's. It was at a critical moment. A witness for the defence, under severe cross-examination, had just admitted a most damaging fact that told hard against Ogilvy. Then the doctor smiled. It was a sinister smile, a smile of malice, a smile of mute triumph. No one else noticed it. But Jerry Stokes, looking up, observed it with a start. A shade passed over his square face like a sudden cloud. He knew that smile well. It was a typical murderer's.

"Mind you," Jerry said to himself, as he watched the smile die away, "I don't pretend to be as smart a chap as all these crack lawyer fellows, but I'm a straight man in my way, and I know my business. If that doctor ain't got a murderer's face on his front, my name isn't Jeremiah Stokes; that's the long and the short of it."

He looked hard at the prisoner, he looked hard at the doctor. The longer and harder he looked, the more was he sure of it. He was an expert in murderers, and he knew his men. Ogilvy hadn't done it; Ogilvy couldn't do it; the doctor might; the doctor was, at any rate, a potential murderer. Not that Jerry put it to himself quite so fine as that; he contented himself with saying in his own dialect, "The doctor was one of 'em."

Evidence, however, went all against the

prisoner, and the judge, to Jerry's immense surprise, summed up upon nothing except the evidence. Nobody in court, indeed, seemed to think of anything else. Jerry rubbed his eyes once more. He couldn't understand it. Why, they were going to hang the man on nothing at all but the paltry evidence! Professional as he was, it surprised him to find a man could swing on so little! To think that our lives should depend on such a thread! Just the gossip of nurses and the tittle-tattle of a doctor with a smile like a murderer's!

"IT WAS A SINISTER SMILE."

At last the jury retired to consider their verdict. But they were not long gone. The case, said everybody, was as clear as daylight. In the public opinion it was a foregone conclusion. Jerry stood aghast at that. What! hang a man merely because they thought he'd done it! And with a face like his! Why, it was sheer injustice!

The jury returned. The prisoner stood in the dock, now pale and hopeless. Only one man in court seemed to feel the slightest interest in the delivery of the verdict. And that one man was the public hangman. Everybody else knew precisely how the case would go. But Jerry Stokes still refused to believe any jury in Canada could perpetrate such an act of flagrant injustice.

"Gentlemen of the jury, do you find the prisoner, Richard Ogilvy, Guilty or Not Guilty of wilful murder?"

There was a slight rhetorical pause. Then the answer rang out, in quietly solemn tones: "We find him Guilty. That is the verdict of all of us."

Jerry Stokes held his breath. This was appalling, awful! The man was innocent. But by virtue of his office he would have to hang him!

II.

If anybody had told Jerry Stokes the week before that he possessed an ample, unexhausted fund of natural enthusiasm, Jerry Stokes would have looked upon him as only fit for Hatwood Asylum. He was a solid, stolid, thick-headed man, was Jerry, who honestly believed in the importance of his office, and hanged men as respectably as he would have slaughtered oxen. But that incredible verdict, as it seemed to him, begot in him suddenly a fierce outburst of zeal which was all the more violent because of its utter novelty. For the first time in his life he woke up to the enthusiasm of humanity. You'll often find it so in very phlegmatic men; it takes a great deal to stir their stagnant depths; but let them once be aroused, and the storm is terrible, the fire within them burns bright with a warmth and light which astonishes everybody. For days the look on Richard Ogilvy's face, when he heard that false verdict returned against him, haunted the hangman's brain every hour of the twenty-four. He lay awake on his bed and shuddered to think of it. Come what might, that man must never be hanged. And, please heaven, Jerry added, they should never hang him.

The sentence, Canadian fashion, was for six clear weeks. And at the end of that time, unless anything should turn up meanwhile to prevent it, it would be Jerry's duty to hang the man he believed to be innocent.

For all those years, Jerry had stolidly and soberly hanged whomever he was bid, taking it for granted the law was always in the right, and that the men on whom he operated were invariably malefactors. But now, a great horror possessed his soul. The revulsion was terrible. This one gross miscarriage of justice, as it seemed to him, raised doubts at the same time in his

startled soul as to the rightfulness of all his previous hangings. Had he been in the habit of doing innocent men to death for years? Was the law, then, always so painfully fallible? Could it go wrong in all the dignity of its unsullied ermine? Jerry could hang the guilty without one pang of remorse. But to hang the innocent!—he drew himself up; that was altogether a different matter.

Yet what could he do? A petition? Impossible! Never within his memory could Jerry recollect so perfect a unanimity of public opinion in favour of a sentence. A petition was useless. Not a soul would sign it. Everybody was satisfied. Let Ogilvy swing! The very women would have lynched the man if they could have caught him at the first. And now that he was to be hanged, they were heartily glad of it.

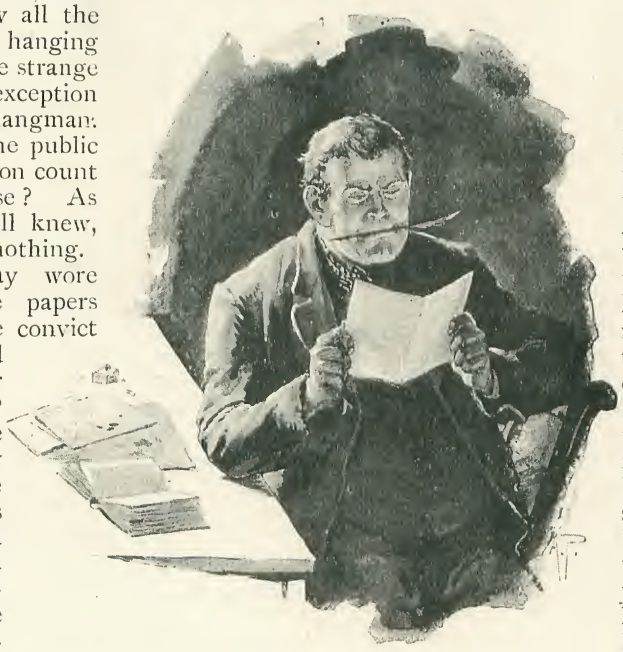
Still, there is nothing to spur a man on in a hopeless cause like the feeling that you stand alone and unaided. Jerry Stokes saw all the world was for hanging Ogilvy—with the strange and solitary exception of the public hangman. And what did the public hangman's opinion count in such a case? As Jerry Stokes well knew, rather less than nothing.

Day after day wore away, and the papers were full of "the convict Ogilvy." Would he confess, or would he not? that was now the question. Every second night the Toronto papers had a special edition with a "Rumoured Confession of the Napanee Murderer," and every second morning they had a telegram direct from Kingston jail to contradict it. Not a doubt seemed to remain with anybody as to the convict's guilt. But the papers reiterated daily the same familiar phrase, "Ogilvy persists to the end in maintaining his innocence."

Jerry had read these words a hundred times before, about other prisoners, with a gentle smile of cynical incredulity; he read them now with blank amazement and horror at the callousness of a world which could hang an innocent man without appeal or inquiry.

Time ran on, and the eve of the execution arrived at last. Something must be done: and Jerry did it. That night he sat long in his room by himself, in the unwonted throes of literary composition. He was writing a letter—a letter of unusual length and surprising earnestness. It cost him dear, that epistle; with his dictionary by his side, he stopped many times to think, and bit his penholder to fibre. But he wrote none the less with fiery indignation, and in a fever of moral zeal that positively astonished himself. Then he copied it out clean on a separate sheet, and folded the letter when done, with a prayer in his heart. It was a prayer for mercy on a condemned criminal—by the public hangman.

After that he stuck a stamp on with trembling fingers, and posted it himself at the main office.



"IT COST HIM DEAR, THAT EPISTLE."

All that night long Jerry lay awake and thought about the execution. As a rule, executions troubled his rest very little. But then, he had never before had to hang an innocent man — at least he hoped not—though his faith in the law had received a severe shock, and he trembled to think now what judicial murders he might have helped in his time unconsciously to consummate.

Next morning early, at the appointed hour, Jerry Stokes presented himself at Kingston jail. The sheriff was there, and the chaplain, and the prisoner. Ogilvy looked at him hard with a shrinking look of horror. Jerry had seen that look, too, a hundred times before, and disregarded it utterly: it was only the natural objection

of a condemned criminal to the constitutional officer appointed to operate on him. But this time it cut the man to the very quick. That an innocent fellow-creature should regard him like that was indeed unendurable, especially when he, the public hangman, was the only soul on earth who believed in his innocence!

expectation. "No reprieve hasn't come yet," he answered, in a stolid way; "but I'm expecting one presently. I've done my duty all my life, sheriff, I tell you, and I'll do it now. I ain't a-going to hang this man at all—because I know he's innocent."

The prisoner gasped, and turned round to him in amaze. "Yes, I'm innocent!"

"I AIN'T A-GOING TO HANG THIS MAN."

The chaplain stood forward and read the usual prayers. The condemned man repeated them after him in a faltering voice. As he finished, the sheriff turned with a grave face to Jerry. "Do your duty," he said. And Jerry stared at him stolidly.

"Sheriff," he began at last, after a very long pause, bracing himself up for an effort, "I've done my duty all my life till this, and I'll do it now. There ain't going to be no execution at all here this morning!"

The sheriff gazed at him astonished.

"What do you mean, Stokes?" he asked, taken aback at this sudden turn. "No reprieve has come. The prisoner is to be hanged without fail to-day in accordance with his sentence. It says so in the warrant: 'wherein fail not at your peril.'"

Jerry looked round him with an air of

he said slowly, looking him over from head to foot; "but you—how do you know it?"

"I know it by your face," Jerry answered sturdily; "and I know by the other one's face it was him that did it."

The sheriff looked on in puzzled wonderment. This was a hitch in the proceedings he had never expected. "Your conduct is most irregular, Stokes," he said at last, stroking his chin in his embarrassment; "most irregular and disconcerting. If you had a conscientious scruple against hanging the prisoner, you should have told us before. Then we might have arranged for some other executioner to serve in your place. As it is, the delay is most unseemly and painful: especially for the prisoner. Your action can only cause him unnecessary

suspense. Sooner or later this morning, somebody must hang him."

But Jerry only looked back at him with an approving nod. The sheriff had supplied him, all inarticulate that he was, with suitable speech. "Ah, that's just it, don't you see," he made answer promptly, "it's a conscientious scruple. That's why I won't hang him. No man can't be expected to go agin his conscience. I never hanged an innocent man yet—leastways not to my knowledge; and s'help me heaven, I won't hang one now, not for the Queen nor for nobody!"

The sheriff paused. The sheriff deliberated. "What on earth am I to do?" he exclaimed, in despair. "If *you* won't hang him, how on earth at this hour can I secure a substitute?"

Jerry stared at him stolidly once more, after his wont. "If *I* don't hang him," he answered, with the air of one who knows his ground well, "it's *your* business to do it with your own hands. 'Wherein fail not at your peril.' And I give you warning beforehand, sheriff, if you *do* hang him—why, you'll have to remember all your life long that you helped to get rid of an innocent man, when the common hangman refused to execute him!"

"HE WAS PALE AND HAGGARD."

To such a pitch of indignation was he roused by events that he said it plump out, just so, "the common hangman." Rather than let his last appeal lack aught of effectiveness in the cause of justice, he consented so to endorse the public condemnation of his own respectable, useful, and necessary calling!

There was a pause of a few minutes, during which the sheriff once more halted and hesitated; the prisoner looked around with a pale and terrified air; and Jerry kept his eye fixed hard on the gate, like one who really expects a reprieve or a pardon.

"Then you absolutely refuse?" the sheriff asked at last, in a despairing sort of way.

"I absolutely refuse," Jerry answered, in a very decided tone. But it was clear he was beginning to grow anxious and nervous.

"In that case," the sheriff replied, turning round to the jailor, "I must put off this execution for half an hour, till I can get someone else to come in and assist me."

Hardly had he spoken the words, however, when a policeman appeared at the door of the courtyard, and in a very hurried voice asked eagerly to be admitted. His manner was that of a man who brings important news. "The execution's not over, sir?" he said, turning to the sheriff with a very scared face. "Well, thank heaven for that! Dr. Wade's outside, and he says, for God's sake, he must speak at once with you."

The sheriff hesitated. He hardly knew what to do. "Bring him in," he said at last, after a solemn pause. "He may have something to tell us that will help us out of this difficulty."

The condemned man, thus momentarily respited on the very brink of the grave, stood by with a terrible look of awed suspense upon his bloodless face. But Jerry Stokes' lips bore an expression of quiet triumph. He had succeeded in his attempt, then. He had brought his man to book. That was something to be proud of. Alone he had done it! He

had saved the innocent and exposed the guilty!

As they stood there and pondered, each man in silence, on his own private thoughts, the policeman returned, bringing with him the doctor whose evidence had weighed most against Ogilvy at the trial. Jerry Stokes started to see the marvellous alteration in the fellow's face. He was pale and haggard; his lips were parched; and his eyes had a sunken and hollow look with remorse and horror. Cold sweat stood on his brow. His mouth twitched horribly. It was clear he had just passed through a terrible crisis.

He turned first to Jerry. His lips were bloodless, and trembled as he spoke; his throat was dry; but in a husky voice he still managed to deliver himself of the speech that haunted him. "Your letter did it," he said slowly, fixing his eyes on the hangman; "I couldn't stand *that*. It broke me down utterly. All night long I lay awake and knew I had sent him to the gallows in my place. It was terrible—terrible! But I wouldn't give way: I'd made up my mind, and I meant to pull through with it. Then the morning came—the morning of the execution, and with it your letter. Till that moment I thought nobody knew but myself. I wasn't even suspected. When I saw *you* knew, I could stand it no longer. You said: 'If you let this innocent man swing in your place, I, the common hangman, will refuse to execute him. If he dies, I'll avenge him. I'll hound you to your grave. I'll follow up clues till I've brought your crime home to you. Don't commit two murders instead of one. It'll do you no good, and be worse in the end for you.' When I read those words—those terrible words!—from the common hangman, 'Ah, heaven!' I thought, 'I need try to conceal it no longer.' All's up now. I've come to confess. Thank heaven I'm in time! Sheriff, let this man go. It was I who poisoned her!"

There was a dead silence again for several seconds. Jerry Stokes was the first of them all to break it. "I knew it," he said solemnly. "I was sure of it. I could have sworn to it."

"And I am sure of it, too," the condemned man put in, with tremulous lips. "I was sure it was he; but how on earth was I to prove it?"

The sheriff looked about him at all three in turn. "Well," he said deliberately, with a sigh of relief, "I must telegraph for instructions to Ottawa immediately. Prisoner, you are *not* reprieved; but under these peculiar circumstances, as Dr. Wade makes a voluntary confession of having committed the crime himself, I defer the execution for the present on my own responsibility. Jailer, I remit Mr. Ogilvy to the cells till further instructions arrive from the Viceroy. Policeman, take charge of Dr. Wade, who gives himself into custudy for the murder of Mrs. Ogilvy. Stokes, perhaps you did right after all. Ten minutes' delay made all the difference. If you'd consented to hang the prisoner at first, this confession might only have come after all was over."

The doctor turned to Jerry, with the wan ghost of a grim smile upon his worn and pallid face. The marks of a great struggle were still visible in every line. "And you won't be baulked of your fee, after all," he added, with a ghastly effort at cynical calmness; "for you'll have *me* to hang before you have seen the end of this business."

But Jerry shook his head. "I ain't so sure about that," he said, scratching his thick, bullet poll, and holding his great square neck a little on one side. "I ain't so sure of my trade as I used to be once, sheriff and gentlemen. I always used to hold it was a useful, a respectable, and a necessary trade, and of benefit to the community. But I've began to doubt it. If the law can string up an innocent man like this, and no appeal, except for the exertions of the public executioner, why, I've began to doubt the expediency, so to speak, of capital punishment. I ain't so certain as I was about the usefulness of hanging. Dr. Wade, I think somebody else may have the turning of you off. Mr. Ogilvy, I'm glad, sir, it was me that had the hanging of you. An onscrupulous man might ha' gone for his fee. I couldn't do that: I gone for justice. Give me your hand, sir. Thank you. You needn't be ashamed of shaking hands once in a way with a public functionary—especially when it's for the last time in his official career. Sheriff, I've had enough of this 'ere work for life. I go back to the lumbering trade. I resign my appointment."

It was a great speech for Jerry—an oratorical effort. But a prouder or happier man there wasn't in Kingston that day than Jeremiah Stokes, late public executioner.

The Piece of Gold.

FROM THE FRENCH OF FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.

[FRANÇOIS COPPÉE, who was born in January, 1842, is known chiefly as a poet, and is, indeed, considered by some critics as the greatest poet now alive in France. For many years he acted as librarian to the Senate, but since 1878 he has held the post of Keeper of the Records at the Comédie-Française, at which theatre several of his plays have been produced. His poems have gained for him the glory of the Legion of Honour; but his short prose tales are full of the same fine qualities which are conspicuous in his verse.]

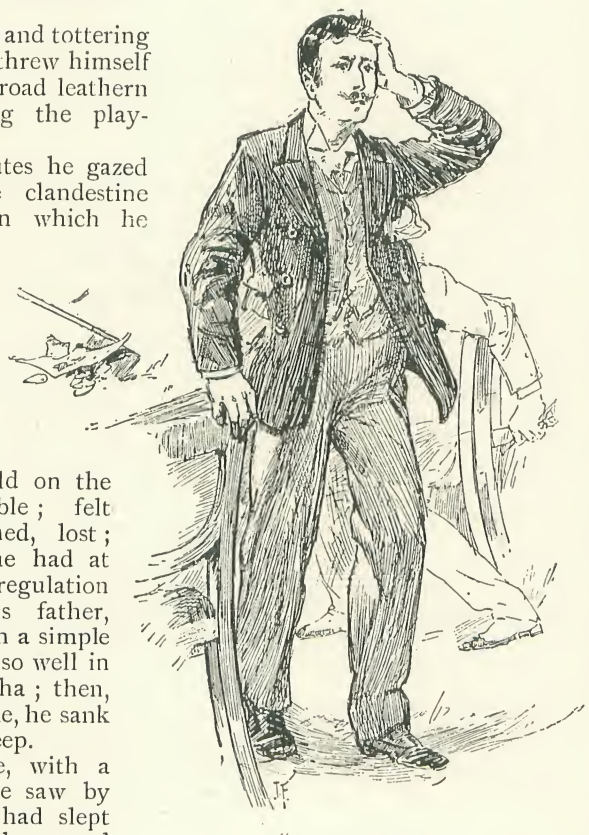
I.

WHEN Lucien Hem saw his last hundred-franc note gripped by the bank-keeper's rake, and rose from the roulette-table, where he had lost the last fragments of his little fortune, collected for this supreme struggle, he felt giddy, and thought he was going to fall.

With dizzy head and tottering legs, he went and threw himself down upon the broad leathern settee surrounding the play-table.

For some minutes he gazed vacantly on the clandestine gambling-house in which he had squandered the best years of his youth; recognised the ravaged faces of the gamblers, crudely lit by the three large shaded lamps; listened to the light jingle of gold on the cloth-covered table; felt that he was ruined, lost; recollected that he had at home the pair of regulation pistols which his father, General Hem, then a simple captain, had used so well in the attack of Zaatcha; then, overcome by fatigue, he sank into a profound sleep.

When he arose, with a clammy mouth, he saw by the clock that he had slept for barely half an hour, and felt an imperious need for breathing the night air. The clock-hands marked a quarter before midnight. While rising and stretching his arms, Lucien remembered that it was Christmas Eve, and, by an ironic trick of memory, he saw himself a little child, putting its shoes into the chimney before going to bed.



"HE FELT GIDDY."

At that moment old Dronski—a pillar of the gaming house, the classic Pole, wearing the threadbare hooded woollen cloak, ornamented all over with grease stains—approached Lucien, and muttered a few words in his grizzled beard: "Lend me a five-franc piece, monsieur. It's now two days since I have stirred out of the club, and for two days the 'seventeen' has never turned up. Laugh at me, if you like, but I'll suffer my hand to be cut off if that number does not turn up on the stroke of midnight."

Lucien Hem shrugged his shoulders. He had not even enough in his pocket to meet this tax, which the frequenters of the place called "The Pole's hundred sous." He passed into the antechamber, took his hat and fur coat, and descended the stairs with feverish rapidity.

Since four o'clock, when Lucien had shut himself up in the gaming-house, snow had fallen heavily, and the street—a street in the

centre of Paris, very narrow, and built with high houses on either side—was completely white.

In the calm sky, blue-black, the cold stars glittered.

The ruined gambler shuddered under his furs, and walked away, his mind still teeming with thoughts of despair, and more than ever turning to the remembrance of the box of pistols which awaited him in one of his drawers ; but after moving forward a few steps, he stopped suddenly before a heart-wringing sight.

On a stone bench, placed according to old custom near the monumental door of a mansion, a little girl of six or seven years of age, dressed in a ragged black frock, was sitting in the snow. She was sleeping, in spite of the cruel cold, in an attitude of frightful fatigue and exhaustion : her poor little head and tiny shoulder pressed as if they had sunk into an angle of the wall, and reposing on the icy stone. One of her wooden shoes had fallen from her foot, which hung helplessly and lugubriously before her.

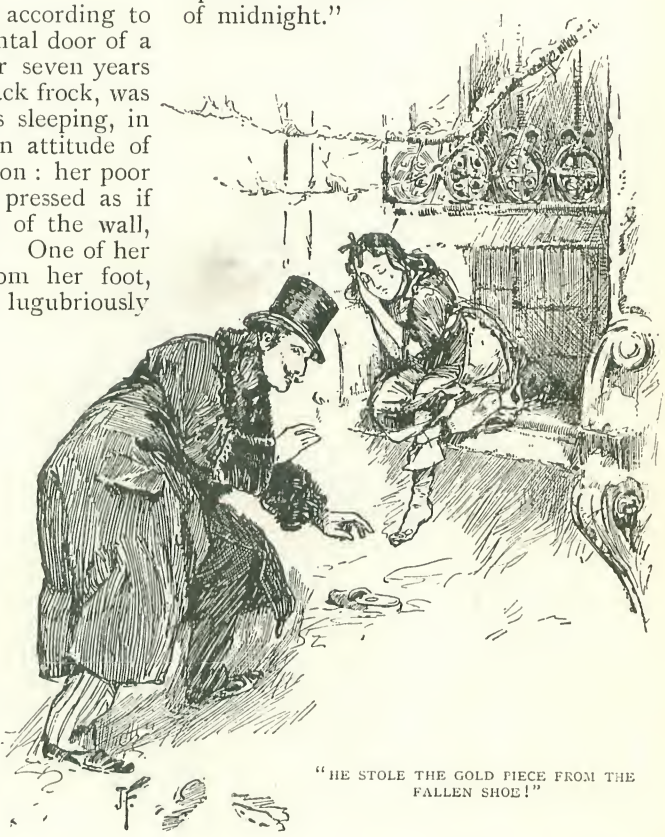
With a mechanical gesture, Lucien put his hand to his waistcoat pocket, but a moment afterwards he recollected that he had not been able to find even a forgotten piece of twenty-sous, and had been obliged to leave the club without giving the customary "tip" to the club attendant ; yet, moved by an instinctive feeling of pity, he approached the little girl, and might, perhaps, have taken her in his arms and given her a night's lodging, when in the wooden shoe which had slipped from her foot he saw something glitter.

He stooped : it was a gold coin.

II.

Some charitable person, doubtless some lady, had passed by, had seen on this Christmas night the little wooden shoe lying in front of the sleeping child, and, recalling the touching legend, had placed there, with a secret hand, a magnificent offering, so that this poor abandoned one might believe in presents made for the infant Saviour, and preserve, in spite of her misfortune, some confidence and some hope in the goodness of Providence.

A gold piece ! It was several days of rest and riches for the beggar, and Lucien was on the point of waking her to tell her this, when he heard near his ear, as in an hallucination, a voice—the voice of the Pole, with its coarse drawling accent, almost whispering : "It's now two days since I stirred out of the club, and for two days the 'seventeen' has never turned up ; I'll suffer my hand to be cut off, if that number does not turn up on the stroke of midnight."



"HE STOLE THE GOLD PIECE FROM THE FALLEN SHOE!"

Then this young man of three-and-twenty, descended from a race of honest men, who bore a proud military name, and who had never swerved from the path of honour, conceived a frightful idea ; he was seized with a mad, hysterical, monstrous desire. After glancing on all sides, to make sure that he was alone in the deserted street, he bent his knee, and carefully outstretching his trembling hand, he stole the gold piece from the fallen shoe !

Hurrying then, with all his speed, he returned to the gambling-house, scaled the

stairs two and three at a stride, and entering the accursed play-room as the first stroke of midnight was sounding, placed the piece of gold on the green cloth, and cried :—

"I stake on the seventeen ! "

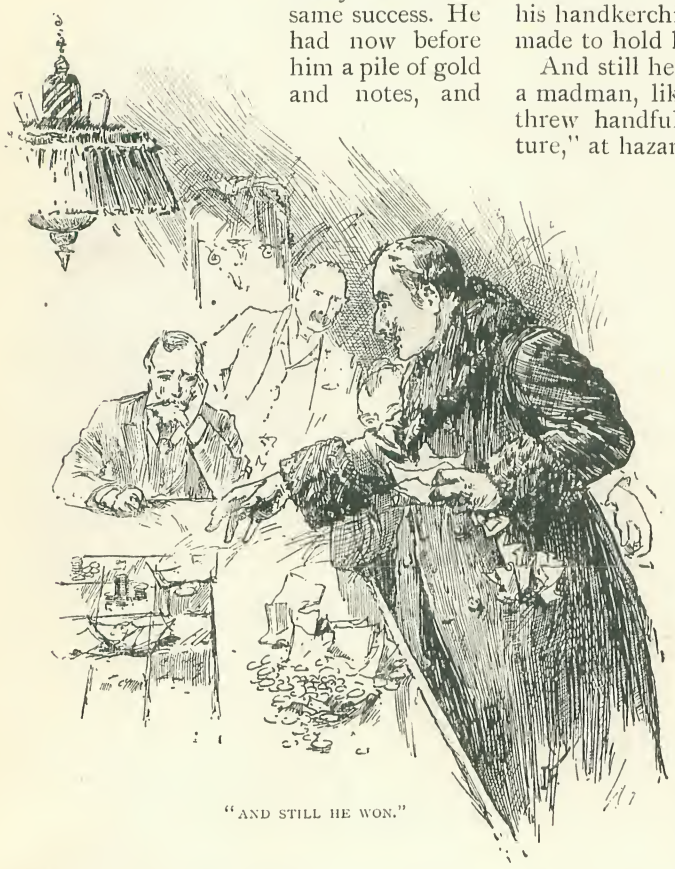
The seventeen won.

With a turn of the hand Lucien pushed the thirty-six louis on to the "red."

The "red" won.

He left the seventy-two louis on the same colour ; the "red" again won.

Twice he "doubled"—three times—always with the same success. He had now before him a pile of gold and notes, and



"AND STILL HE WON."

began to scatter stakes all over the board ; the "dozen," the "column," the "number," all the combinations succeeded with him. His luck was unheard of, supernatural. It might have been imagined that the little ivory ball dancing in the roulette was magnetised, fascinated by the eyes of this player and obedient to him. In a dozen stakes he had recovered the few wretched thousand-franc notes, his last resources, which he had lost at the beginning of the evening.

Now, punting with two or three hundred louis at a time, and aided by his fantastic vein of luck, he was on the way to regaining, and more besides, the hereditary capital he had squandered in so few years, and reconstituting his fortune.

In his eagerness to return to the gaming-table, he had not taken off his fur coat. Already he had crammed the large pockets with bundles of notes and rouleaux of gold pieces ; and, not knowing where to heap his winnings, he now loaded the inner and exterior pockets of his frock-coat, the pockets of his waistcoat and trousers, his cigar-case, his handkerchief—everything that could be made to hold his money.

And still he played, and still he won, like a madman, like a drunken man ! And he threw handfuls of louis on to the "picture," at hazard, with a gesture of certainty and disdain !

Only something like a red-hot iron was in his heart, and he thought of nothing but of the little mendicant sleeping in the snow whom he had robbed.

"Is she still at the same spot ! Surely she must be still there ! Presently—yes, when one o'clock strikes—I swear it ! I will quit this place. I will take her sleeping in my arms and carry her to my home ; I will put her into my warm bed ; I will bring her up, give her a dowry, love her as if she were my own daughter, care for her always, always ! "

III.

But the clock struck one, and then a quarter, and then a half, and then three-quarters.

And Lucien was still seated at the infernal table.

At length, one minute before two o'clock, the keeper of the bank rose abruptly, and said in a loud voice :

"The bank is broken, gentlemen—enough for to-day."

With a bound Lucien was on his feet. Roughly pushing aside the gamblers who surrounded him and regarded him with envious admiration, he hurried away quickly, sprang down the stairs and ran all

the way to the stone bench. In the distance, by the light of a lamp, he saw the little girl.

"God be praised!" he said; "she is still there."

He approached her, he took her hands.

"Oh! how cold she is, poor little one!"

He took her under the arms and raised her, so that he might carry her; her head fell back without her awaking.

"How soundly children of her age sleep!"

He pressed her against his bosom to warm her, and, seized by a vague inquietude, and, with a view to rousing her out of this heavy slumber, he kissed her eyelids.

Then it was that he perceived with terror that these eyelids were half open, showing half the eyeballs—glassy, lightless, motionless. Upon his brain flashed a horrible suspicion. He placed his mouth close to that of the little girl; no breath came from it.

While with the gold piece which he had stolen from this mendicant, Lucien had won a fortune at the gaming table, the homeless child had died—died of cold!

IV.

Seized by the throat by the most frightful of agonies, Lucien tried to utter a cry, and, in the effort which he made, awoke from his nightmare on the club settee, on which he had gone to sleep a little before midnight, and where the attendant who had quitted the house last had left him out of charity.

The misty dawn of a December morning was greying the window-panes.

Lucien went out into the street, pledged his watch, took a bath, breakfasted, and then went to the recruiting-office, and signed an engagement as volunteer in the 1st Regiment of Chasseurs d'Afrique.

At the present time Lucien Hem is a lieutenant; he has only his pay to live upon, but he contrives to make it suffice, being a very steady officer and never touching a card. It appears even that he has found the means of saving, for the other day, at Algiers, one of his comrades who was following him, at a few paces distant, in one of the hilly streets of the Kasba, saw him give something in charity to a little Spanish girl sleeping in a doorway, and had the indiscretion to see what it was that Lucien had given to the child.

Great was his surprise at the poor lieutenant's generosity.

Lucien Hem had put into the hand of the poor child *a piece of gold!*

The Voice of Science.

MRS. ESDAILE, of the Lindens, Birchespool, was a lady of quite remarkable scientific attainments. As honorary secretary of the ladies' branch of the local Eclectic Society, she shone with a never-failing brilliance. It was even whispered that on the occasion of the delivery of Professor Tomlinson's suggestive lecture "On the Perigenesis of the Plastidule" she was the only woman in the room who could follow the lecturer even as far as the end of his title. In the seclusion of the Lindens she supported Darwin, laughed at Mivart, doubted Haeckel, and shook her head at Weissman, with a familiarity which made her the admiration of the University professors and the terror of the few students who ventured to cross her learned but hospitable threshold. Mrs. Esdaile had, of course, detractors. It is the privilege of exceptional merit. There were bitter feminine whispers as to the cramming from encyclopædias and text-books which preceded each learned meeting, and as to the care with which in her own house the conversation was artfully confined to those particular channels with which the hostess was familiar. Tales there were, too, of brilliant speeches written out in some masculine hand, which had been committed to memory by the ambitious lady, and had afterwards flashed out as extempore elucidations of some dark, half-explored corner of modern science. It was even said that these little blocks of information got jumbled up occasionally in their bearer's mind, so that after an entomological lecture she would burst into a geological harangue, or *vice versâ*, to the great confusion of her audience. So ran the gossip of the malicious, but those who knew her best were agreed that she was a very charming and clever little person.

"SCIENTIFIC PROOF."

It would have been a strange thing had Mrs. Esdaile not been popular among local scientists, for her pretty house, her charming grounds, and all the hospitality which an income of two thousand a year will admit of, were always at their command. On her pleasant lawns in the summer, and round her drawing-room fire in the winter, there was much high talk of microbes, and leucocytes, and sterilised bacteria, where thin, ascetic materialists from the University upheld the importance of this life against round, comfortable champions of orthodoxy from the Cathedral Close. And in the heat of thrust and parry, when scientific proof ran full tilt against inflexible faith, a word from the clever widow, or an opportune rattle over the keys by her pretty daughter Rose, would bring all back to harmony once more.

Rose Esdaile had just passed her twentieth year, and was looked upon as one of the beauties of Birchespool. Her face was, perhaps, a trifle long for perfect symmetry, but her eyes were fine, her expression kindly, and her complexion beautiful. It was an open secret, too, that she had under her father's will five hundred a year in her own right. With such advantages a far plainer girl than Rose Esdaile might create a stir in the society of a provincial town.

A scientific conversazione in a private house is an onerous thing to organise, yet mother and daughter had not shrunk from the task. On the morning of which I write, they sat together sur-

veying their accomplished labours, with the pleasant feeling that nothing remained to be done save to receive the congratulations of their friends. With the assistance of Rupert, the son of the house, they had assembled from all parts of Birchespool objects of scientific interest, which now adorned the long tables in the drawing-room. Indeed, the full tide of curiosities of every sort which had swelled into the house had overflowed the rooms devoted to the meeting, and had surged down the broad stairs to invade the dining-room and the passage. The whole villa had become a museum. Specimens of the flora and fauna of the Philippine Islands, a ten-foot turtle carapace from the Gallapagos, the os frontis of the Bos montis as shot by Captain Charles Beesly in the Thibetan Himalayas, the bacillus of Koch cultivated on gelatine—these and a thousand other such trophies adorned the tables upon which the two ladies gazed that morning.

"You've really managed it splendidly, ma," said the young lady, craning her neck up to give her mother a congratulatory kiss. "It was so brave of you to undertake it."

"I think that it will do," purred Mrs. Esdaile complacently. "But I do hope that the phonograph will work without a hitch. You know at the last meeting of the British Association I got Professor Standerton to repeat into it his remarks on the life history of the Medusiform Gonophore."

"How funny it seems," exclaimed Rose, glancing at the square box-like apparatus, which stood in the post of honour on the central table, "to think that this wood and metal will begin to speak just like a human being."

"Hardly that, dear. Of course the poor thing can say nothing except what is said to it. You always know exactly what is coming. But I do hope that it will work all right."

"Rupert will see to it when he comes up from the garden. He understands all about them. Oh, ma, I feel so nervous."

Mrs. Esdaile looked anxiously down at her daughter, and passed her hand caressingly over her rich brown hair. "I understand," she said, in her soothing, cooing voice, "I understand."

"He will expect an answer to-night, ma."

"Follow your heart, child. I am sure that I have every confidence in your good sense and discretion. I would not dictate to you upon such a matter."

"You are so good, ma. Of course, as Rupert says, we really know very little of Charles—of Captain Beesly. But then, ma, all that we do know is in his favour."

"Quite so, dear. He is musical, and well-informed, and good-humoured, and certainly extremely handsome. It is clear, too, from what he says, that he has moved in the very highest circles."

"The best in India, ma. He was an intimate friend of the Governor-General's. You heard yourself what he said yesterday about the D'Arcies, and Lady Gwendoline Fairfax, and Lord Montague Grosvenor."

"Well, dear," said Mrs. Esdaile resignedly, "you are old enough to know your own mind. I shall not attempt to dictate to you. I own that my own hopes were set upon Professor Stares."

"Oh, ma, think how dreadfully ugly he is."

"But think of his reputation, dear. Little more than thirty, and a member of the Royal Society.

"I couldn't, ma. I don't think I could, if there was not another man in the world. But, oh, I do feel so nervous; for you can't think how earnest he is. I must give him an answer to-night. But they will be here in an hour. Don't you think that we had better go to our rooms?"

The two ladies had risen, when there came a quick masculine step upon the stairs, and a brisk young fellow, with curly black hair, dashed into the room.

"All ready?" he asked, running his eyes over the lines of relic-strewn tables.

"All ready, dear," answered his mother.

"Oh, I am glad to catch you together," said he, with his hands buried deeply in his trouser pockets, and an uneasy expression on his face. "There's one thing that I wanted to speak to you about. Look here, Rosie; a bit of fun is all very well; but you wouldn't be such a little donkey to think seriously of this fellow Beesly?"

"My dear Rupert, do try to be a little less abrupt," said Mrs. Esdaile, with a deprecating hand outstretched.

"I can't help seeing how they have been thrown together. I don't want to be unkind, Rosie; but I can't stand by and see you wreck your life for a man who has nothing to recommend him but his eyes and his moustache. Do be a sensible girl, Rosie, and have nothing to say to him."

"It is surely a point, Rupert, upon which

I am more fitted to decide than you can be," remarked Mrs. Esdaile, with dignity.

"No, mater, for I have been able to make some inquiries. Young Cheffington, of the Gunners, knew him in India. He says—"

But his sister broke in upon his revelations. "I won't stay here, ma, to hear him slandered behind his back," she cried, with spirit. "He has never said anything that was not kind of you, Rupert, and I don't know why you should attack him so. It is cruel, unbrotherly." With a sweep and a whisk she was at the door, her cheek flushed, her eyes sparkling, her bosom heaving with this little spurt of indignation, while close at her heels walked her mother with soothing words, and an angry glance thrown back over her shoulder. Rupert Esdaile stood with his hands burrowing deeper and deeper into his pockets, and his shoulders rising higher and higher to his ears, feeling intensely guilty, and yet not certain whether he should blame himself for having said too much or for not having said enough.

Just in front of him stood the table on which the phonograph, with wires, batteries, and all complete, stood ready for the guests whom it was to amuse. Slowly his hands emerged from his pockets as his eye fell upon the apparatus, and with languid curiosity he completed the connection, and started the machine. A pompous, husky sound, as of a man clearing his throat proceeded from the instrument, and then in high, piping tones, thin but distinct, the commencement of the celebrated scientist's lecture. "Of all the interesting problems," remarked the box, "which are offered to us by recent researches into the lower orders of marine life, there is none to exceed the retrograde metamorphosis which characterises the common barnacle. The differentiation of an amorphous protoplasmic mass—" Here Rupert Esdaile broke the connection again, and the funny little

"I WON'T STAY HERE TO HEAR HIM SLANDERED."

tinkling voice ceased as suddenly as it began.

The young man stood smiling, looking down at this garrulous piece of wood and metal, when suddenly the smile broadened, and a light of mischief danced up into his eyes. He slapped his thigh, and danced round in the ecstasy of one who has stumbled on a brand-new brilliant idea. Very carefully he drew forth the slips of metal which recorded the learned Professor's remarks, and laid them aside for future use. Into the slots he thrust virgin plates, all ready to receive an impression, and then, bearing the phonograph under his arm, he vanished into his own sanctum. Five minutes before the first guests had arrived the machine was back upon the table, and all ready for use.

There could be no question of the success of Mrs. Esdaile's conversazione. From first to last everything went admirably. People stared through microscopes, and linked hands for electric shocks, and marvelled at the Gallapagos turtle, the os frontis of the Bos montis, and all the other curiosities which Mrs. Esdaile had taken such pains to collect. Groups formed and chatted round the various cases. The Dean of Birchespool listened with a protesting lip, while Professor Maunders held forth upon a square of triassic rock, with side-thrusts occasionally at the six days of orthodox creation; a knot of specialists disputed over a stuffed ornithorhynchus in a corner; while Mrs. Esdaile swept from group to group, introducing, congratulating, laughing, with the ready, graceful tact of a clever woman of the world. By the window sat the heavily-moustached Captain Beesly, with the daughter of the house, and they discussed a problem of their own, as old as the triassic rock, and perhaps as little understood.

"But I must really go and help my mother to entertain, Captain Beesly," said Rose at last, with a little movement as if to rise.

"Don't go, Rose. And don't call me Captain Beesly; call me Charles. Do, now!"

"Well, then, Charles."

"How prettily it sounds from your lips! No, now, don't go. I can't bear to be away from you. I had heard of love, Rose; but how strange it seems that I, after spending my life amid all that is sparkling and gay, should only find out

"Call me Charles. Do now."

now, in this little provincial town, what love really is!"

"You say so; but it is only a passing fancy."

"No, indeed. I shall never leave you, Rose—never, unless you drive me away from your side. And you would not be so cruel—you would not break my heart?"

He had very plaintive, blue eyes, and there was such a depth of sorrow in them as he spoke that Rose could have wept for sympathy.

"It will amuse you immensely. And I am sure that you would never guess what it is going to talk about."

"What then?"

"Oh, I won't tell you. You shall hear. Let us have these chairs by the open door; it is so nice and cool."

The company had formed an expectant circle round the instrument. There was a subdued hush as Rupert Esdaile made the connection, while his mother waved her white hand slowly from left to right to

"WHO WAS IT WHO HID THE ACE?"

"I should be very sorry to cause you grief in any way," she said, in a faltering tone.

"Then promise——"

"No, no; we cannot speak of it just now, and they are collecting round the phonograph. Do come and listen to it. It is so funny. Have you ever heard one?"

"Never."

mark the cadence of the sonorous address which was to break upon their ears.

"How about Lucy Araminta Pennyfeather?" cried a squeaky little voice. There was a rustle and a titter among the audience. Rupert glanced across at Captain Beesly. He saw a drooping jaw, two protruding eyes, and a face the colour of cheese.

"How about little Martha Hovedean of the Kensal Choir Union?" cried the piping voice.

Louder still rose the titters. Mrs. Esdaile stared about her in bewilderment. Rose burst out laughing, and the Captain's jaw drooped lower still, with a tinge of green upon the cheese-like face.

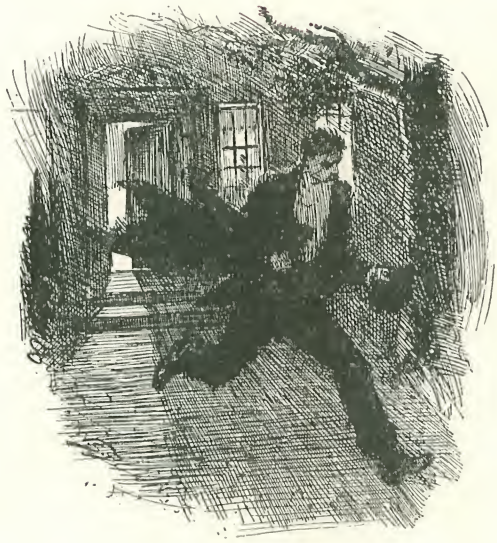
"Who was it who hid the ace in the artillery card-room at Peshawur? Who was it who was broke in consequence? Who was it——?"

"Good gracious!" cried Mrs. Esdaile, "what nonsense is this? The machine is out of order. Stop it, Rupert. These are not the Professor's remarks. But, dear me, where is our friend Captain Beesly gone?"

"I am afraid that he is not very well, ma," said Rose. "He rushed out of the room."

"There can't be much the matter," quoth Rupert. "There he goes, cutting down the avenue as fast as his legs will carry him. I do not think, somehow, that we shall see the Captain again. But I must really apologise. I have put in the wrong slips. These, I fancy, are those which belong to Professor Standerton's lecture."

Rose Esdaile has become Rose Stares now, and her husband is one of the most rising scientists in the provinces. No doubt she is proud of his intellect and of his growing fame, but there are times when she still gives a thought to the blue-eyed Captain, and marvels at the strange and sudden manner in which he deserted her.



Camille.

From the French of Alfred de Musset.

[Alfred de Musset was born in the middle of old Paris, in the year 1810. Musset is the Byron of the French; but at the age when Byron was playing cricket in the grounds of Harrow, Alfred and his brother Paul were poring day and night over old romances, and dressing themselves up as knights and robbers, to represent the characters of whom they read. At nineteen he began to write, and, unlike Byron, his first book of poems was a complete success. At twenty-three he went to Italy, in the capacity of George Sand's private secretary, fell passionately in love with her, was jilted, and returned home broken-hearted. This, however, did not prevent him from falling in love, and out again, like Byron, at constant intervals throughout his life, and celebrating the event in verses infinitely sweet and bitter. From Louis Philippe, who had been his school-fellow, he received the post of Librarian to the Minister of the Interior, which, however, he lost at the Revolution of 1848. In 1852 he was elected to the French Academy; but, though only forty-two, his health was already breaking. Like Byron, who loved to write at midnight with a glass of gin-and-water at his elbow, Musset used to prime himself with draughts of the still deadlier absinthe. He sank, and died in May, 1857, leaving the greatest name of all French poets except Victor Hugo, and a reputation as a writer of prose stories which may be very fairly estimated by the specimen which follows—the charming little story of "Camille."]

I.

THE Chevalier des Arcis was a cavalry officer who, having quitted the service in 1760, while still young, retired to a country house near Mans. Shortly after, he married the daughter of a retired merchant who lived in the neighbourhood, and this marriage appeared for a time to be an exceedingly happy one. Cécile's relatives were worthy folk who, enriched by means of hard work, were now, in their latter years, enjoying a continual Sunday. The Chevalier, weary of the artificial manners of Versailles, entered gladly into their simple pleasures. Cécile had an excellent uncle, named Giraud, who had been a master-bricklayer, but had risen by degrees to the position of architect, and now owned considerable property. The Chevalier's house (which was named Chardonneux) was much to Giraud's taste, and he was there a frequent and ever welcome visitor.

By and by a lovely little girl was born to the Chevalier and Cécile, and great at first was the jubilation of the parents. But a painful shock was in store for them. They soon made the terrible discovery that their little Camille was deaf, and, consequently, also dumb!

II.

THE mother's first thought was of cure, but this hope was reluctantly abandoned; no cure could be found. At the time of which we are writing, there existed a pitiless prejudice against those poor creatures whom we style *deaf mutes*. A few noble spirits, it is true, had protested against this barbarity. A Spanish monk of the sixteenth century was the first to devise means of teaching the dumb to speak without words—a thing until then deemed impossible. His example had been followed at different times in Italy, England, and France, by Bonnet, Wallis, Bulwer, and Van Helmont, and a little good had been done here and there. Still, however, even at Paris, deaf mutes were generally regarded as beings set apart, marked with the brand of Divine displeasure. Deprived of speech, the power of thought was denied them, and they inspired more horror than pity.

A dark shadow crept over the happiness of Camille's parents. A sudden, silent estrangement—worse than divorce, crueller than death—grew up between them. For the mother passionately loved her afflicted child, while the Chevalier, despite all the efforts prompted by his kind heart, could not overcome the repugnance with which her affliction affected him.

The mother spoke to her child by signs, and she alone could make herself understood. Every other inmate of the house, even her father, was a stranger to Camille. The mother of Madame des Arcis—a woman of no tact—never ceased to deplore loudly the misfortune that had befallen her daughter and son-in-law. "Better that she had never been born!" she exclaimed one day.

"What would you have done, then, had *I* been thus?" asked Cécile indignantly.

To Uncle Giraud his great-niece's dumbness seemed no such tremendous misfortune. "I have had," said he, "such a talkative wife that I regard everything else as a less evil. This little woman will never speak or hear bad words, never aggravate the whole household by humming opera airs, cheered by Uncle Giraud's bright talk. But the cloud soon re-descended upon them.

III.

In course of time the little girl grew into a big one. Nature completed successfully, but faithfully, her task. The Chevalier's feelings towards Camille had, unfortunately, undergone no change. Her mother still

"SHE SANK UPON A SEAT."

will never quarrel, never awake when her husband coughs, or rises early to look after his workmen. She will see clearly, for the deaf have good eyes. She will be pretty and intelligent, and make no noise. Were I young, I would like to marry her; being old, I will adopt her as my daughter whenever you are tired of her."

For a moment the sad parents were watched over her tenderly, and never left her, observing anxiously her slightest actions, her every sign of interest in life.

When Camille's young friends were of an age to receive the first instructions of a governess, the poor child began to realise the difference between herself and others. The child of a neighbour had a severe governess. Camille, who was present one

day at a spelling-lesson, regarded her little comrade with surprise, following her efforts with her eyes, seeking, as it were, to aid her, and crying when she was scolded. Especially were the music-lessons puzzling to Camille.

The evening prayers, which the neighbour used regularly with her children, were another enigma for the girl. She knelt with her friends, and joined her hands without knowing wherefore. The Chevalier considered this a profanation ; not so his wife. As Camille advanced in age, she became possessed of a passion—as it were by a holy instinct—for the churches which she beheld. "When I was a child I saw not God, I saw only the sky," is the saying of a deaf mute. A religious procession, a coarse, gaudily bedizened image of the Virgin, a choir boy in a shabby surplice, whose voice was all unheard by Camille—who knows what simple means will serve to raise the eyes of a child? And what matters it, so long as the eyes are raised?

IV.

CAMILLE was *petite*, with a white skin, and long black hair, and graceful movements. She was swift to understand her mother's wishes, prompt to obey them. So much grace and beauty, joined to so much misfortune, were most disturbing to the Chevalier. He would frequently embrace the girl in an excited manner, exclaiming aloud : "I am not yet a wicked man !"

At the end of the garden there was a wooded walk, to which the Chevalier was in the habit of betaking himself after breakfast. From her chamber window Madame des Arcis often watched him wistfully as he walked to and fro beneath the trees. One morning, with palpitating heart, she ventured to join him. She wished to take Camille to a juvenile ball which was to be held that evening at a neighbouring mansion. She longed to observe the effect which her daughter's beauty would produce upon the outside world and upon her husband. She had passed a sleepless night in devising Camille's toilette, and she cherished the sweetest hopes. "It must be," she told herself, "that he will be proud, and the rest jealous of the poor little one ! She will say nothing, but she will be the most beautiful !"

The Chevalier welcomed his wife graciously—quite in the manner of Versailles ! Their conversation commenced with the exchange of a few insignificant sentences as they walked side by side. Then a silence fell between them, while Madame des Arcis sought fitting words in which to approach her husband on the subject of Camille, and induce him to break his resolution that the child should never see the world. Meanwhile, the Chevalier was also in cogitation. He was the first to speak. He informed his wife that urgent family affairs called him to Holland, and that he ought to start not later than the following morning.

Madame understood his true motive only too easily. The Chevalier was far from contemplating the desertion of his wife, yet felt an irresistible desire, a compelling need of temporary isolation. In almost all true sorrow, man has this craving for solitude—suffering animals have it also.

His wife raised no objection to his project, but fresh grief wrung her heart. Complaining of weariness, she sank upon a seat. There she remained for a long time, lost in sad reverie. She rose at length, put her arm into that of her husband, and they returned together to the house.

The poor lady spent the afternoon quietly and prayerfully in her own room. In the evening, towards eight o'clock, she rang her bell, and ordered the horse to be put into the carriage. At the same time she sent word to the Chevalier that she intended going to the ball, and hoped that he would accompany her.

An embroidered robe of white muslin, small shoes of white satin, a necklace of American beads, a coronet of violets—such was the simple costume of Camille, who, when her mother had dressed her, jumped for joy. As Madame was embracing her child with the words, "You are beautiful ! you are beautiful !" the Chevalier joined them. He gave his hand to his wife, and the three went to the ball.

As it was Camille's first appearance in public, she naturally excited a great deal of curiosity. The Chevalier suffered visibly. When his friends praised to him the beauty of his daughter, he felt that they intended to console him, and such consolation was not to his taste. Yet he could not wholly suppress some emotion of pride and joy. His feelings were strangely mixed. After having saluted by gestures almost everybody in the room, Camille was now resting by her mother's side. The general admiration grew more enthusiastic. Nothing, in fact, could have been more lovely than the envelope which held this

"IT WAS CAMILLE'S FIRST APPEARANCE."

poor dumb soul. Her figure, her face, her long, curling hair, above all, her eyes of incomparable lustre, surprised everyone. Her wistful looks and graceful gestures, too, were so pathetic. People crowded around Madame des Arcis, asking a thousand questions about Camille; to surprise and a slight coldness succeeded sincere kindliness and sympathy. They had never seen such a charming child; nothing resembled her, for there existed nothing else so charming as she! Camille was a complete success.

Always outwardly calm, Madame des Arcis tasted to-night the most pure and intense pleasure of her life. A smile that was exchanged between her and her husband was well worth many tears.

Presently, as the Chevalier was still gazing at his daughter, a country-dance began, which Camille watched with an earnest attention that had in it something sad. A boy invited her to join. For answer, she shook her head, causing some of the violets to fall out of her coronet. Her mother picked them up, and soon put to rights the coiffure, which was her own handiwork. Then she looked round for her husband, but he was no longer in the room. She inquired if he had left, and whether he had taken the carriage. She was told that he had gone home on foot.

V.

THE Chevalier had resolved to leave home without taking leave of his wife. He shrank from all discussion and explanation, and, as he intended to return in a short time, he believed that he should act more wisely in leaving a letter than by making a

verbal farewell. There was *some* truth in his statement of that business affair calling him away, although business was not his first consideration. And now one of his friends had written to hasten his departure. Here was a good excuse. On returning alone to his house (by a much shorter route than that taken by the carriage), he announced his intention to the servants, packed in great haste, sent his light luggage on to the town, mounted his horse, and was gone.

Yet a certain misgiving troubled him, for he knew that his Cécile would be pained by his abrupt departure, although he endeavoured to persuade himself that he did this for her sake no less than for his own. However, he continued on his way.

Meanwhile, Madame des Arcis was returning in the carriage, with her daughter asleep upon her knee. She felt hurt at the Chevalier's rudeness in leaving them to return alone. It seemed such a public slight upon his wife and child! Sad forebodings filled the mother's heart as the carriage jolted slowly over the stones of a newly-made road. "God watches over all," she reflected; "over us as over others. But what shall we do? What will become of my poor child?"

At some distance from Chardonneux there was a ford to be crossed. There had been much rain for nearly a month past, causing the river to overflow its banks. The ferryman refused at first to take the carriage into his boat; he would undertake, he said, to convey the passengers and the horse safely across, but not the vehicle. The lady, anxious to rejoin her husband, would not descend. She ordered the coachman to enter the boat; it was only a transit of a few minutes, which she had made a hundred times.

In mid-stream the boat was forced by the current from its straight course. The boatman asked the coachman's aid in keeping it away from the weir. For there was not far off a mill with a weir, where the violence of the water had formed a sort of cascade. It was clear that if the boat drifted to this spot there would be a terrible accident.

"IN MID-STREAM."

The coachman descended from his seat, and worked with a will. But he had only a pole to work with, the night was dark, a fine rain blinded the men, and soon the noise of the weir announced the most imminent danger. Madame des Arcis, who had remained in the carriage, opened the window in alarm. "Are we then lost?" cried she. At that moment the pole broke. The two men fell into the boat exhausted, and with bruised hands.

The ferryman could swim, but not the

coachman. There was no time to lose. "Père Georgeot," said Madame to the ferryman, calling him by his name, "can you save my daughter and myself?"

"Certainly!" he replied, as if almost insulted by the question.

"What must we do?" inquired Madame des Arcis.

"Place yourself upon my shoulders," replied the ferryman, "and put your arms about my neck. As for the little one, I will hold her in one hand, and swim with the other, and she shall not get drowned. It is but a short distance from here to the potatoes which grow in yonder field."

"And Jean?" asked Madame, meaning the coachman.

"Jean will be all right, I hope. If he holds on at the weir, I will return for him."

Père Georgeot struck out with his double burden, but he had over-estimated his powers. He was no longer young. The shore was farther off, the current stronger than he had thought. He struggled manfully, but was nearly swept away. Then the trunk of a willow, hidden by the water and the darkness, stopped him suddenly with a violent blow upon the forehead. Blood flowed from the wound and obscured his vision.

"Could you save my child if you had only her to convey?" asked the mother.

"I cannot tell, but I *think* so," said the ferryman.

The mother removed her arms from the man's neck, and let herself slip gently into the water.

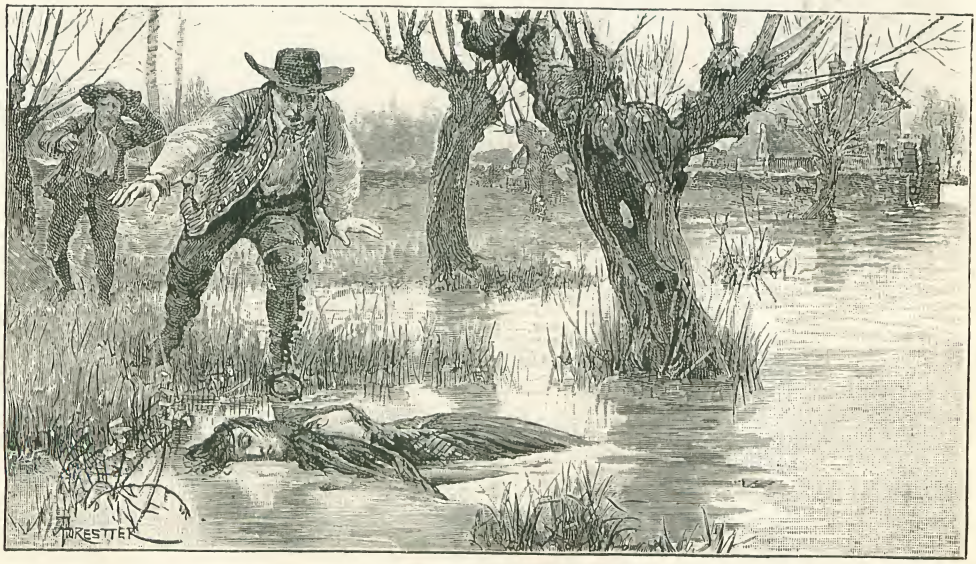
When the ferryman had deposited Camille safely on *terra firma*, the coachman, who had been rescued by a peasant, helped him to search for the body of Madame des Arcis. It was found on the following morning, near the bank.

VI.

CAMILLE'S grief at her mother's loss was terrible to witness. She ran hither and thither, uttering wild, inarticulate cries, tearing her hair, and beating the walls. An unnatural calm succeeded these violent emotions; reason itself seemed well-nigh gone.

It was then that Uncle Giraud came to his niece's rescue. "Poor child!" said he, "she has at present neither father nor mother. With me she has always been a favourite, and I intend now to take charge of her for a time. Change of scene," said Uncle Giraud, "would do her a world of good." With the Chevalier's permission (obtained by letter), he carried off Camille to Paris. The Chevalier returned to Chardonneux, where he lived in deepest retirement, shunning every living being, a prey to grief and keen remorse.

A year passed heavily away. Uncle Giraud had as yet failed utterly to rouse Camille. She steadily refused to be in-



THE DISCOVERY OF THE BODY OF MADAME DES ARCIS.

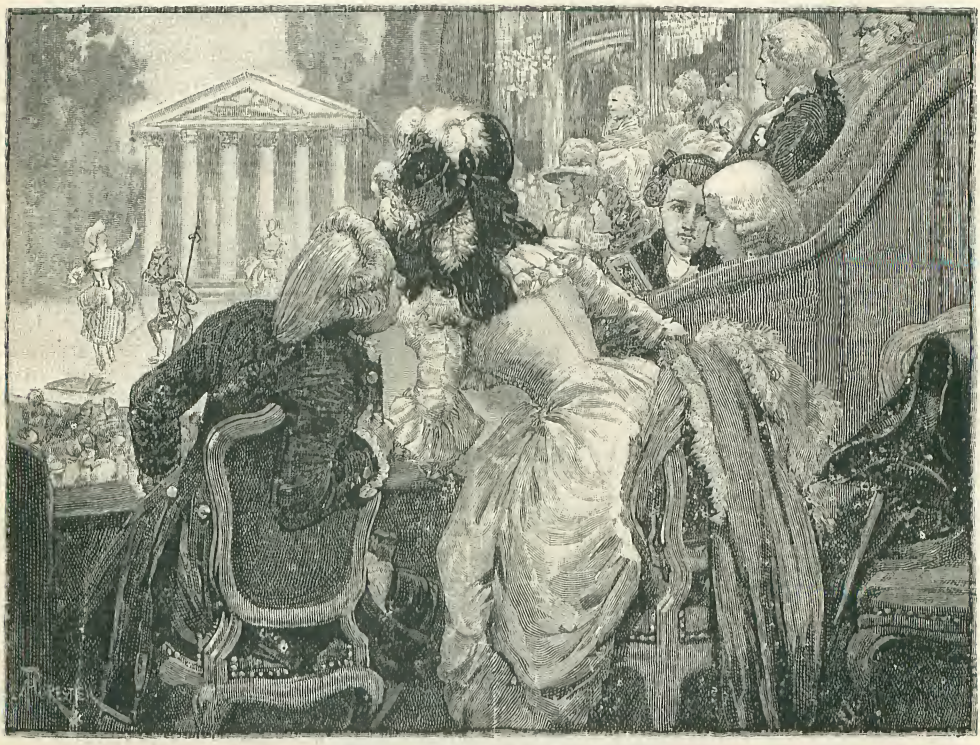
terested in anything. At last, one day he determined to take her, *nolens volens*, to the opera. A new and beautiful dress was purchased for the occasion. When, attired in this, Camille saw herself in the glass, so pleased was she with the pretty picture that, to her good uncle's intense satisfaction, she actually smiled!

VII.

CAMILLE soon wearied of the opera. All—actors, musicians, audience—seemed to leave. She rose, and opened the door of the box.

Just at this moment, something attracted her attention. She caught sight of a good-looking, richly-dressed young man, who was tracing letters and figures with a white pencil upon a small slate. He exhibited this slate now and then to his neighbour, a man older than himself, who evidently understood him at once, and promptly replied in the same manner. At the same time the two exchanged signs.

Camille's curiosity and interest were



"SHE LEANED OVER THE EDGE OF THE BOX."

say to her:—"We speak, and you cannot; we hear, laugh, sing, rejoice. You rejoice in nothing, hear nothing. You are only a statue, the simulacrum of a being, a mere looker-on at life."

When, to exclude the mocking spectacle, she closed her eyes, the scenes of her early life rose before the eyes of her mind. She returned in thought to her country home, saw again her mother's dear face. It was too much! Uncle Giraud observed, with much concern, tears rolling down her cheeks. When he would have inquired the cause of her grief, she made signs that she wished to

deeply stirred. She had already observed that this young man's lips did not move. She now saw that he spoke a language which was not the language of others, that he had found some means of expressing himself without the aid of speech—that art for her so incomprehensible and impossible. An irresistible longing to see more seized her. She leaned over the edge of the box, and watched the stranger's movements attentively. When he again wrote something upon his slate, and passed it to his companion, she made an involuntary gesture as if to take it. Whereupon the young man,

in his turn, looked at Camille. Their eyes met, and said the same thing, "We two are in like case; we are both dumb."

Uncle Giraud brought his niece's wrap, but she no longer wished to go. She had reseated herself, and was leaning eagerly forward.

The Abbé de l'Epée was then just becoming known. Touched with pity for the deaf and dumb, this good man had invented a language that he deemed superior to that of Leibnitz. He restored deaf mutes to the ranks of their fellows by teaching them to read and write. Alone and unaided he laboured for his afflicted fellow-creatures, prepared to sacrifice to their welfare his life and fortune.

The young man observed by Camille was one of the Abbé's first pupils. He was the son of the Marquis de Maubray.

"SHE BEGAN TO COPY WITH GREAT CARE."

VIII.

It goes without saying that neither Camille nor her uncle knew anything either of the Abbé de l'Epée, or of his new method. Camille's mother would assuredly have discovered it, had she lived long enough. But Chardonneux was far from Paris; the Chevalier did not take *The Gazette*, nor, if he had taken it, would he have read it. Thus a few leagues of distance, a little indolence, or death, may produce the same result.

Upon Camille's return from the opera, she was possessed with but one idea. She made her uncle understand that she wished for writing materials. Although the good man wanted his supper, he ran to his chamber, and returned with a piece of board and a morsel of chalk, relics of his old love for building and carpentry.

Camille placed the board upon her knee, then made signs to her uncle that he should sit by her and write something upon it. Laying his hand gently upon the girl's breast, he wrote, in large letters, her name, *Camille*, after which, well satisfied with the evening's work, he seated himself at the supper-table.

Camille retired as soon as possible to her own room, clasping her board in her arms. Having laid aside some of her finery, and let down her hair, she began to copy with great pains and care the word which her uncle had written. After writing it many times, she succeeded in forming the letters very fairly. What that word represented to her, who shall say?

It was a glorious night of July. Camille had opened her window, and from time to time paused in her self-imposed task to gaze out, although the "view" was but a dreary one. The window overlooked a yard in which coaches were kept. Four or five huge carriages stood side by side beneath a shed. Two or three others stood in the centre of the yard, as if awaiting the horses which could be heard kicking in the stable. The court was shut in by a closed door and high walls.

Suddenly Camille perceived, beneath the shadow of a heavy diligence, a human form pacing to and fro. A feeling of fear seized her. The man was gazing intently at her window. In a few moments Camille had regained her courage. She took her

lamp in her hand, and, leaning from the casement, held it so that its light illumined the court. The Marquis de Maubray (for it was he), perceiving that he was discovered, sank on his knees and clasped his hands, gazing at Camille meanwhile with an expression of respectful admiration. Then he sprang up, and nimbly clambering over the board, and handed it to Uncle Giraud, who read with amazement the following words: "I love Mademoiselle Camille, and wish to marry her. I am the Marquis de Maubray; will you give her to me?"

The uncle's wrath abated.

"Well!" remarked he to himself, as he recognised the youth he had seen at the

"HE WAS IN A FEW MINUTES WITHIN CAMILLE'S ROOM."

two or three intercepting vehicles, was in a few minutes within Camille's room, where his first act was to make her a profound bow. He longed for some means of speaking to her, and, observing upon the table the board bearing the written word *Camille*, he took the piece of chalk, and proceeded to write beside that name his own—*Pierre*.

"Who are you? and what are you doing here?" thundered a wrathful voice. It was that of Uncle Giraud, who at that moment entered the room, and bestowed upon the intruder a torrent of abuse. The Marquis calmly wrote something upon

opera—"for going straight to the point, and getting through their business quickly, I never saw the like of these dumb folk!"

IX.

THE course of true love, for once, ran smooth. The Chevalier's consent to this highly desirable match for his daughter was easily obtained. Much more difficult was it to convince him that it was possible to teach deaf mutes to read and write. Seeing, however, is believing. One day, two or three years after the marriage, the

Chevalier received a letter from Camille, which began thus :—"Oh, father ! I can speak, not with my mouth, but with my hand."

She told him how she had learned to do this, and to whom she owed her new-born speech—the good Abbé de l'Epée. She described to him the beauty of her baby, and affectionately besought him to pay a visit to his daughter and grandchild.

After receiving this letter, the Chevalier hesitated for a long time.

"Go, by all means," advised Uncle Giraud, when he was consulted. "Do you not reproach yourself continually for having deserted your wife at the ball ? Will you also forsake your child, who longs to see you ? Let us go together. I consider it most ungrateful of her not to have included me in the invitation."

"He is right," reflected the Chevalier. "I brought cruel and needless suffering upon the best of women. I left her to die a frightful death, when I ought to have been her preserver. If this visit to Camille involves some pain to myself, that is but a merited chastisement. I will taste this bitter pleasure ; I will go and see my child."

X.

In the pretty boudoir of a house in the Faubourg St. Germain, Camille's father and uncle found Camille and Pierre. Upon the table lay books and sketches. The husband was reading, the wife embroidering, the child playing on the carpet. At sight of the welcome visitors the Marquis rose, while Camille ran to her father, who, as he embraced her tenderly, could not restrain his tears. Then the Chevalier's earnest look was bent upon the child. In spite of himself, some shadow of the repugnance he had formerly felt for the infirmity of Camille stirred afresh at sight of this small being who had doubtless inherited that infirmity.

"Another mute ! " cried he.

Camille raised her son to her arms ; without hearing she had understood. Gently holding out the child towards the Chevalier, she placed her fingers upon the tiny lips, stroking them a little, as if coaxing them to speak. In a few moments he pronounced distinctly the words which his mother had caused him to be taught :—

"Good morning, papa ! "

"Now you see clearly," said Uncle Giraud, "that God pardons everything and for ever ! "

THE STONE BREAKER

A STORY FOR CHILDREN. FROM THE FRENCH OF QUATRELLES.

[QUATRELLES' real name is Ernest Louis Victor Jules L'Épine. He lives at Paris—a grey old gentleman of sixty-five, who during the greater part of his life has held a post in the French Government, who wears in his button-hole the rosette of the Legion of Honour, and who can do almost anything delightful—whether it be to paint a picture, or to compose a piece of music, or (as in the following example) to tell a charming little story to amuse the children.]

THERE was once, in Japan, in times so far away that the learned hardly now dare speak of them, a poor little stone-breaker who worked on the highways.

He worked on the highways as long as the day lasted, in all weathers, in all seasons, in rain, in the burning sunshine, and in snow. He was always half dead with fatigue and three-quarters dead with hunger; and he was not at all contented with his lot. "Oh! how I would bless heaven," he said, "if one day I became rich enough to sleep far into the morning, to eat when I was hungry, and drink when I was athirst. I am told that there are people so blessed by fate as always to be gay and full of food. Stretched at ease upon thick mats before my door, my back covered with soft silken vestments, I would take my afternoon nap, wakened every quarter of an hour by a servant, who should remind me that I had nothing to do, and that I might sleep without remorse."

A passing angel overheard these words, and smiled.

"Be it according to your wish, poor man!" the angel said. And, suddenly, the

"BEFORE THE DOOR OF A SPLENDID DWELLING."

stone-breaker found himself before the door of a splendid dwelling of his own, stretched at his ease upon a pile of thick mats and dressed in sumptuous garments of silk. He was no longer hungry, no longer thirsty, no longer tired—all of which appeared to him as agreeable as it was surprising.

He had feasted for half an hour on these unknown enjoyments, when the Mikado passed by. The Mikado! It was a great thing to be the Mikado. The Mikado was Emperor of Japan, and the Emperor of Japan was, especially in those far-off times, the most powerful of all the emperors of the East.

"SURROUNDED BY HIS MINISTERS."

The Mikado was travelling for his pleasure, preceded by couriers, surrounded by cavaliers more embroidered and belaced than the Grand Turk of Turkey, followed by famous warriors, escorted by musicians, accompanied by the most beautiful women in the world, who reclined in howdahs of silver borne on the backs of white elephants.

The Mikado lay upon a bed of down in a palanquin of fine gold, decked with precious stones. His prime minister had the unequalled honour of holding above his master's head a large umbrella fringed all round with tiny jingling bells.

The enriched stone-breaker followed the imperial procession with an eye of envy.

"Much advanced I am!" he said to himself. "Shall I be happy with the few paltry indulgences I am able to give myself? Why am I not the Mikado? I could then traverse the highways in a splendid carriage, in a golden palanquin powdered with precious stones, followed by my prime minister, under the shade of a great umbrella fringed with jingling bells, while my second minister refreshed my visage with the waving of a fan of peacocks' feathers. Ah, I wish I were the Mikado!"

"Be as you wish to be!" said the angel.

And instantly he found himself stretched on the down bed of the golden palanquin powdered with precious stones, surrounded by his ministers, his warriors, his women and his slaves, who said to him, in Japanese:

"Mikado, you are superior to the sun, you are eternal, you are invincible. All that the mind of man can conceive you can execute. Justice itself is subordinate to

your will, and providence waits on your counsels tremblingly."

The stone-breaker said to himself:

"Very good! these people know my value."

"THE LITTLE STONE-BREAKER SPARKLED IN THE HEAVENS."

The sun, which had been shining very ardently for some days, had parched the country. The road was dusty, and the glare from it fatigued the eyes of the apprentice Mikado, who, addressing his minister, the bearer of the jingling umbrella, said:

"Inform the sun that he is incommoding me. His familiarities displease me. Tell him that the great Emperor of Japan authorises him to retire. Go!"

The prime minister confided to a chamberlain the honour of carrying the jingling umbrella, and went on his mission.

He returned almost instantly, his face expressing the utmost consternation.

"Great Emperor, sovereign of gods and men, it is inconceivable! The sun pretends not to have heard me, and continues to burn up the road!"

"Let him be chastised."

"Certainly! such insolence deserves it; but how am I to get hold of him to administer his punishment?"

"Am I not the equal of the gods?"

"Assuredly, great Mikado, at least their equal."

"You told me, just now, that nothing is impossible to me. Either you have lied, or you resist me, or you have badly executed my orders; I give you five minutes to extinguish the sun, or ten to have your head chopped off. Go!"

The prime minister departed, and did not return.

The exasperated stone-breaker was purple with anger.

"This is a pretty sort of a dog's business, upon my word, to be emperor, if he has to submit to the familiarities, caprices, and brutalities of a mere circulating star. It is plain that the sun is more powerful than I. I wish I were the sun."

"Be it as you wish!" said the angel.

"NEVER DID SO MUCH RAIN FALL."

And the little stone-breaker sparkled in the highest heavens, radiant, flaming. He took pleasure in scorching trees, withering their leaves, and parching up springs; in

covering with perspiration the august visages of emperors as well as the dusty muzzles of the wayside stone-breakers—his companions of the morning.

But a cloud came between the earth and him, and the cloud said :

"Halt, my dear fellow ; you can't come this way ! "

"By the moon, that's too much ! A cloud—a poor little misty, bodiless cloud—calls me familiarly, 'my dear fellow,' and bars my way ! Clouds, it is plain, are more powerful than I. If I do not become a cloud, I shall burst with jealousy."

"Don't burst for so trifling a cause," said the angel, always on the watch. "Be a cloud, since you prefer to be so."

Proudly the new cloud planted himself between the earth and the resplendent planet.

Never, in the records of memory, did so much rain fall. The transformed stone-breaker took pleasure in launching rain and hail upon the earth, and that in such a terrible fashion that the uprooted trees found nothing left but mud in which to hold on to the ground. Under his whatever was above the surface of the waters.

A rock, however, made head against the force of the hurricane. In spite of all, it remained unmoved. On its granite sides the waves broke in frothy showers, the waterspouts sank at its feet, and the thunder made it laugh every time it burst against its unyielding flanks.

"I am at the end of my powers ! " said the cloud ; "this rock defies me, masters me, and fills me with envy."

"Take its place ! " said the angel, "and let us see whether, at last, you are satisfied."

The transformed cloud did not yet feel at his ease. Immovable, inaccessible, insensible to the burning caresses of the sun and to the booming of the thunder, he believed himself to be the master of the world. But at his feet a sharp hammering sound attracted his attention. He stooped and beheld a wretched being covered with rags, thin and bald, as he had been in the time of his deepest poverty, who, with a heavy hammer in his hand, was engaged in chipping off pieces of the granite for

"AT HIS FEET A SHARP HAMMERING SOUND ATTRACTED HIS ATTENTION."

aquatic reign of several hours, streams became floods, floods became torrents, the seas were confounded with each other, and dreadful waterspouts whirled in every direction, wringing and destroying the purpose of mending the neighbouring road.

"What is the meaning of this ? " cried the haughty rock ; "a poor wretch—wretched amongst the most wretched—

mutilating me, and I cannot defend myself! I am profoundly humiliated—reduced to envy the lot even of this wretched being!"

"Take his place!" said the angel, smiling.

And the insatiate personage became again what he had been before—a poor little stone-breaker. As in the past, he worked on the highways as long as day lasted, in all weathers, in all seasons, in rain, in the burning sunshine, and in snow. He was always half dead with hunger, three-quarters dead with fatigue. But that did not prevent his being perfectly contented with his lot.

"PERFECTLY CONTENTED WITH HIS LOT."

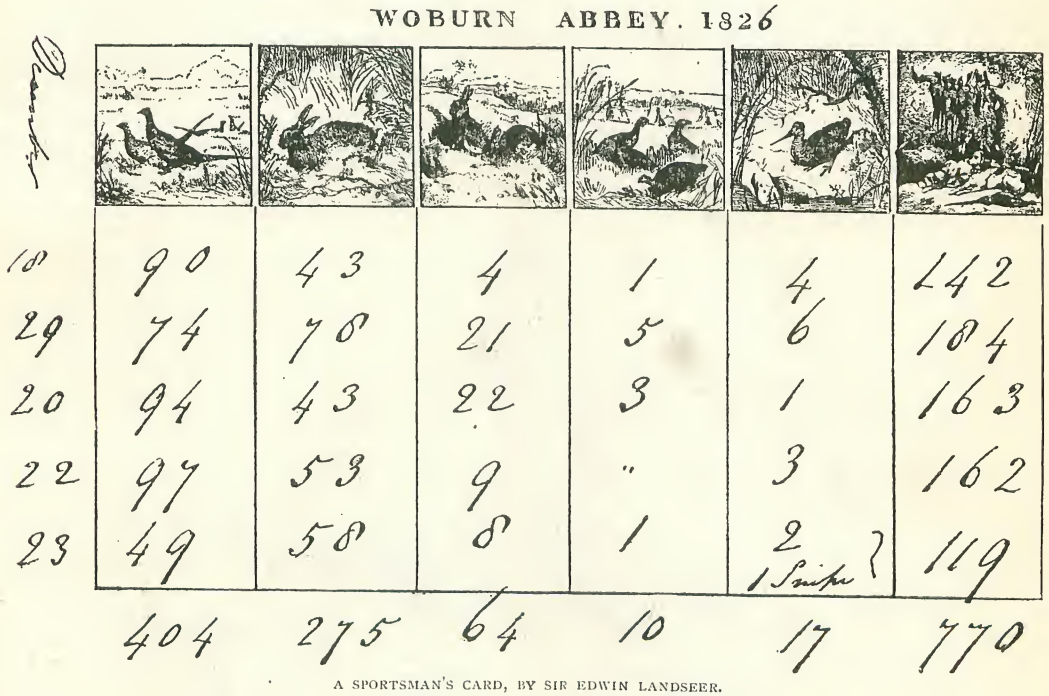
A PICTURE-LETTER.

By Sir Edwin Landseer.

Pictures with Histories.

(*Continued.*)

THE frontispiece we are enabled to give this month is penned in what may be termed pictorial hieroglyphics by Sir Edwin Landseer. The letter was addressed to Charles George Lewis, the celebrated engraver. The first house represented is Lewis's residence in Charlotte-street, whilst the final sketch is a very correct drawing of the artist's house in St. John's Wood-road. It remains just in the same state to-day, and is occupied by Mr. H. W. B. Davis, R.A. This delightfully original missive reads—evidently in response to an invitation :—



A SPORTSMAN'S CARD, BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.

"DEAR CHARLES,—I shall be delighted to come to your house, also Maria, William, and Henry.—Yours, NEDDY LANDSEER."

The only other occasion on which Landseer departed from his usual routine of work seems to be have been when he was on a visit to the Duke of Bedford at Woburn Abbey, in December, 1826, at which time the artist was in his twenty-third year. He set himself to sketch a couple of sportsman's cards, of which we give the one considered the most picturesque, and best calculated to show the great painter's versatility and ingenuity. The writing is that of the Duke of Bedford, and, to judge by the number of hares, rabbits, and pheasants bagged, sport at Woburn Abbey during this particular week must have been fairly brisk. There is no question as to the genuine nature of this veritable curiosity, for on the back of it is written the signature—in ink almost faded—of Lady Georgiana Russell.

From our remarks in the previous chapter on "Pictures with Histories," it will be readily gathered that behind nearly every canvas which Landseer touched some happy incident lies hidden away. His magnificent work, "A Distinguished Member of the Humane Society," was suggested to him by seeing the noble creature which figures in the picture carrying a basket of flowers in its mouth,

"Lion"—a picture he painted for Mr. W. H. Merle for £50—has its story to tell. Landseer particularly wished to see the dog—Lion—excited. There chanced to be in the house a live mouse in a trap. The mouse was let loose, Lion gave chase, and the next instant the mouse had disappeared. There was no accounting for such a rapid exit, when somebody suggested that possibly Lion had swallowed it. And such was the fact; the poor little mouse had found safety in the dog's huge jowls. Immediately Lion's lips were opened the tiny creature jumped out uninjured and made good its escape.

Lion, being a particularly powerful dog, was not easy to play tricks with. On one occasion whilst he was walking along the bank of a canal, a passing bargeman began to poke him with his oar. With a sudden rush and a jerk, Lion seized the oar, and lifted his tormentor into the water. It is interesting to note that Lion's portrait was despatched in a heavy case to Paris, just at the time of the Revolution, and narrowly escaped being used as a barricade.

Here is another anecdote of one of Landseer's pictures. "Beauty's Bath" was a portrait of Miss Eliza Peel, daughter of Sir Robert Peel, in which she is shown with a pretty little pet poodle, named Fido, in her arms. At the time the picture was engraved and about to be issued to the public, Sir Robert was not on the best of terms with the populace. This the publisher knew, and saw that, if he issued the work as "a portrait of Miss Peel," it would ruin the sale. Accordingly, he gave it this very taking title, by which it has ever since been known.

One day Sir Robert met the publisher and demanded why the title had been changed. He was assured that "Beauty's Bath" was most appropriate.

"Oh! yes, that's all right," said Sir Robert. "I've no objection to that. Only," he continued thoughtfully, evidently thinking of the pet poodle and his charming daughter, "which do you intend for the beauty?"

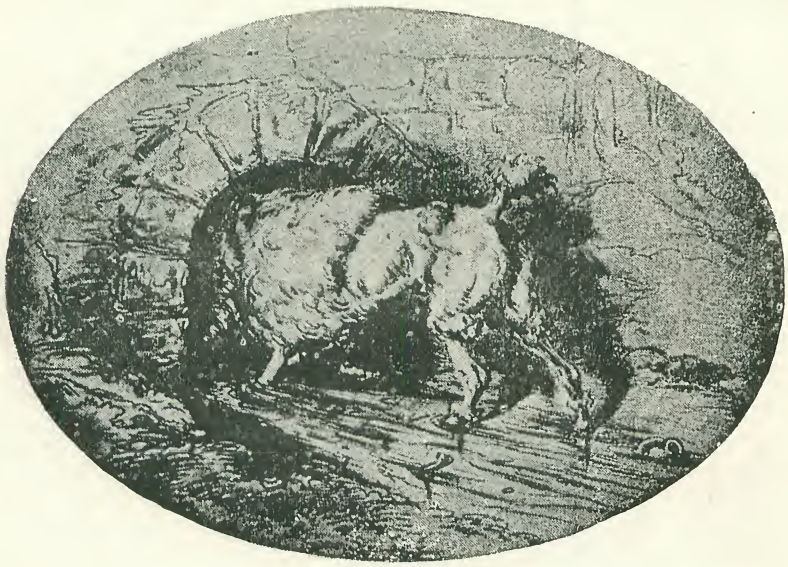
"Well," replied the publisher merrily, "you pay your money and you take your choice!"

Landseer loved to have his artistic joke. This is excellently seen in the two sketches which we reproduce. "Huntsman and Hounds" is a little pen-and-ink drawing done for Miss Wardrop at the age of thirty-four. Miss Wardrop, herself, was fond of the pencil and brush, and was particularly partial to animals. She found no small difficulty in drawing accurately a horse's hoofs. One day she went to Landseer and told him frankly of her non-success, at the same time asking him to give her a hint as to the best way of drawing them correctly. The artist good-humouredly complied with her request, and showed her that it was by no means necessary to depict them at all. This he did by

HUNTSMAN AND HOUNDS.

hiding the horse's hoofs in a wealth of grass, as shown in the sketch.

"The Expectant Dog" is another example of the artist's merry moments. The poodle was the property of the Hon. F. Byng, a distinguished member of the Edwin Landseer; for, some time afterwards, she met John Landseer, loved and married him. In passing, it may be mentioned that Sir Joshua is credited with having expressed the opinion that if an artist painted four or five distinctly original subjects in



"THE EXPECTANT DOG."

Humane Society, and also prominent through his connection with the Metropolitan Commission of Sewers. Landseer was dining with Mr. Byng, when he was asked to make a little sketch of Mr. Byng himself. This he immediately did by drawing that gentleman's favourite dog with its head up a sewer in the midst of a puddle of water, and a rat making a very speedy exit at its approach. The eminent Commissioner of Sewers saw the joke at once, as did also his friends, and for many a long day he was known by the nickname of "Poodle Byng."

We now turn to some works by Sir Joshua Reynolds, to which a history is attached, and, in so doing, there occurs a somewhat curious incident, which has the interest of connecting two of our greatest painters. Sir Joshua's famous picture of "The Gleaners" shows one of the toilers of the field carrying a bundle of wheat on her head. This figure was put in, as the lady—Miss Potts—who posed as the model for it, happened to be staying with her friends, the Macklins, where Sir Joshua was staying also. Miss Potts was destined to become the mother of Sir his lifetime, the achievement should be sufficient to satisfy the demands of the expectant public. Hence he painted no fewer than a quartette of "The Strawberry Girl," each single picture being as good as the others, though probably the first one painted would be preferred for choice. Any of them would easily fetch £2,000 or £3,000 each. We have had the privilege of examining Sir Joshua's own ledgers, and in 1766 we find that he was only receiving £150 for a whole length portrait, £70 for half-length, £50 for a kit cat (36 in. × 25 in.), and £30 for a head. Gainsborough received about the same figure.

The recent tragic death of the Duke of Bedford suggests to us a picture which Sir Joshua painted of "The Bedford Family"—a work worth, at the lowest estimate, £10,000. The curious circumstance of allowing this valuable painting to be turned towards the wall in a darkened room for a great number of years is in itself suggestive of some unknown story. At last it was decided to have the picture renovated, for it had become perfectly black. It was accordingly sent to be cleaned; but it was found impossible to remove the dire

"THE BEDFORD FAMILY."

results which a darkened room and a dusty atmosphere had worked upon it. It was then suggested that the very opposite means should be tried. The canvas was hung in a room, the roof of which was of glass, through which the bright sunshine could fall upon it. As the week and month passed by, the sunlight scattered the gloom by degrees, until, at the end of a year, all had disappeared, and the rich colouring was once more visible. One of the boys represented in the picture is Lord William Russell—the father of the late Duke of Bedford—who was killed by his valet in 1840.

A "Sir Joshua" worth £15,000 has been thrown out of window during a fire, and reached the ground untouched by smoke or flame. This was "Lady Williams Wynn and children," which now hangs at Wynstay. A very interesting incident may be told to show how minute Sir Joshua was—even to a hair. At the sale of his books, there was found amongst the leaves a little curl wrapped up in a small piece of tissue paper on which the artist had written "Lady Waldegrave's hair." He had painted a picture of the Countess of Waldegrave and her daughter, and, in order to get the exact colour of the hair, had persuaded the Countess to cut off a lock. It was recently beautifully mounted, surrounded by portraits of the pictures connected with it, and presented to the late Countess; and it now hangs underneath the original work.

Can a leopard change its spots? Yes, so far as a pictorial leopard goes—as may be illustrated by a painting by Sir Joshua of

Master Herbert as a Bacchus. He made an error here, for he depicted the god of wine surrounded by lionesses, when, of course, leopards should have figured in the festive scene. The engraver in whose hands the picture was placed saw the mistake, and took it upon himself to add the spots to the lionesses, thereby converting them into leopards in his engraving. He even went further, and painted the necessary spots on the animals on the canvas. One hundred years passed away, and the picture was sent to London to be cleaned and restored, when, to the great dismay of the cleaner, he noticed that as he worked the leopards began to lose their spots! Examination soon showed what was the reason. All the spots were removed, the lionesses appeared in their proper skins, and so the picture now appears.

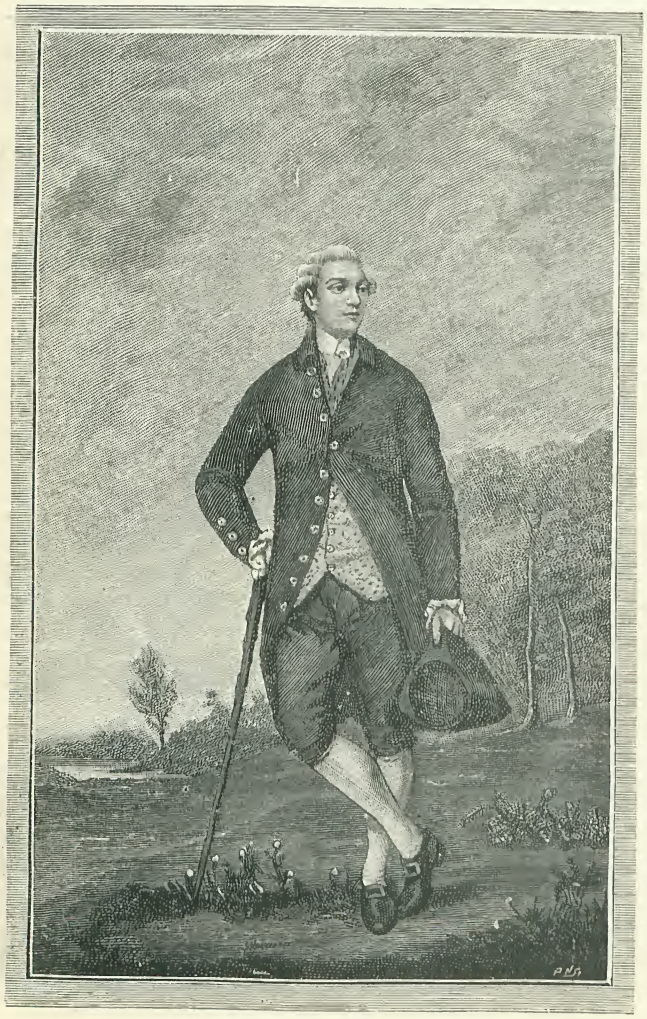
We reproduce two pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds. The history of one is as sensational as the other is broadly humorous. They happen, too, to be the stories of a husband and wife.

Mrs. Musters was a great beauty of her day, and in 1778 Sir Joshua painted her. The picture he sent home to Mr. Musters to his seat at Colwick. An application was received from the artist that the canvas should be returned to him, as he desired to make one or two important alterations which would considerably benefit the picture. It was sent back to him, and it remained in his possession seven years. Time after time it was applied for, but all to no effect—it was impossible to get it back; the applicants got nothing but excuse after excuse. At last, in desperation, Sir Joshua declared that he had spoiled the work, and so destroyed it, and to make up for this he painted another of Mrs. Musters in the character of Hebe, after a lapse of seven years. Where was the original picture? It transpired that George IV.—then Prince of Wales—was at that time engaged in making a collection of the beauties of his Court, and had often asked Mr. Musters to allow his wife to sit for her portrait for this purpose. This Mr. Musters firmly refused. The Prince then brought some pressure to bear on Sir Joshua Reynolds to get the picture. How Sir Joshua set to work has already been seen. The painting was afterwards sold at the Pavilion at Brighton, and was purchased by the Earl of Egremont of Petworth, at whose seat it now hangs. It should be mentioned that this is the only instance on record where Sir Joshua did anything to cast a shade upon a character which was in every other respect a truly honourable one. The pressure which

MRS. MUSTERS.

the Prince enforced was too great, and he succumbed.

Surely nothing can be more humorous than the fact of a man having his portrait painted, and, as the fashion in clothing changed, so having the latest thing in satin coat and flowered vest put on his figure! Yet this was actually done, and by the husband of the very lady who figures prominently in the preceding story. Mr. Musters was exceptionally eccentric. Not content with a picture of himself by Sir Joshua, he secured from time to time the services of another artist to re-clothe him up to date. Some years after his death, the canvas was submitted to a well-known expert, when the momentous question arose as to how it could possibly be a genuine Sir Joshua when the clothing was of a date some thirty years after the great artist had ceased to exist? The picture was put into the hands of a cleaner, when he, almost bewildered, sent a hasty message to the expert to say that all the clothes were gradually coming off! Part of the coat had disappeared, the flowers on the vest were fading, the fob of the watch-chain had gone. The whole truth was soon made evident, and very soon the old, though valuable, clothes were all found underneath, and Mr. Musters appeared in the proper costume of his day as Sir Joshua painted him. As such he is to be seen in our copy of the engraving from the picture.



JOHN MUSTERS, ESQ.

The works of Gainsborough are replete with anecdote. One incident is worthy of being chronicled as associating Sir Joshua Reynolds and this great artist together. It happened in 1782, when the two painters, to put it plainly, were not on speaking terms. At the Royal Academy of that year Gainsborough exhibited a picture, "Girl and Pigs." Sir Joshua was much impressed with it, and, as a token of his appreciation of unquestionable genius, and, we venture to think, possibly with a view to bringing about a renewal of friendship, purchased the work for £100. It would bring thousands now. The Earl of Carlisle possesses it.

Gainsborough was generous to a high degree. When he was at Bath he was anxious to paint Quin, the actor, and in return for the sitting said that he would make him a present of the portrait. Quin refused. Gainsborough pleaded with him, and made use of these remarkable words: "If you will let me paint your portrait *I shall live for ever!*" The actor gave way, but to-day the picture preserves the memory of Quin. On one occasion Gainsborough actually gave half-a-dozen pictures to a Mr. Wiltshire, a

carrier, who, "solely for the love of art," volunteered to convey one of his important canvases to London free of charge. These pictures were the price paid for the van hire, and two of them now hang in the National Gallery—"The Market Cart," and "The Parish Clerk."

The two next reproductions we give have exceptionally singular histories. One indeed is a romance of the purest type. The fact of his celebrated Duchess of Devonshire having been stolen has probably had much to do with making the public regard it as the finest thing that Gainsborough ever did. But art connoisseurs say that the "Hon. Mrs. Graham" is a far finer bit of colouring. It now hangs in the National Gallery of Scotland, and its value is put down at £25,000. Here is its history—a truly romantic one.

THE HONOURABLE MRS. GRAHAM.

Mrs. Graham was the wife of Captain Graham, who years afterwards became General Lord Lynedoch, G.C.B. She was only seventeen when her husband commissioned Gainsborough to paint her. He was passionately attached to his beautiful wife, their married life was one long day of happiness, and when, at a comparatively early age, she died, her broken-hearted husband could not bear even to look upon the picture, and it disappeared. He tried in every way to put an end to his life honourably; but at all times failed. He went into the Peninsular War, volunteered for every "forlorn hope" in the hope of getting killed; but he seemed to bear a charmed life, and rose to be a Field Marshal in the English Army, and lived to ninety-one years of age. Where was the picture of such fabulous value? It was not until after Lord Lynedoch's death that it was discovered in a furniture warehouse, where it had been packed away in a heavy case and concealed from view for very many years.

We now come to the picture that was the means of bringing about the historical quarrel between Gainsborough and the Royal Academy; and, in order that its history should be fully set forth in these pages, the writer has searched the various newspapers of that day with a view of showing the extreme feeling that existed. Gainsborough sent a picture of the three daughters of George III. to the Academy, with a polite request that it should be hung the same distance from the ground as it would be when placed in position in the Royal residence. The Academy Council ignored this wish, and hung it far too high. This so enraged Gainsborough — who was of a somewhat irritable disposition— that he sent for all his pictures, and had them brought back from the Academy. *The Morning Herald* of May 5, 1784, says:—

"Yesterday, the three pictures of the Princess Royal, Princess Elizabeth, and Princess Augusta were removed from the Exhibition Room of Somerset House on the Strand to Mr. Gainsborough's at Pall

Mall, and from thence are to be fixed as furniture at Carlton House."

The Morning Herald was, however, wrong, there was only one picture, not three.

Again, the following extract, which appeared in the same paper on May 7, 1784, is worthy of being quoted :—

"Gainsborough, whose professional absence every visitor of the Royal Academy conduct of the Academy Hangmen, they have in the handsomest manner protested against the shameful outrage offered by these fatal executioners to genius and taste!"

The history of the picture does not end here. It remained at Carlton House until the building was pulled down, and was then removed to Buckingham Palace. At some subsequent period an unknown indi-

PRINCESS ROYAL, PRINCESS AUGUSTA, AND PRINCESS ELIZABETH: DAUGHTERS OF GEORGE III.

so feelingly deplores, is fitting up his own saloon in Pall Mall for the display of his matchless productions, where he may safely exhibit them without further offence to the Sons of Envy and Dullness. . . . By the bye, let it be remembered to the honour of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Sir William Chambers, that, so far from abetting the vidual requiring a picture to fit in a space over a door to one of the State Rooms, positively had it cut down to the required size. It is still there. Its value at the present moment, had it been left untouched, would be £20,000 ; as it is, it is worth about half that sum. Our illustration shows the painting as it is to-day.

Two Fishers.

From the French of Guy de Maupassant.

[Henri René Albert Guy de Maupassant was born on the 5th of August in the year 1850. His parents lived in Normandy, and were people of position; but when, in 1870, the war broke out with Prussia, Guy, then just twenty, buckled on his sword and served his country as a common soldier. When the war was over, he became acquainted with Gustave Flaubert, and the brilliant author of "Salammbô" introduced him to the world of letters, in which he quickly won himself a foremost place. He is not a very prolific writer, but the quality of his work is always fine, and he is one of the best writers of short tales now living. He is fond of using his experience of the war as a basis for his stories—of which "Two Fishers" is an excellent example, as well as of his remarkably artistic style, which tells a story in its full effect without a word too much or little.]

THE TWO FISHERS.

PARIS was blockaded—famished—at the point of death. Even the sparrows on the housetops were few and far between, and the very sewers were in danger of becoming depopulated. People ate anything they could get.

Monsieur Morisot, watchmaker by trade, was walking early one bright January morning down the Boulevards, his hands in the pockets of his overcoat, feeling hungry and depressed, when he unexpectedly ran against a friend. He recognised Monsieur Sauvage, an old time chum of the riverside.

Every Sunday before the war Morisot used to start at daybreak with his bamboo fishing rod in his hand, his tin bait and tackle box upon his back. He used to take the train to Colombes, and to walk from

there to the Island of Maranthe. No sooner had he arrived at the river than he used to begin to fish and continue fishing until evening. Here every Sunday he used to meet Monsieur Sauvage, a linen-draper from Paris, but stout and jovial withal, as keen a fisherman moreover as he was himself.

Often they would sit side by side, their feet dangling over the water for half a day at a time and say scarcely a word, yet little by little they became friends. Sometimes they never spoke at all. Occasionally they launched out into conversation, but they understood each other perfectly without its aid, for their tastes and ideas were the same.

On a spring morning in the bright sunshine, when the light and delicate mist hovered over the river, and these two mad fishermen enjoyed a foretaste of real summer weather, Morisot would say to his neighbour: "Hein! not bad, eh?"

And Sauvage would reply: "I know nothing to beat it."

This interchange of sentiments was quite enough to engender mutual understanding and esteem.

In autumn, toward evening, when the setting sun reddened the sky and cast shadows of the fleeting clouds over the water; when the river was decked in purple; when the whole horizon was lighted up and the figures of the two friends were illumined as with fire; when the russet-brown of the trees was lightly tinged with gold, and the trees themselves shivered with a wintry shake, Monsieur Sauvage would smile at Monsieur Morisot and say, "What a sight, eh?"

And Monsieur Morisot, without even raising his eyes from his float would answer, "Better than the Boulevards, hein!"

This morning, as soon as they had recognised each other they shook hands warmly, quite overcome at meeting again under such different circumstances.

Monsieur Sauvage sighed and murmured, "A nice state of things."

Monsieur Morisot, gloomy and sad, answered, "And what weather! To-day is New Year's day." The sky in fact was clear, bright, and beautiful.

They began to walk along, sorrowful and pensive. Said Morisot, "And our fishing, eh? What times we used to have!"

Sauvage replied, "When shall we have them again?"

They went into a little "café" and had a glass of absinthe, and then started again on their walk.

They stopped at another "café" for another glass. When they came out again they were slightly dazed, like people who had fasted long and then partaken too freely.

It was lovely weather; a soft breeze fanned their faces. Monsieur Sauvage, upon whom the fresh air was beginning to take effect, suddenly said: "Suppose we were to go!"

"Go where?"

"Why, fishing!"

"But where?"

"To our island, of course. The French outposts are at Colombes. I know Colonel Dumoulin; he will let us pass through easily enough."

"THEY WENT ON THEIR WAY REJOICING."

Morisot trembled with delight at the very idea: "All right, I'm your man."

They separated to fetch their rods.

An hour afterwards they were walking fast along the high-road, towards the town commanded by Colonel Dumoulin.

He smiled at their request but granted it, and they went on their way rejoicing in the possession of the password.

Soon they had crossed the lines, passed through deserted Colombes, and found themselves in the vineyard leading down to the river. It was about eleven o'clock.

On the other side the village of Argenteuil seemed as if it were dead. The hills of Orgremont and Saumons commanded the whole country round. The great plain stretching out as far as Nanterne was empty as air. Nothing in sight but cherry trees, and stretches of grey soil.

Monsieur Sauvage pointed with his finger to the heights above and said, "The Prussians are up there," and a vague sense of uneasiness seized upon the two friends.

The Prussians! They had never set eyes upon them, but for months past they had felt their presence near, encircling their beloved Paris, ruining their beloved France, pillaging, massacring, insatiable, invincible, invisible, all-powerful, and as they thought on them a sort of superstitious terror seemed to mingle with the hate they bore towards their unknown conquerors. Morisot murmured, "Suppose we were to meet them," and Sauvage replied, with the instinctive gallantry of the Parisian, "Well! we would offer them some of our fish for supper."

All the same they hesitated before venturing into the country, intimidated as they were by the all-pervading silence.

Eventually Monsieur Sauvage plucked up courage: "Come along, let's make a start; but we must be cautious."

They went through the vineyard, bent double, crawling along from bush to bush, ears and eyes upon the alert.

Only one strip of ground lay between them and the river. They began to run, and when they reached the bank they crouched down among the dry reeds for shelter.

Morisot laid his ear to the ground to listen for the sound of footsteps, but he could hear nothing. They were alone, quite alone; gradually they felt reassured and began to fish.

The deserted island of Maranthe hid them from the opposite shore. The little restaurant was closed, and looked as if it had been neglected for years.

Monsieur Sauvage caught the first gudgeon, Monsieur Morisot the second. And every minute they pulled up their lines with a little silver object dangling and struggling on the hook. Truly, a miraculous draught of fishes. As the fish were caught they put them in a net which floated in the water at their feet. They positively revelled in enjoyment of a long-forbidden sport. The sun shone warm upon their backs. They heard nothing—they thought of nothing—the rest of the world was as nothing to them. They simply fished.

Suddenly a smothered sound, as it were underground, made the earth tremble. The guns had recommenced firing. Morisot turned his head, and saw above the bank, far away to the left, the vast shadow of Mont Valerien, and over it the white wreath of smoke from the gun which had just been fired. Then a jet of flame burst forth from the fortress in answer, a moment later followed by another explosion. Then others, till every second as it seemed the mountain breathed out death, and the white smoke formed a funeral pall above it.

Monsieur Sauvage shrugged his shoulders. "They are beginning again," he said.

Monsieur Morisot, anxiously watching his float bob up and down, was suddenly seized with rage against the belligerents and growled out: "How idiotic to kill one another like that."

Monsieur Sauvage: "It's worse than the brute beasts."

Monsieur Morisot, who had just hooked a bleak, said: "And to think that it will always be thus so long as there are such things as Governments."

Monsieur Sauvage stopped him: "The Republic would not have declared war."

Monsieur Morisot in his turn: "With Kings we have foreign wars, with the Republic we have civil wars."

Then in a friendly way they began to discuss politics with the calm commonsense of reasonable and peace-loving men, agreeing on the one point that no one would ever be free. And Mont Valerien thundered unceasingly, demolishing with its cannon-balls French houses, crushing out French lives, ruining many a dream, many a joy, many a hope deferred, wrecking much happiness, and bringing to the hearts of women, girls, and mothers in France and elsewhere, sorrow and suffering which would never have an end.

"It's life," said Monsieur Morisot.

"Say rather that it's death," said Monsieur Sauvage.

They started, scared out of their lives, as they felt that someone was walking close behind them. Turning round, they saw

"TURNING ROUND THEY SAW FOUR MEN."

four men, four tall, bearded men, dressed as servants in livery, and wearing flat caps upon their heads. These men were covering the two fishermen with rifles.

The rods dropped from their frightened hands, and floated aimlessly down the river. In an instant the Frenchmen were seized, bound, thrown into a boat, and ferried over to the island.

Behind the house they had thought uninhabited was a picket of Prussian soldiers. A hairy giant, who was sitting astride a chair, and smoking a porcelain pipe, asked them in excellent French if they had had good sport.

A soldier placed at the feet of the officer the net full of fish, which he had brought away with him.

"Not bad, I see. But we have other fish to fry. Listen, and don't alarm yourselves. You are a couple of French spies sent out to watch my movements, disguised as fishermen. I take you prisoners, and I order you to be shot. You have fallen into my hands—so much the worse for you. It is the fortune of war. Inasmuch, however, as you came through the lines you are certainly in possession of the password. Otherwise you could not get back again. Give me the word and I will let you go."

The two friends, livid with fear, stood side by side, their hands nervously twitching, but they answered not a word.

The officer continued: "No one need ever know it. You will go home quietly, and your secret will go with you. If you refuse it is death for you both, and that instantly. Take your choice."

They neither spoke nor moved.

The Prussian calmly pointed to the river and said: "Reflect, in five minutes you will be at the bottom of that water. I suppose you have families."

Mont Valerien thundered unceasingly.

The two Frenchmen stood perfectly still and silent.

The officer gave an order in German. Then he moved his chair farther away from the prisoners, and a dozen soldiers drew up in line twenty paces off.

"I will give you one minute," he said, "not one second more."

He got up leisurely, and approached the two Frenchmen. He took Morisot by the arm and said, in an undertone: "Quick! Give me the word. Your friend will know nothing. I will appear to give way."

Monsieur Morisot did not answer.

The Prussian took Monsieur Sauvage aside and said the same thing to him.

Monsieur Sauvage did not answer.

They found themselves once more side by side.

The officer gave another order; the soldiers raised their guns.

By accident Morisot's glance fell upon

the net full of fish on the ground a few steps off. A ray of sunshine lit up their glittering bodies, and a sudden weakness came over him. "Good-bye, Monsieur Sauvage," he whispered.

"Good-bye, Monsieur Morisot," replied Monsieur Sauvage. They pressed each other's hands, trembling from head to foot.

"Fire," said the officer.

Monsieur Sauvage fell dead on his face. Monsieur Morisot, of stronger build, staggered, stumbled, and then fell right across the body of his friend, with his face turned upwards to the sky, his breast riddled with balls.

The Prussian gave another order. His men dispersed for a moment, returning with cords and stones. They tied the stones to the feet of the dead Frenchmen, and carried them down to the river.

Mont Valerien thundered unceasingly.

Two soldiers took Morisot by the head and feet. Two others did the same to Sauvage. The bodies swung to and fro, were launched into space, described a curve, and plunged feet first into the river.

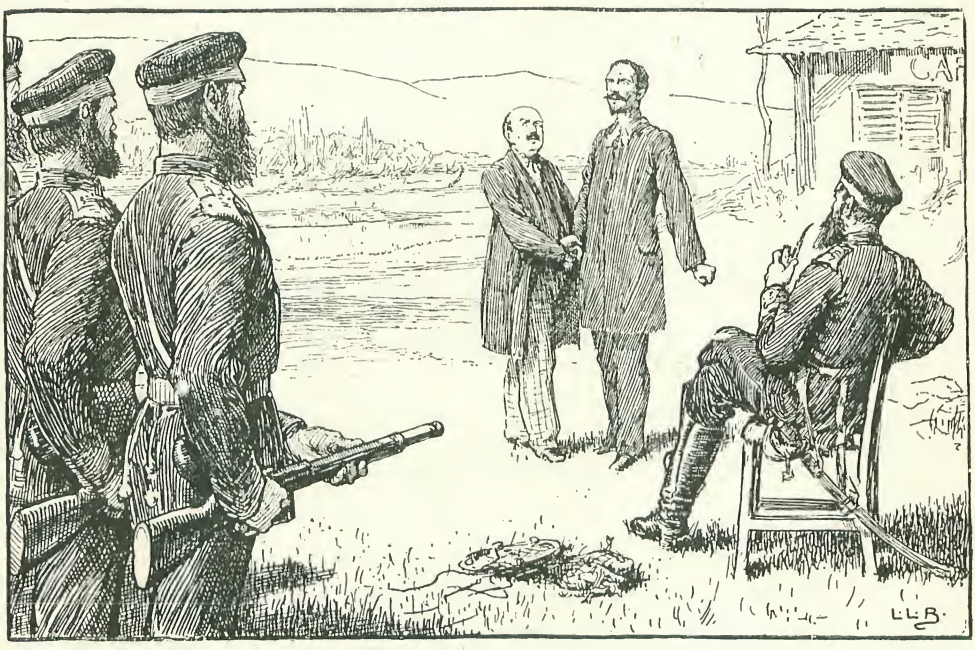
The water bubbled, boiled, then calmed down, and the little wavelets, tinged with red, circled gently towards the bank.

The officer, impassive as ever, said, "It is the fishes' turn now."

His eye fell upon the gudgeon lying on the grass. He picked them up, and called out, "Wilhelm." A soldier in a white cap appeared. He threw the fish towards him.

"Fry these little animals for me at once, while they are still alive and kicking. They will be delicious."

Then he began smoking again.



Babies.

IT is what a simple young writer once called "a beautiful truism" that baby is one of the oldest subjects in the world—indeed, it is almost as old as man—and yet it has seldom or never been treated with completeness. No doubt one reason for that is the fact that baby has never been able to make itself heard except in inarticulate cries, and no doubt also another reason is that people in general have not been until lately interested in any babies but their own.

The difference between ancient and modern times is remarkable in nothing more than in the treatment of babies. Human life, merely as such, was considered less sacred then than now, and the average view of the baby was simply utilitarian. Was the baby, male or female, a healthy baby? Was it likely to become a sturdy citizen or a stout soldier, or to be the capable mother of strong children? Then let the baby live. Babies that did not satisfy these conditions were disposed of much as we dispose of superfluous puppies or kittens. And not even now, moreover, is baby life considered throughout all the world as something in itself delightful and valuable. Savage people and tribes are not such sinners in this regard as half-civilised nations like those of India and China.

"What is the use of rearing daughters?" asked an intelligent Chinaman not long ago of an inquiring Englishman. "When young they are only an expense, and when grown they marry and go away. Whereas a son——."

What a world of difference there is between that sentiment and this of "A Cradle Song," a recent poem by the young poet W. B. Yeats, where the mother addresses her baby thus:—

> "I kiss you and kiss you, my arms round my own;
> Ah! how I shall miss you, my dear, when you're grown!"

To us, in these later times, and with all the sentiments of Christian civilisation fostered in us, it is almost incomprehensible that any grown human beings could have the heart to extinguish the first struggling life of babies; most of all does it seem incomprehensible that the mother, whose nature is wont to well up and flow out at the first helpless cry of her infant, and the father, whose instinct is to hover over and protect and "fend for" both mother and child in their weakness, could ever surrender, or with their own hands destroy, the creature whom they have brought into the world. But, strong as are the natural instincts, stronger still in many is religious fanaticism, stronger is a national or tribal tradition. And when we consider that it has taken ages of Christian culture and feeling to bring us to our present height of imaginative sympathy with all forms of life, till now we are agreed that no more beautiful, sacred, or divine sight is to be seen under the sun than that of a mother with a child in her arms, then we can understand that, while it is an outrage, a sin, and a crime to destroy a child among the taught of Christendom, it is but a hideous barbarism among the uninstructed of heathendom.

Turning to consider particularly the treatment of babies in various lands, by various peoples and tongues, we are compelled to note that even where infanticide or "exposure" is not practised, a similar result is worked out through the hardships—sometimes unconscious, sometimes designed—of infant life. The conditions of existence among many savage tribes are so severe that only the "fittest," the sturdiest, and wiriest constitutions can survive. There is, for instance, a very fine and intelligent tribe of blacks in the neighbourhood of the Cameroons, named the Duallas, which imposes from the first a very violent test upon the constitutions of their offspring. Like the ancient Germans, the Duallas take a child when only four or five days old and plunge it in the river. This is repeated every day till the child is strong and hardy enough to bathe itself, or till it has succumbed beneath the treatment. Other less intelligent and more savage tribes of Africans train their children to endure torture from a very early age. Even the average nursing of the negro mother is enough to try the toughness of the child's constitution. When the child is being fed he is set astride his mother's hip; and he must hold on how he can and get what nutriment he can, while his mother moves about her ordinary duties. When he is not thus attached to his mother he lies on a little bed of dried

grass on the ground, in all the simplicity in which Nature brought him into the world, and crams himself with earth or whatever he can lay his little black hands on.

Akin to the negro's treatment of children—though considerably in advance as regards tenderness and picturesqueness—is that of the Red Indians of North America. The father and mother combine to make a very curious and ornamental close cradle or bed for the "papoose." In shape it is not unlike the long oval shield of the Zulu. The father cuts it out of wood or stout bark with his tomahawk and scalping-knife, and covers it with deer or buffalo skin, or, if he has not these, with matting or the softest bark of trees, leaving the upper side loose and open. The mother then adorns and embroiders it with beads and grasses, and lines and pads it with the softest grass or moss or rags she can find. The "papoose" is lightly strapped in with soft thongs fastened to the board and passing under his arms, and then the covering is laced over him as one laces up a shoe, and nothing but the face of the "papoose" is left exposed. Thus done up, baby can be hung (with a thong attached to his cradle) on the branch of a tree, or from the pole of the wigwam, or set in a corner out of the way. It may seem to us that the close confinement and the upright position of these nests cannot be very comfortable, but it is said that after tumbling about a while on the grass or among the dogs of the wigwam the Indian baby frequently cries to go back to his solitary nest. In this wise, too, is he carried, slung over his mother's back, when the tribe is on the march. The oval thing we have described is the prevalent pattern of cradle among American Indians, though in the extreme north or in the extreme south modifications of the style obtain. The Flat-head mother, for instance, makes her papoose into a round bundle, with folds of bark and thongs of deer-skin, and carries it in a wooden receptacle something like a canoe, slung on her back, with a little pent-house or shade projecting over the baby's face.

It is worth noting that this complete swaddling of infants is almost universal among both barbarous and civilised peoples who dwell in sub-tropical or temperate climates. It is done not so much (or not only) to keep the child warm, but to prevent it from scratching itself, from moving about and hurting itself, and from bruising itself or breaking its tender bones if it should chance to fall. A baby, however, that is

A A

A GERMAN BABY.

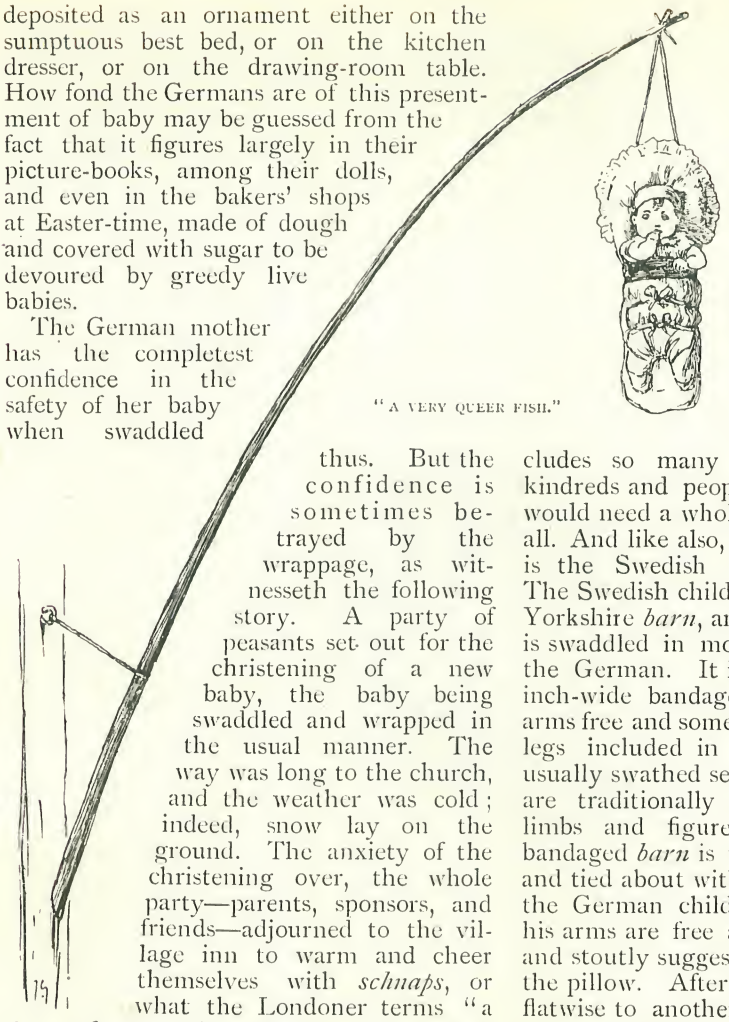
done up tight and flat as a Red-skin baby is, must be almost as safe on a top-shelf as on the ground. The close swaddling and padding of baby is found, the more we consider it, to be the fashion among both civilised and barbarous kindreds, and peoples, and tongues, where women are very hard-worked. It is easy to understand how that must be. When the mother digs and plants the soil, and grinds the corn, draws the water and cooks the food for her husband and children—as does the savage woman of every clime—when she spins and brews, and makes and mends, and cooks and cleans, as does the housewife of almost every degree in almost every country of Europe; when the mother has thus her hands full of toil or occupation from morning till night, and when the expense or the convenience of a nurse is not available, what can she do, what must she do, with baby, but contrive some means of keeping him from troubling her and at the same time from damaging himself? Therefore the American Indian papoose is bound and laced in the thing we have seen; therefore the Amazon Indian child is slung in a close net-like hammock from tree to tree; therefore the New Guinea child hangs like a bunch of onions in a bagnet either from a jutting bamboo of his father's hut or on his mother's back by a strap passed across the forehead; and therefore the European baby of several countries is wrapped and padded in the ways we are about to describe.

"BABY WAS FOUND ASLEEP IN THE SNOW."

Of all house-wives in Europe, probably the German is the hardest worked, and of all European mothers the German practises most completely the art of swathing and padding her baby, and of putting it on the shelf. The German baby is swaddled in a long, narrow pillow, which is made to meet completely round him, being tucked up over his feet and turned under his solemn chin. Three bands of gay blue ribbons are then passed round the whole bundle and tied in large, florid bows about where his chest, his waist, and his ankles may be supposed to be. In this guise he can be

deposited as an ornament either on the sumptuous best bed, or on the kitchen dresser, or on the drawing-room table. How fond the Germans are of this presentment of baby may be guessed from the fact that it figures largely in their picture-books, among their dolls, and even in the bakers' shops at Easter-time, made of dough and covered with sugar to be devoured by greedy live babies.

The German mother has the completest confidence in the safety of her baby when swaddled thus. But the confidence is sometimes betrayed by the wrappage, as witnesseth the following story. A party of peasants set out for the christening of a new baby, the baby being swaddled and wrapped in the usual manner. The way was long to the church, and the weather was cold; indeed, snow lay on the ground. The anxiety of the christening over, the whole party—parents, sponsors, and friends—adjourned to the village inn to warm and cheer themselves with *schnaps*, or what the Londoner terms "a drop of something short." They then set off on their return home lightly and gaily, and their hearts being merry within them they essayed a snatch or two of song and a step or two of dance. Home at length was reached, and the interesting christened bundle was laid on the table. The whole party—parents, sponsors, and friends—stared agape and in silence; there was the pillow, the ribbons, and the bows all complete, but where was the baby? Someone ventured to raise the bundle; it was quite limp and empty! Baby was gone! Back the whole party hurried on its lonely track, and baby was found asleep in the snow, about midway between the church and the village. He was a sturdy child, and the story runs that he escaped with a violent sneeze or two, which, it is said, the anxious parents strove to allay by popping him into the oven. There can be no doubt that the German child that could survive the pillow, and the snow, and the oven, must have been sturdy indeed.

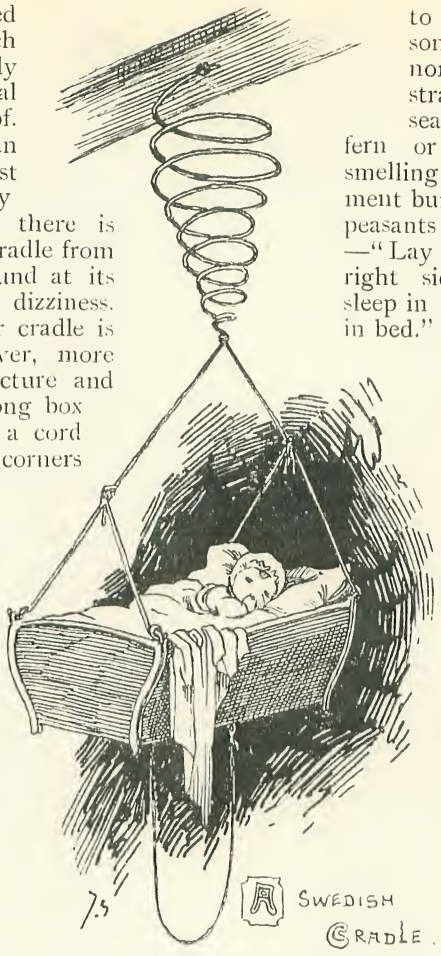


"A VERY QUEER FISH."

Like the German mother in her treatment of infants is the Austrian — the real Austrian, that is, who is of Teutonic origin; for the Austro-Hungarian monarchy includes so many nationalities, so many kindreds and peoples and tongues, that it would need a whole article to write of them all. And like also, with a curious difference, is the Swedish and Norwegian mother. The Swedish child, or *barn*—(compare the Yorkshire *barn*, and the Scottish *bairn*)—is swaddled in more complex fashion than the German. It is wound about with six-inch-wide bandages, sometimes with the arms free and sometimes not, sometimes the legs included in the whole bundle, but usually swathed separately. The bandages are traditionally supposed to make the limbs and figure grow straight. The bandaged *barn* is then wrapped in a pillow and tied about with ribbons and bows like the German child, except that frequently his arms are free and his legs are shortly and stoutly suggested by the tucking in of the pillow. After that he may be fastened flatwise to another pillow, and slung perpendicularly from a supple pole stuck in the wall, so that he looks like a very queer fish indeed, fit to be shown outside the shop of an angling-tackle maker. Like the German, the Swedish child always wears a cap, which is borderless and of special fineness for its first Sunday, when it is christened. Then, also, it wears beads upon its neck, and gorgeous garments with gay bows of ribbon, all which are provided by the godmother. In the remoter parts of both Sweden and Norway it is still the custom every Sunday to carry these swaddled infants to church, which is probably a long way off. They are not taken *into* church, however, but buried for warmth in the snow, in which a small hole is left for them to breathe through.

In less primitive parts of Sweden and Norway, however, and among the better-off, the pillow-bundle often gives place to

a wooden cradle, shaped like a trough or a French *baquet*, which is usually suspended by a spiral spring from the roof. The elastic motion can scarcely be of the most delightful kind to baby we should think, for there is nothing to prevent the cradle from spinning or twisting round at its will, and so producing dizziness. In Russia, too, a similar cradle is used—contrived, however, more rudely as to both structure and motion. It is an oblong box or wicker basket, with a cord from each of its four corners converging to the hook or the rafter from which it is hung, and with a looped cord underneath, in which the mother puts her foot to swing her baby. In winter — which in Russia is long and severe—the cradles or, sometimes, the hammocks in which the youngest children sleep are slung round the great stove upon which the parents and other adult members of the family pass the night, wrapped in their sheepskins.



A SWEDISH CRADLE.

France is the only other country in which the pillow is a necessary complement of the baby. But the attachment of the two is nowadays characteristically French. It is a compromise between the old and the new, between tradition and fashion, and consequently it is not universal. The French baby (especially on gala days) is laid upon the pillow, and his fine frocks and gay ribbons, instead of enveloping his tender body, are spread upon him as he lies, so that he is no more than a kind of *bas-relief*. In France, however, it must be noted there came earlier than elsewhere in Europe—(one of the results of the Revolution)—the revolt against mere tradition and usage in the treatment of babies. Among well-to-do and aristocratic French folk, in particular, a change in that regard has long been in progress. The French child used to have always its pillow or cradle; now it begins to lie upon a fresh, wholesome bed, neither of wool nor of feathers, but of hair or straw, or among country or sea-faring folk of sweet dried fern or bracken or pungent-smelling sea-weed; and Government bureaux circulate among the peasants such directions as these:—"Lay the infant to sleep on its right side; avoid putting it to sleep in the lap before putting it in bed." The French baby used to wear a multiplicity of caps—a small close cap of fine linen, over which was a second of light flannel, and over that a third of some light and ornamental stuff; now the caps are being discarded, and baby goes openly and baldly bareheaded. There is, however, one infantile institution to which well-to-do French folk cling obstinately, and that is the foster-mother or wet-nurse. The institution had its origin ages ago, and was popular with other than fine ladies who feared to spoil their shape with nursing. It was under the early Bourbon kings that the practice first became established of sending infants into the country, to some well-known dependant of the house, to be nursed and fed and brought up. That is why one reads so much in

FRENCH BABY - OLD STYLE.

A BURGUNDIAN NURSE.

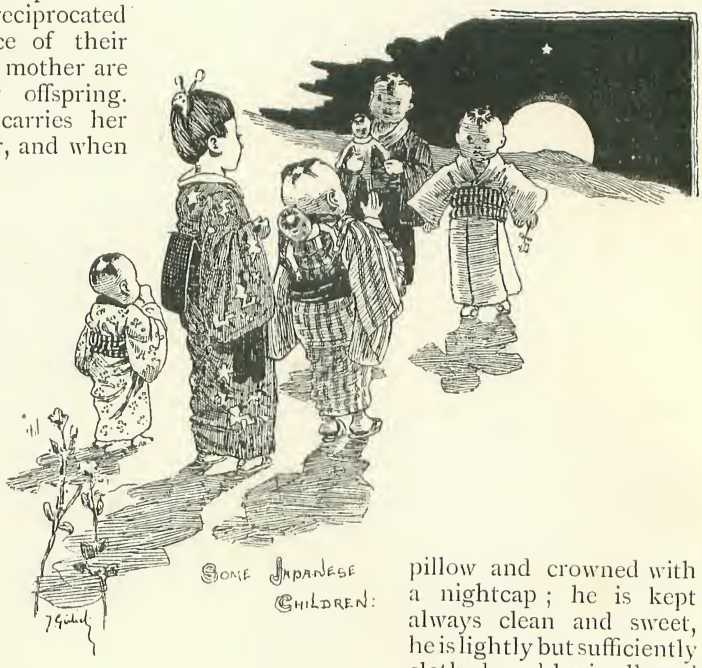
French literature of foster-brothers and foster-sisters, who were the peasant children brought up in the same lap, and at the same breast as the young lords and ladies. The wet-nurse who lived in the family was—and is still—commonly a Burgundian, an ample, handsome, and good-natured type of woman, something like our own woman of Devonshire. The fine Burgundian nurse is still a feature of Parisian life, with her black eyes, her rich colour, and her opulent form, her red cloak, her full-bordered cap, and her long, floating ribbons. It is evident that this large and productive type is very old, for there is a curious statute in ancient French law, called the "*droit de douze enfants :*" it obtained only in Burgundy, and it enacted that all parents of a dozen children should be exempt from the payment of any taxes whatever.

Before we finally turn, whither we have all this while been tending, to the completest and wholesomest treatment of babies, let us note one or two remarkable curiosities in that way. There is, first of all, the well-worn, and now almost out-worn, tradition that Chinese female babies have their feet tortured by tight bandaging to make and keep them small. That practice, let us say at once, was never prevalent, except in very high society—like really tight-lacing in England—and even there it is now gradually becoming obsolete. But, among the swelltering millions of China there is a practice which seems to have a curious result. The mother carries her infant in a kind of bag or pannier on her back, and not—as in other countries where the dorsal carriage is affected—with the face turned outwards, but—as, probably, we ought to expect in China, where everything seems to go and come by the rule of contraries—with the face turned inwards. The result of that is that the baby's nose is of necessity pressed against its mother's back, whence, no doubt, say the learned in these matters, has been evolved, in the course of ages, the peculiarly flattened or blunted nose, characteristic of the Chinaman. Furthermore, Chinese girls, even when allowed to live, are little thought of. In the family generally they bear no names: they are known as Number One or Number Two, like convicts, and they are no more reckoned members of the family than the cat or the dog. So when a Chinaman is asked what family he has, he counts only his boys. And a boy is treated with great honour and ceremony by the women. When he is four months old, he is set for the first time in a chair, and his mother's mother sends or brings him many presents, notably among which is sugar-candy. The candy is emblematic of the sweet things of life, and it is stuck to the chair to signify the hope that he may never lack such things. His first birthday is the second great day of rejoicing. He is then set upon a table in front of many

A CHINESE MOTHER & CHILD.

things, such as ink, books, tools, &c., and whichever he first lays his hand on decides his future occupation.

It is an odd thing that by no people on earth are children—both girls and boys—treated with more affection and indulgence than by the island neighbours of the Chinese—the Japanese, namely; and no children have a greater abundance of toys and amusements. It must, however, be said that the fondness and patience of Japanese parents are reciprocated by the love and obedience of their children. Both father and mother are equally devoted to their offspring. The mother commonly carries her baby slung in front of her, and when she is tired the father cheerfully accepts the burden; but fathers and mothers, and elder sisters and brothers may often be seen in the gay, sunny streets of Tokio or Yokohama giving pick-a-backs to delighted, crowing babies. The Japanese baby, moreover, is not only indulged, he is also treated with the greatest care and intelligence. He is judiciously fed; he is regularly bathed either at home or in the public bath-houses; and his skin is stimulated and his health hardened by his being frequently plunged in a cold stream, or even in the snow. A Japanese baby would appear to us a very droll creature. If you would know how he looks you have only to examine a well-made Japanese doll. He has his head shaved, with the exception of four tufts of hair—one in front, one behind, and one over either ear. He wears bright and gaudy clothes (or did wear; for children, like their parents, sad to say, are gradually being arrayed in European fashion), and his loose jacket has very long and very wide sleeves. Very poor children go barefoot; others wear stockings and clogs, the stockings having a separate pocket for the big toe.



SOME JAPANESE CHILDREN.

To find other children as well, wisely, and wholesomely treated as children are in Japan, we must come to an English home, with a look in by the way at an American home, where, it is said by many, the child is made somewhat too much of, and therefore spoiled. But it must be sorrowfully admitted that it is only the child of well-to-do or cultured parents in Great Britain that is as well and wisely cared for, and that is as happy as the child of Japan: there is no doubt that the average of childish comfort and happiness is very much greater in Japan than in England. Yet a well-ordered English home is baby's paradise. There he is not swathed in bandages and rolled in a pillow and crowned with a nightcap; he is kept always clean and sweet, he is lightly but sufficiently clothed, and he is allowed to kick, and crow, and grow strong as much as ever he likes. He is no longer put to bed in a deep wooden cradle set on wooden rockers, but in a light and airy bassinette, which either is stationary or swings lightly upon hooks. That question of stationary or moving bassinette has become somewhat vexed among mothers, many doctors favouring the opinion that it is neither necessary nor desirable that infants should be sent to sleep with rocking or swinging. The old rocking cradle had a much more fearsome motion than the swinging bassinette. Rocked by a careless or energetic person it would often make the baby ill; indeed, there used to be a tradition among humble mothers (a tradition which still obtains in Scotland) that if the cradle was rocked when empty the baby would certainly be ill when next put into it. The rocking cradle with its great wooden hood has had its day (and how magnificent the height of

its day was may be guessed from the cradle of James I. that was shown in the Stuart Exhibition)—it has had its day, and is now departing into the limbo of things obsolete and forgotten, and thither probably in the course of years the swinging bassinette will follow it.

We have in this article treated of babies only when they are inarticulate, when none but the mother or the constant nurse can understand them. That is commonly reckoned by the stranger or the mere male person the least interesting age of all, but to the mother—and, indeed, to all women and grown girls—it is the most interesting. Then the baby's clinging helplessness, its wide stare of wonder, and its bright, human smile and crow of response to a kind look or tone, suffuse the female heart with an unimaginable delight. What pride is felt in the health and beauty and weight of the baby! ("Here's a leg for a babe of a week!" says the doctor in Tennyson's "Grandmother.") How his active crawling is admired!—and sometimes his singular taste for buttons, and marbles, and cinders! With what wonder and gratulation is the appearance of his first tooth hailed!. With what expressions of joy is attention called to his first attempts at walking, and how "dear" he is when he first goes "pattering over the boards!" But beyond and beneath all these common phenomena the earliest infancy has ravishing mysteries which only the mother can patiently watch, and pore over, and understand. Every day, every hour brings to her a new joy, of which she can speak to no one; for that which no else one sees—the waking attention, the dawning reason—the mother sees, and that which no one else hears the mother hears.

"*On the Stump for the Pump.*"

By Sir Wilfrid Lawson.

THE Editor of The Strand asks Sir W. Lawson to send him an article with some such title as 'Thirty Years of Temperance Advocacy,' or 'On the Stump for the Pump.'"

You ask me to write "On the Stump for the Pump,"
Don't you think 'twould be better, "The Pump on the Stump?"
Sure that "pump" should be able a tale to unfold,
For you hint in your letter it's thirty years old!
Just think of one pumping for thirty long years,
And the water scarce yet has got up to their ears.
Yet while water's so hard to the right pitch to rise,
The full tide of beer mounts quite up to our eyes.
There is Goschen, and Randolph, and Booth, and old Smith,
Men of fame and renown, and great vigour and pith,
They come with their brooms, and they come with their mops,
And they labour and sweep, but the tide never stops.
Away in the torrent go virtue and wealth,
Peace, plenty, and happiness, order and health,
And "Bung" with a chuckle cries, "Pump as you may,
But beer and the brewer still carry the day."
Now you kindly have asked me to say what I think
On this troublesome, terrible question of drink.
So the "Pump" will endeavour to pour something out,
A "pump" at the least should be able to "spout!"
Well, well, I must hope that I shall not quite fail,
So the "Pump," as you've asked him, will pour out his tale.

Almost everyone who proposes a toast at a public dinner commences his speech by saying that he feels himself to be the most unfit person who could have been selected to perform the duty.

In this matter I am neither the most fit, nor the most unfit person to give such a narrative as the Editor desires. There are many advocates of temperance still living who have addressed far more audiences on the subject than I have done, and whose account of their experience would be far more interesting and instructive than mine can be.

On the other hand—

"I've been about a bit in my time,
And troubles I've seen a few;
But I always found it the best of plans
To paddle my own canoe."

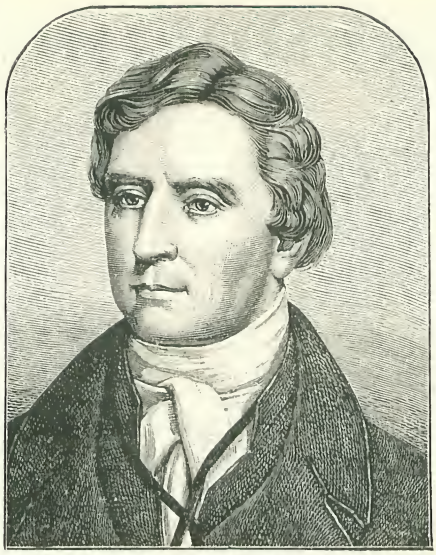
And I have sometimes had to paddle that canoe through tolerably stormy waters. For generations a "Temperance lecturer" has usually been viewed by the "respectable" classes with a mixture of pity and contempt. Drink was blended with all our ideas of real happiness and enjoyment. Doctors ordered drink as a potent medicine, and, at the same time, as a valuable article of daily diet. Clergymen, certainly at times, mildly hinted that their flocks might peradventure be more moderate in its consumption, but rarely indeed condemned the thing itself.

Elections were won to the inspiriting cry of the "National Church and the National Beverage," while all those who had enriched themselves by the making and selling of strong drink were held in the highest esteem and veneration by the rest of the community.

For anyone to enter on a crusade against drink was held to be audacious, vulgar, disreputable, and unconstitutional, and a man who took such a course was considered to be, if not a fool, certainly a hypocritical knave. I have always thought that Dickens' portrait of "Stiggins, the Temperance lecturer," did much to maintain this idea. Any way, it was in full force at the time when I ventured to launch the above-mentioned cause.

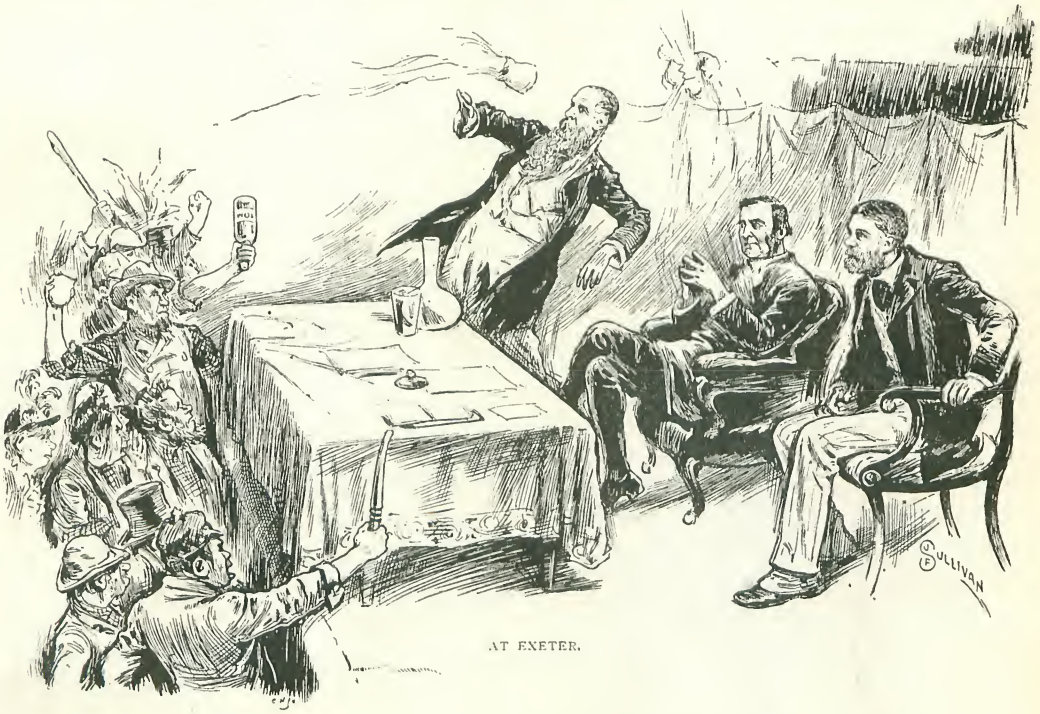
But I did not start as a Temperance lecturer. The field was already well occupied. Father Mathew, Joseph Livesey, Samuel Bowling, and many other devoted men had said pretty well all that could be said in favour of abstinence from intoxicating liquor, and, where their teaching had been

followed, had done a world of good. What struck me as very hard was, that these noble men should expend time, money, and labour at their own charges in promoting the Temperance reformation which Richard Cobden says "lies at the foundation of every social and political reform," and that all the time the Government of the country should appoint thousands and thousands of agents to promote the sale and consumption of the very article which causes all the drunkenness and misery.



FATHER MATHEW.

Be it remembered that the philanthropic Temperance advocates got no monetary premium on any success which they might attain among the people, while the Government agents who sold the drink were pecuniarily interested in every glass which they could get their customers to consume—their system being one of "payment by results." For anyone to raise his voice against this most lucrative and powerful monopoly was looked upon as an audacious impertinence. Our meetings were occasionally broken up by the friends and supporters of the liquor power. I remember a big meeting at Exeter with the present Bishop of London in the chair. A disorderly force of men well primed for the business invaded and pervaded the hall, yelling, singing, and jostling the audience. They broke up the chairs and used them as weapons of offence. The Bishop kept his seat, perfectly calm and collected, but, as the police declined to interfere for our protection, the enemy succeeded in their object and broke up the meeting, after



AT EXETER.

breaking the ribs of our unlucky men and covering the Bishop and Sir G. Trevelyan and myself with flour, so that we looked as though we had just returned from the "Derby."

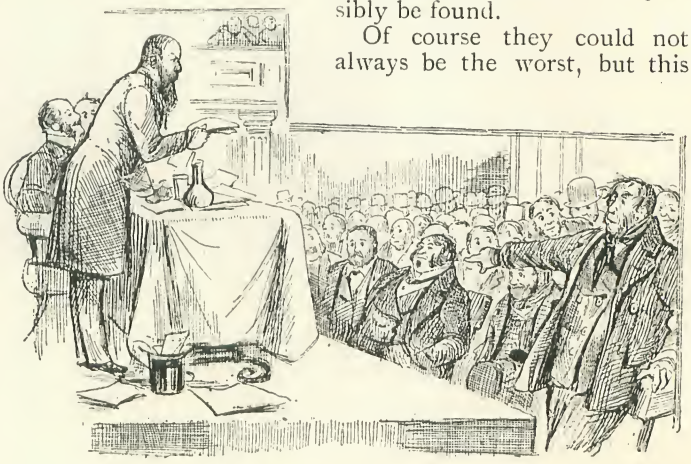
At Sandwich, also, we once had a great row. The publicans' friends pretty well packed the meeting, and with songs, coees, horns, &c., prevented our speaking. But we got a speech out of one of the rioters, and although short, it was the best speech I had ever heard in favour of prohibition.

The man was tolerably drunk, but able to stand. Close to the platform was sitting the great brewer of the place, looking most demure and respectable, but who had probably directly or indirectly organised the riot. Steadying himself as well as he could, the man pointed with his hand towards the great brewer, and simply said, "I want to know what's to become of this gentleman?" If anyone will ponder on this speech for a moment or two the nature and object of the licensing system will be clear enough.

As a rule, I think it was generally in the places where the brewers—our British Ale Kings—were exceptionally strong that these violent scenes occurred. But generally when there had been a pretty good rowdy meeting, we used to come again soon after, when our friends, taught by the experience, used to take precautions for ensuring "law and order," so that the rows probably eventually did us more good than harm.

One thing which struck me much in perambulating the country was, that wherever I went the friends who kindly entertained me were almost always pessimists, who asserted that the place we were then in was one of the very worst places for drunkenness which could possibly be found.

Of course they could not always be the worst, but this



"WHAT'S TO BECOME OF THIS GENTLEMAN?"

testimony leads one to think that things must be bad enough all round.

I suppose the Editor, when asking for reminiscences of "Thirty Years' Temperance Advocacy" includes advocacy in the House of Commons. No one would think that it was personally needed in that assembly, but only for the check of intemperance outside.

Yet I once heard a member, who was known not to be a teetotaler, say that he could not believe something which the Government had stated, although he could swallow a great deal—a statement which was received with great acquiescent cheering from all parts of the House. But my advocacy in the House was of prohibition of the liquor traffic, and not of total abstinence. I proposed that there should be prohibitory districts wherever the inhabitants clearly and distinctly expressed a desire for freedom from liquor shops. This was thought to be a most shocking proposition. Was it to be supposed that the magistrates, who were the licensing authorities, did not know the requirements of the neighbourhood far better than the inhabitants of that neighbourhood knew it themselves! The very

"A PESSIMIST."

idea was looked upon as a species of blasphemy.

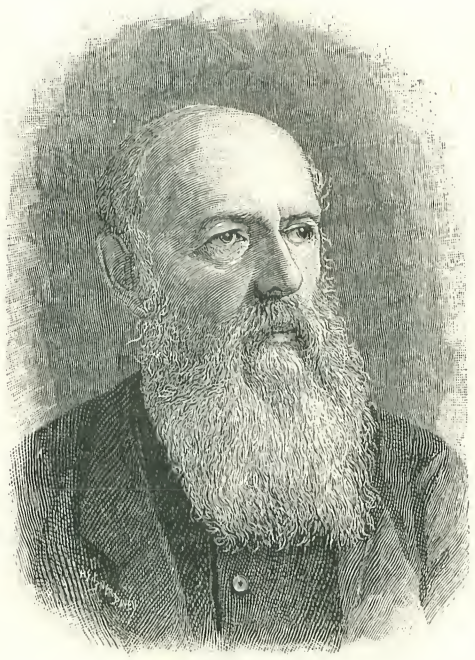
A Bill must have two names endorsing it before it can be introduced into the House of Commons. At that time I hardly knew where I should get the second name which was required. I at last got it in this way. Mr. Bazley (afterwards Sir Thomas Bazley) then represented Manchester. Some working men who were either his neighbours or constituents, and who were very keen about the Bill, interviewed him and talked over the Bill. I fancy he made some objection to it, when the men said, "Mr. Bazley, is there not a village which belongs to you, and where you prohibit all sale of drink?"

"Yes," said Mr. Bazley, "and with the best effect."

"And will you not give us the same power of protecting ourselves which you enjoy?"

"I will," said Mr. Bazley, and he put his name on the back of my Bill.

But few indeed would vote for such a measure in those days. Lord Randolph Churchill said that in that very year, 1890, two-thirds of the members of the House of Commons were terrorised by the liquor trade. And many must have been in that abject condition in 1865, when the first Bill was introduced. At all events, whether through terror of publicans, or contempt for Temperance advocates, or ignorance of the enormity of the evil arising from drinking, the great majority of the House of Commons were dead against any legislation tending to cripple the "liquor traffic." We had all the old arguments trotted out—"Liberty of the Subject"—"Making men sober by Act of Parliament," and so forth. I have sometimes wondered why they thought it absolutely necessary to iterate and reiterate all this unmeaning jargon. They had made up their minds that it would not be safe to vote against the publicans, and the preliminary talk was a superfluous expenditure of energy. On the first division I only got about forty votes, and that was a larger number than most persons expected. But I must not commence a long story of how we slowly but steadily gained ground in the House. The history of all reforms is in its general features pretty much the same. Someone has roughly summed up the progress of reforms by saying, First, they are laughed at; then they are said to be contrary to Scripture; then it is said that everybody knew them before. We have long left for ever the days of divisions of forty, and now almost everyone admits that the public are entitled to *some* powers of self-protection from the liquor trade. It is still thought the proper thing to call everyone who is in earnest in trying to get that protection for the people, an extreme man; but everyone knows that this is only the orthodox political slang which must be employed when argument is wanting.



SIR WILFRID LAWSON.

Lord Rosebery has declared that the Temperance men are the backbone of the Liberal Party. The Conservative Party also now announce themselves to be warm advocates of Temperance. We cannot say that they have been at it for "thirty years," since they only took, as a party, any overt legislative action two years ago by their Compensation to Brewers' Bill, which they again attempted to pass last year.

Many persons thought that endowing publichouses would not tend to reduce drinking, but, be that as it may, it was pleasant to see the intense zeal with which the leaders of the Conservative Party devoted themselves to what they considered the interests of Temperance. All the other business of the Session was set aside. The Government Press urged no surrender. Diminishing majorities did not damp their ardour. The forces were summoned to be

present at all costs when this Temperance measure was on hand. One memorable day many legislators were absolutely compelled to hurry back from Ascot to take part in an early division. Lord Hartington was among the number, and it is said that, being only just in time, he was seen to *run* through the lobby, a fact unprecedented in modern political history.

All this proves that there never were so many Temperance advocates as there are at this instant. At the same time, I am inclined to think that there has seldom been more drinking than there is in the season of good trade and high wages. Whether it will require an additional thirty years of Temperance advocacy before we deal an effectual blow at what has been termed the "intoxicating interests," who can say? The good sign, as noted above, is, that everybody is calling out that something must be done. Englishmen generally say this for a long time before they really do anything, but the recent prolific response to General Booth's appeal for funds to rescue the perishing, seems to indicate that the public are really and keenly touched by all the misery around them.

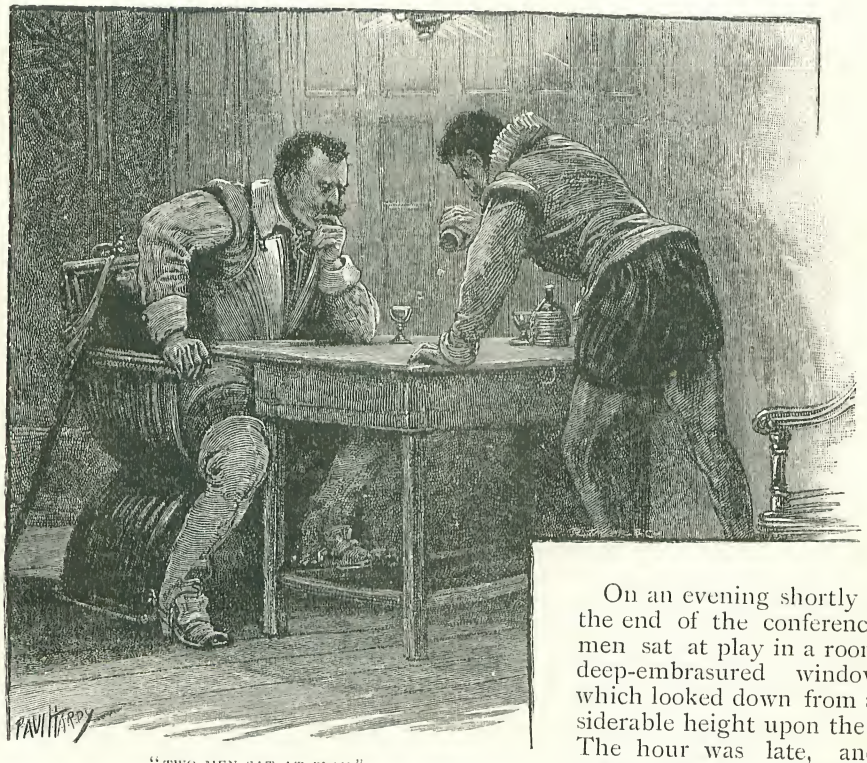
The General says "Nine-tenths of England's misery is Drink." That is just what the Temperance advocates have been saying for nearly twice thirty years. Their hour of triumph is growing appreciably nearer. It will come so soon as the good, noble, and self-denying men who now deal with the misery which General Booth tells us is the effect of drink, will strike at the drink which is the *cause* of that misery. When we have done that, we may confidently look forward to an England which shall be as different from the England of to-day, as light is from darkness.

"Then shall Misery's sons and daughters
In their lowly dwelling sing,
Bounteous as the Nile's dark waters,
Undiscovered as their spring;
We shall scatter through the land
Blessing with a secret hand."

The King's Stratagem.

By Stanley G. Weyman.

IN the days when Henry the Fourth of France was King of Navarre only, and in that little kingdom of hills and woods which occupies the south-west corner of the larger country, was with difficulty supporting the Huguenot cause against the French court and the Catholic League—in the days when every isolated castle, from the Garonne to the Pyrenees, was a bone of contention between the young king and the crafty queen-mother, Catherine de Medicis, a conference between these notable personages took place in the picturesque town of La Réole.



"TWO MEN SAT AT PLAY."

La Réole still rises grey, time-worn, and half-ruined on a lofty cliff above the broad green waters of the Garonne, forty odd miles from Bordeaux. But it is a small place now. In the days of which we are speaking, however, it was important, strongly fortified, and guarded by a castle which looked down on a thousand red-tiled roofs, rising in terraces from the river. As the meeting-place of the two sovereigns it was for the time as gay as Paris itself, Catherine having brought with her a bevy of fair maids of honour, in the effect of whose charms she perhaps put as much trust as in her own diplomacy. But the peaceful appearance of the town was delusive, for even while every other house in it rang with music and silvery laughter, each party was ready to fly to arms without warning, if it saw that any advantage was to be gained thereby.

On an evening shortly before the end of the conference two men sat at play in a room, the deep-embrasured window of which looked down from a considerable height upon the river. The hour was late, and the town silent. Outside, the moonlight fell bright and pure on sleeping fields and long, straight lines of poplars. Within the room a silver lamp suspended from the ceiling threw light upon the table, leaving the farther parts of the room in shadow. The walls were hung with faded tapestry. On

the low bedstead in one corner lay a handsome cloak, a sword, and one of the clumsy pistols of the period. Across a chair lay another cloak and sword, and on the window seat, beside a pair of saddle-bags, were strewn half-a-dozen such trifles as soldiers carried from camp to camp—a silver comfit-box, a jewelled dagger, a mask, and velvet cap.

The faces of the players, as they bent over the dice, were in shadow. One—a slight, dark man of middle height, with a weak chin, and a mouth as weak, but shaded by a dark moustache—seemed, from the occasional oaths which he let drop, to be losing heavily. Yet his opponent, a stouter and darker man, with a sword-cut across his left temple, and that swaggering air which has at all times marked the professional soldier, showed no signs of triumph or elation. On the contrary, though he kept silence, or spoke only a formal word or two, there was a gleam of anxiety and suppressed excitement in his eyes, and more than once he looked keenly at his companion, as if to judge of his feelings or learn whether the time had come for some experiment which he meditated. But for this, an observer looking in through the window would have taken the two for only one more instance of the hawk and pigeon.

At last the younger player threw down the caster, with a groan.

"You have the luck of the evil one," he said, bitterly. "How much is that?"

"Two thousand crowns," replied the other without emotion. "You will play no more?"

"No! I wish to heaven I had never played at all!" was the answer. As he spoke the loser rose, and going to the window stood looking moodily out. For a few moments the elder man remained seated, gazing at him furtively, but at length he too rose, and, stepping softly to his companion, touched him on the shoulder. "Your pardon a moment, M. le Vicomte," he said. "Am I right in concluding that the loss of this sum will inconvenience you?"

"A thousand fiends!" exclaimed the young Vicomte, turning on him wrathfully. "Is there any man whom the loss of two thousand crowns would not inconvenience? As for me——"

"For you," continued the other, smoothly filling up the pause, "shall I be wrong in saying that it means something like ruin?"

"Well, sir, and if it does?" the young man retorted, drawing himself up haughtily, his cheek a shade paler with passion. "Depend upon it you shall be paid. Do not be afraid of that!"

"Gently, gently, my friend," the winner answered, his patience in strong contrast with the other's violence. "I had no intention of insulting you, believe me. Those who play with the Vicomte de Lanthenon are not wont to doubt his honour. I spoke only in your own interest. It has occurred to me, Vicomte, that the matter might be arranged at less cost to yourself."

"How?" was the curt question.

"May I speak freely?" The Vicomte shrugged his shoulders, and the other, taking silence for consent, proceeded: "You, Vicomte, are governor of Lusigny for the King of Navarre; I, of Créance, for the King of France. Our towns lie only three leagues apart. Could I by any chance, say on one of these fine nights, become master of Lusigny, it would be worth more than two thousand crowns to me. Do you understand?"

"No," the young man answered slowly, "I do not."

"Think over what I have said, then," was the brief answer.

For a full minute there was silence in the room. The Vicomte gazed out of the window with knitted brows and compressed lips, while his companion, sitting down, leant back in his chair, with an air of affected carelessness. Outside, the rattle of arms and hum of voices told that the watch were passing through the street. The church bell struck one. Suddenly the Vicomte burst into a hoarse laugh, and, turning, snatched up his cloak and sword. "The trap was very well laid, M. le Capitaine," he said almost jovially; "but I am still sober enough to take care of myself—and of Lusigny. I wish you good-night. You shall have your money, never fear."

"Still, I am afraid it will cost you dearly," the Captain answered, as he rose and moved towards the door to open it for his guest. His hand was already on the latch when he paused. "Look here," he said, "what do you say to this, then? I will stake the two thousand crowns you have lost to me, and another thousand besides against your town. Fool! no one can hear us. If you win, you go off a free man with my thousand. If you lose, you put me in possession one of these fine nights. What do you say to that? A single throw to decide."

The young man's pale face reddened. He turned, and his eyes sought the table and the dice irresolutely. The temptation indeed came at an unfortunate moment, when the excitement of play had given way to depression, and he saw nothing before him outside the door, on which his hand was laid, but the cold reality of ruin. The temptation to return, and by a single throw set himself right with the world was too much for him. Slowly he came back to the table. "Confound you!" he said irritably. "I think you are the devil himself, Captain."

"Don't talk child's talk!" said the other coldly, drawing back as his victim advanced. "If you do not like the offer you need not take it."

"WHAT DO YOU SAY TO THAT?"

But the young man's fingers had already closed on the dice. Picking them up he dropped them once, twice, thrice on the table, his eyes gleaming with the play-fever. "If I win?" he said doubtfully.

"You carry away a thousand crowns," answered the Captain, quietly. "If you lose you contrive to leave one of the gates of Lusigny open for me before next full moon. That is all."

"And what if I lose, and not pay the forfeit?" asked the Vicomte, laughing weakly.

"I trust to your honour," said the Captain. And, strange as it may seem, he knew his man. The young noble of the day might betray his cause and his trust, but the debt of honour incurred at play was binding on him.

"Well," said the Vicomte, "I agree. Who is to throw first?"

"As you will," replied the Captain, masking under an appearance of indifference a real excitement which darkened his cheek, and caused the pulse in the old wound on his face to beat furiously.

"Then do you go first," said the Vicomte.

"With your permission," assented the Captain. And taking the dice up in the caster he shook them with a practised hand, and dropped them on the board. The throw was seven.

The Vicomte took up the caster and, as he tossed the dice into it, glanced at the window. The moonlight shining athwart it fell in silvery sheen on a few feet of the floor. With the light something of the silence and coolness of the night entered also, and appealed to him. For a few seconds he hesitated. He even made as if he would have replaced the box on the table. But the good instinct failed. It was too late, and with a muttered word, which his dry lips refused to articulate, he threw the dice. Seven!

Neither of the men spoke, but the Captain rattled the little cubes, and again flung them on the table, this time with a slight air of bravado. They rolled one over the other and lay still. Seven again!

The young Vicomte's brow was damp, and his face pale and drawn. He forced a quavering laugh, and with an unsteady hand took his turn. The dice fell far apart, and lay where they fell. Six!

The winner nodded gravely. "The luck is still with me," he said, keeping his eyes on the table that the light of triumph which had suddenly leapt into them might not be seen. "When do you go back to your command, Vicomte?"

The unhappy man stood like one stunned,

gazing at the two little cubes which had cost him so dearly. "The day after to-morrow," he muttered hoarsely, striving to collect himself.

"Then shall we say the following evening?" asked the Captain.

"Very well."

"We quite understand one another," continued the winner, eyeing his man watchfully, and speaking with more urgency. "I may depend on you, M. le Vicomte, I presume?"

"The Lanthenons have never been wanting to their word," the young nobleman answered, stung into sudden haughtiness. "If I live I will put Lusigny into your hands, M. le Capitaine. Afterwards I will do my best to recover it—in another way."

"HE WAS ALONE WITH HIS TRIUMPH."

"I shall be entirely at your disposal," replied the Captain, bowing lightly. And in a moment he was alone—alone with his triumph, his ambition, his hopes for the future—alone with the greatness to which his capture of Lusigny was to be the first step, and which he should enjoy not a whit the less because as yet fortune had dealt out to him more blows than caresses, and he was still at forty, after a score of years of roughest service, the governor of a paltry country town.

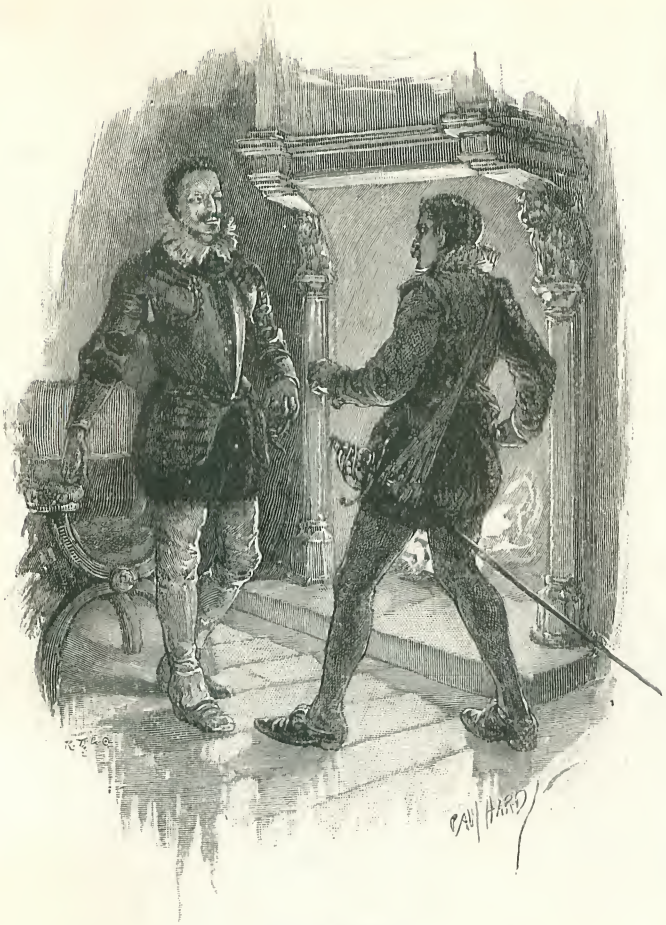
Meanwhile, in the darkness of the narrow streets, the Vicomte was making his way to his lodgings in a state of despair and unhappiness most difficult to describe. Chilled, sobered, and affrighted he looked back and saw how he had thrown for all and lost all, how he had saved the dregs of his fortune at the expense of his loyalty, how he had seen a way of escape and lost it for ever! No wonder that as he trudged alone through the mud and darkness of the sleeping town his breath came quickly and his chest heaved, and he looked from side to side as a hunted animal might, uttering great sighs. Ah, if he could only have retraced the last three hours!

Worn out and exhausted, he entered his lodging, and securing the door behind him stumbled up the stone stairs and entered his room. The impulse to confide his misfortunes to someone was so strong upon him that he was glad to see a dark form half sitting, half lying in a chair before the dying embers of a wood fire. In those days a man's natural confidant was his valet, the follower, half-friend, half-servant, who had been born on his estate, who lay on a pallet at the foot of his bed, who carried his *billets-doux* and held his cloak at the duello, who rode near his stirrup in fight and nursed him in illness, who not seldom advised him in the choice of a wife, and lied in support of his suit.

The young Vicomte flung his cloak over a chair. "Get up, you rascal!" he cried, impatiently. "You pig, you dog!" he continued, with increasing anger. "Sleeping there as though your master were not ruined by that scoundrel of a Breton! Bah!" he added, gazing bitterly at his follower, "you are of the *canaille*, and have neither honour to lose nor a town to betray!"

The sleeping man moved in his chair and half turned. The Vicomte, his patience exhausted, snatched the bonnet from his head, and threw it on the ground. "Will you listen?" he said. "Or go, if you choose look for another master. I am ruined! Do you hear? Ruined, Gil! I have lost all—money, land, Lusigny itself, at the dice!"

The man, aroused at last, stooped with a lazy movement, and picking up his hat dusted it with his hand, and rose with a yawn to his feet.



"SIRE!" HE SAID.

"I am afraid, Vicomte," he said, his tones quiet as they were, sounding like thunder in the Vicomte's astonished and bewildered ears, "I am afraid that if you have lost Lusigny, you have lost something which was not yours to lose!"

As he spoke he struck the embers with his foot, and the fire, blazing up, shone on his face. The Vicomte saw, with unutterable confusion and dismay, that the man before him was not Gil at all, but the last person in the world to whom he should have betrayed himself. The astute smiling eyes, the aquiline nose, the high forehead, and projecting chin, which the short beard and moustache scarcely concealed, were only too well known to him. He stepped back with a cry of horror. "Sire!" he said, and then his tongue failed him. He stood silent, pale, convicted, his chin on his breast. The man to whom he had confessed his treachery was the master whom he had conspired to betray.

"I had suspected something of this," Henry of Navarre continued, after a pause, a tinge of irony in his tone. "Rosny told me that that old fox, the Captain of Créance, was affecting your company a good deal, M. le Vicomte, and I find that, as usual, his suspicions were well-founded. What with a gentleman who shall be nameless, who has bartered a ford and a castle for the favour of Mademoiselle de Luynes, and yourself, I am blest with some faithful followers! For shame!" he continued, seating himself with dignity, "have you nothing to say for yourself?"

The young noble stood with his head bowed, his face white. This was ruin, indeed, absolutely irremediable. "Sire," he said at last, "your Majesty has a right to my life, not to my honour."

"Your honour!" quoth Henry, biting contempt in his tone.

The young man started, and for a second his cheek flamed under the well-deserved reproach; but he recovered himself. "My debt to your Majesty," he said, "I am willing to pay."

"Since pay you must," Henry muttered softly.

"But I claim to pay also my debt to the Captain of Créance."

"Oh," the King answered. "So you would have me take your worthless life, and give up Lusigny?"

"I am in your hands, sire."

"Pish, sir!" Henry replied in angry astonishment. "You talk like a child. Such an offer, M. de Lanthenon, is folly, and you know it. Now listen to me. It was lucky for you that I came in to-night, intending to question you. Your madness is known to me only, and I am willing to overlook it. Do you hear? Cheer up, therefore, and be a man. You are young; I forgive you. This shall be between you and me only," the young prince continued,

his eyes softening as the other's head drooped, "and you need think no more of it until the day when I shall say to you, 'Now, M. de Lanthenon, for France and for Henry, strike!'"

He rose as the last word passed his lips, and held out his hand. The Vicomte fell on one knee, and kissed it reverently, then sprang to his feet again. "Sire," he said, standing erect, his eyes shining, "you have punished me heavily, more heavily than was needful. There is only one way in which I can show my gratitude, and that is by ridding you of a servant who can never again look your enemies in the face."

"What new folly is this?" said Henry, sternly. "Do you not understand that I have forgiven you?"

"Therefore I cannot give up Lusigny, and I must acquit myself of my debt to the Captain of Créance in the only way which remains," replied the young man, firmly. "Death is not so hard that I would not meet it twice over rather than again betray my trust."

"This is midsummer madness!" said the King, hotly.

"Possibly," replied the Vicomte, without emotion; "yet of a kind to which your Majesty is not altogether a stranger."

The words appealed strongly to that love of the chivalrous which formed part of the King's nature, and was one cause alike of his weakness and his strength, which in its more extravagant flights gave opportunity after opportunity to his enemies, in its nobler and saner expressions won victories which all his astuteness and diplomacy could not have compassed. He stood looking with half-hidden admiration at the man whom two minutes before he had despised.

"I think you are in jest," he said, presently.

"No, sire," the young man answered, gravely. "In my country they have a proverb about us. 'The Lanthenons,' say they, 'have ever been bad players, but good payers.' I will not be the first to be worse than my name!"

He spoke with so quiet a determination that the King was staggered, and for a minute or two paced the room in silence, inwardly reviling the generous obstinacy of his weak-kneed supporter, yet unable to withhold his admiration from it. At length he stopped, with a low, abrupt exclamation.

"Wait!" he cried. "I have it! *Ventre Saint Gris*, man, I have it!" His eyes sparkled, and, with a gentle laugh, he hit the table a sounding blow. "Ha! ha! I have it!" he repeated, joyously.

The young noble gazed at him in surprise, half sullen, half incredulous. But when Henry in low, rapid tones had expounded his plan, the Vicomte's face underwent a change. Hope and life sprang

"THE VICOMTE FELL ON ONE KNEE."

into it. The blood flew to his cheeks. His whole aspect softened. In a moment he was on his knee, mumbling the King's hand, his eyes full of joy and gratitude. After that the two talked long, the murmur of their voices broken more than once by the ripple of low laughter. When they at length separated, and Henry, his face hidden by the folds of his cloak, had stolen away to his lodgings, where, no doubt, more than one watcher was awaiting him with a mind full of anxious fears, the Vicomte threw open his window and looked out on the night. The moon had set, but the stars still shone peacefully in the dark canopy above. He remembered on a sudden, his throat choking with silent repressed emotion, that he was looking towards his home—the stiff grey pile among the beech woods of Navarre which had been in his family since the days of St. Louis, and which he had so lightly risked. And he registered a vow in his heart that of all Henry's servants he would henceforth be the most faithful.

Meanwhile the Captain of Créance was enjoying the sweets of coming triumph. He did not look out into the night, it is true, but pacing up and down the room he planned and calculated, considering how he might make the most of his success. He was still comparatively young. He had years of strength before him. He would rise. He would not easily be satisfied. The times were troubled, opportunities many, fools many; bold men with brains and hands few.

At the same time he knew that he could be sure of nothing until Lusigny was actually his, and he spent the next few days in considerable suspense. But no hitch occurred. The Vicomte made the necessary communications to him; and men in his own pay informed him of dispositions ordered by the governor of Lusigny which left him in no doubt that the loser intended to pay his debt.

It was, therefore, with a heart already gay with anticipation that the Captain rode out of Créance two hours before midnight on an evening eight days later. The night was dark, but he knew the road well. He had with him a powerful force, composed in part of thirty of his own garrison, bold, hardy fellows, and in part of six score horsemen, lent him by the governor of Montauban. As the Vicomte had undertaken to withdraw, under some pretence or other, one-half of his command and to have one of the gates opened by a trusty hand, the Captain trotted along in excellent spirits, and stopped to scan with approval the dark line of his troopers as they plodded past him, the jingle of their swords and corselets ringing sweet music in his ears. He looked for an easy victory; but it was not any slight misadventure that would rob him of his prey. As his company wound on by the river-side, their accoutrements reflected in the stream or passed into the black shadow of the olive grove which stands a mile to the east of Lusigny, he felt little doubt of the success of his enterprise.

"HIS COMPANY WOUND ON BY THE RIVER-SIDE."

Treachery apart, that is; and of treachery there was no sign. The troopers had scarcely halted under the last clump of trees

before a figure detached itself from one of the largest trunks, and advanced to their leader's rein. The Captain saw with surprise that it was the Vicomte himself. For a second he thought something had gone wrong, but the young noble's first words reassured him. "It is all right," M. de Lanthenon whispered, as the Captain bent down to him. "I have kept my word, and I think that there will be no resistance. The planks for crossing the moat lie opposite the gate. Knock thrice at the latter, and it will be opened. There are not fifty armed men in the place."

"Good!" the Captain answered, in the same cautious tone. "But you—"

"I am believed to be elsewhere, and must be gone. I have far to ride to-night. Farewell."

"Till we meet again," the Captain answered; and with that his ally glided away and was lost in the darkness. A cautious word set the troop again in motion, and a very few minutes saw them standing on the edge of the moat, the outline of the gateway tower looming above them, a shade darker than the wrack of clouds which overhead raced silently across the sky. A moment of suspense, while one and another shivered—for there is that in a night attack which touches the nerves of the stoutest—and the planks were found, and as quietly as possible laid across the moat. This was so successfully done that it evoked no challenge, and the Captain crossing quickly with some picked men, stood almost in the twinkling of an eye under the shadow of the gateway. Still no sound was heard save the hurried breathing of those at his elbow or the stealthy tread of others crossing. Cautiously he knocked three times and waited. The third rap had scarcely sounded, however, before the gate rolled silently open, and he sprang in, followed by his men.

So far so good. A glance at the empty street and the porter's pale face told him at once that the Vicomte had kept his word. But he was too old a soldier to take anything for granted, and forming up his men as quickly as they entered, he allowed no one to advance until all were inside, and then, his trumpet sounding a wild note of defiance, his force sprang forward in two compact bodies, and in a moment the town awoke to find itself in the hands of the enemy.

As the Vicomte had promised, there was no resistance. In the small keep a score of men did indeed run to arms, but only to lay them down without striking a blow when they became aware of the force opposed to them. Their leader, sullenly acquiescing, gave up his sword and the keys of the town to the victorious Captain, who, as he sat his horse in the middle of the market-place, giving his orders and sending off riders with the news, already saw himself in fancy Governor of a province and Knight of the Holy Ghost.

As the red light of the torches fell on steel caps and polished hauberks, on the

"THEY HAVE GOT CRÉANCE!"

serried ranks of pikemen, and the circle of white-faced townsmen, the picturesque old square looked doubly picturesque. Every five minutes, with a clatter of iron on the rough pavement and a shower of sparks, a horseman sprang away to tell the news at Montauban or Cahors; and every time that this occurred, the Captain, astride on his charger, felt a new sense of power and triumph.

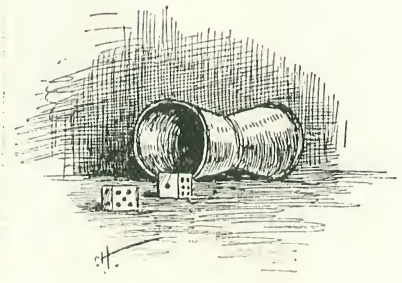
Suddenly the low murmur of voices was broken by a new sound, the hurried clang of hoofs, not departing but arriving. There was something in the noise which made the Captain prick his ears, and secured for the messenger a speedy passage through the crowd. Even at the last the man did not spare his horse, but spurring to the Captain's side, then and then only sprang to the ground. His face was pale, his eyes were bloodshot. His right arm was bound up in bloodstained cloths. With an oath of amazement, the Captain recognised the officer whom he had left in charge of Créance, and thundered out, "What is it?"

"They have got Créance!" the man gasped, reeling as he spoke. "They have got Créance!"

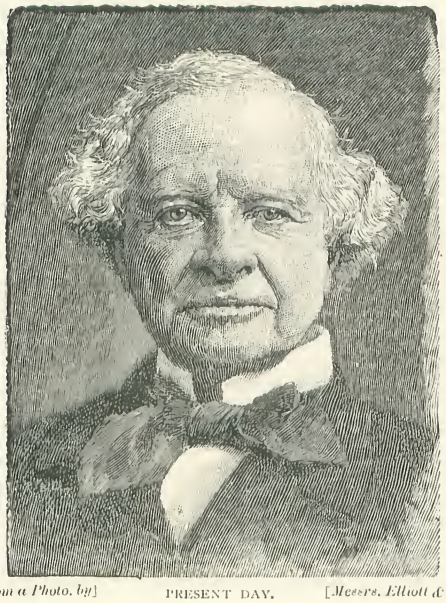
"Who?" the Captain shrieked, his face purple with rage.

"The little man of Béarn! He assaulted it five hundred strong an hour after you left, and had the gate down before we could fire a dozen shots. We did what we could, but we were but one to seven. I swear, Captain, we did all we could. Look at this!"

Almost black in the face, the Captain swore another frightful oath. It was not only that he saw governorship and honours vanish like Will-o'-the-wisps, but that he saw even more quickly that he had made himself the laughing-stock of a kingdom! And he had. To this day, among the stories which the southern French love to tell of the prowess and astuteness of the great Henry, there is none more frequently told, or more frequently laughed over, than that of the famous exchange of Créance for Lusigny.



From a Painting by] AGE 37. *[R. Lehmann.*



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Messrs. Elliott & Fry.*

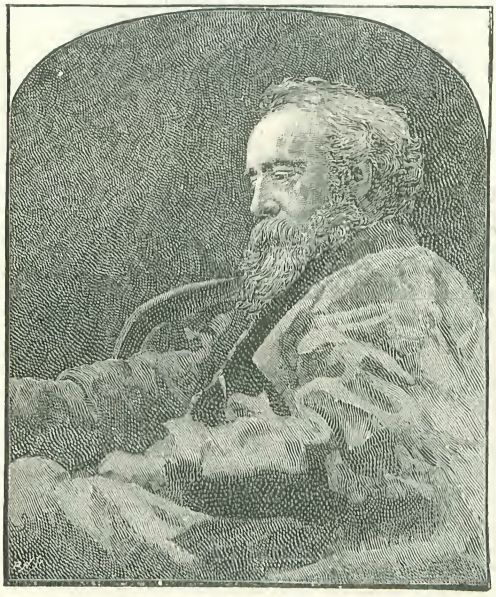
EARL GRANVILLE.

BORN 1815.

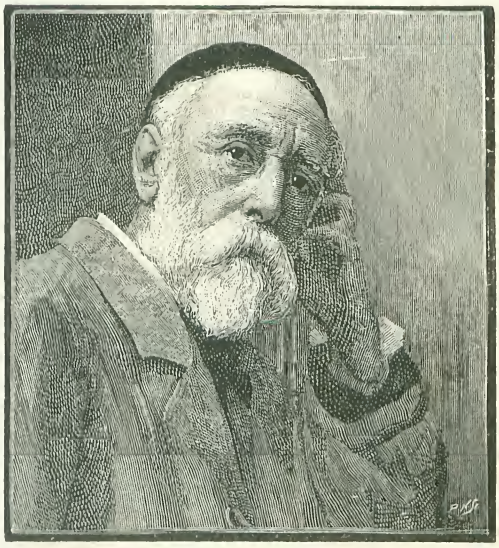
AT the age of thirty-seven, as our first portrait shows him, Earl Granville, who had succeeded to the peerage six years earlier, and who had already been for four years Vice-President of the Board of Trade, had just obtained a seat in the Cabinet, and succeeded Lord Palmerston at the Foreign Office. Since that time Lord Granville has filled almost every office of importance in successive Liberal Governments. He is moreover, as everybody knows, one of Her Majesty's most confidential friends and counsellors. No Royal ceremony, whether a marriage, a christening, or a funeral, is complete without his well-known dignified, yet genial presence; and he has probably attended more ceremonies of this kind, at different Courts of Europe, than any other person now alive.

From a Painting] AGE 17. *[by G. F. Watts.*

From a] AGE 21. *[Painting.*



From a Photo. by] AGE 47. *[Mrs. Cameron.*



From a Photo. by] AGE 68. *[Messrs. Cameron & Smith.*

G. F. WATTS, R.A.

BORN 1820.

OUR portraits of Mr. G. F. Watts depict him at most interesting ages. The first was painted at seventeen by Mr. Watts himself, at which age his first picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy. At twenty-one, he had painted his first great historical picture; while at forty-seven, the age of our third portrait, he had just received the title of R.A.

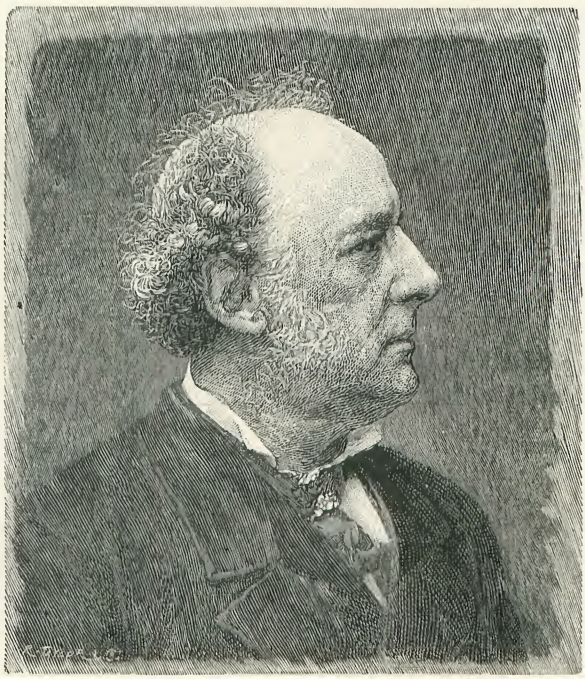
From a] AGE 22. *[Photograph.*

SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, BART., R.A.

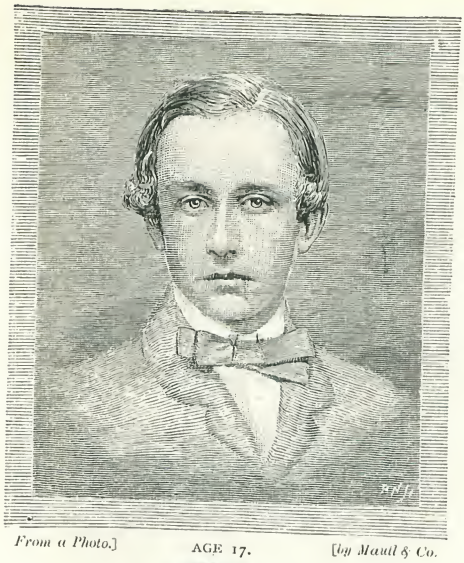
BORN 1827.

ALTHOUGH our first portrait shows Sir John Millais at the early age of twenty-two, he was already an important figure in the world of Art; for he had gained his first medal at the Society of Arts when only nine, and had, like Mr. Watts, exhibited his first picture in the Royal Academy at seventeen. At the age of this portrait he had founded, with Holman Hunt and D. G. Rossetti, the famous Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, of which the object was to depict Nature, not as tinged by the imagination, but as they really saw it; a movement which was at first received with the most violent abuse, but which, greatly owing to the eloquent support of Mr. Ruskin, at last made good its way. Two years later he was elected A.R.A., and ten years afterwards, R.A. At the age depicted in our second portrait he was known, as he is still, as a painter without rival in range, manliness, and vigour, and in bold and masterly brush-work. In the year 1885 the Queen marked her sense of his commanding abilities by conferring upon him the honour of a baronetcy.

From a] AGE 40. *[Photograph.*



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Messrs. Window & Grove.*



From a Photo.] AGE 17. *[by Mault & Co.*

AGE 22.
From a Photo. by Mayland, Cambridge.

From a Photo. by] AGE 32. *[Hills & Saunders.*

From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Hughes & Mullins, Ryde.*

SIR RICHARD EVERARD WEBSTER.

BORN 1842.

SIR RICHARD WEBSTER at seventeen, the age of our first portrait, was leaving the Charterhouse School for Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was greatly distinguished as an athlete, and where he won the two miles race against Oxford. Our second portrait shows him at this period, in his running costume. At thirty-two, as in our third portrait, he had already so distinguished himself at the Bar that two years later he was made a Q.C., at the earliest age on record. The brilliance of Sir Richard's subsequent career is well known. It may interest our readers to be told that some portraits, at a country house, of Sir Richard at various stages of his life, first suggested to the Editor the notion of this series, which has proved so popular.

For the above photographs we are indebted to the kindness of Sir Richard Webster.

From a] AGE 6. [*Daguerreotype.*

From a] AGE 18. [*Photograph.*

From a] AGE 24. [*Photograph.*

From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. [*Alfred Ellis.*

MISS MARION TERRY.

MISS MARION TERRY is a clever member of a clever family, and her ability developed itself early. Already at the age of six (as in the first portrait above given) she was appearing in the part of little *Sybil* in Tom Taylor's play, "A Wolf in Sheep's Clothing." This childish effort was followed up by others more successful still, and, at the age at which our second portrait represents her, she had made a strong impression, as a mature actress, in the exacting part of *Ophelia*. Then she appeared in several of Mr. W. S. Gilbert's dramas, as *Dorothy* in "Dan'l Druce," and as *Galatea* in "Pygmalion and Galatea." Since that time Miss Marion Terry has played many parts, and with the same unvarying success, in which her natural capacity is aided by her grace of action and the striking charm of her appearance.

From a] AGE 9. [*Daguerreotype.*

From a] AGE 30. [*Photograph.*

WILLIAM TERRISS.

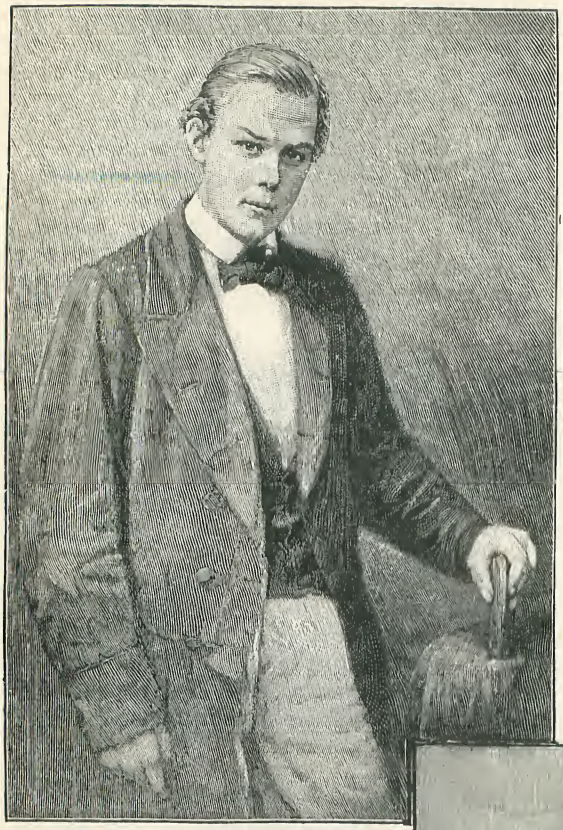
BORN 1849.

AT nine years old, William Lewin (for Terriss is only a stage name, and the popular actor is in reality the son of Mr. Herbert Lewin, the barrister, and a nephew of George Grote, the celebrated Greek historian) was at school at Dr. Grix's, Littlehampton. He afterwards had several years' experience first as a sheep-farmer in South America, and then in North America as a horse-breeder; but at the age of our second portrait he had returned to England, and had appeared upon the stage in the part of *Nicholas Nickleby* at the Adelphi. From that time his success was certain, and has ever since been growing. At thirty, Mr. Terriss was playing *Captain Molyneux* in the "Shaughraun," with Dion Boucicault, on the first production of that play in England. Our last portrait shows him as Mr. Irving's chief supporter, and, now as ever, an immense favourite with his brother professionals. Mr. Terriss holds the medal of the Royal Humane Society for saving life at sea.

From a] AGE 21. [*Photograph.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 42. [*Conby, Boston.*

We are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Terriss for permission to reproduce these photographs.



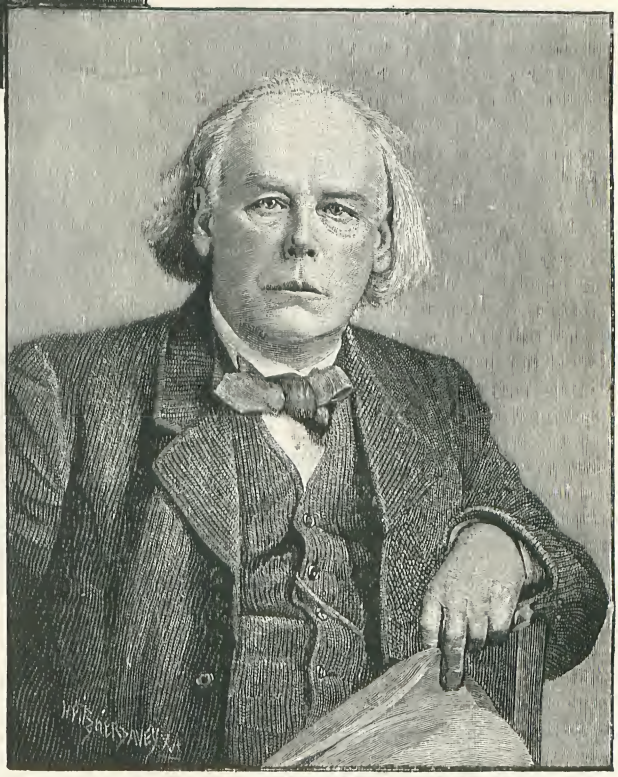
From a Photo. by] AGE 19. *[Marsters, Nottingham.*

CHARLES BRADLAUGH.

BORN 1833.

AT the age of nineteen Mr. Bradlaugh, after having been successively errand-boy, coal-dealer, Sunday-school teacher, and lecturer, had enlisted in the 7th Dragoon Guards, and had served for a time in Ireland. He then became orderly-room clerk, obtained his discharge, and took a situation as clerk to a solicitor in London. Soon, however, he began to write and lecture, and before the age at which our second portrait shows him, he was known throughout the country for the opinions which it was the business of his life to advocate. And erroneous as many of those opinions doubtless were, and fierce as was the opposition which they excited, no one would now venture to dispute his earnestness, his remarkable ability, or the goodness of his heart.

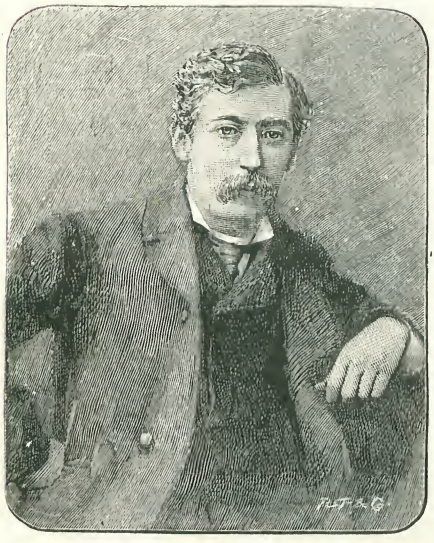
From a Photo. by] AGE 38. *[Van Loo.*



From a Photo. by] AGE 57. *[Messrs. Elliott & Fry.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 3. *[Samuel A. Walker.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 21. *[T. Coleman.*



From a Photo. by] AGE 28. *[Bertin, Brighton.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 38. *[Samuel A. Walker.*

HENRY PETTITT.

BORN 1853.

OF Mr. Henry Pettitt, at the age of three, we have nothing to recount; but at fourteen he ran away from school to Sadler's Wells Theatre, obtained an engagement, went on the stage as an Irish boy armed with a shillelagh, broke the head of a utility actor, and got a drubbing which left him senseless. After this taste of stage-life he obtained an engagement as an usher at the North London Collegiate School, a post which he was holding at the age of our second portrait. But all this while he was writing poems, sketches, and burlesque lectures, and finally, in collaboration with Paul Meritt, he wrote his first play, *British Born*, which was a grand success. Since then he has produced innumerable dramas, and, as a master of construction and as a realistic writer, he has probably no equal at the present day.

A New Industry for Ladies.

By Miss Grace Harriman.

THE object of this New Industry is to open up a new, profitable, and, I hope, pleasant way out of the present congested state of the Lady Labour Market. The Ladies' Fruit and Salad Gardens have been established at Grange Gardens, Sawley, near Derby, to provide pleasant homes and remunerative employment for gentlewomen who have a taste for gardening work and wish to add to their incomes or to earn a living.

It seems to have been seven or eight years since the idea first came to me that ladies with a taste for gardening might possibly earn a living by it; but so much needed thinking out, and detail after detail fitting in, that it is only five years since I myself became a practical gardener.

Miss Grace Harriman.

The more I inquired into the matter the more plainly I saw that market gardeners, as a rule, made a good thing of it.

After trying two rented gardens that only proved quicksands, as far as money-spending on them went, the soil being worn out, and the fruit trees that were in them most uncertain, I determined to take new ground in hand, *i.e.*, break up old pasture and plant a garden after my own idea of obtaining the greatest amount of produce with the least amount of labour. I advocate planting dwarf hardy fruit-trees in the open; and for this reason, that during nine months of the year they need no labour expending on them after they are once well planted and securely fenced from rabbits, their winter depredators, and with reason we may look for a good crop of fruit five years out of seven.

My own experimental garden was planted, March, 1889. That year we had enormous crops of vegetables of splendid flavour, and a very fair amount of fruit. Last year our crop of fruit, in addition to the vegetables, was very considerable. Had the produce of this garden been for sale, it must have realised a very handsome sum.

To my mind it would be unwise for a woman single-handed to expect to make a sure, comfortable living out of one isolated garden, but by well-directed co-operation, thereby being able to grow a great variety of fruits and vegetables and salads to meet the wants of a private trade, the chance of the possibility of failure is reduced to a minimum.

It is not desirable for more than six owners of gardens to live in one house. When fruit, salads, and vegetables are grown by the acre, and sold by the dozen, the bunch, or the pound, the book-keeping necessary must be very considerable. These six ladies can well look after the three-acre garden, or, rather, fruit plantation. Each lady has her own portion of half an acre solely under her care, and she keeps a strict account of everything sold off her portion; and, after all necessary expenses are paid, the profits are divided exclusively among the lady cultivators in proportion as each may, by diligence and constant atten-

tion, have produced abundant crops or otherwise.

Our cultivation of flowers is mainly directed to late autumn, winter, and early spring ones, those for Christmas and Easter decorations paying as well as any. The ladies gladly undertake table and other

BEDDING OUT.

decorations at any time, as we do not entirely confine ourselves to autumn, winter, and spring flowers.

Well directed co-operation being so much more powerful than single-handed efforts, as soon as the sufficient number of ladies have definitely signified their intention of joining and showed us they have the necessary £100 capital (for my five years of active practical gardening work have plainly showed me that a little capital is absolutely necessary for a woman to start successful market gardening), a private Limited Liability Company will be formed—of course composed entirely of lady gardeners. The first year they must not expect to make more than covers expenses, including board of each household. The work is such that any lady is well able to perform; the produce grown, all kinds of hardy and dessert fruit under glass and in the open. Especial attention is given to delicate vegetables and salads, mushrooms, &c., with flowers and poultry as an adjunct.

The market of the produce grown has from the beginning stood out plainly before me as the vital point of success. Fortunately by starting in a thickly populated consuming neighbourhood there seems every probability of the greater portion, if not the whole, of the produce being taken by people kind enough to open up deposit accounts with the lady gardeners. After April 1, the gardens may be seen each Thursday between 2 and 5 o'clock. Those going will kindly write their names in the visitors' book, and pay one shilling each for being shown over. This latter is a necessity, as it takes up the valuable time of the lady gardeners.

The household arrangements are conducted with the greatest regularity; the details of the *menu* even may be gathered by those visiting the place. The hours of meals are as follow:—

Breakfast at	8 a.m.
Early dinner	1 p.m.
Afternoon tea	4 p.m.
High tea	7 p.m.

During the busiest months of the year, April, May, and June, most of the day will be taken up with one kind or other of light gardening work. The long holidays must be taken in the winter. Those left at home can send off with ease the stored crops as ordered, attend to the plants under glass, and feed the poultry.

I have been repeatedly asked why I have

THE VINERY.

not started the industry near London. My reasons for not doing so are many:—

(1) Well-situated, good land, near to a station within a few miles of town, commands far too high a price to be thought of.

(2) The London market all the year round is far from being the best obtainable. Some instances have come under my notice where Middlesex growers have sent their garden produce to one or other of the great Midland markets, the far higher price obtainable more than outweighing the greater amount of freight.

(3) It seemed wiser to start the Industry in a neighbourhood where the promoter was well known, and had many friends and acquaintances. It is also within easy distance of one or more of the late summer and autumn crowded health resorts. The late summer and autumn being the season when the bulk of all perishable fruits ripen, a moment's reflection will point out to all that these health resorts are, as a rule, whether by the seaside or inland, usually in a non-fruit-growing district. But it would not answer to rely on these places entirely, because for some months of the year they are practically empty.

PRUNING AND POTTING.

(4) No sane people would plant fruit trees on other land than their own without the protection of a long lease, the very shortest being thirty years.

PLANTING POTATOES.

I am continually receiving offers of land from all parts of the country, but I wish it distinctly understood that we entertain the idea of none unless owned by those of sufficient influence and enterprise to secure a ready market for the produce grown by the lady gardeners.

I gather from my correspondents that some do not even grasp the fundamental

fact that their £100 is required solely to provide their own share of garden and house ; the smallest, and at the same time the largest, number to be advantageously placed during the summer is thirty-six, as many expenses necessary to a fewer number could well be common to all. More than that number I can also easily and advantageously place. I have had some hundreds of applications, but I prefer none to decide until they see the exact model of the Industry, in full working order now.

Full particulars may be obtained of the business part by sending a stamped address to the promoter,

MISS GRACE HARRIMAN,
The Hut, Mount-park.
Harrow-on-the-Hill.

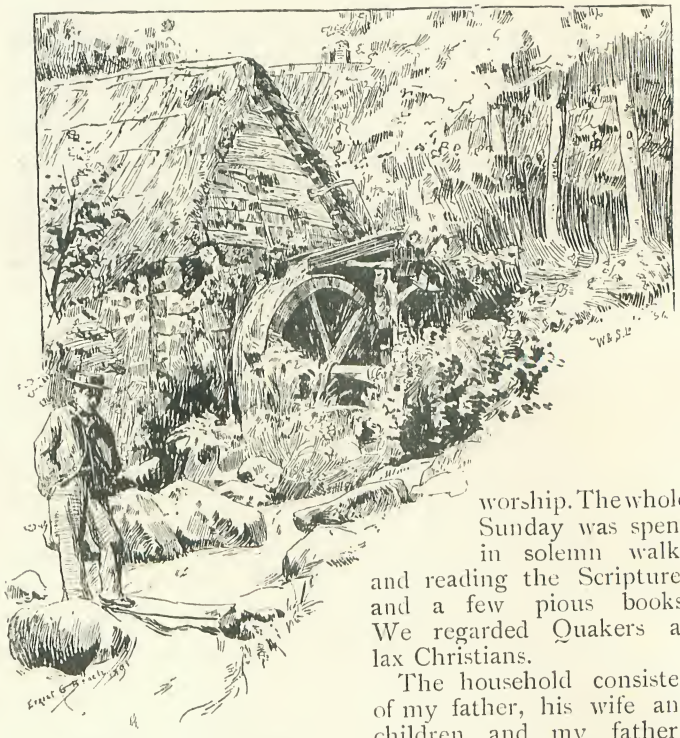
The Waltz in "Faust."

By Richard Dowling.

MY original name was John Fowler. I am known to the world by one much more high sounding. This is the first time since I came to man's estate that I have written the name of my boyhood, and I have never spoken it. The one I have gone by most of my life is hardly more removed in splendour from plain John Fowler than the life of variety and rich experiences I now enjoy compared with the experience of my early years. I follow one of the fine arts as a profession, and in the impetuous days of my youth I adopted a *nom de guerre* of fine sound and picturesque associations.

I have refused all requests that I would furnish an account of my youth. I would not speak of it now if I did not feel absolutely certain that the man well known in certain art circles in London can never be identified through the autobiographical sketch with John Fowler, the miller's youngest son.

Private reasons, of no interest to the public, prevent me localising my early home. I am neither a criminal nor a hero, that people should be interested in my private life, and my only romantic experience will be found in this narrative. Telling my story over here will beguile my heart of a troublesome unrest which came to be positive pain, pain springing from a flood of memories, when a few moments ago a piano-organ at the next house played the waltz in "Faust."

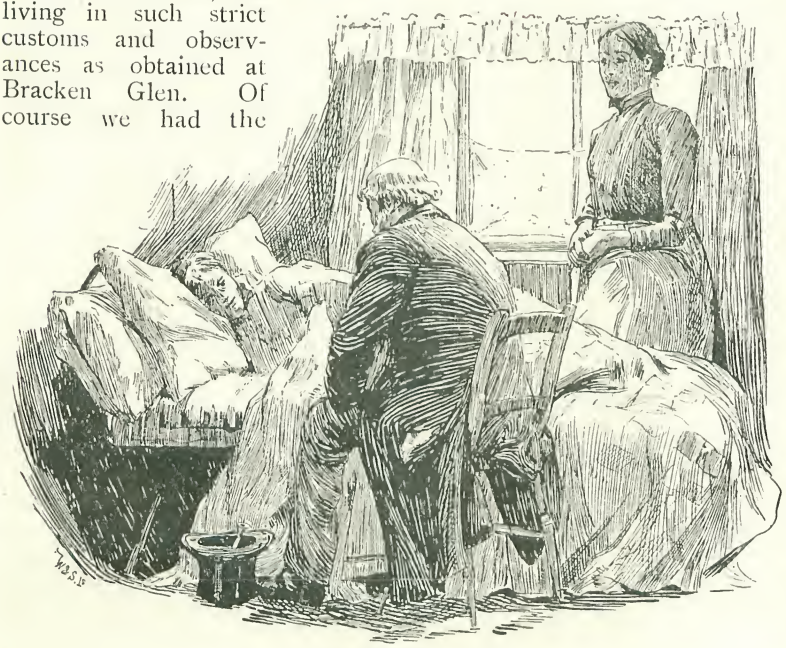


THE MILL AT BRACKEN GLEN.

I was born in the dwelling-house attached to a water-mill in a secluded glen far away in the north of England. My family held religious views shared by no sect I ever heard of, and lived lives of extraordinary austerity. No mirror, no musical instruments, no volumes of poetry, no novels, no games of any kind were permitted in our house. The furniture was the most simple, consistent with maintaining bodily efficiency for the performance of the day's work without hindrance or loss of time; our carpets were of the dullest colour, and were considered merely as a means of keeping out the cold and economising fuel. We had curtains on the windows, but they were only to exclude or divert the draughts. Our clothes were ample and warm, but they were of the hues of the earth in winter. We spoke few words and in low tones. We ate and drank in silence. We had no place of worship. The whole Sunday was spent in solemn walks and reading the Scriptures and a few pious books. We regarded Quakers as lax Christians.

The household consisted of my father, his wife and children, and my father's brother, his wife and children. We were so large a family that all the mill work was done without the aid of strangers, and we all lived under one roof, in the mill house of Bracken Glen. I was the youngest, the youngest of all.

Before I knew of any world beyond the mill and Bracken Glen, I thought it was a busy and cheerful place. Now that I come to look back on it I know it was one of the most desolate and lonely situations in all England. People talk of the woes of solitude in the forest, in an unpeopled island, in a crowd. But the most terrible and corroding solitude of all is that of a small group of human beings, a large family sunk deep among mountains far out of the reach of ordinary human intercourse, and living in such strict customs and observances as obtained at Bracken Glen. Of course we had the business always going on, and that prevented our people from going mad. But the mill was not in the main road. You had to turn up into the Glen to reach it, and no faces ever appeared in the yard but the faces of people coming on business to the mill.



"I FELL GRIEVOUSLY ILL."

As I have said, I was the youngest of the whole Fowler family, brothers and sisters and cousins. The winter that I was twelve years of age I fell grievously ill, so ill that they thought I should never recover. Then, for the first time, I saw a doctor. Our people had no great faith in doctors, and this was the only occasion on which one had been in Bracken Glen for ten years.

My father and mother were assured that I was certain to die if I were not instantly sent to a milder climate, say the Isle of Wight or some genial part of the South Coast. There was a grave demur, a long debate, and finally I was despatched to the home of a married cousin whose name I had heard and of whom I knew little except that he was the son of my father's eldest sister, that he was not a miller, which was a reproach to him, and that he did not conform to the observances seen at Bracken Glen, or indeed hold the same form of religious belief.

I was too weak and wretched when I left home to care about anything, to care whether I was moved or not, whether I was to taste warmer air or nor, whether I lived or not. If they would only let me alone I think I should have preferred to die.

I was taken from the cold, bleak, northern Glen where, although we ground corn never any grew, and carried hundreds of miles south; an interminable journey, it seemed to my young mind and feeble, sensitive body.

All through that winter I was delicate, and not allowed out of doors. My cousin's name was Harding. I had never met either him or his wife before. He was about thirty, and she twenty-five. They were simple people, with much of the hereditary aversion from frivolity, but they were not dogmatic or censorious, and they were beyond and above all the very kindest people I ever met in all my life. They lived a mile out of the little town of Bickerton, on the high road. They were childless. He traded in corn in Bickerton. The taste for grain seemed to run in the blood of our family.

In my old home my education had not been neglected. I could read and cypher, and I knew the heaviness of all the weights, and the dryness of all the dry measures. My father had taught me the elements of Euclid and Algebra, and I re-

member that the most awful terrors were in my mind of what these sciences could be in operation if their mere elements were so forbidding, and cold, and tyrannical. My father had a theory that any man able to "keep a set of books" could never be shipwrecked in life. He had tried to instil a passion for book-keeping into my mind. So intense was my loathing of that black art that to this day the mere mention of it rouses me to fury. In fine, I may say that I had laid the foundation of what was called a commercial education, and upon this I had raised up my own sole and overwhelming horror of arithmetical figures, triangles, debtor and creditor, and unknown quantities.

Sufficient of the old leaven of the Fowlers worked in Harding, not only to draw him into the grain trade, but to make him still shy of "sweet sounds that give delight and hurt not." There was no musical instrument in the house, but books—

There were hundreds of books!

An inexhaustible mine of books, and such as I had never dreamed of before! Books that my cousins Nellie and George had had when they were young. Fairy tales and stories of adventure, novels and poetry!

In the cold grey times of that winter my soul took fire. My spirit sprang up from long drowsing in the husk of the chrysalis, and put forth golden and azure and purple wings, and soared into skies of endless glories beyond the sun. All day long I went enchanted through enchanted palaces, where moved stately princesses with gold brocaded robes and haughty eyes, and voices of mystic tones. I led armies against the Saracen, and spread terrors never dreamed on earth before, and exercised clemencies that made heaven envious. I headed cavalcades through winding streets where the air was thick with banners. I bore the Black Knight backward out of his saddle in the list, and clove the plumed helmet of the leaguer in the breach. I harangued my troops on the field of victory, and pardoned my foes in the shrines of their heathen gods.

But I did not know how the sound of a trumpet stirred, or what dancing was, or love. I had never heard a musical instrument in my life or seen a festival, and I was too young for love—and yet, perhaps, not all too young for noble love and chivalry, if the princess or the lady came my way.

With the spring of the next year health began to stir in my veins. I shook off all the lassitudes and languors of illness, and by April I felt better than ever in my young life before. With returning health, the romantic rapture which had come to me out of books grew and intensified. There was no talk of my going home, or more correctly, there had been talk of it, and my kind relatives, the Hardings, had declared that nothing but force should take me from them until I had been fully fortified by spending a whole summer in the more genial south.

In our own Glen, all the time I could steal from the detested weights and measures and triangles, and debit and credit side of the fabulous transactions of that creature, John Jones, Esq., I spent far afield among the hills. Here, near Bickerton, this spring I found all I cared for of Nature in the sky above me, and in the large, old-fashioned garden; and all I desired of enchantment in the magical books. I rarely went beyond the garden-gate, and never into the town. I became a youthful recluse in the boundless realms of fancy. I lorded it over empires and cities of men. Space, the space of the furthest wandering star, was not vast enough to accommodate the realms that rose in mist out of the pages of the poets and romancists.

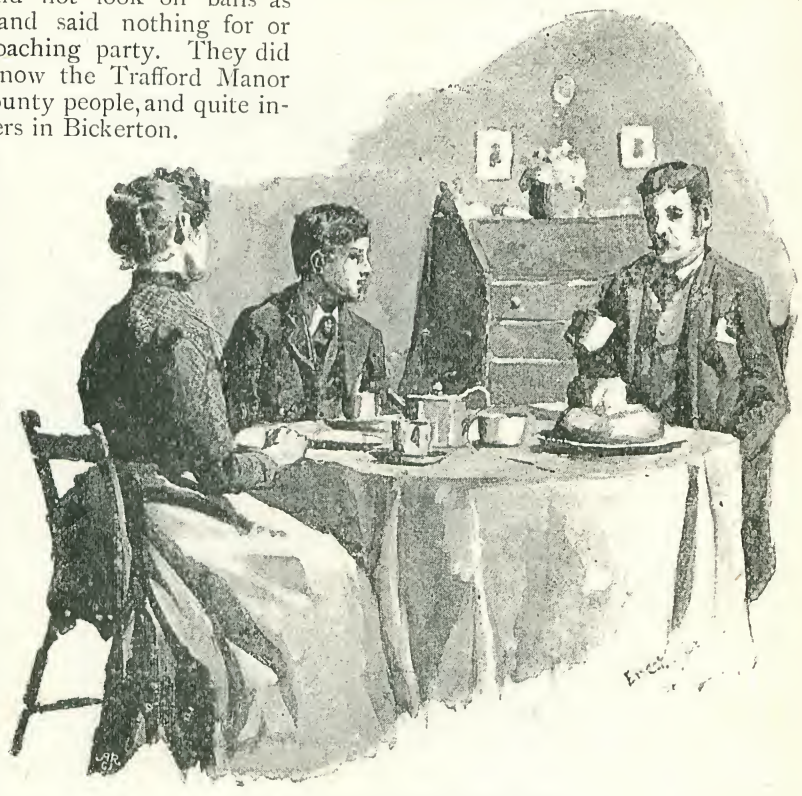
I was a precocious boy. I knew nothing of boys' games and sports, and all at once I had come out of the cold, arid life at Bracken Glen into the rich and varied lights and colours of poetry. The change was overwhelming and intoxicating. My reading had, in a vague way, been progressive. I had begun with fairy tales. To these had succeeded stories of adventure and travel, and to them poetry and plays. Prose romances and novels came last, for I had fought shy of them at first, considering that they dealt too much with people and scenes like those in my own experience of life. When first I broke free among books I wished to forget the world.

Towards the end of April two things drove me to the novels. The supply of other books had been exhausted, and I began to yearn after a glimpse at what possibilities of poetry and wonder still existed in the world, as the world was going on outside the sphere of my experience. I wanted to see in books the things now visible to other eyes still on earth—things hidden from me by barriers of age and circumstances I could not understand.

From this desire arose the romance of my life.

One evening George Harding mentioned at tea that Mr. Seymour, a gentleman who owned an estate in the neighbourhood and had a fine house, Trafford Manor, a couple of miles further out from Bickerton, was going to give a ball the end of that month. The Hardings did not look on balls as exactly wicked, and said nothing for or against the approaching party. They did not, of course, know the Trafford Manor folk, who were county people, and quite inaccessible to traders in Bickerton.

If my cousins had conscientious scruples against going to balls, and if the social position of the Seymours forbade any chance whatever of an invitation, the husband and wife were willing to talk of the approaching festival. They discussed it in no measured terms. They said it would be the most distinguished and splendid event of the neighbourhood for the year. They enumerated the distinguished and rich and powerful people who would attend. They talked of the grounds being lighted up with lamps, and the house one vast illumination from roof to cellar. They spoke of the dancing and the bounteous table and the plenteous wine and the strings of carriages coming up the drive, of the brilliant costumes, and the jewels and lovely women, of the fountain spouting on the lawn, and the band—the band of famous musicians from London, who, though they came by night to places like Bickerton in sober black cloth coats and played with fiddles, were yet entitled to wear in London magnificent red coats all slashed and braided and piped and gathered with cords and knots of gold; musicians who not only could play with marvellous skill on stringed, brown wood instruments while they sat on chairs, but had, in their natural sphere in London, great brazen and silver instruments to play upon as they rode through the crowded streets of the marvellous capital on jet black prancing chargers, whose bridles were of steel shining like silver, and upon whose forehead blazed burnished, brazen stars.



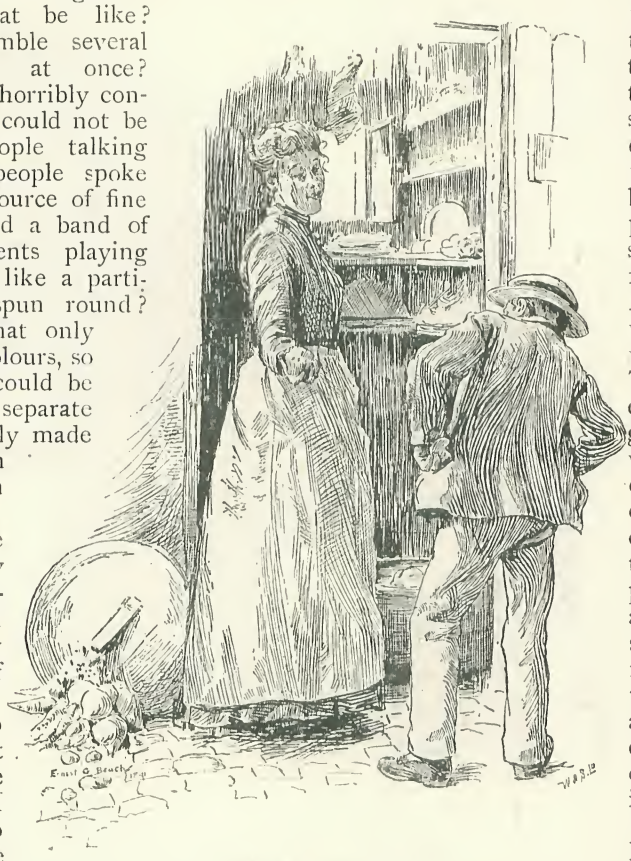
"THEY SPOKE OF THE FAMOUS MUSICIANS."

In the novels I had read there had been descriptions of balls. I had no more thought when reading that it could ever be my luck to see one than I had considered my chance good of fighting North American Indians, or cutting out French sloops, or riding from London to York on Black Bess.

Now, a ball had not only come within my ken, but had been brought to my very door. What could be easier than for me to slip out of my room when all the house was asleep, walk to Trafford Manor, enter the grounds, and behold the miraculous sight through a window or open door, and, when I had filled my soul with a scene of fairyland realised, steal back to my room unnoticed by anyone in the house? The Hardings were, of course, much older than I. They were man and woman and I only a boy not yet in his teens, but they had no

halo of parental awe, no parental authority or infallibility.

I had never in all my life heard a musical instrument. At the ball there would be a band. A band was several musical instruments playing all together. What could that be like? Would it resemble several people talking at once? That would be horribly confusing. But it could not be like several people talking together, for people spoke of a band as a source of fine pleasure. Would a band of several instruments playing at one time be like a parti-coloured card spun round? Hardly; for that only confused the colours, so long as they could be known to be separate colours, and only made a dull stain when they mingled in one tint.



"CRAMMED MY POCKETS FULL."

My first care was to keep my intention to myself. My second was to survey the ground of future enterprise. There was no difficulty about either of these precautions. I had merely to hold my tongue and to walk to Trafford Manor along a beautiful, undulating, winding, wooded road which passed by our modest gate, and before the stately portal of the great house.

The beauty of Trafford Manor was renowned in all the south, and the owner was proud of his grounds and opened them to all who chose to see them.

One morning, to the astonishment of my cousin Nellie, I announced my intention of going for a long walk. She was delighted, crammed my pockets full of the best good things in the larder, and declared that she should resent seeing me before dinner.

That whole day I spent in the Trafford demesne. Surely nowhere was scene more fitted for a fairy *fête*. It was mid April, and clear and sunny weather. The air was full of fresh spices of the swelling buds and of the dainty, delicate, flat leaves already unsheathed and glittering moist and green in the flowing air. It was rapture to live and breathe, and heaven to know as much and no more of the world of things than books taught, no more than enough to set the spirit dreaming. All the senses brought fuel for poetry, if the sacred flame fluttered inside. As yet the trees were only misty with verdure. The depths in depth of vestal green in the woods took the eye into such enchanted bowers of the imagination, it was like praying, to stand and listen to the soft, ample murmurs of the multitudinous leaves as the broad air came by them out of the opening south.

In that far off Bracken Glen I often knew promptings towards the spirit of the heather and the glen and the skies. But then I felt Nature spoke a language I did not understand, which no one about me seemed to hear. In the midst of my most ecstatic trances I recalled myself by conceiving what a poor opinion John Jones, Esquire, of the soddened book-keeping, would hold of me if he knew that I was wasting time in hearkening to fancy instead of those pipes of wine which never knew rest in the day-book, journal, or ledger, or trying to remember thirteen times, or endeavouring at all events to trisect the angle at which the brown ground of the bluff bit through the verdure of the hill to the gash where the stream gushed forth through ragged rocks on its

way to the pond above our overshot wheel.

But now I had met, in the modest library of the Hardings, men who would gag John Jones, Esquire, if he opened his mouth to speak in those sylvan dales of Trafford, men who would condescend to have no dealings whatever with pipes of wine, except to drink in them the ladies of their love, and who would not allow a triangle into their presence, except for the purpose of tricing up John Jones, Esquire, to it, and giving him five dozen with the cat!

"SLIPPED DOWNSTAIRS."

The Hardings usually retired early, and in the first days of my visit, when I felt the first flush of freedom from the stricter rules of my own home, when I stirred under the inspiriting touch of the outer world, faint though it might be, through the intercourse of George Harding with it, I felt grieved that they would not sit later of nights and let me listen in awakening silence to their news of the great world beyond.

On the night of the ball I thought they would never rise to go. It would not do for me to betray the least anxiety. Other nights I had never shown any desire to go to bed. It would not do to challenge attention or excite suspicion by exhibiting any hurry this night. It was hard to sit and hear of all the preparations for the great ball, and feel that my cousins were standing between me and a sight of the glories about which they could only speculate.

I had heard that people would not begin to arrive at Trafford Manor until late, but I was consumed with impatience to be off. At last the blessed moment of release came. My cousins went to bed, and I found myself alone in my room at the back of the house.

No great strategy or caution was necessary to escape. I waited half an hour, then slipped downstairs, carrying my boots in my hand, and stole out by the back door.

When I found myself in the garden I had almost to grope my way, the night was so dark. I could not see the clouds overhead, but they must have been thick, for not a star shone in all heaven, and they must have been low, for the air was unusually warm considering the season. I sat down on a garden chair and put on my boots. Then rising, I drew a full breath, made quietly for the road, and, turning my back upon the town, set off at a good pace towards Trafford Manor.

I don't know what o'clock it was, but the low mutter of vehicles was behind me and before me in the darkness, and every now and then the lights of a carriage flashed into view in the rear, and the carriage dashed past, carrying before it into the blackness a shield of light raised up by its lamps.

Here was lonely I at last, the hero of a romance! Surely it was a romance to steal away in the dead of night and set out alone in search of adventure. For although I had but one intention clearly defined at starting, that of getting sight of the ball, now that I found myself on the way was I not fairly circumstanced to encounter adventures? Might not the horses under one of the carriages break away from control, placing in peril the precious and lovely inmates, until I dashed forward and rescued them, winning guerdon of lovely looks and loud-sounding fame? Might not thieves and highwaymen lurk in the impenetrable boscage, and, breaking forth, threaten the ladies with death, until I, bursting

among the throng, scattered the marauders and entered the Manor in triumph with my peerless charge? A great general driving by might fall into some terrible danger from onslaught of enemies, or the breaking of a wheel, and I might chance upon his deliverance, and he, in gratitude, might make a general of me, and send me against the Indians or the Kaffirs. Or a high admiral, being unused to the land, might be met by me wandering about on foot and alone—lost, not knowing where to turn for food or shelter, and I might guide him to both, and he might order that henceforth I was to be Captain of the saucy *Arethusa*.

Any one of these adventures was likely to befall one in my position and circumstances, and it would be only prudent to keep oneself in a fit state of mind to deal with all of them. The fit state of mind was the enthusiastic and heroic; and in a very enthusiastic and heroic disposition I trod the road, and arrived at the lodge of Trafford Manor demesne.

Here no difficulty presented itself, for both the great iron portal and the two side gates stood wide, inviting all men to enter.

I had not in my old home at Bracken Glen been used to bars and bolts, and I had no awe of social superiors, because I had come in contact with none. But I had grave timidity towards strangers of any kind, and, although the rank of the folk at Trafford Manor had no fears for me, I stood in awe of people who could command the wonders of which the Hardings had spoken. Such people were of rather a different order of being, like the genii of Eastern tales, than merely richer and better born people of the same race as myself.

I walked into the grounds with as much confidence as I had travelled the high road.

All thoughts of the past and future left me in presence of the scene on the lawn before the house. I no longer wanted to take part in any enterprise of hazardous adventure. I no longer yearned to distinguish myself and win plaudits or enduring fame. I only wanted to be let alone. I only wanted to be. I only wanted to wander about this land of romance, and drink in all the loveliness at my wide young eyes.

In the centre of the lawn the fountain threw up a ghostly wavering pillar of water, soft as smooth, and tinted with light of various hues. Down the arcades of the trees swung lines of coloured lamps. Here and there, round the trunk of oak, or beech, or lime, clustered a group of blue, and green, and yellow lamps, like the flame of giant gems sparkling on the dark, tasselled, trailing robe of night.

People were walking about, not bidden guests at the Manor, but those who, like myself, had come to see the place by night. I took no notice of anyone. I took no notice of anything, but the intoxicating atmosphere of delight through which I moved. I did not think. I was content merely to feel the enthralling influence of the scene. This was my first experience of poetry realised, of dreams in tangible form, of visions of the day taking material form at night.

All at once I came upon a French window wide open, with, beyond it, a vast room lit by one huge chandelier. The floor shone like dark ice shadowed by brown rocks, and down the dark ice figures of men and women glided. The necks and shoulders and arms of the women were bare, and in their hair flashed incandescent points of shifting fire. Their robes were flowing, and of all colours, like the silent column of smoke rising up in the lawn, only the colours were richer and more varied. The long dresses of the women swept the floor as they moved to and fro, their white-gloved hands on the arms of their cavaliers.

I stood spell-bound. My eyes went on seeing, yet discovering nothing new, as when one looks at the lonely sea. Mere seeing was a delight inexpressible, a delight that held me fast, as though the air around me was adamant.

In front of me, by the window, stood a woman whose beauty was so splendid it did not seem human. It was a perfectly colourless face, of most exquisite profile, clear and sweet as a cameo. She did not strike me as of any age. As she seemed now she must always have been, for any change would not leave her perfect, and it was very plain she was designed for perfection. There was in her a settled decision of line that precluded the idea of her ever being otherwise than as she was now—beauty absolute.

Could ever man that lived be worthy to touch the hand of this ethereal princess standing tall and dark against the light of the chandelier in the doorway? Could any mere man be privileged to do her a service, to save her from fire or battle or the sea? To breathe the air she sanctified by her presence? To live in the garden through

which she walked? To merit her smile? To die for her?

When poets spoke of goddesses they thought of her.

Then softly, and yet all at once, as my amazed and incredulous eyes were fixed upon this miracle, the air was stirred in a way I had never known it stirred before. Something subtler than light came through it and touched me, and stole into my veins, and made my blood richer and indescribably precious in my heart. The flames of the candles swayed in a strange, intelligible, inexplicable sympathy with this new sense in me. The essences of all perfumes were poured in upon my brain and made me giddy with a rapture I had never dreamed life could hold. All at once and by no effort of my own I came into possession of some property of joy beyond the glory of light and colour, beyond the reach of perfume. It came from beyond where this miracle of womanhood against the light stood. It beat by her like wind, and yet it stirred not one petal of the flowers in her hair. But the influence of it possessed her face, and she who had been Grecian goddess became an enraptured spirit. What could it be? Had the gate of Paradise opened, and was some large and subtle and fine rapture flowing towards me and around me, and possessing me with rhythmical joy?

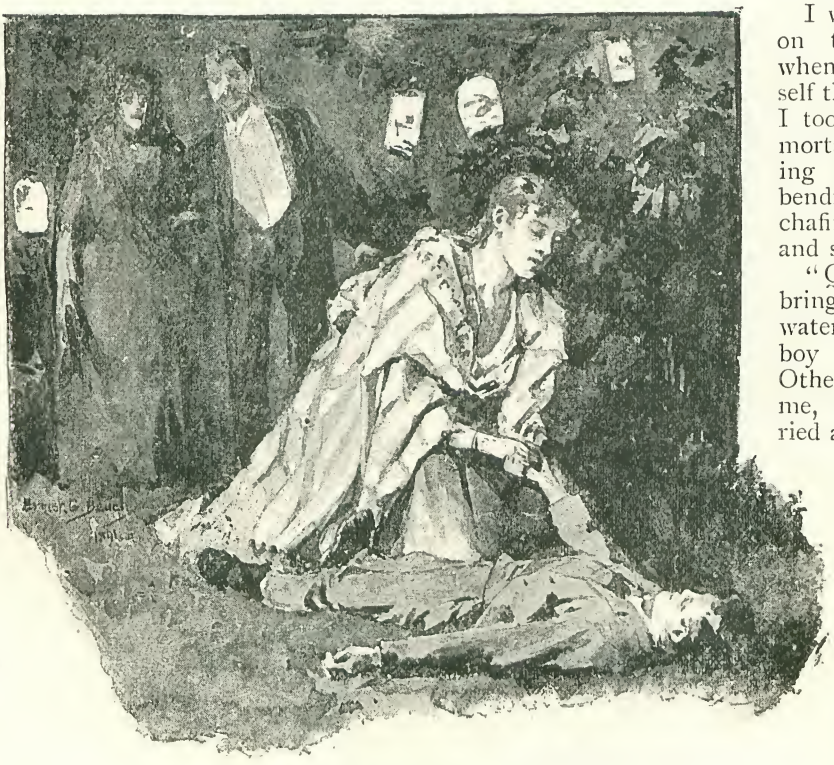
What could this new thing, this mysterious agony of delight be?

Then, like a flash, I knew.

It was the band!

It was the band, and I was hearing music for the first time in my life!

After that with me all grew dark and blank.



"THE POOR BOY HAS FAINTED."

I had fainted.

I was found lying on the grass, and when I came to myself that being whom I took for more than mortal was kneeling beside me and bending over me, chafing my hands, and saying:—

"Quick! quick! bring a light and water! The poor boy has fainted." Others were around me, and some hurried away.

"Poor boy!" I thought. "*Poor* boy, whom *she* has touched!"

"What caused it?" she asked me, pushing my hair back from my forehead. "What a pretty boy he is. Do you know, dear, what caused it?"

"I don't know," I said, as well as I could; "I think it must have been the band. I never heard music before."

"Never heard music before?" she cried in astonishment. "Are you sure? Where have you lived that you never heard music before?"

"In Bracken Glen—a glen in the north," I said. "We have a mill there. Our people do not have music, and I never heard music until I heard it now."

"And you fainted when you heard it first?" she asked, helping me to rise.

"I can think of nothing else to make me faint. This is the first time I ever fainted."

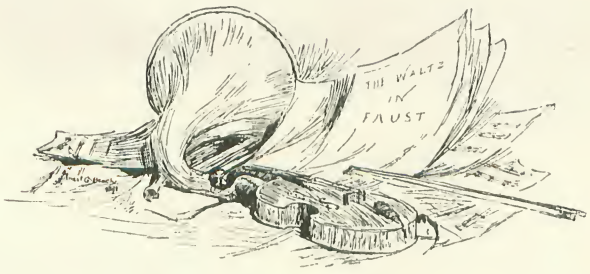
"You are better now?"

"I am quite well, thank you. I shall go away now."

"No, not yet. I am much interested in you. There must be something uncommon in the boy who fainted when he heard music for the first time. It was the waltz in 'Faust.' My husband will be most interested in this. He knows a great deal about music, but I think this will be new to him."

There may have been something uncommon in that boy who fainted on hearing music for the first time. People who know me by the name I now bear before the public say I have a faculty of producing melody that will satisfy. I have said that I follow one of the fine arts as a profession. I am a musician—a composer of music. That lady who twenty years ago saw me fall to the ground outside Trafford Manor, and came to my help, has aided my career in many ways. She spoke of me to her husband, who knows more about music than any other man I am acquainted with. She encouraged me in my hours of depression, of despair. She has done more kindnesses for me than any other woman—but one. I am now a successful man. I am proud to owe all I own of value in the world to her. The one woman I am more indebted to than to her, I owe, in a way, to the lady of the "Faust" waltz also, for her daughter is my wife. It was while I was a guest at a ball in Trafford Manor that I told my wife Gertrude of that memorable night long ago. It was while she was standing by the same window where her mother had stood nineteen years before, and looking as her mother looked then, that I found courage to speak. The band played again the waltz in "Faust." Then I lost control, and the overwhelming love for the girl at my side bore me away; and I cried out to her in my despair, and asked if there was any hope for me in her heart.

She did not understand me. I had not made my meaning plain. We went out upon the lawn, where many years ago I had watched the fountain mount through the rainbow-coloured lights. It was not now early spring, but deep summer. It was not now with me the admiration of a child for a statue, but the passion of a man for a woman. The first strain of melody had been a revelation to the boy. How poor and thin it seemed to the revelation that there was hope for me in the heart of the girl I loved. Before the band finished that waltz in "Faust," Gertrude understood what I had whispered in the doorway. That waltz in "Faust" had played in music to my soul, and my darling to my arms. I never hear it without experiencing incommunicable emotions. Who can wonder?



ODONTOGLOSSUM HASTILABIUM.

SHAKESPEARE'S words to the effect that the man who has no music in himself is fit only for treasons, stratagems, and spoils, might appropriately be adapted to flowers. Certainly the man or woman who finds it impossible to love the rose and the violet, the chrysanthemum, and even the simple little primrose which will be so much abroad during this month of April, is lamentably lacking in something. So much is indisputable of flowers in general, and of the subject of this paper in particular. The rose alone excepted, no plant has inspired the abiding love shown for the orchid, and, not even excepting the rose, none has been the object of such enthusiasm. The study of the orchidaceous family, as some one has said, is a liberal education, and it was once declared, with all the authority of print, that Mr. Joseph Chamberlain must be possessed of a fine character because he loves these extraordinary flowers. If the predilection for orchids is to be accepted as proof of any such possession, the English race is in no danger of deterioration.

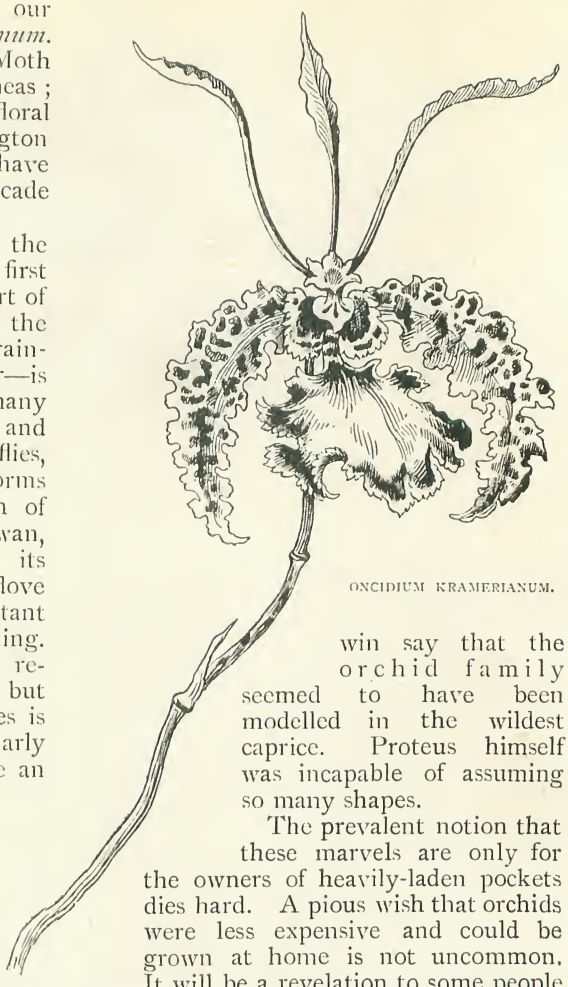
Many of our readers will have heard of the tulip mania which raged so fiercely in Holland about the middle of the seventeenth century, when simply fabulous prices were given for a single bulb. There was little that was either reasonable or explicable in the desire to secure the tulip at all costs, but the popularity of the orchid is easily understood by anyone who cares to go into the subject. We venture to believe that by the time we have said all we have to say—and how small a portion that is of what we could say !—those who peruse this paper will find it somewhat difficult to resist running off to the nearest nurseryman and asking to be shown over his houses, or to the nearest bookseller and ordering one of the numerous popular manuals which will instruct them how to set about becoming orchid growers themselves. We have often heard the uninitiated wonder what there is to attract in the orchid, more than in any other beautiful flower. Well, to say nothing of its exquisite and unique charm as a mere spectacle, Darwin gave many reasons, and the Darwinian mind, we believe, has actually sought to show that the orchid is the missing link between animal and vegetable nature. The student will find lots to support this fascinating theory, and to induce him to think that if the other missing link—that between the man and the animal—is discoverable, we shall have completed the chain of nature starting with man and ending with the garden cabbage. But all this is another story, with which it is not our province now to deal.

Orchids have been really popular about twenty-five years. They were well known in the last century, but they were the possession of the privileged few, and were regarded as a mere floral curiosity. One day, however, some sixty years or more ago, the late Duke of Devonshire chanced to come across an orchid from Demerara, which bore an extraordinary resemblance to a butterfly. His delight was immense, and he proceeded forthwith to cultivate the

plant, of which a variety is shown in our illustration of the *Oncidium Kramerianum*. A little later he purchased a "Moth Orchid," for which he paid 100 guineas; and to the interest taken in these floral mimics by the ancestor of Lord Hartington are traceable the developments which have been so remarkable during the last decade or two.

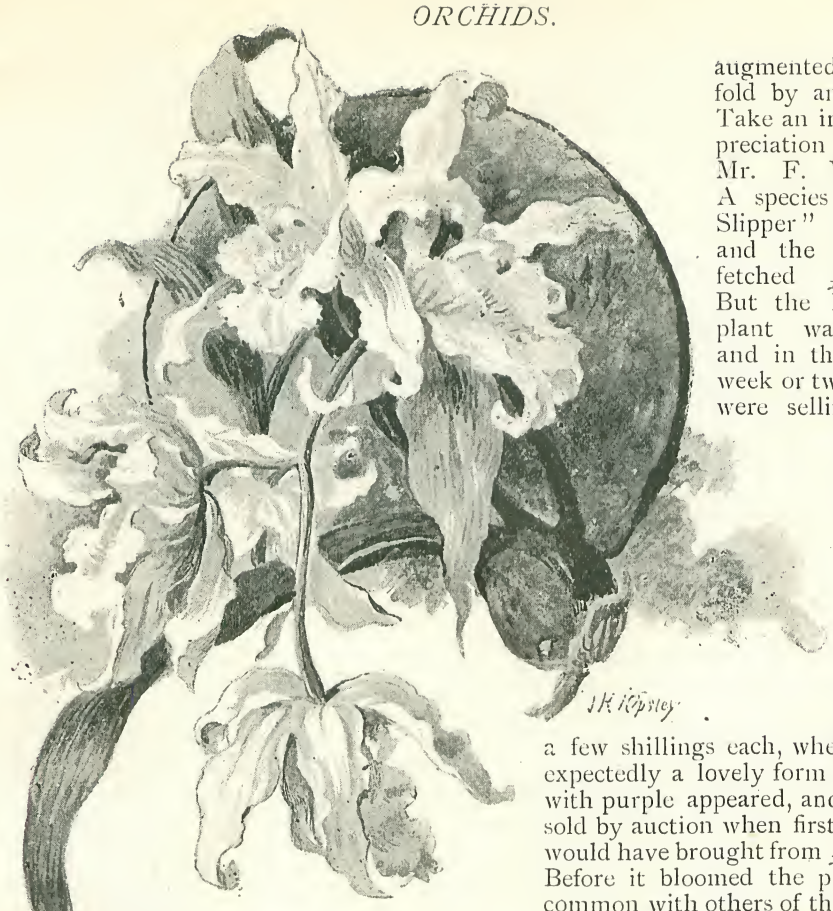
Almost the first thing that strikes the spectator at an orchid show for the first time, after he has recovered from a sort of shock at the overwhelming beauty of the display—a display out-rivalling the rainbow in its variety and blend of colour—is the quite ludicrous resemblance of many of the flowers to animals, birds, and insects. Bees, spiders, grasshoppers, flies, lizards, and toads are quite common forms of orchid mimicry. Our illustration of *Cycnoches Warscewiczii* shows a swan, with a curious-looking tuft upon its breast. Another species is very like a dove as it may be seen hovering for an instant near the branch of a tree before alighting. One group has a flower in which a resemblance to the monkey is found; but the most ludicrous of mimetic vagaries is surely that of the species known popularly as the "Man Orchid." "Dressed like an acrobat in skin tunic of green, it swings as if gibbeted, in company with some fifty other little felons." But the flower is not content to run animate nature close in outward appearance; it evinces a disposition to rival man in the manufacture of various kinds of appliances. It takes a hint from the boot-maker, and produces the "Lady's Slipper"; it provides for the wants of a young family, and turns out a "Cradle"; it even resolves itself into a sort of swimming bath, in which the bee sometimes finds himself involuntarily immersed, and from which he escapes by means of a side-door arrangement. Well might Darwin say that the orchid family seemed to have been modelled in the wildest caprice. Proteus himself was incapable of assuming so many shapes.

CYCNOCHES WARSCEWICZII.



ONCIDIUM KRAMERIANUM.

The prevalent notion that these marvels are only for the owners of heavily-laden pockets dies hard. A pious wish that orchids were less expensive and could be grown at home is not uncommon. It will be a revelation to some people to learn that an orchid which shall be a source of endless amusement and of considerable instruction may be had for a few shillings. Whether, in short, you have a few odd hundred pounds or merely a few odd hundred farthings to spare, you may gratify your love for this particular flower. You cannot expect to walk into, say, Mr. Bull's establishment in the King's-road, Chelsea, some day when you are passing, and for the price of a couple of dozen cigars appropriate the beautiful *Cœlogyne cristata alba*, some idea of whose virgin purity is conveyed in our illustration. This plant originally cost Mr. Bull £200. Great as this price is, it is barely two-thirds of the record; £300 has been exceeded for a single plant. Mr. Bull possesses a variety of the "Lady's Slipper" for which he paid that very figure. In 1883 Sir Trevor Lawrence paid 235 guineas for an orchid,



CŒLOGYNE CRISTATA ALBA.

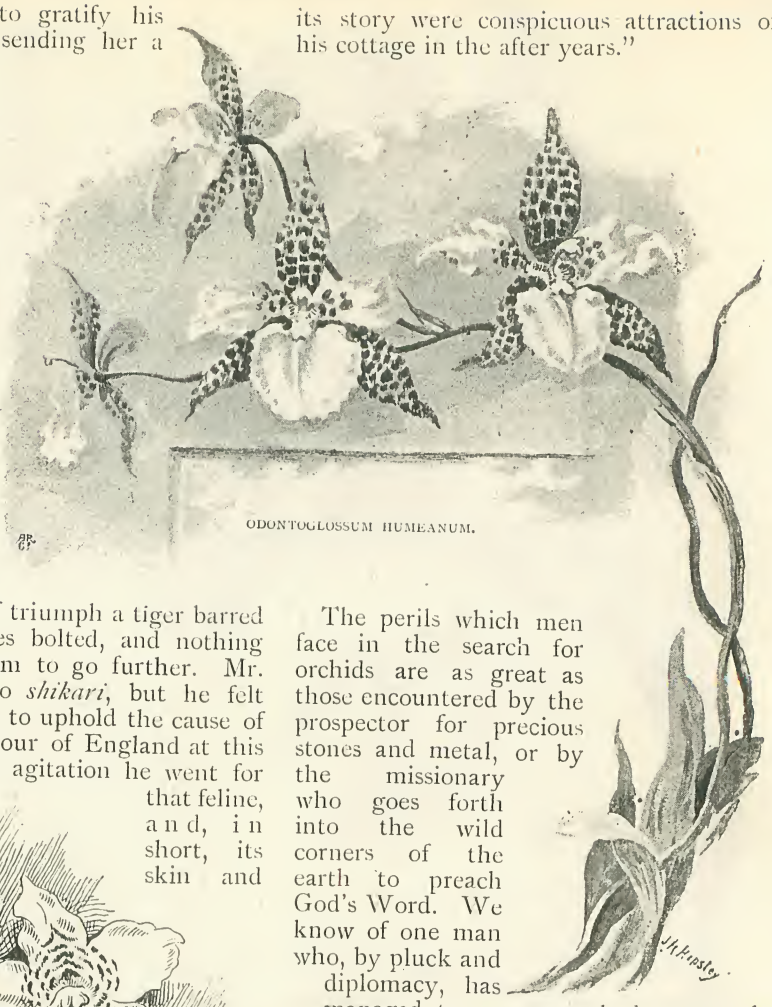
and Baron Schröder paid £165 and £160 respectively for two plants. Many firms have paid hundreds of pounds for the possession of a rare species, whilst, of course, one may often hear of a collection being sold for many thousands. At the same time, Mr. Bull or Messrs. Veitch, or any well-known cultivator will be happy to place orchids, which a few years ago were beyond the reach of even a large proportion of the middle classes, at your disposal for five or six shillings.

And be it understood, in buying an orchid you can never be quite sure that you have not secured a veritable treasure. The speculative element enters into orchid-collection to a degree undreamt of by the outsider. As the value of the most valuable just purchased by a duke may disappear in an hour, so that of the most common just purchased by yourself may be augmented a hundred-fold by an eccentricity. Take an instance of depreciation recorded by Mr. F. W. Burbidge. A species of "Lady's Slipper" was imported and the single plant fetched £100 easily. But the home of the plant was discovered, and in the course of a week or two nurserymen were selling the same thing for five shillings. On the other hand, Pescatore's *Odontoglot*, we are told, had been imported for years, and plants might be picked up for a few shillings each, when "quite unexpectedly a lovely form heavily barred with purple appeared, and, had it been sold by auction when first it flowered, it would have brought from £50 to £100." Before it bloomed the plant would, in common with others of the same species, have been readily disposed of for a trifle.

A friend of Mr. Burbidge's chanced to buy cheap a number of plants which were "hanging fire." "They were shrivelled plants of *Odontoglossums* in paper bags, and they took a good deal of skill and attention to bring them into vigour and health again. But when they bloomed some of them turned out very distinct, and an offer of £500 made for the lot as they stood, after the first five or six had bloomed, was not accepted." The most interesting piece of luck of this sort, however, which we have come across is related by Mr. Frederick Boyle. A Mr. Spicer, a tea planter in Sylhet, knowing his mother in England was fond of orchids, sent her some plants. They were an ordinary "Lady's Slipper" variety. Mrs. Spicer brought them to flower, and noticed certain curious characteristics. She consulted an expert, with the result that he paid her seventy guineas down and carried off the plant. "For years," says Mr. Boyle, "this lovely species was a prize for dukes and millionaires," and its introduction was due

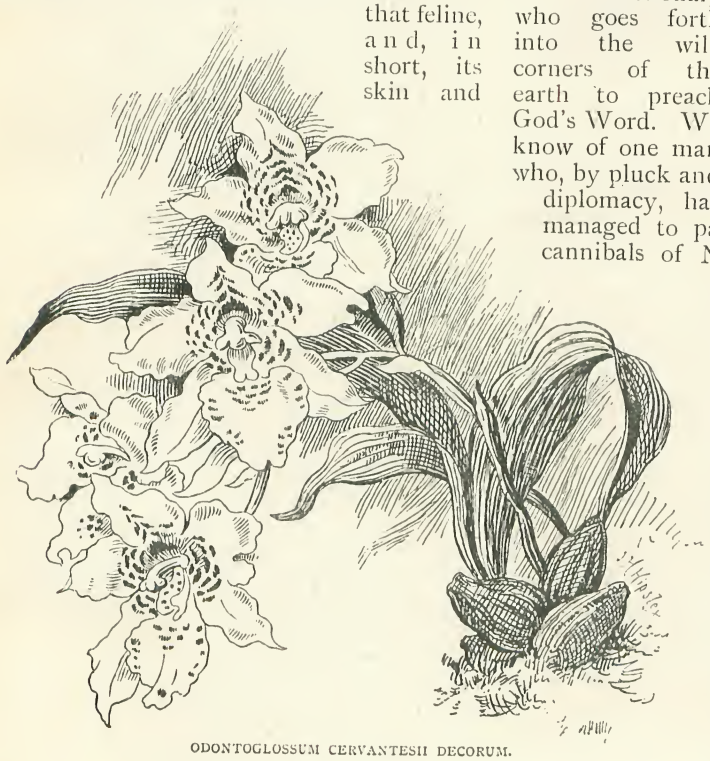
to a son's desire to gratify his mother's tastes by sending her a few everyday orchids!

The mention of this discovery brings us to the more tragic side of orchid collecting. Mr. Sander, the famous orchid grower of St. Albans, despatched a representative to try to find the particular species which had proved so profitable to Mrs. Spicer. After many fruitless efforts, "Mr. Forsterman got on the track, but in the very moment of triumph a tiger barred the way, his coolies bolted, and nothing would persuade them to go further. Mr. Forsterman was no *shikari*, but he felt himself called upon to uphold the cause of science and the honour of England at this juncture. In great agitation he went for that feline, and, in short, its skin and its story were conspicuous attractions of his cottage in the after years."

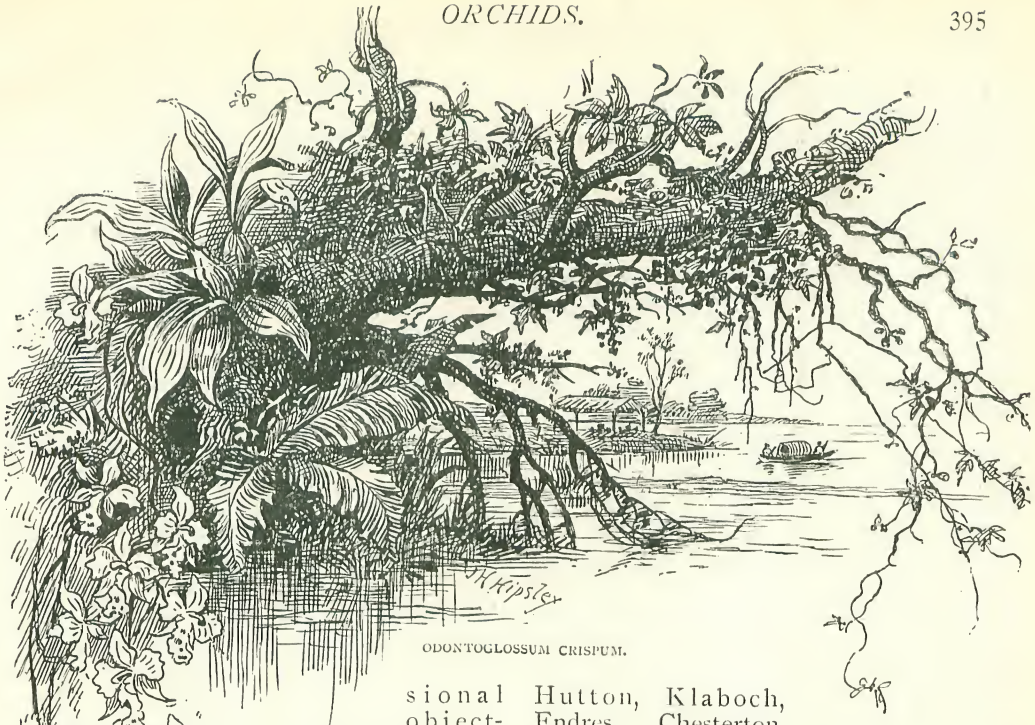


ODONTOGLOSSUM HUMEANUM.

The perils which men face in the search for orchids are as great as those encountered by the prospector for precious stones and metal, or by the missionary who goes forth into the wild corners of the earth to preach God's Word. We know of one man who, by pluck and diplomacy, has managed to pass unscathed among the cannibals of New Guinea. When he first arrived, he was honoured by a careful overhauling on the part of the natives, who ultimately declared that he was too thin to eat. He has since made himself more or less at home with them, though he has only succeeded in winning their esteem by sitting down to the same dish and partaking of its contents, whatever they might be, and in compelling their respect by placing a few inches of cold steel at his side, and giving them an occa-



ODONTOGLOSSUM CERVANTESII DECORUM.



ODONTOGLOSSUM CRISPUM.

sional object-lesson in the wonders of the revolver. He carries his life in his hands, and all for the sake of the chance of finding an orchid with some feature possessed by none other. The collector who would make his mark must be prepared for hazardous marches, for hanging like a sailor by his eyebrows over mighty precipices, or for wading for days in swamps. He must have self-reliance, resource, patience, knowledge, and endurance.

The orchid has not only its heroes, it has its martyrs as well. Any great grower will give one the names of a dozen men who have sacrificed all in their efforts to add to the list of species. Collectors have been lost in Panama, Rio Hacha, Ecuador, Sierra Leone, Orinoco, and probably other places. "I wonder," said a friend to Mr. Burbidge, "if orchid amateurs ever give a thought as to the real price their orchids cost," and he proceeded to enumerate the names of such men as Bruchmueller, Zahn, Hutton, Klaboch, Endres, Chesterton, and Freeman, who have died in the interests of the orchid lover. "On the roll of martyrs to orchidology," says Mr. Boyle, with enthusiasm, "Mr. Pearce stands high. To him we owe, among many fine things, the hybrid Begonias which are becoming such favourites for bedding and other purposes. . . . It was his great luck and great honour to find *Masdevallia Veitchii*, so long, so often, so laboriously searched for from that day to this, but never even heard of. To collect another shipment of this glorious orchid, Mr. Pearce sailed for Peru in the service, I think, of Mr. Bull. Unhappily —for us as well as for himself—he was detained at Panama. Somewhere in those parts there is a magnificent *Cypripedium*.* . . . The poor fellow could not resist this temptation. They told him at Panama that no white man had returned from the spot, but he went on. The Indians brought him back some days or weeks later, without the prize; and he died on arrival."

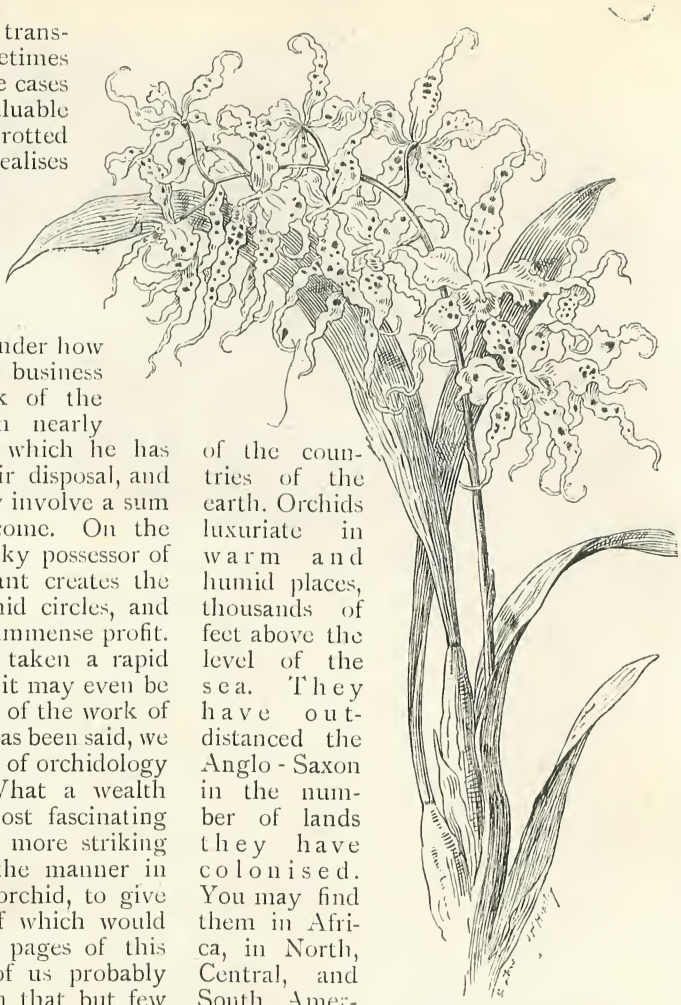
Even when the precious plant is secured, and danger to life and limb is past, the difficulties to be overcome are enormous. To bring a million sterling in gold from Paris or New York under special and vigilant guard, is a process almost simple when compared with the jealous care which

* Lady's Slipper.

has to be expended on the transportation of orchids. It sometimes happens that on opening the cases on arrival in England a valuable collection is found to have rotted *en route*, and the importer realises that hundreds of pounds have been spent and lives risked, to secure worthless roots! The orchid importer needs a stout heart and unlimited enterprise, and some of us may well wonder how he manages to make the business pay at all when we think of the ambassadors he employs in nearly every clime, of the funds which he has occasionally to place at their disposal, and of the fact that one loss may involve a sum equal to a fair annual income. On the other hand, if he is the lucky possessor of a variety of value, the plant creates the greatest enthusiasm in orchid circles, and is consequently a source of immense profit.

We have in these pages taken a rapid glance at the more popular, it may even be said the more romantic, side of the work of orchid collection. Enough has been said, we hope, to show why the study of orchidology is a liberal education. What a wealth of natural history of the most fascinating kind it opens up! Nothing more striking is recorded in nature than the manner in which the bee fertilises the orchid, to give the least adequate account of which would involve another half-dozen pages of this magazine. The majority of us probably would be surprised to learn that but few orchids grow in the ground. They are found often high up on the branches of some monarch of the primeval forest, and the proverbial needle in the bundle of hay might be discovered half a dozen times over whilst the collector is searching for a single plant. Others appear, however, quite low down. The tree-growing orchid is an epiphyte. That is to say, though it lives on the tree it makes the branch a resting-place only. It gets its nourishment from the atmosphere and not the tree, as does the mistletoe for instance. One orchid, a *Diacrium*, actually grows on rocks within reach of the spray from the salt sea waves.

To follow in the footsteps of the collector is to acquire a considerable knowledge of the countries of the earth. Orchids luxuriate in warm and humid places, thousands of feet above the level of the sea. They have outdistanced the Anglo-Saxon in the number of lands they have colonised. You may find them in Africa, in North, Central, and South America, in Australia and New Zealand, in Asia, in Madagascar, in Europe—everywhere except in very cold climates. One day the orchid hunter may be on the high road of civilisation, pursuing his quest like an ordinary tourist; another he will have plunged into regions dark as darkest Africa, as far removed from modern conditions as the dwarfs of Stanley's limitless forest. In the search for a single orchid he comes across many varieties of the human race, and on a thousand points connected with modes of life, of governments, of the relations of places one to another, far and near, he is better informed than many an arm-chair specialist.



ODONTOGLOSSUM CIRROSUM.

A Thing that Glistened.

By Frank R. Stockton.

IN the fall of 1888 the steamship *Sunda*, from Southampton, was running along the southern coast of Long Island, not many hours from port, when she was passed by one of the great British liners, outward bound. The tide was high, and the course of both vessels was nearer the coast than is usual, that of the *Sunda* being inside of the other.

As the two steamers passed each other there was a great waving of hats and handkerchiefs. Suddenly there was a scream from the *Sunda*. It came from SignoraRochita, the *prima donna* of an opera troupe which was coming to America in that ship.

"I have lost my bracelet!" she cried in Italian, and then, turning to the passengers, she repeated the cry in very good English.

The situation was instantly comprehended by everyone. It was late in the afternoon; the captain had given a grand dinner to the passengers, at which the *prima donna* had appeared in all her glories of ornamentation, and the greatest of these glories—a magnificent diamond bracelet—was gone from the arm with which she had been enthusiastically waving her lace handkerchief.

"WAVING HER LACE HANDKERCHIEF."

The second officer, who was standing near, dashed into the captain's office, and quickly reappeared with chart and instruments, and made a rapid calculation of the position of the vessel at the time of the accident, making due allowance for the few minutes that had passed since the first cry of the signora. After consultation with the captain and re-calculations of the distance from land and some other points, he announced to the weeping signora that her bracelet lay under a little black spot he made on the chart, and that if she chose to send a diver for it she might get it, for the depth of water at that place was not great.

By profession I am a diver, and the next day I was engaged to search for the diamond bracelet of Signora Rochita. I had a copy of the chart, and having hired a small schooner, with several men who had been my assistants before, and taking with me all the necessary accoutrements and appliances, I set out for the spot indicated, and by afternoon we were anchored, we believed, at it or very near it.

I lost no time in descending. I wore, of course, the usual diver's suit, but I took with me no tools nor any of the implements used by divers when examining wrecks; but I carried in my right hand a brilliant electric lamp, connected with a powerful battery on the schooner. I held this by an insulated handle, in which there were two little knobs, by which I could light or extinguish it.

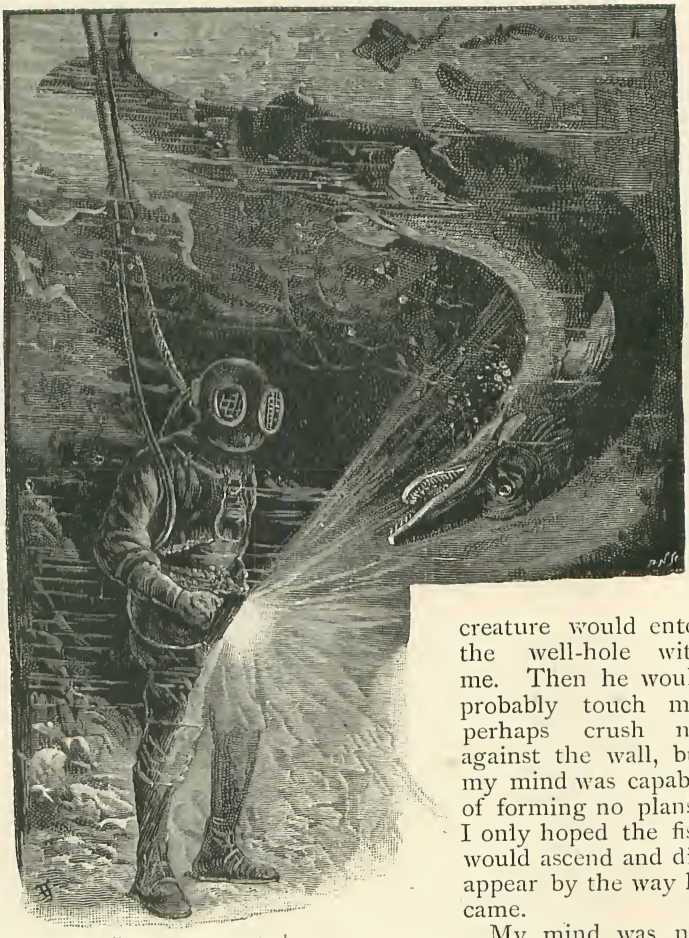
The bottom was hard and smooth, and lighting my lamp, I began to look about me. If I approached the bracelet I ought to be able to see it sparkle, but after wandering over considerable space, I saw no sparkles nor anything like a bracelet. Suddenly, however, I saw something which greatly interested me. It was a hole in the bottom of the ocean, almost circular, and at the least ten feet in diameter. I was surprised that I had not noticed it before, for it lay not far from the stern of our vessel.

Standing near the rocky edge of the aperture, I held out my lamp and looked down. Not far below I saw the glimmering of what seemed to be the bottom of this subterranean well. I was seized with a desire to explore this great hole running down under the ordinary bottom of the sea. I signalled to be lowered, and although mycomrades were much surprised at such an order, they obeyed, and down I went into the well. The sides of this seemed rocky and almost perpendicular, but after descending about fifteen feet, they receded on every side, and I found myself going down into a wide cavern, the floor of which I touched in a very short time.

Holding up my lamp, and looking about me, I found myself in a sea cave of some thirty feet in diameter, with a domelike roof, in which, a little to one side of the centre, was the lower opening of the well. I became very much excited; this was just the sort of place into which a bracelet or anything else of value might be expected to have the bad luck to drop. I walked about and gazed everywhere, but I found nothing but rocks and water.

I was about to signal to be drawn up, when above me I saw what appeared to be a flash of darkness, coming down through the well. With a rush and a swirl it entered the cavern, and in a moment I recognised the fact that a great fish was swooping around and about me. Its movements were so rapid and irregular, now circling along the outer edge of the floor of the cavern, then mounting above me, until its back seemed to scrape the roof, that I could not form a correct idea of the size of the creature. It seemed to me to be at least twenty feet long. I stood almost stupefied, keeping my eyes as far as possible fixed upon the swiftly moving monster.

Sometimes he came quite near me, when I shuddered in every fibre, and then he shot away, but ever gliding with powerful undulations of his body and tail, around, about, and above me. I did not dare to signal to be drawn up, for fear that the terrible creature would enter the well-hole with me. Then he would probably touch me, perhaps crush me against the wall, but my mind was capable of forming no plans; I only hoped the fish would ascend and disappear by the way he came.



"I STOOD STUPEFIED."

My mind was not in its strongest condition, being much upset by a great trouble, and I was so frightened that I really did not know what I ought to do, but I had sense enough left to feel sure that the

fish had been attracted into the cavern by my lamp. Obviously the right thing to do was to extinguish it, but the very thought of this nearly drove me into a frenzy. I could not endure to be left alone with the shark in darkness and water. It was an insane idea, but I felt that, whatever happened, I must keep my eyes upon him.

Now the great fish began to swoop nearer and nearer to me, and then suddenly changing its tactics, it receded to the most distant wall of the cavern, where, with its head toward me, it remained for the first time motionless. But this did not continue long. Gently turning over on its side, it opened its great mouth, and in an instant, with a rush, it came directly at me. My light shone full into its vast mouth, glistening with teeth, there was a violent jerk which nearly threw me off my feet, and all was blackness. The shark had swallowed my lamp! By rare good fortune he did not take my hand also.

Now I frantically tugged at my signal rope. Without my lamp, I had no thought but a desire to be pulled out of the water, no matter what happened. In a few minutes I sat divested of my diving suit, and almost insensible upon the deck of the schooner. As soon as I was able to talk I told my astonished comrades what had happened, and while we were discussing this strange occurrence, one of them, looking over the side, saw, slowly rising to the surface, the body of a dead shark.

"By George!" he cried, "here is the beast. He has been killed by the current from the battery." We all crowded to the rail, and looked down upon the monster. He was about ten feet long, and it was plain that he had died for making himself the connection between the poles of the battery.

"Well," said the captain, presently, "I suppose you are not going down again?"

"Not I," I replied; "I give up this job."

Then suddenly I cried, "Come, boys, all of you, make fast to that shark, and get him on board; I want him."

Some of the men laughed, but my manner was so earnest, that in a moment they all set about to help me. A small boat was lowered, lines were made fast to the dead fish, and, with block and tackle, we hauled him on deck. I then got a butcher's knife from the cabin, and began to cut him open.

"Look here, Tom!" exclaimed the captain, "that's nonsense. Your lamp's all smashed to pieces, and if you get it out it will never be any good to you."

"I don't care for the lamp," I answered, working away energetically, "but an idea has struck me. It's plain that this creature had a fancy for shining things. If he swallowed a lamp, there is no reason why he should not have swallowed anything else that glistened."

"IT WAS A PINT BOTTLE."

"O h - o!" cried the captain, "you think he swallowed the b r a c e l e t, do you?"

And instantly e v e r y b o d y crowded more closely about me.

I got out the lamp—its wires were severed as smoothly as if they had been cut with shears; then I worked on. Suddenly there was a cry

from every man. Something glimmered in the dark interior of the fish. I grasped it and drew it out. It was not a bracelet, but a pint bottle, which glimmered like a glow-worm. With the bottlein my hand I sat upon the deck and gazed at it. I shook it ; it shone brighter. A bit of oiled silk was tied tightly over the cork, and it was plain to see that it was partly filled with a light coloured oil, into which a bit of phosphorus had been dropped, which on being agitated filled the bottle with a dim light.

But there was something more in the bottle than phosphorus and oil. I saw a tin tube corked at each end ; the exposed parts of the corks spreading enough to prevent the tin from striking the glass. We all knew that this was one of those bottles containing a communication of some sort ; which are often thrown into the sea, and float about until they are picked up. The addition of the oil and phosphorus was intended to make it visible by night as well as by day, and this was plainly the reason why it had been swallowed by a light loving shark.

I poured out the oil and extracted the tube. Wiping it carefully I drew out the corks, and then from the little tin cylinder I pulled a half-sheet of note-paper, rolled up tightly. I unrolled it, and read these words:—

"Before I jump overboard, I want to let people know that I killed John Polhemus. So I have fixed up this bottle. I hope it may be picked up in time to keep Jim Barker from being hung. I did think of leaving it on the steamer, but I might change my mind about jumping overboard, and I guess this is the best way. The clothes I wore, and the hatchet I did it with, are under the wood shed back of Polhemus' house. HENRY RAMSEY."

I sprang to my feet with a yell. Jim Barker was my brother, now lying in prison under sentence of death for the murder of Polhemus. All the circumstantial evidence, and there was no other, had been against him. The note was dated eight months back. Oh ! cruel fool of a murderer. The shark was thrown overboard, and we made best speed to port, and, before the end of the afternoon I had put Ramsey's note into the hands of the lawyer who had charge of my brother's case.

Fortunately, he was able to identify the handwriting and signature of Ramsey, a man who had been suspected of the crime, but against whom no evidence could be found. The lawyer was almost as excited as I was by the contents of this note, and early the next morning we started together for the house of the Polhemus' family. There under the wood shed we found, carefully buried, a blood-stained shirt and vest and the hatchet

My impulse was to fly to my brother, but this my lawyer forbade. He would take charge of the affair, and no false hopes must be excited, but he confidently assured me that my brother was as good as free.

Returning to the city I thought I might as well make my report to Signora Rochita. The lady was at home and saw me. She showed the most intense interest in what I told her, and insisted upon every detail of my experiences. As I spoke of the shark and the subterranean cave she nearly fainted from excitement, and her maid had to bring the smelling salts. When I had finished she looked at me steadily for a moment, and then said :

"I have something to tell you, but I hardly know how to say it. I never lost my bracelet. I intended to wear it at the captain's dinner ; but when I went to put it on I found the clasp was broken, and, as I was late, I hurried to the table without the bracelet, and thought of it no more until, when we were all waving and cheering, I glanced at my wrist and found it was not there. Then, utterly forgetting that I had not put it on, I thought it had gone into the sea. It was only this morning, that, opening what I supposed was the empty box, I saw it. Here it is."

I never saw such gorgeous jewels.

"Madam," said I, "I am glad you thought you lost it, for I have gained something better than all these."

"You are a good man," said she, and then she paid me liberally for my services. When this business had been finished, she asked—

"Are you married ? "

I answered that I was not.

"Is there anyone you intend to marry ? "

"Yes," said I.

"What is her name ? " she asked.

"Sarah Jane McElroy."

"Wait a minute," said she, and she retired into another room. Presently she returned and handed me a little box.

"Give this to your lady-love," said she ; "when she looks at it she will never forget that you are a brave man."

When Sarah Jane opened the box, there

was a little pin with a diamond head, and she gave a scream of delight. But I saw no reason for jumping or crying out, for, after having seen the Signora's bracelet, this stone seemed like a pea in a bushel of potatoes.

"I don't need anything," she said, "to remind me you are a brave man. I am going to buy furniture with it."

I laughed, and remarked that "every little helps."

When I sit, with my wife by my side, before the fire in our comfortable home, and consider that the parlour carpet, and the furniture, and the pictures, and the hall and stair carpet, and all the dining-room furniture, with the china and the glass and the linen, and all the kitchen utensils, and two bedroom suites on the second story—both hard wood—and all the furniture and fittings of a very pleasant room for a single man, the third story front, were bought with the pin that the Signora gave to Sarah Jane, I am filled with profound respect for things that glitter. And when I look on the other side of the fire and see Jim smoking his pipe just as happy as anybody, then I say to myself that, if there are people who think that this story is too much out of the common, I wish they would step in here and talk to Jim about it. There is a fire in his eye when he tells you how glad he is that it was the shark that died instead of him.

The State of the Law Courts.

I

A VIVID public interest has of late been aroused in regard to the administration of justice in this country. The wholesome feeling of reverence that formerly attached to our judges seems now to be on the wane, and in private circles, especially among the legal profession, the conduct of the judicature has been severely commented upon, while the Press has occasionally ventured to darkly hint that the retirement of one of our most eminent judges is desirable in the public interest. On all sides it is agreed that his infirmities unfit him for the efficient discharge of his duties, his judgments show the melancholy decline of a once brilliant intellect, and the continued occupation of his seat upon the bench is a source of danger to the public. And yet such is the state of our legal machinery that his retirement is practically in his own hands. Only by an address of both Houses of Parliament to the Crown can his removal be brought about—an odious and invidious task, which the legislature naturally delays as long as possible, and will only undertake as an extreme measure. Although of recent years there has been a marked improvement in the *personnel* of our judges, so far as bodily vigour is concerned, there are still on the bench aged and infirm men who would have retired but for the necessity of completing the statutory period of fifteen years, at the expiration of which only can their pensions be earned. It is pitiable to see these old public servants, who once ranked among the most brilliant men of their day, attempting to discharge their duties with an obvious effort and at great physical fatigue.

More than enough instances have recently arisen of judges being incapacitated by deafness and other infirmities, and refusing to retire. But public opinion has hitherto been very tolerant, and these distinguished men have been permitted in their declinng years to exercise functions demanding the highest mental activity without exciting adverse comment. That there are defects in our judicial system, not the least of which is the absence of any controlling power over our judges, becomes more and more apparent, and it will be useful, therefore, to bring some of those which are most notorious in the legal profession under the notice of the public.

The judicial system in this country is the most expensive in the world. Our judges, it is true, are men of the highest integrity, and the confidence of the public in their incorruptibility is absolute. In this respect, no doubt, we compare favourably with many foreign nations. But the public have a right to look for something more than a strictly honourable bench, and it is desirable to inquire what we get in return for the enormous annual outlay on our judicature. For the sake of convenience let us begin with the higher tribunals. It will be interesting, in the first place, to study the following table, which shows the numerical strength of Her Majesty's judges, together with the salaries they receive :—

1	Lord Chancellor	£10,000
4	Lords of Appeal (£6,000)	£24,000
1	Master of the Rolls	£6,000
5	Lords Justices (£5,000)	£25,000
5	Chancery Judges (£5,000)	£25,000
1	Lord Chief Justice	£8,000
13	Common Law Judges (£5,000)	£65,000
2	Admiralty Judges (£5,000)	£10,000
1	Judge Court of Arches	£5,000
33		£178,000

There are, besides, a great number of highly paid officials known on the Common Law side as masters, and in the Chancery Division as chief clerks, who assist the judges by performing minor judicial functions. These gentlemen receive £1,000 a year each. There are also Clerks of the Crown and Associates on the various circuits who receive liberal salaries, as well as a multitude of clerks and other officers who are paid out of the public funds. But it is not our present purpose to consider these minor functionaries, our object being to afford a general conception of the working of the High Courts of Justice without going into unnecessary details. For the information of the curious, however, we may state that the total expenditure for law and justice last year was more than four and a half millions sterling, a sum which it should be understood includes the charges for maintaining prisons and other expenses incidental to the administration of justice.

In face of such stupendous figures the intelligent foreigner may well imagine that we have a judicial system well-nigh perfect, or at least quite adequate to the requirements of a great commercial community. And yet what are the facts? Among members of the legal profession it is a matter of common observation and lament that commercial cases are year by year growing less frequent. For a long time they consoled themselves by attributing this to commercial stagnation. But of late their eyes have been opened to the real cause, and neither by their smiles nor their tears can they win back the vanished litigation that once so satisfactorily brought grist to their mill. On all hands business men declare that, so far from being satisfied with their expensive legal machinery, they absolutely dread the law. They dare not risk its dignified delay, they fear its endless expense, they are terrified at the prospect of being dragged from Court to Court on Appeal, and they have no confidence in the ability of a large proportion of our judges to decide rightly on commercial disputes, especially those involving technical matters.

MR. JUSTICE STEPHEN.

This feeling has doubtless been intensified by the recent case of Vagliano and the Bank of England. It is needless to go into the details of this matter, which are well known to the public. Suffice it to say that a judge of the High Court in 1888 gave a decision contrary to the feeling of business men and subversive of commercial custom in regard to bills of exchange, which was upheld in the Court of Appeal by a majority of five to one. This decision was, however, reversed in the House of Lords in March of this year by a majority of six to two. Thus, after long delay and enormous expense, the case having been heard by fifteen judges, a final decision was obtained that satisfied the commercial community. But the uncertainty of the law is exemplified by the fact that the verdict of seven judges, *i.e.*, six in the House of Lords and one in the Court of Appeal, outweighed that of the remaining eight. And there is no reason to suppose that the judges of the House of Lords who carried the day are men of higher legal ability than those in the Court of Appeal.

Instead, therefore, of waiting months for their cases to be tried, paying enormous fees to leading counsel, and possibly enduring the risk and delay of appeal, men of commerce prefer to submit their disputes to the arbitration of others in their own trade, and thereby get them decided without any delay or legal expense. Innumerable disputes are in this way settled in the City every year, and in some businesses it is a matter of etiquette for men to accept the office of arbitrator when asked to do so without any fee, they knowing full well that the time is sure to come when they themselves will require to have a matter decided in the same convenient and expeditious manner.

It is undoubtedly a great hardship for a commercial community to have to put up with rough and ready justice in this way, instead of having the advantage of highly trained legal minds. But business men cannot afford to wait for the slow machinery of the law, and though they have to maintain the Courts of Justice, they decide to do without them. Doubtless many others would gladly do the same had they equal facilities for arbitration.

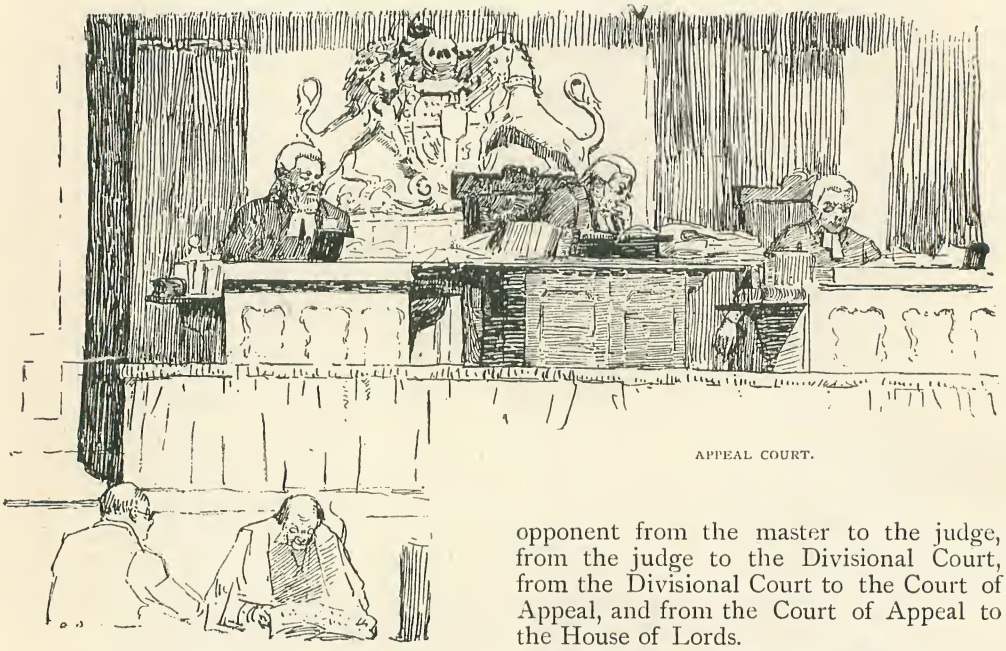
The result of this widening breach between law and commerce is that a large and increasing proportion of the work of the High Court consists of libel, slander, malicious prosecution, and cases of a similar class, together with actions varying in character not at all, and in the amount sought to be recovered only infinitesimally, from those which come within the jurisdiction of the County Court.

But though a great number of the suits

may be of slight importance, the cost of litigation is by no means insignificant. The court-fees, it is true, are not proportionately so high as in the County Court, although they might with advantage be largely reduced; but the average charges for legal assistance are enough to make the boldest litigant pause.

In an ordinary action for £100, supposing the defendant to be unsuccessful, he will probably have to pay, in addition to the £100, not less than £120 to his opponents' solicitor for the costs taxed against him, as well as, say, £150, the little account of his own attorney. Supposing he conscientiously believes the verdict to be unjust, and determines to go to the Court of Appeal, he will have to pay at least £100 more if unsuccessful. This brings his bill up to £470, instead of the original £100. A rational litigant would in such a case be unlikely to want to go beyond the Court of Appeal, but supposing he should desire to avail himself of the highest tribunal that a generous country places at his disposal, and takes his case to the House of Lords, he will be put to a further expense of about £200.

On the other hand, the successful suitor would also be at a considerable loss, the costs that he would have to pay being far in excess of the £100 recovered. By such a system a powerful and dangerous weapon is undoubtedly placed in the hands of a wealthy litigant who chooses oppressively to take his opponent from court to court. In many cases the costs are augmented to a scandalous degree by the multiplication of interlocutory proceedings. It is monstrous that in an action to recover a sum of £100 a wealthy and perverse litigant should have the power, on some incidental question of interrogatory, to take his opponent from the master to the judge, from the judge to the Divisional Court, from the Divisional Court to the Court of Appeal, and from the Court of Appeal to the House of Lords.



APPEAL COURT.

An evil hardly less grave than the law's expense is the law's delay. In a common law action of the simplest character, with little or no interlocutory proceedings, the period that must elapse between the issue of the writ and the trial of the action is little short of twelve months, while in the event of appeal nearly another year will be lost. In the Chancery Division the delay is still more marked.

At the commencement of the legal year, namely, October 24, 1890, there were 448 Chancery cases set down for trial. Of these, when Christmas arrived, only 74 had been decided, that is, after about one-third of the judicial year had elapsed. At that rate of progress—without allowing for the setting down of additional causes, which is, of course, continuous throughout the year—there would only be, of the 448 causes set down in October, 1890, 222 disposed of by October, 1891, thus leaving still unsettled

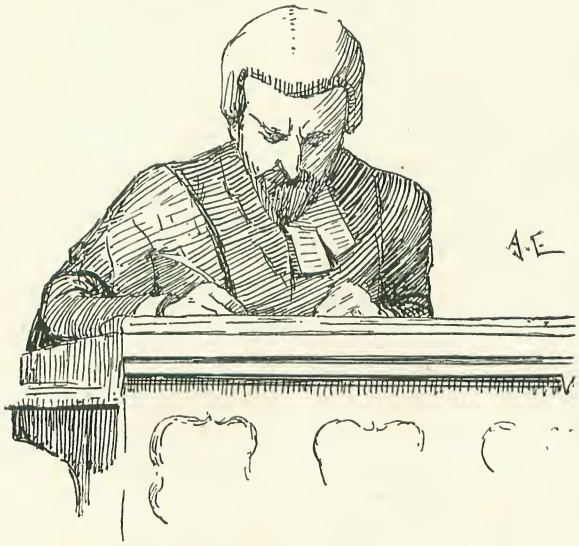
half the cases that litigants were ready to try twelve months before.

The appointment of an additional Chancery judge is by many advocated for the purpose of battling with these arrears. It is, however, notorious that, owing to the higher scale of costs in Chancery than in Common Law, solicitors prefer the former for the purpose of trying their actions. In consequence of this, a large number of cases that should properly come before the Common Law judges are tried in the Chancery Division. Surely the effect of removing this gross anomaly should be seen before further expenditure be imposed upon the nation.

Few probably will go so far as Jeremy Bentham in laying down that the State should provide for the administration of justice free of expense to litigants ; but there is a very general consensus of opinion in favour of a simplification of procedure and a limitation of the powers of appeal, and these are reforms that a willing legislature might well undertake.

To return to the judges of the High Court, it will be instructive to inquire how they earn the liberal salaries set forth in the foregoing table. Commencing at the top, it will be well to consider the position of that august official the Lord High Chancellor of England. And whatever remarks we may find it necessary to make, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we mean no disrespect to Lord Halsbury, the present learned and capable occupant of the post. It is merely our object to criticise the office, and our observations, therefore, will have no personal bearing. In the first place, it is worthy of note that the most highly paid temporal office in England — that of the Lord Chancellor — is given rather as a reward for political than for legal success. Of course, to occupy the post of Attorney-General, the stepping-stone to that of Lord Chancellor, a man must be a lawyer of considerable ability. It has, however, been very well said that a good lawyer can be nothing else ; and it is obvious that an Attorney-General must be a man of some political as well as legal capacity. It is quite conceivable that there may be a dearth of legal talent on any political side, and that a moderate man may be chosen as the chief law-adviser of the Crown in consequence. Indeed, such a state of things has happened before now. It by no means follows, therefore, that the Lord Chancellor is necessarily a man of transcendent legal ability. It is probable, in fact, that, as a rule, he is not so good a lawyer as the judges who receive half his salary. And here it may be well to remark that, although the Lord Chancellor is nominally at the head of the bench, he can exercise no efficient control over the judges. He can make appointments to the bench, but judges, once made, can, as already stated, only be removed by the act of both Houses of Parliament. Thus a judge, even if obviously suffering from mental decay, may continue to exercise his functions, to the miscarriage of justice, for a considerable period before the legislature can be set in motion to bring about his retirement.

The Lord Chancellor occasionally (when any of the Lords Justices are absent from illness or other cause) sits in the Court of Appeal, which is held in two sections—one hearing cases from the Common Law side, and the other those from the Chancery Division. The principal duty of the Lord Chancellor, however, consists in presiding over the House of Lords—the final Court of Appeal both in Common Law and Chancery matters. The House of Lords, as an appellate court, consists of the Lord Chancellor, the Lords of Appeal, and such peers as are, or have heen, holding high



MR. JUSTICE JEUNE.

judicial office. Ordinary peers, however, have also the right of sitting and giving judgment, and, in consequence of this anomaly, the judges of final appeal have sometimes had the assistance of an eccentric nobleman endowed with a fancy for the law, whose vote has carried as much weight as that of the Lord Chancellor himself. The judicial work of the House of Lords is light. Indeed, it will not be understating the case to say that the House does not dispose of more than sixty or seventy causes in the year. It is thus not difficult to calculate, supposing these cases to occupy an average of half a day, and taking into consideration the salaries of the Lord Chancellor and the Lords of Appeal, together with the heavy pensions paid to ex-Chancellors and other expenses, that the Court of Final Appeal exercises its judicial functions at a cost of something like a thousand pounds a day!

ADMIRALTY COURT.

Besides the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice is by some legal fiction supposed to exercise control over the judicial bench. As a matter of fact, however, the judges are practically under no control whatever save that of public opinion, as represented by the press, which should never hesitate to expose their shortcomings when they come to light. It is the duty of those on whom, by force of circumstances, the public are obliged to rely to safeguard their interests, not to relax their supervision out of deference to the high repute in which our judges are held. Under the old system, when the Courts of Common Pleas, Exchequer, and Queen's Bench existed, each division had a chief who was responsible for the work of his court and the mode in which it was administered. The judges now hold a meeting, at which they make their own arrangements for circuits and for appointments to the various courts. Although the Lord Chief Justice is supposed to control the order of work, the judges in effect have a free hand as regards their own duties.

With the development of modern civilisation and the increase of democratic strength, the social status of the judges has materially changed, and it is by no means in accordance with "end of the century" ideas to grant them the almost despotic power that they held of old.

The Judicature Act did something towards diminishing their prestige, and nowadays many of them are disappointed perhaps to find that their office does not command a high social position.

Notwithstanding the decadence of the social status and prestige of the judges, on circuit they maintain a pomp and splendour, it is true somewhat tawdry, which finds its only counterpart in the mimic state of the Lord Mayor. Quiet gentlemen who have been accustomed all their lives to carry their own bags down to chambers, suddenly find themselves, after being raised to the Bench and especially when going on circuit, surrounded with unwonted splendour. They are attended by a smart young gentleman who costs the country three guineas a day while the Assizes last, as his reward for acting as judge's marshal, or a sort of groom-in-waiting. If he fulfilled the functions of clerk, perhaps there would not be much cause for complaint; but the judge has a clerk of his own, to whom the nation pays a liberal salary, and the marshal's duties are purely ornamental.

It is true the cost of the splendid equipage, generally drawn by four hack horses

HATS AND WIGS.

from the local livery stables, the trumpeters, the javelin men, and all the paraphernalia of the judge's progress from his lodgings to the Court, falls upon the High Sheriff, and not upon the country; but it is, nevertheless, a vexatious impost and an intolerable anachronism.

The prerogatives of the judges still far exceed those of any other public servants; they are permitted to perform their duties almost at their own pleasure; even the Legislature refuses to recognise any power over them, and they have also much patronage vested in them, such as the appointment of revising barristers, chief clerks and masters, who exercise judicial functions.

The holidays enjoyed by the members of the judicature are far in excess of those in any other profession.

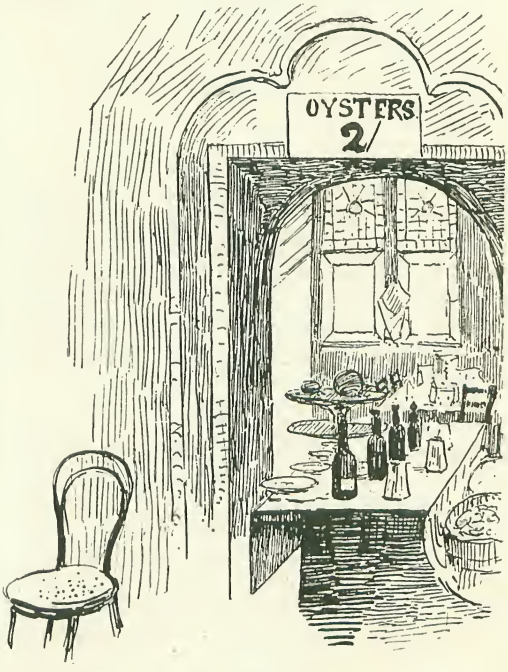
The following figures will give an idea of how many days out of the 365 are occupied by the judges in earning their salaries:—

Christmas holidays	21	days.
Easter ,,	12	,,
Whitsuntide ,,	10	,,
Long Vacation	72	,,
Queen's Birthday	1	,,
Sundays (besides those included above)	36	,,
Courts sit	213	,,
	365	

Although there is no statutory authority for the closing of the courts on the Queen's birthday, the judges have recently, with one or two exceptions, made a point of showing their loyalty by doing no work on that day.

Many of them also are frequently absent on ordinary working days from other causes than illness. These delinquents are well known to the members of the legal profession, and it is unnecessary to mention their names.

The hours of sitting are nominally from 10.30 in the morning to 4 in the afternoon, with an interval of half an hour for lunch. Some judges, however, do not generally take their seats until a quarter to 11, and often later, and one or two are known occasionally to steal a little time from the end of the sitting. It is also a matter of common observation that the orthodox half-hour for lunch is very often spun out to three-quarters. So that, including the short sitting on Saturdays, when the courts rise at two o'clock, the judges do not sit much more than an average of four hours a day.



LUNCHEON.

Even if we give them credit for 4½ hours a day, reckoning their salaries at £5,000 (though many of them receive more) we find that the payment they receive for their work comes to over £5 an hour. At such a price it is only reasonable to expect them to give the fullest attention to their duties. But, alas, for human fallibility! Even judges sometimes nod.

It is true that our system is at fault in permitting our judicature to be conducted by men whose physical infirmities prevent them from giving due attention to their work. But such considerations do not soothe the breast of the unfortunate litigant who has paid an eminent counsel a hundred guineas to address a sleeping judge, or one whose deafness prevents him from comprehending the weighty arguments offered for his consideration.

A MESSENGER.

It is part of the duty of the fourteen judges of the Queen's Bench Division to go on circuit, and during the time of the circuits, as a rule not more than two or three puisne judges are left in London. These judges are absent from town, in fact, fully one-half of the judicial year, and the occupants of the bench are not in the metropolis in their full strength for more than a third of that period. As a result of this arrangement, the business of the high courts, so far as the trial of actions is concerned, is absolutely at a stand-still during the greater part of the year. The cause lists become congested, suitors wait vainly for their cases to be settled, and a multitude of the suits entered never come on for trial at all, many of them being more or less amicably arranged out of court, while others bring about their own culmination through death or other causes. It is notorious that many of the judges, when they observe that a case is of a complex character, involving long and tedious investigation, will bring strong pressure on the parties to induce them either to settle the case or to refer it to an arbitrator. Such pressure it is dangerous for either side to resist, and it results in further fees, further costs, and further delay.

The judges, while on circuit, receive a travelling allowance of seven guineas a day. This is a comparatively recent arrangement, the travelling expenses having formerly been paid in a lump sum. It would be interesting to compare the average length of time occupied by the judges on circuit under the old and under the new system. A great deal of time is utterly wasted. For instance, a whole day is devoted to what is termed "Opening the Commission." This is nothing but an antiquated ceremony of no possible use, consisting of the reading of the Royal Commission under which the judges hold the assizes. It occupies about a quarter of an hour, the remainder of the day being lost. The assizes are often concluded within a less number of days than the time assigned to them, and the judges take advantage of this to enjoy a welcome holiday, with a solatium for their enforced idleness of seven guineas a day.

Our present circuit system undoubtedly leads to a scandalous and deplorable waste of judicial time and public money. For instance, on the South-Eastern Circuit, the largest towns of which are Cambridge and Norwich, there is practically no business whatever; and yet all the paraphernalia and expense of assizes goes on for eleven or

twelve weeks every year in respect of cases that might be disposed of in London in about a week by one judge. On other circuits, too, time is wasted in an equally reckless manner, the judges on several days being absolutely idle.

Surely there is no necessity to allow a week for the judicial work at a town where there are only a few cases that could easily be disposed of in a couple of days. The public, who pay the bill, unfortunately have but little opportunity of having the shortcomings of the judges brought under their notice. Not only are the latter protected by the respectful feeling, the result of ingrained reverence, that the judicial bench has always been able to inspire ; but it is also a fact that those whose position makes them most capable of criticising the judges find it contrary to their interests to do so. Barristers who have to make their way at the bar, and who are well acquainted with the peculiarities of the judges, are afraid to speak of them, for to do so would be to their own professional detriment, and clerks and underlings, who have to rely on the patronage of the judges, cannot be expected to tell what they know.

In the present article it is to be hoped we have done enough to show that defects exist, and that one of the most needed reforms is the establishment of a complete and efficient controlling power over our judicial bench, for judges, after all, are only human, and no human beings, however honourable, can be relied upon always to perform their duty to the public with thoroughness and energy if left entirely to their own devices.

The fact that private arbitration, especially in commercial cases, has in a great measure superseded the Courts, forms a most damaging comment on our judicial system. The case, then, that we allege against the judicature may be briefly summed up, the chief points being as follows :—

(*a*) Excessive cost.

(*b*) Unreasonable delay in getting to trial.

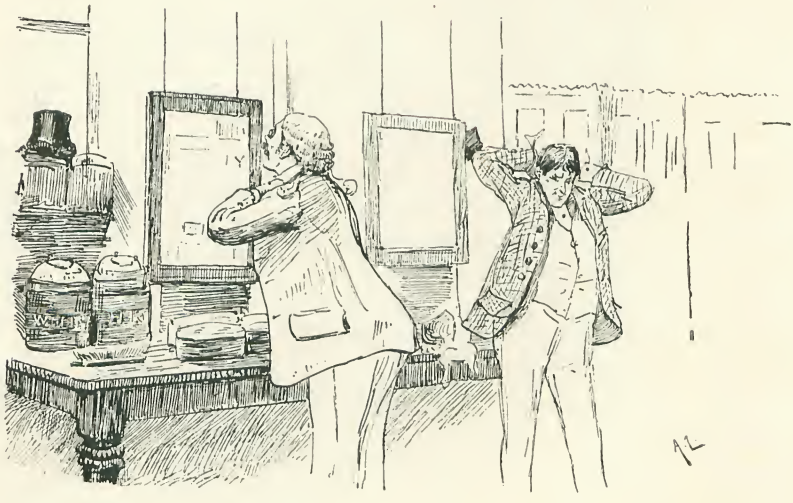
(*c*) Unnecessary multiplication of appeals with consequent delay and expense.

(*d*) Waste of judicial power on Circuit and Divisional Court arrangements.

(*e*) Incapacity of individual judges.

(*f*) Unreasonably long holidays.

It is our intention in subsequent articles to bring forward further particulars, and without going so deeply into technical details as to be uninteresting to the ordinary reader, to suggest remedies with a view to bringing our judicature more in touch with the people, and making it adequate to the needs of a great commercial community.



Stories of the Victoria Cross: Told by Those who have Won it.

Deputy Inspector-General J. Jee, C.B., V.C.

THOUGH military surgeons are technically non-combatants, yet practically they are as much exposed to peril as other officers, and frequently have to perform work demanding the greatest care and calmness under the most disturbing dangers. In gallantry and devotion to duty no other class of soldiers has surpassed them. The following is the story of the exploit of one of these brave men, Surgeon Jee, as told in his own words :—

On the advance of the force to relieve the garrison of Lucknow, under Generals Havelock and Outram, my regiment, the 78th Highlanders, led the way. General Outram's order on leaving Lucknow ran as follows:—"I have selected the 78th Highlanders for covering the retreat of the force; they had the post of honour on the advance, and none are more worthy of the post of honour on leaving it."

There was very hard fighting from the Alum Bagh till we arrived close to Lucknow, when I was told an officer was severely wounded. I dismounted from my horse to attend him, and found he was dead. At that moment a very rapid ordnance and musketry fire commenced close to us, and I was pulled into the bastioned gateway of the Char-Bagh Palace by some soldiers, to whom probably I owed my life, as the round shot passed by us in quick succession. Captain Havelock (now Sir Henry Havelock) then rode up to me, with a bullet hole through his topee, and said, "We have taken that position, at all events, at the point of the bayonet." That proved to be the bridge over the canal at the entrance of Lucknow, defended by heavy guns, which had evidently been well served, judging by the numbers of dead lying around them.

When the main body of the force arrived and crossed to the other side of the bridge, the Generals heard that the streets in the city, leading direct to the Residency, were entrenched and barricaded. It was, therefore, decided to take the outside route by the very narrow road to the right by the canal, leaving the 78th to hold the position until ordered to advance after the column. Captains Drummond-Hay and Lockhart were then ordered to proceed with their companies to a pagoda some little distance

SURGEON JEE DRESSING THE WOUNDED.

up the street leading from the bridge. All was pretty quiet for some time, and the force had got some distance away, when a message was sent down to the Colonel by Captain Drummond-Hay that the enemy were coming down upon them in great force with two guns. The Colonel sent up an order for them to charge them, which they did, and spiked the guns and brought them down and threw them into the canal, all the while hotly pursued by the enemy. I then got between twenty and thirty wounded men in a few minutes.

I was then informed that the regiment had disappeared round the corner of the canal after the force, and that we should all be killed if I remained to dress the wounded upon whom I was engaged, as the enemy was firing at us from the corner of the street. So I sent to the Colonel for men to carry the wounded on their backs till we came up with the dhoolies. I was thus enabled to save them for a short time. It appeared that Captain Havelock, the Assistant Adjutant-General, had been sent back by his father to order the 78th to follow the force, when he was badly wounded in his arm. Luckily I came across two dhoolies, in which I placed him and a lieutenant of the 78th, who was mortally wounded. The rest I put into sick-carts drawn by six bullocks ; but shortly after all of them were massacred within sight of us, as unfortunately a native hackery containing round shot fell over, and completely blocked the road. One poor fellow, Private Farmer, held his watch out from one of the carts, asking his comrades to come and take it rather than the enemy should get it, but no one responded, as the danger was too great.

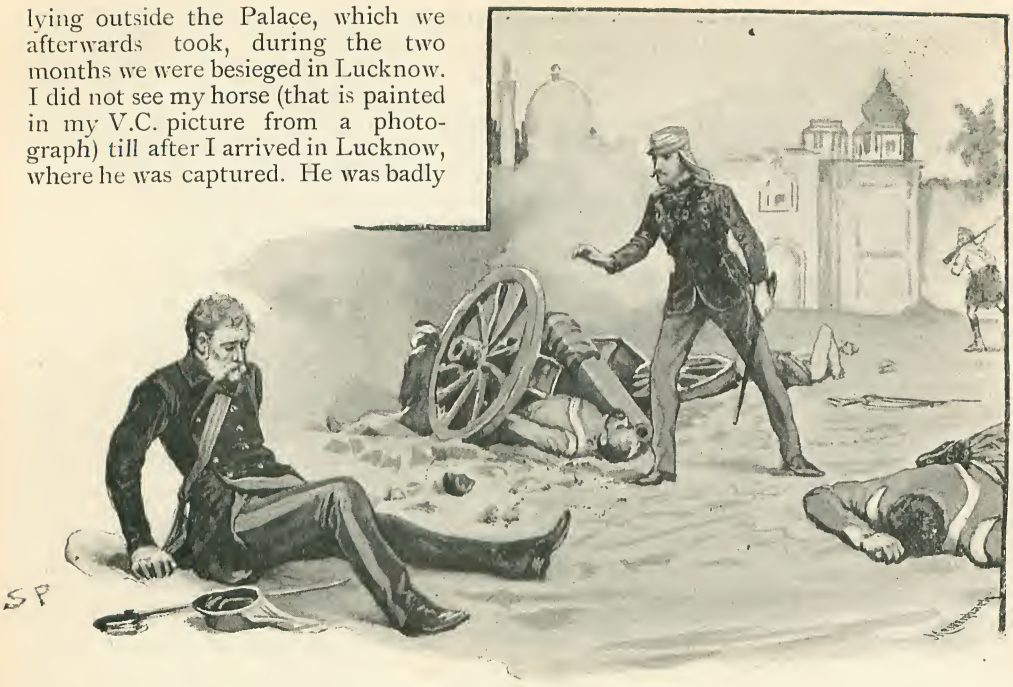
One man had his lower jaw blown off by a round shot, whom I am seen dressing in my V.C. picture at the Crystal Palace.

When we reached the force Captain Halliburton, 78th Highlanders (afterwards killed in Lucknow), took charge of the wounded with his company. We lost our way in the city, and were led by a guide, who showed us the way to the Residency into the enemy's battery, where we suffered considerable loss. After this we wandered about the suburbs of the city, under an awful cannonading and shelling from the opposite side of the River Goomtee, being fired at from loopholes in the houses of the streets when we entered them, from which parties of natives, clothed in white, often issued. We took refuge in the Mote-Mahul, as it was too late at night to advance further. The Mote-Mahul is a square courtyard with sheds round it, and two large gateway entrances. This was crowded with soldiers, camp followers, and camels, so that you could scarcely move. I had Captain Havelock and Lieutenant Woodhouse (right arm afterwards amputated), 84th Regiment, with me under the shed. The firing during the night was deafening, and gongs were sounding the hour, and we knew not how far the Residency was. Some who had been with the main body said the 78th were all killed, and they could not tell what had become of the rest of the force. At daylight the next day Brigadier Cooper gave us some tea, as we had taken nothing since leaving Alum Bagh early the morning before. Our men then commenced making loopholes in the wall of the shed to shoot the enemy on the other side, and I heard them told not to make too many or they would be shooting some of us, and soon afterwards Brigadier Cooper was shot through one of them, and fell over me. I often had to cross a gateway that was being raked up by bullets, to dress the wounded of both the artillery and my own men, against the remonstrances of my apothecary, Mr. de Soura, and others.

I then volunteered to attempt to get the wounded into the Residency, and was told by Captain Halliburton, if I succeeded, to tell General Outram to send him reinforcements or they would all be killed and the guns lost. I soon came across Colonel Campbell, wounded in the leg (afterwards amputated in Lucknow, and he died), and I got one of his men to carry him on his back (who would have been recommended for the V.C. if he could have been found, but he was supposed to have been killed). I then wandered on, and had to cross a shallow stream under fire of the guns of the extensive Palace of the Kaiser Bagh, where the enemy were said to have 20,000 men. I was then hailed by an European sentry at the gate of a very high wall, which I had the unpleasant feeling was the Kaiser Bagh, and that I was on the wrong road, but to my great relief he told me it led to the Residency, and that I must keep well under the wall on the way to it, to avoid the firing that was going on. On arriving at the Residency I delivered my message to General Havelock, who congratulated me on my escape, as I was reported killed.

Of course I lost a great many of my wounded, and one could see their skeletons

lying outside the Palace, which we afterwards took, during the two months we were besieged in Lucknow. I did not see my horse (that is painted in my V.C. picture from a photograph) till after I arrived in Lucknow, where he was captured. He was badly



"I CAME ACROSS COLONEL CAMPBELL."

wounded by a large slug or bolt about two inches long (which I have now) entering deeply on the side of the chest, and which was afterwards found most difficult to extract with bullet forceps. Yet the horse lived to aid Outram's relief outside Lucknow, and afterwards was sold as a very valuable charger for £160.

Lance-Corporal William Goate.

The following account, written by himself, of the military career of William Goate, and of the heroic act of devotion for which he was rewarded with the V.C., speaks for itself and needs no introduction :—

My father died when I was only five years old, and left mother with a family of eleven of us, so as I grew up I had to work in the fields till I was big enough to mind horses. Then after a bit I got tired of the country, although it was a pretty village in Norfolk, called Tritton, close to Norwich ; so I thought I would go to Norwich and get a job as a groom, which I did, and stopped till I was 18. Then I thought I would like another change, so up to London I went, and I had a wish to be a soldier. I was a smart lad and fresh-looking, so I went to Westminster in November, 1853, and enlisted in the 9th Lancers, and being a groom I was quite at home in a cavalry regiment ; and I confess to being proud of our gay uniform and fluttering pennons. Well, after serving four years I was destined to ride in many a wild charge and see men and horses go down like ninepins, but I never thought of danger. When we got the order to charge, away we went determined to win, and I can tell you it must always be a terrible sight for any troops, let alone Sepoys, to see a regiment of cavalry sweeping down upon them.

Our fighting began at Delhi. We were at Umballa when the Mutiny broke out, and we were ordered to join in the operations against Delhi. I was present at the siege and capture of that city. I will tell you of a little adventure of my own at this time. Before the city was taken I was on despatch duty at an advanced post with orders to fetch reinforcements when the enemy came out. One day I saw six men trying to steal round by the river into our camp. Believing them to be spies, I asked the officer in charge of the picket to allow me and two men to go and ascertain what their intentions were. He gave us leave. We had a very difficult job to get down to the riverside on account of the rocks, and when we got up to the men they showed fight. We shot three of them with our

pistols—one each. Being on horseback we then attacked them with the lance. One daring fellow struck at me, and I couldn't get at him. He slightly wounded my horse and then made a run for the river. I jumped from my horse, and, going into the water after him, ran him through with my lance. Meanwhile, the other two of my companions had settled the two remaining men. All this while a heavy fire had played on us from the enemy's battery. We had now to ride for our lives. On getting back to the camp, the officer in command sent me to the camp with a note to the Colonel of the regiment, who made me a lance-corporal then and there.

"I RAN HIM THROUGH WITH MY LANCE."

I might say I was two years in the saddle, almost continuously fighting. I was with Sir Colin when he retook Cawnpore from the Gwalior rebels. We went to the aid of General Wyndham, who had been repulsed. We crossed the bridge of boats under a heavy fire, but forced our way in. As soon as our brave leader got his men in position, he carried everything before him. We could still see traces of Nana Sahib's atrocity in June, and every soldier vowed vengeance. The affair that I was in when I gained my Victoria Cross was before Lucknow, the second time. Early in 1858 the rebels had strongly fortified the place, and it became necessary for Sir Colin to take it. Our regiment had some hot work. It was on March 6 that I won the Cross, in action at Lucknow, having dismounted in the presence of the enemy and taken up the body of Major Percy Smith, 2nd Dragoon Guards, which I attempted to bring off the field, and after being obliged to relinquish it, being surrounded by the enemy's cavalry, going a second time, under a heavy fire, to recover the body, for which I received the Victoria Cross.

I will try and describe the fight, and what I saw of it. The enemy appeared in great force on the race-course outside Lucknow, and the 9th Lancers, the 2nd Dragoon Guards, and two native cavalry regiments were ordered to charge. The brigade swept on in grand style, and clashed into the enemy. We had a fierce hand-to-hand fight; but our troops behaved splendidly, and at last we broke them up. Then we were obliged to retire under a heavy fire. As we did so Major Smith, of the Dragoons, was shot through the body, and fell from his horse. Failing to catch him, I sprang to the ground, and, throwing the bridle-rein over my arm, raised the Major on to my shoulder; in this manner I ran alongside of my horse for some hundreds of yards, until I saw the enemy's cavalry close upon me. Clearly I couldn't get away with my burden, so I determined to do what I could for myself.

Springing into my saddle, I shot the first Sepoy who charged, and with my empty pistol felled another. This gave me time to draw my sword, my lance having been left on the field. The Sepoys were now round me cutting and hacking, but I managed to parry every slash and deliver many a fatal thrust. It was parry and thrust, thrust and parry all through, and I cannot tell you how many saddles I must have emptied. The enemy didn't seem to know how to parry.

Taking advantage of this, I settled accounts with a jolly lot. I was determined not to be taken alive. At last some of the Lancers saw me and came to my rescue. Thinking the major might still be alive, I went again to rescue him, but it was not until the enemy's forces were driven back that we got his body.

After the action, General Sir Colin Campbell, General Sir Hope Grant, and some of the cavalry officers shook hands with me and complimented me.

In regard to the sword and lance, I certainly prefer the lance; the lance is so keen, it goes through a man before he knows it. I was always very careful never to let a swordsman get under my lance, and in fighting with cavalry I made full use of the pennon to baffle an enemy's horse.

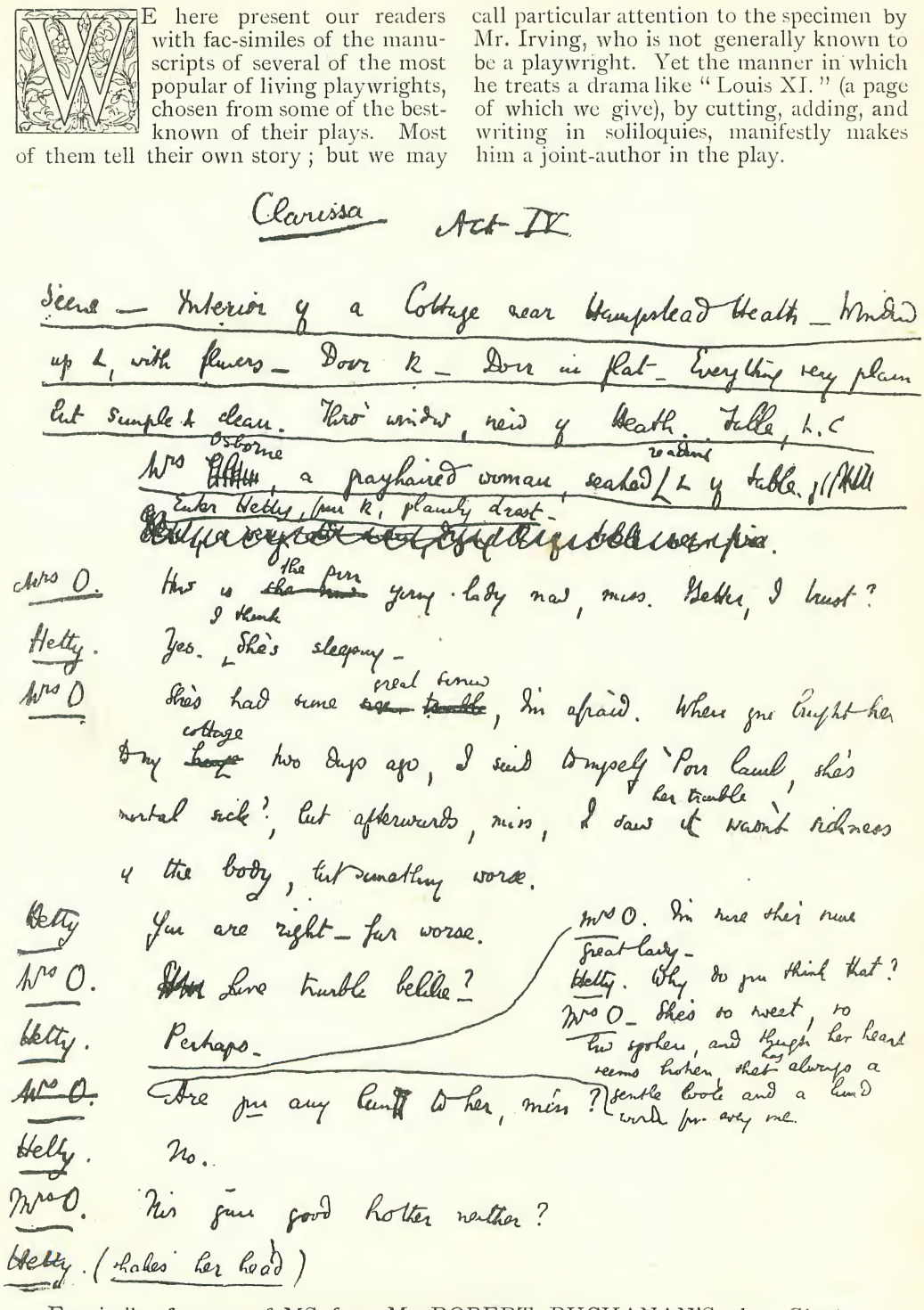
The weapons of troops on active service are made as keen as razors, and it was a common thing during the Mutiny to see a party of soldiers under the shade of a great tree waiting their turn to get their blades sharpened and the dints removed, ready for the next fight with the rebels. Our gallant little army was like a ship cleaving its way through the sea, for wherever we went, the enemy, like the waters, closed in behind.

(*To be continued.*)

LANCE-CORPORAL GOATE WINNING THE V.C.

Playwrights' Manuscripts.

WE here present our readers with fac-similes of the manuscripts of several of the most popular of living playwrights, chosen from some of the best-known of their plays. Most of them tell their own story; but we may call particular attention to the specimen by Mr. Irving, who is not generally known to be a playwright. Yet the manner in which he treats a drama like "Louis XI." (a page of which we give), by cutting, adding, and writing in soliloquies, manifestly makes him a joint-author in the play.



Clarissa Act IV

Scene — Interior of a Cottage near Hampstead Heath — Window up L, with flowers — Door R — Door in flat — Everything very plain but simple & clean. Thro' window, view of Heath. Table, L.C

Mrs Osborne, a grayhaired woman, seated reading L of table.

Enter Hetty, from R, plainly drest.

Mrs O. How is the poor young lady now, miss. Better, I trust?

Hetty. Yes. I think She's sleeping —

Mrs O. She's had some great sorrow, I'm afraid. When you brought her to my cottage two days ago, I said to myself 'Poor lamb, she's mortal sick'; but afterwards, miss, I saw her trouble it wasn't sickness of the body, but something worse.

Hetty. You are right — far worse.

Mrs O. Love trouble belike?

Hetty. Perhaps —

Mrs O. Are you any kind to her, miss?

Mrs O. I'm sure she's some great lady —

Hetty. Why do you think that?

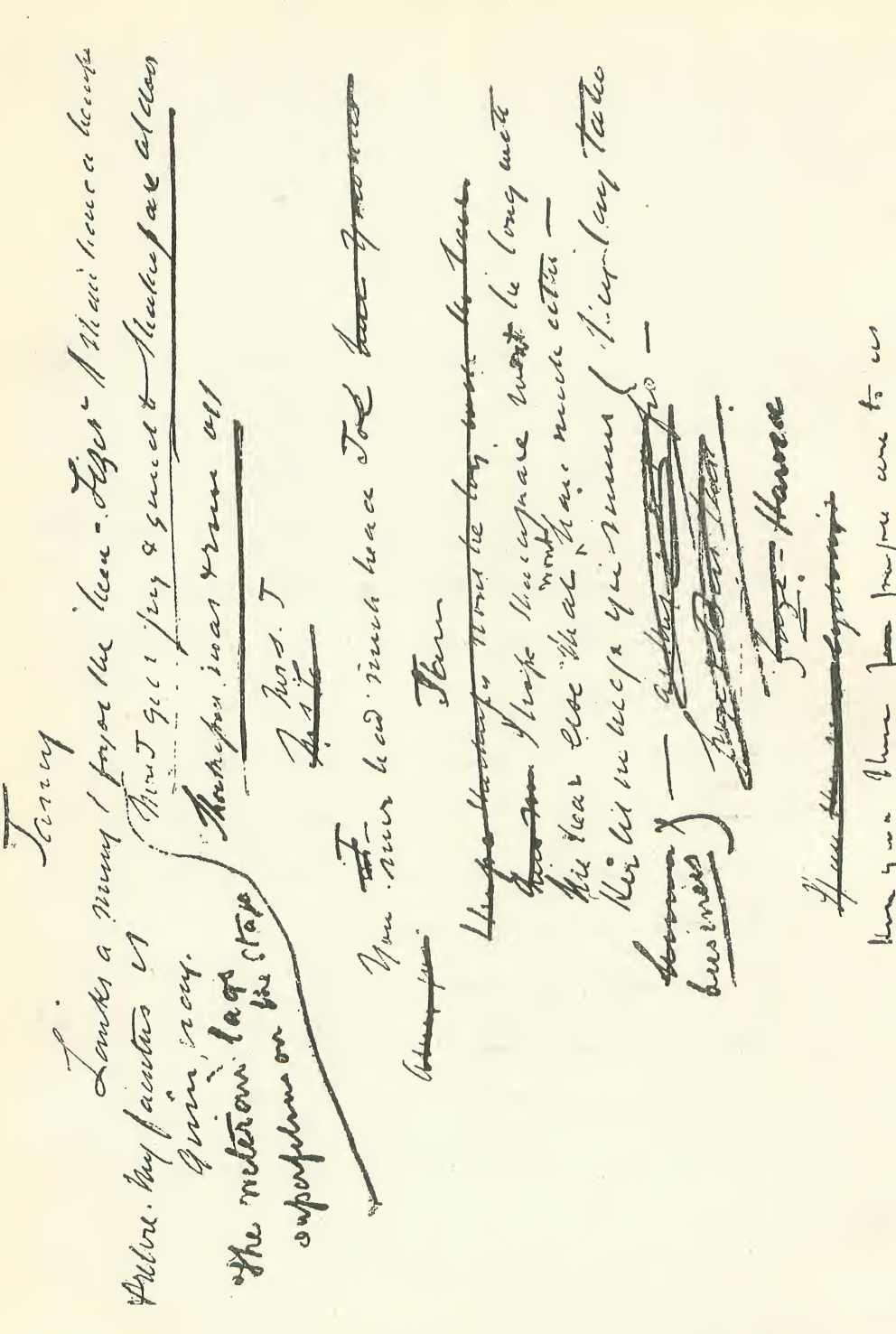
Mrs O — She's so sweet, so low spoken, and though her heart seems broken she has always a gentle look and a kind word for every one.

Hetty. No.

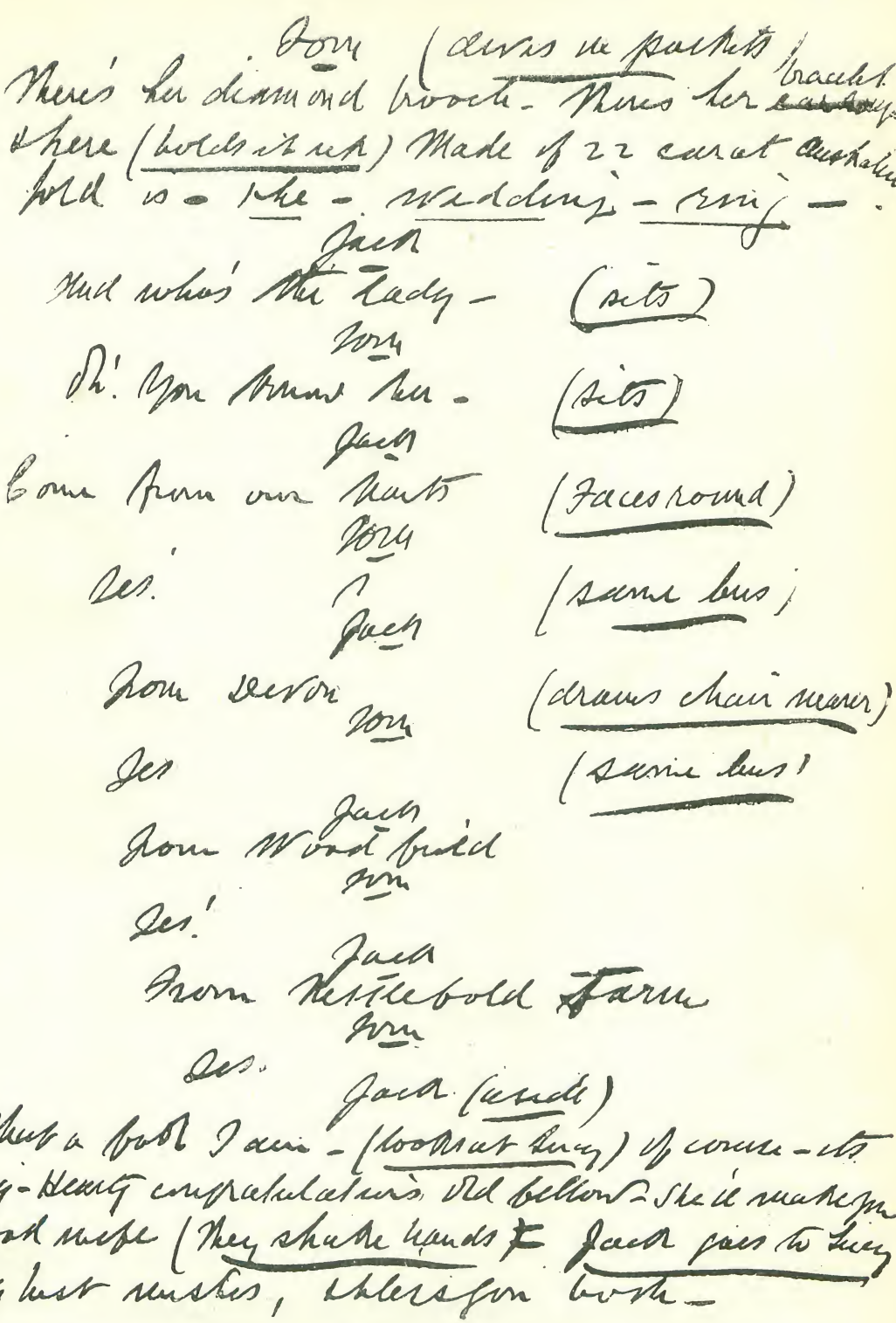
Mrs O. Nor you good brother neither?

Hetty. (shakes her head)

Fac-simile of a page of MS. from Mr. ROBERT BUCHANAN'S play, *Clarissa.*

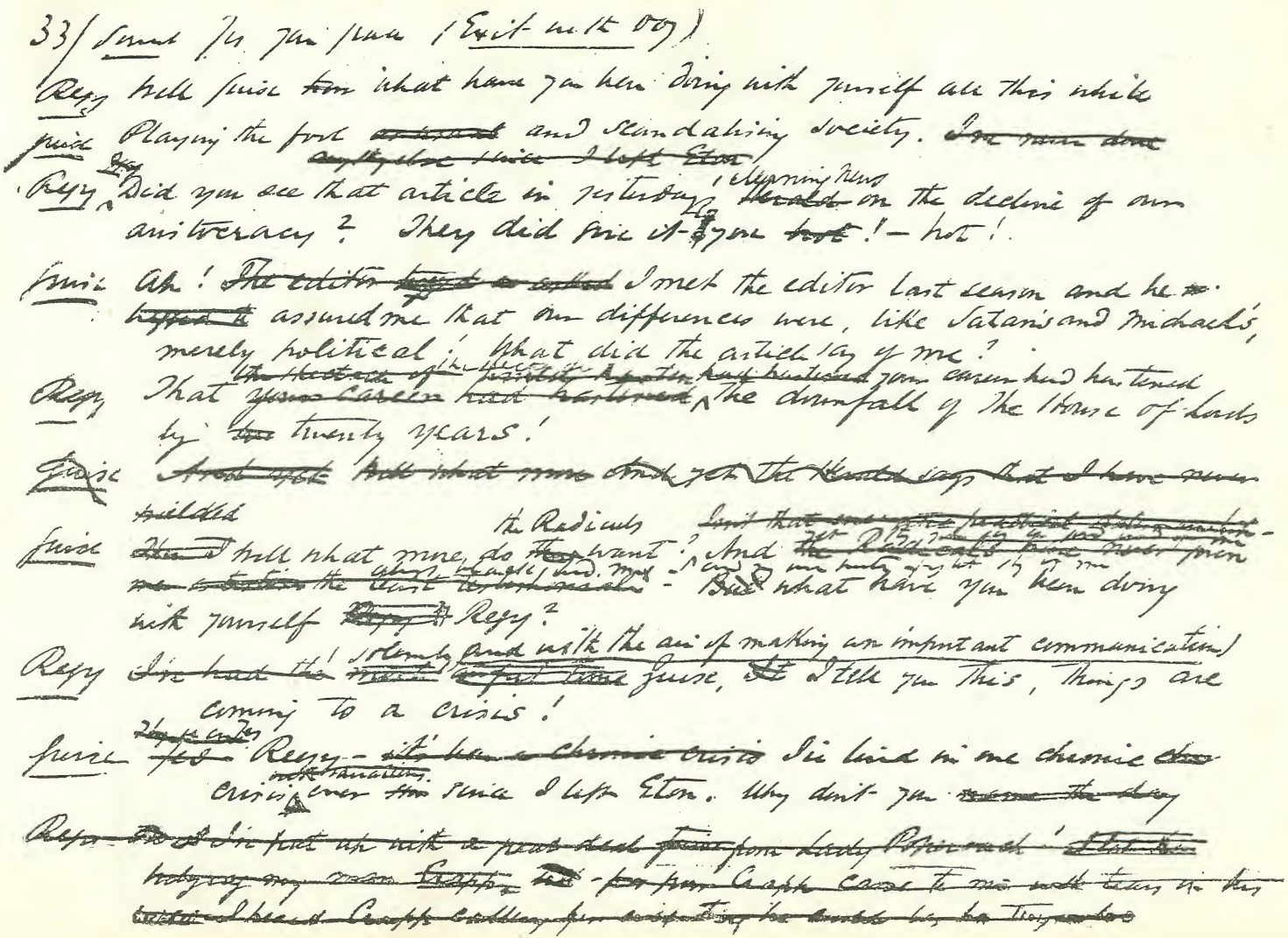


Fac-simile of a page of MS. from Mr. GEORGE R. SIMS' play, *The Lights o' London.* Act III. Scene 1.

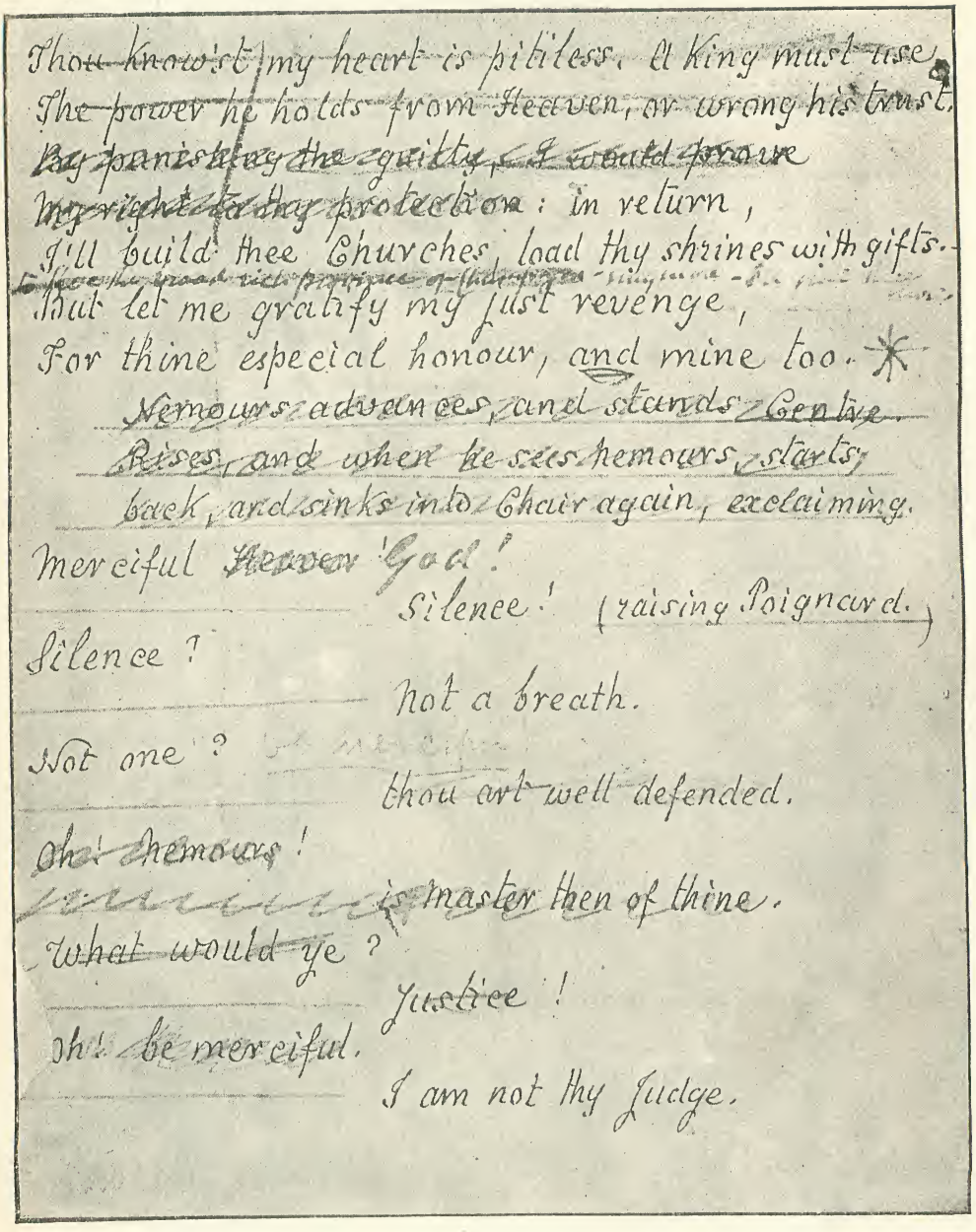

Tom (draws the packets)
Here's her diamond brooch - Here's her bracelet
there (holds it up) Made of 22 carat Australian
gold is she - Wedding - ring -
Jack
And who's the lady - (sits)
Tom
Oh! You know her - (sits)
Jack
Come from our aunts (Faces round)
Tom
Yes. (same business)
Jack
From Devon Tom (draws chair nearer)
Yes (same business)
Jack
From Woodbridge
Tom
Yes!
Jack
From Kettlebold Farm
Tom
Yes.
Jack (sends)
What a bore I am - (looks at Lucy) Of course - it's
Lucy - Heavy congratulations Old fellow - She'll make you
a good wife (They shake hands & Jack goes to Lucy
They kiss ecstatically, whereupon both -

Fac-simile of a page of MS. from Mr. H. PETTITT'S play, *Hands across the Sea.*

Fac-simile of a page of MS. from a play now being written by Mr. JEROME K. JEROME.



Fac-simile of a page of MS. from Mr. HENRY A. JONES' play, *The Dancing Girl.*



Thou knowest my heart is pitiless. A king must use
The power he holds from Heaven, or wrong his trust.
By punishing the guilty, I would prove
My right to thy protection: in return,
I'll build thee Churches, load thy shrines with gifts.
But let me gratify my just revenge,
For thine especial honour, and mine too. *

Nemours advances, and stands. Gentle.
Rises, and when he sees Nemours, starts
back, and sinks into Chair again, exclaiming.

Merciful Heaven! God!

Silence! (raising Poignard.)

Silence?

not a breath.

Not one?

thou art well defended.

Oh! Nemours!

is master then of thine.

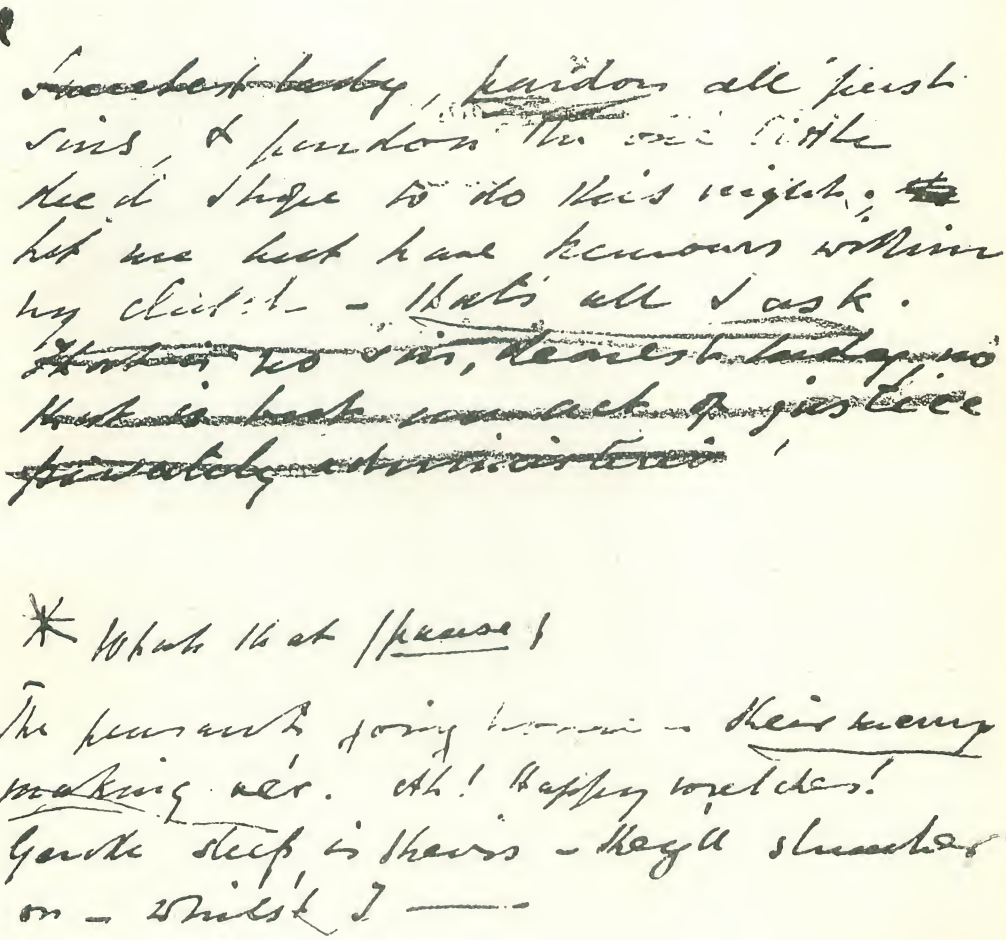
What would ye?

Justice!

Oh! be merciful.

I am not thy Judge.

Fac-simile of a page of original MS. of *Louis XI.*, with alterations by Mr. HENRY IRVING.

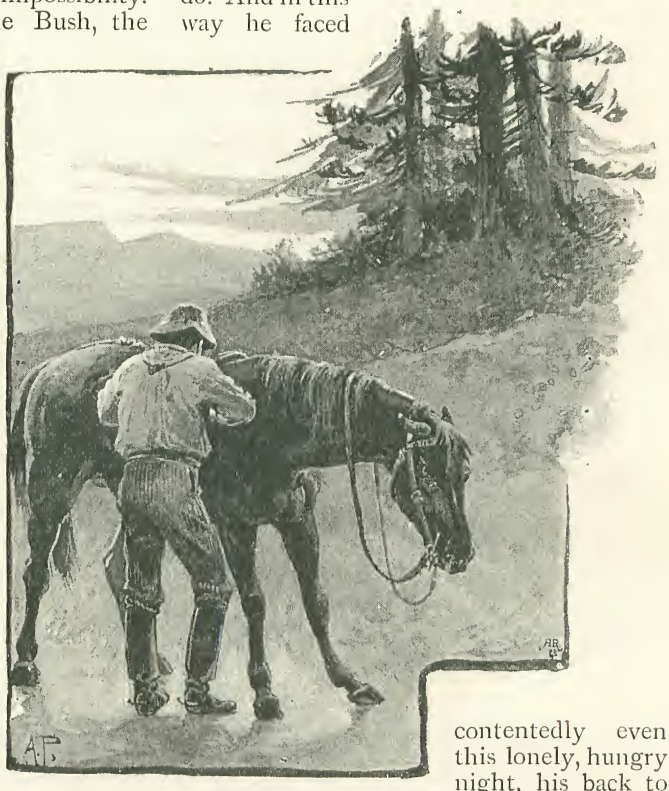


Fac-simile of soliloquies inserted by Mr. HENRY IRVING at the places marked Q and ✲ in the preceding page.

The Luckiest Man in the Colony.

By S. W. Hornung.

THAT is never a nice moment when your horse knocks up under you, and you know quite well that he has done so, and that to ride him another inch would be a cruelty—another mile a sheer impossibility. But when it happens in the Bush, the moment is apt to become more than negatively disagreeable; for you may be miles from the nearest habitation, and an unpremeditated bivouac, with neither food nor blankets, is a thing that demands a philosophic temperament as well as the quality of endurance. This once befell the manager of Dandong, in the back-blocks of New South Wales, just on the right side of the Dandong boundary fence, which is fourteen miles from the homestead. Fortunately Deverell, of Dandong, was a young man, well used, from his boyhood, to the casual hardships of station life, and well fitted by physique to endure them. Also he had the personal advantage of possessing the philosophic temperament large-sized. He dismounted the moment he knew for certain what was the matter. A ridge of pines — a sandy ridge, where camping properly equipped would have been perfect luxury — rose against the stars a few hundred yards ahead. But Deverell took off the saddle on the spot, and carried it himself as far as that ridge, where he took off the bridle also, hobbled the done-up beast with a stirrup-leather, and turned him adrift.



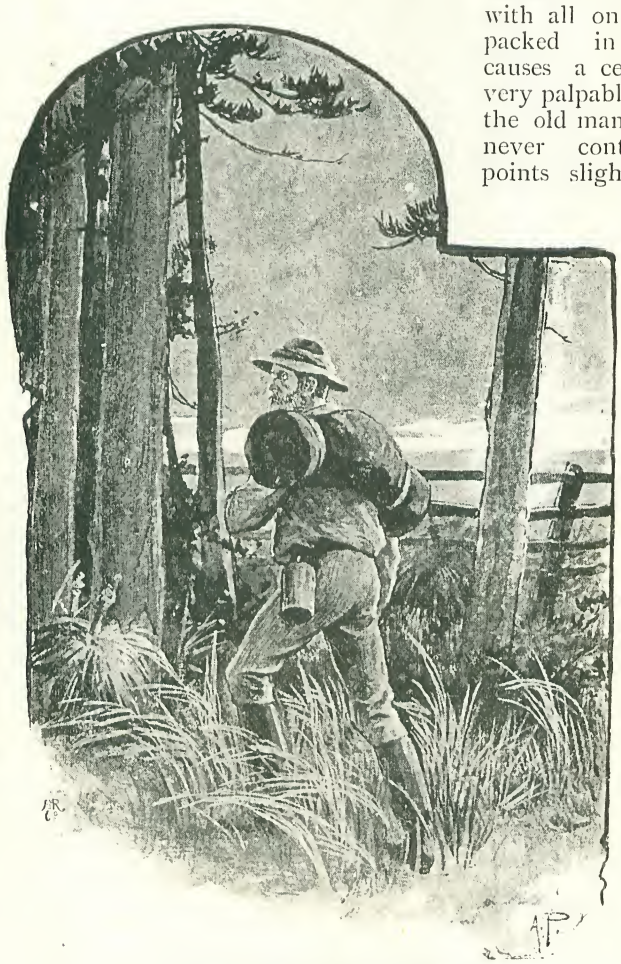
"DEVERELL TOOK OFF THE SADDLE."

Deverell, of Dandong, was a good master to his horses and his dogs, and not a bad one to his men. Always the master first, and the man afterwards, he was a little selfish, as becomes your masterful man. On the other hand, he was a singularly frank young fellow. He would freely own, for instance, that he was the luckiest man in the back-blocks. This, to be sure, was no more than the truth. But Deverell never lost sight of his luck, nor was he ever ashamed to recognise it: wherein he differed from the average lucky man, who says that luck had nothing to do with it. Deverell could gloat over his luck, and do nothing else—when he had nothing else to do. And in this way he faced contentedly even this lonely, hungry night, his back to a pine at the north side of the ridge, and a short brier pipe in full blast.

He was the new manager of Dandong, to begin with. That was one of the best managerships in the colony, and Deverell had got it young—in his twenties, at all events, if not by much. The salary was seven hundred a year, and the homestead was charming. Furthermore, Deverell was within a month of his marriage; and the coming Mrs. Deverell was a girl of some social distinction down in Melbourne, and a belle into the bargain, to say nothing of another feature, which was entirely satisfactory, without being so ample as to imperil a man's independence. The homestead would be charming indeed in a few weeks, in time for Christmas. Meanwhile, the

"clip" had been a capital one, and the rains abundant; the paddocks were in a prosperous state, the tanks overflowing, everything going smoothly in its right groove (as things do not always go on a big station), and the proprietors perfectly delighted with their new manager. Well, the new manager was sufficiently delighted with himself. He was lucky in his work and lucky in his love—and what can the gods do more for you? Considering that he had rather worse than no antecedents at all—antecedents with so dark a stain upon them that, anywhere but in a colony, the man would have been a ruined man from his infancy—he was really incredibly lucky in his love affair. But whatever his parents had been or had done, he had now no relatives at all of his own: and this is a great thing when you are about to make new ones in an inner circle: so that here, once more, Deverell was in his usual luck.

It does one good to see a man thoroughly appreciating his good luck. The thing is so seldom done. Deverell not only did this, but did it with complete sincerity. Even to-night, though personally most uncomfortable, and tightening his belt after every pipe, he could gaze at the stars with grateful eyes, obscure them with clouds of smoke, watch the clouds disperse and the stars shine bright again, and call himself again and again, and yet again, the very luckiest man in the Colony.



"A MAN TRAMPED INTO THE PINES."

While Deverell sat thus, returning thanks on an empty stomach, at the northern edge of the ridge, a man tramped into the pines from the south. The heavy sand muffled his steps; but he stopped long before he came near Deverell, and threw down his swag with an emancipated air. The man was old, but he held himself more erect than does the typical swagman. The march through life with a cylinder of blankets on one's shoulders, with all one's worldly goods packed in that cylinder, causes a certain stoop of a very palpable kind; and this the old man, apparently, had never contracted. Other points slightly distinguished him from the ordinary run of swagmen. His garments were orthodox, but the felt wide-awake was stiff and new, and so were the moleskins; these, indeed, might have stood upright without any legs in them at all. The old man's cheeks, chin, and upper lip were covered with short grey bristles, like spikes of steel; above the bristles he had that "lean and hungry look" which Cæsar saw in Cassius.

He rested a little on his swag. "So this is Dandong," he muttered, as if speaking to the Dandong sand between his feet. "Well, now that I am within his boundary-fence at last, I am content to rest. Here I camp To-morrow I shall see him!"

Deverell, at the other side of the ridge,

dimming the stars with his smoke, for the pleasure of seeing them shine bright again, heard a sound which was sudden music to his ears. The sound was a crackle. Deverell stopped smoking, but did not move ; it was difficult to believe his ears. But the crackle grew louder ; Deverell jumped up and saw the swagman's fire within a hundred yards of him ; and the difficult thing to believe in *then* was his own unparalleled good luck.

"There is no end to it," he chuckled, taking his saddle over one arm and snatching up the water-bag and bridle. "Here's a swaggie stopped to camp, with flour for a damper, and a handful of tea for the quart-pot, as safe as the bank! Perhaps a bit of blanket for me too! But I *am* the luckiest man in the Colony; this wouldn't have happened to anyone else!"

He went over to the fire and, the swagman, who was crouching at the other side of it, peered at him from under a floury side palm. He was making the damper already. His welcome to Deverell took a substantial shape ; he doubled the flour for the damper. Otherwise the old tramp did not gush.

Deverell did the talking. Lying at full length on the blankets, which had been unrolled, his face to the flames, and his strong jaws cupped in his hands, he discoursed very freely of his luck.

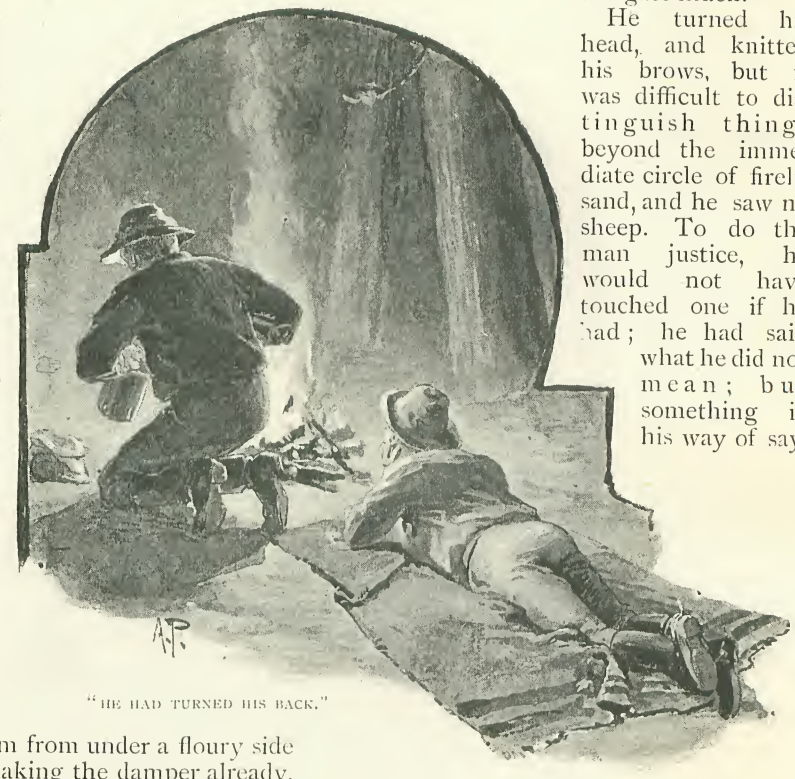
"You're saving my life," said he, gaily. "I should have starved. I didn't think it at the time, but now I know I should. I thought I could hold out, between belt and 'baccy, but I couldn't now, anyhow. If I hold out till the damper's baked, it's all I can do now. It's like my luck! I never saw anything look quite so good before. There now, bake up. Got any tea?"

"Yes."

"Meat?"

"No."

"Well, we could have done with meat, but it can't be helped. I'm lucky enough to get anything. It's my luck all over. I'm the luckiest man in the Colony, let me tell you. But we could have done with chops. Gad, but I'd have some yet, if I saw a sheep! They're all wethers in this paddock, but they don't draw down towards the gate much."



"HE HAD TURNED HIS BACK."

He turned his head, and knitted his brows, but it was difficult to distinguish things beyond the immediate circle of firelit sand, and he saw no sheep. To do the man justice, he would not have touched one if he had ; he had said what he did not mean ; but something in his way of saying it made the old man stare at him hard.

"Then you're one of the gentlemen from Dandong Station, are you, sir?"

"I am," said Deverell. "My horse is fresh off the grass, and a bit green. He's knocked up, but he'll be all right in the morning ; the crab-holes are full of water, and there's plenty of feed about. Indeed it's the best season we've had for years—my luck again, you see!"

The tramp did not seem to hear all he said. He had turned his back, and was kneeling over the fire, deeply engrossed with the water-bag and the quart-pot—which he was filling. It was with much apparent preoccupation that he asked :—

"Is Mr. Deverell, the boss, there now?"

"He is." Deverell spoke drily, and thought a minute. After all, there was no object in talking about himself in the third person to a man who would come applying to him for work the next day. Realising this, he added, with a touch of dignity, "I'm he."

The tramp's arm jerked, a small fountain played out of the bottle neck of the water-bag and fell with a hiss upon the fire. The tramp still knelt with his back to Deverell. The blood had left his face, his eyes were raised to the pale, bright stars, his lips moved. By a great effort he knelt as he had been kneeling before Deverell spoke; until Deverell spoke again.

"You were on your way to see me, eh?"

"I was on my way to Dandong."

"Wanting work? Well, you shall have it," said Deverell, with decision. "I don't want hands, but I'll take *you* on; you've saved my life, my good fellow, or you're going to, in a brace of shakes. How goes the damper?"

"Well," said the old man, answering Deverell's last question shortly, but ignoring his first altogether. "Shall I sweeten the tea or not?"

"Sweeten it."

The old man got ready a handful of tea and another of sugar to throw into the quart-pot the moment the water boiled. He had not yet turned round. Still kneeling, with the soles of his boots under Deverell's nose, he moved the damper from time to time, and made the tea. His hands shook.

Deverell made himself remarkably happy during the next half-hour. He ate the hot damper, he drank the strong tea, in a way that indicated unbounded confidence in his digestive powers. A dyspeptic must have wept for envy. Towards the end of the meal he discovered that the swagman—who sat remote from the fire, and seemed to be regarding Deverell with a gaze of peculiar fascination—had scarcely broken his bread.

"Aren't you hungry?" asked Deverell, with his mouth full.

"No."

But Deverell *was*, and that, after all, was the main thing. If the old man had no appetite, there was no earthly reason for him to eat; his abstinence could not hurt him under the circumstances, and naturally it did not worry Deverell. If, on the other hand, the old man preferred to feed off Deverell—with his eyes—why, there is no accounting for preferences, and that did not worry Deverell either. Indeed, by the time his pipe was once more in blast, he felt most kindly disposed towards this taciturn tramp. He would give him a billet. He would take him on as a rabbiter, and rig him out with a tent, camp fixings, traps, and even—perhaps—a dog or two. He would thus repay in princely fashion to-night's good turn—but now, confound the thing! He had been sitting the whole evening on the old fool's blankets, and the old fool had been sitting on the ground!

"I say! Why on earth don't you come and sit on your own blankets?" asked Deverell, a little roughly; for to catch oneself in a grossly thoughtless act is always irritating.

"I am all right here, thank you," returned the swagman, mildly. "The sand is as soft as the blankets."

"Well, I don't want to monopolise your blankets, you know," said Deverell, without moving. "Take a fill from my pouch, will you?"

He tossed over his pouch of tobacco. The swagman handed it back—he did not smoke; had got out of the way of it, he said. Deverell was disappointed. He had a genuine desire at all times to repay in kind anything resembling a good turn. He could not help being a little selfish; it was constitutional.

"I'll tell you what," said Deverell, leaning backward on one elbow, and again clouding the stars with wreaths of blue smoke, "I've got a little berth that ought to suit you down to the ground. It's rabbiting. Done any rabbiting before? No. Well, it's easy enough; what's more, you're your own boss. Catch as many as you can or care to, bring in the skins, and get sixpence each for 'em. Now the berth I mean is a box-clump, close to a tank, where there's been a camp before, and the last man did very well there; still, you'll find he has left plenty of rabbits behind him. It's the very spot for you; and, look here, I'll start you with rations, tent, camp-oven, traps, and all the rest of it!" wound up Deverell, generously. He had spoken out of the fulness of his soul and body. He had seldom spoken so decently to a pound-a-week hand—never to a swagman.

Yet the swagman did not jump at the offer.

"Mr. Deverell," said he, rolling the name on his tongue in a curious way, "I was not coming exactly for work. I was coming to see you. I knew your father!"

"The deuce you did!" said Deverell.

The old man was watching him keenly. In an instant Deverell had flushed up from his collar to his wideawake. He was manifestly uncomfortable. "Where did you know him?" he asked doggedly.

The tramp bared his head; the short grey hair stood crisply on end all over it. He tapped his head significantly, and ran the palm of his hand over the strong bristles of his beard.

"So," said Deverell, drawing his breath hard. "Now I see; you are a brother convict!"

The tramp nodded.

"And you know all about him—the whole story?"

The tramp nodded again.

"By God!" cried Deverell, "if you've come here to trade on what you know, you've chosen the wrong place and the wrong man."

The tramp smiled. "I have not come to trade upon what I know," said he quietly, repeating the other's expression with simple sarcasm. "Now that I've seen you, I can go back the way I came; no need to go on to Dandong now. I came because my old mate asked me to find you out and wish you well from him: that was all."

"He went in for life," said Deverell, reflecting bitterly. "I have the vaguest memories of him; it happened when I was so very young. Is he well?"

"He was."

"And you have been in gaol together! And you know what brought him there, the whole story!" Curiosity crept into the young man's tone, and made it less bitter. He filled a pipe. "For my part, I never had the rights of that story," he said.

"There were no rights," said the convict. "It was all wrong together. Your father robbed the bank of which he himself was manager. He had lost money in mining speculations. He took to the bush, and fought desperately for his life."

"I'm glad he did that!" exclaimed Deverell.

The other's eyes kindled, but he only said: "It was what anyone would have done in his place."

"Is it?" answered Deverell scornfully. "Did *you*, for instance?"

The old man shrugged his shoulders. Deverell laughed aloud. His father might have been a villain, but he had not been a coward. That was one consolation.

A silence fell between the two men. There were no more flames from the fire, but only the glow of red-hot embers. This reddened the face of Deverell, but it did not reach that of the old man. He was thus free to stare at Deverell as hard and as long as he liked, and his eyes never left the young man's face. It was a sufficiently handsome face, with eyes as dark as those of the old man, only lightened and brightened by an expression altogether different. Deverell's pipe had soothed him. He

"IT WAS ALL WRONG TOGETHER."

seemed as serene now as he had been before he knew that his companion had been also the companion of his father—in prison. After all, he had grown up with the knowledge that his father was a convicted felon; to be reminded of it casually, but also privately, could not wound him *very* deeply. The tramp, staring at him with a fierce yearning in his eyes, which the young man could not see, seemed to divine this, but said :—

"It cannot be pleasant for you to see me. I wouldn't have come, only I promised to see you ; I promised to let him hear about you. It would have been worse, you know, had he got out on ticket-of-leave, and come himself ! "

" It would so ! " exclaimed Deverell sincerely.

In the dark, the old man grinned like one in torment.

" It would so," Deverell repeated, unable to repress a grim chuckle. " It would be the most awkward thing that could possibly happen to me—especially if it happened now. At present I call myself the luckiest man in the Colony ; but if my poor father were to turn up— "

Deverell was not interrupted : he stopped himself.

" You are pretty safe," said his companion in an odd tone—which he quickly changed. " As your father's mate, I am glad you are so lucky ; it is good hearing."

Deverell explained how he was so lucky. He felt that the sentiments he had expressed concerning his father's possible appearance on the scene required some explanation, if not excuse. This feeling, growing upon him as he spoke, led him into explanations that were very full indeed, under the circumstances. He explained the position he had attained as manager of Dandong ; and the position he was about to attain through his marriage was quite as clearly—though unintentionally—indicated. It was made clear to the meanest perception how very awkward it would be for the young man, from every point of view, if the young man's father *did* turn up and ostentatiously reveal himself. While Deverell was speaking the swagman broke branches from the nearest pines and made up the fire ; when he finished the faces of both were once more illumined ; and that of the old man was stern with resolve.

" And yet," said he, " suppose the impossible, or at any rate the unlikely—say that he does come back. I know him well ; he wouldn't be a drag or a burden to you. He'd only just like to see you. All he would ask would be to see his son sometimes ! That would be enough for him. I was his chum, mind you, so I know. And if he was to come up here, as I have come, you could take him on, couldn't you, as you offer to take me ? " He lent forward with sudden eagerness—his voice vibrated. " You could give him work, as you say you'll give me, couldn't you ? No one'd know it was your father ! No one would ever guess ! "

" No ! " said Deverell, decidedly. " I'll give *you* work, but my father I couldn't. I don't do things by halves : I'd treat my father *as* my father, and damn the odds ! He had pluck. I like to think how he was taken fighting ! Whatever he did, he had grit, and I should be unworthy of him—no matter what he did—if I played the coward. It would be worse than cowardly to disown your father, whatever he had done, and I wouldn't disown mine—I'd sooner shoot myself ! No, I'd take him in, and be a son to him for the rest of his days, that's what I'd do—that's what I *will* do, if ever he gets out on ticket-of-leave, and comes to me ! "

The young man spoke with a feeling and intensity of which he had exhibited no signs before, leaning forward with his pipe between his fingers. The old man held his breath.

" But it would be devilish awkward ! " he added frankly. " People would remember what they've been good enough to forget ; and everybody would know what now next to none know. In this country, thank God, the man is taken for what the man is worth—his father neither helps nor hinders him, when once he's gone. So I've managed to take my own part, and to get on well, thanks to my own luck. Yes, it would be devilish awkward ; but I'd stand by him, before Heaven, I would ! "

The old man breathed hard.

" I don't know how I've come to say so much to you, though you did know my father," added Deverell, with a sudden change of tone. " It isn't my way at all. I needn't tell you that from to-morrow forward you're the same as any other man to me. And if you ever go to see my father, you must not tell him all I have said to you about what, as you say, is never likely to happen. But you may tell him—you may tell him I am glad he was taken fighting ! "

The old man was once more quite calm.

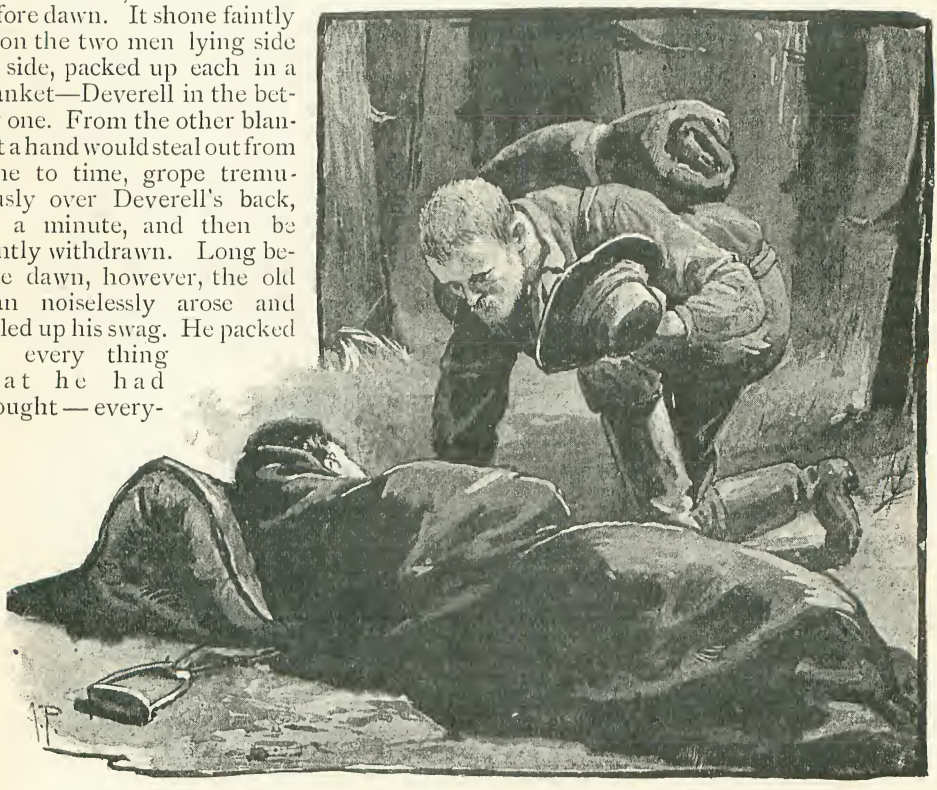
"I shall never see your father again. No more will you," he said slowly and solemnly; "for your father is dead! I promised him to find you out when my time was up, and to tell you. I have taken my own way of breaking the news to you. Forgive me, sir; but I couldn't resist just seeing, first of all, if it would cut you up very badly!"

Deverell did not notice the quiet bitterness of the last words. He smoked his pipe out in silence. Then he said: "God rest him! Perhaps it's for the best. As for you, you've a billet at Dandong for the rest of your days, if you like to take and keep it. Let us turn in."

* * * *

The worn moon rose very late, and skimmed behind the pines, but never rose clear of them, and was down before dawn. It shone faintly upon the two men lying side by side, packed up each in a blanket—Deverell in the better one. From the other blanket a hand would steal out from time to time, grope tremulously over Deverell's back, lie a minute, and then be gently withdrawn. Long before dawn, however, the old man noiselessly arose and rolled up his swag. He packed up every thing that he had brought—everything except the better blanket. Over that he smiled, as though it was an intense pleasure to him to leave it behind, lapped round the unconscious form of Deverell. Just before going, when the swag was on his back, he stooped down once and put his face very close to that of Deverell. The worn moon glimmered through the pines upon them both. The faces were strangely alike; only Deverell's was smiling sweetly in his dreams, while the other's shone moist with —something.

A few minutes later the gate in the Dandong boundary-fence closed for the last time upon the gaol-bird tramp; and Deverell's father was dead indeed—to Deverell. Lucky for Deverell, of course. But then he was the luckiest man in the whole Colony. Didn't he say so himself?



"HE STOOPED DOWN."

Jamrach's.

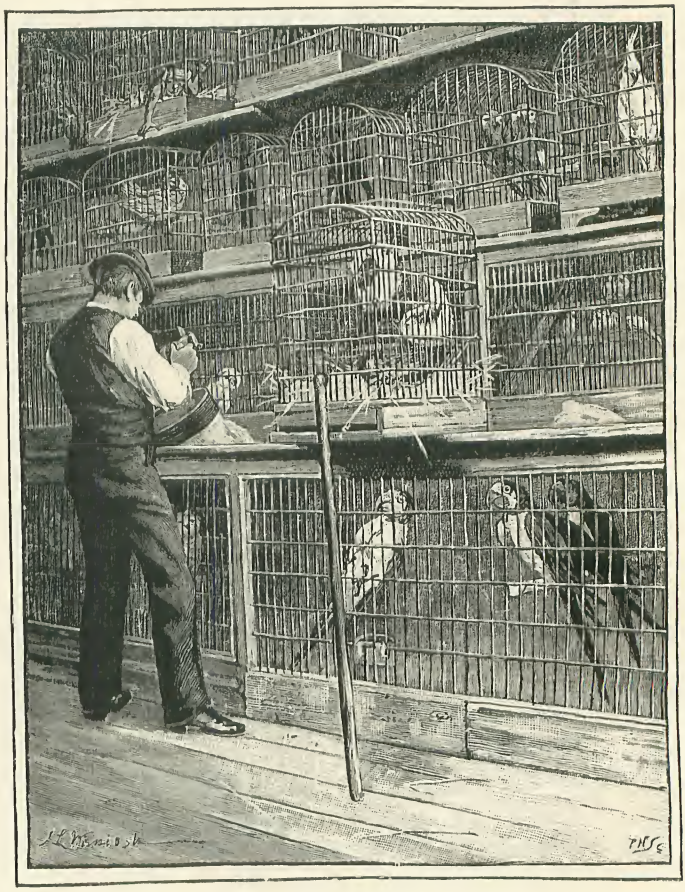
THE shop we are about to visit—perhaps quite the most remarkable in London—stands in a remarkable street, Ratcliff-highway. Ratcliff-highway is not what it was—indeed, its proper name is now St. George's street, but it still retains much of its old eccentric character. The casual pedestrian who wanders from the neighbourhood of the Mint, past the end of Leman-street and the entrance to the London Dock, need no longer fear robbery with violence; nor may he with any confidence look to witness a skirmish of crimps and foreign sailors with long knives; but, if his taste for observation incline to more tranquil harvest, his eye, quiet or restless, will fall upon many a reminder of the Highway's historic days, and of those relics of its ancient character which still linger. Sailors' boarding-houses are seen in great numbers, often with crossed flags, or a ship in full sail, painted, in a conventional spirit peculiar to the district, upon the windows. Here and there is a slop shop where many dangling oilskins and sou'-westers wave in the breeze, and where, as often as not, an old figure-head or the effigy of a naval officer in the uniform of fifty years ago stands as a sign. There are shops where advance notes are changed, and where the windows present a curious medley of foreign bank notes, clay pipes, china tobacco-jars, and sixpenny walking sticks, and there are many swarthy-faced men, with ringed ears, with print shirts and trousers unsupported by braces; also there are many ladies with gigantic feathers in their bonnets, of painful hue, and other ladies who get along very comfortably without any bonnets at all.

In a street like this, every shop is, more or less, an extraordinary one; but no stranger would expect to find in one of them the largest and most varied collection of arms, curiosities, and works of savage and civilised art brought together for trade purposes in the world, and this side by side with a stock of lions, tigers, panthers, elephants, alligators, monkeys, or parrots. Such a shop, however, will be the most interesting object of contemplation to the stray wayfarer through St. George's-street, and this is the shop famed throughout the world as Jamrach's. Everybody, of course, knows Jamrach's by name, and perhaps most know it to be situated somewhere in the waterside neighbourhood of the East-end; but few consider it anything more than an emporium from which the travelling menageries are supplied with stock. This, of course, it is, but it is something besides; and, altogether, one of the most curious and instructive spots which the seeker after the quaint and out-of-the-way may visit is Jamrach's.

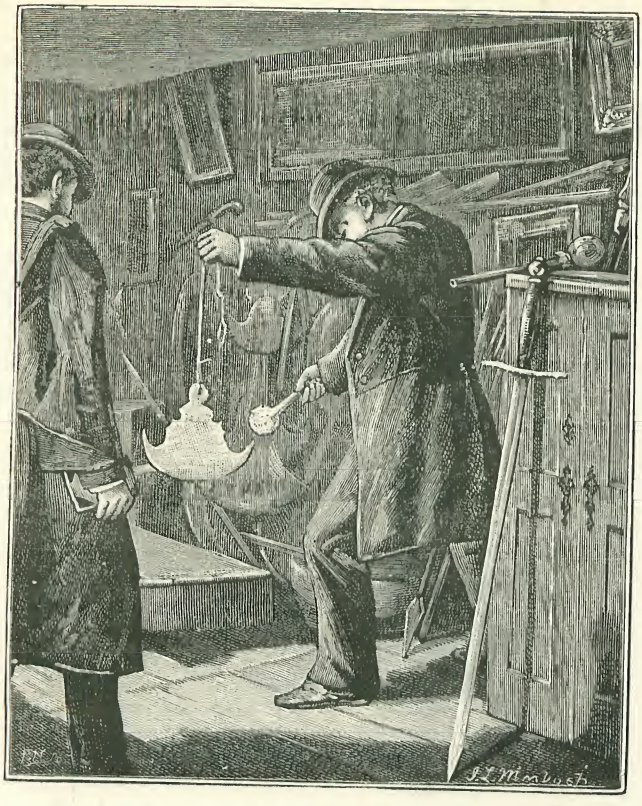
The shop, which we find on the left-hand side as we approach it from the west, is a double one, and might easily be taken for two separate establishments. The first window we reach might be passed as that of an ordinary bird fancier's, were the attention not attracted by the unusually neat, clean, and roomy appearance of the cages displayed, and the uncommon shapes and colours of the birds which inhabit them. The next window is more catching to the eye. Furious Japanese figures, squatting Hindoo gods, strange and beautiful marine shells, and curious pottery bring the pedestrian to a stand, and arouse a desire to explore within. All this outside, however, gives small promise of the strange things to be seen and learnt behind the scenes. Returning to the door by the aviary window, we enter, and find ourselves in a bright, clean room, eighteen or twenty feet square, properly warmed by a stove placed in the centre. The walls, from floor to ceiling, are fitted with strong and commodious wire cages, in which birds of wonderful voice and hue and monkeys of grotesque lineament yell, whistle, shriek, and chatter. Great and gorgeous parrots of rare species flutter and scream, and

blinking owls screw their heads aside as we pass. But the cause in chief of all this commotion is the presence of an attendant in shirt-sleeves, who, carrying with him a basket, is distributing therefrom certain eatables much coveted hereabout. Beaked heads are thrust between bars, and many a long, brown arm reaches downward and forward from the monkey-cages, in perilous proximity to the eager beaks. In a special cage, standing out from the rest, a beautiful black and white lemur sits and stretches his neck to be fondled as the attendant passes, but shyly hides his face when we strangers approach him.

Here Mr. Jamrach himself comes to meet us—a fine old gentleman, whose many years and remarkable experiences have left but small impression upon him. Coming from Hamburg—where his father before him was a trading naturalist—he founded the present business in Shadwell more than fifty years ago, and here he is still in his daily harness, with all the appearance of being quite fit for another half-century of work among snakes and tigers. His two sons—one of whom we shall presently meet—have assisted him in the business all their lives. The elder of these, who was a widely-known naturalist of great personal popularity, died some few years since. Mr. Jamrach takes us into a small, dusty back room, quaint in its shape and quaint in its contents. Arms of every kind which is not an ordinary kind stand in corners, hang on walls, and litter the floors; great two-handed swords of mediæval date and of uncompromisingly English aspect stand amid heaps of Maori clubs, African spears, and Malay kreeses; on the floor lies, open, a deal box filled with rough sheets of tortoise-shell, and upon the walls hang several pictures and bas-reliefs. Mr. Jamrach picks up by a string a dusty piece of metal, flat, three-quarters of an inch thick, and of an odd shape, rather resembling a cheese-cutter. This, we are informed is a bell, or, perhaps more accurately, a gong, and was used on the tower of a Burmese temple to summon the worshippers. Reaching for a short knobkerry, which bears more than one sign of having made things lively on an antipodean skull, Mr. Jamrach strikes the uninviting piece of metal upon the side in such a way as to cause it to spin, and we, for the first time, fully realise what sweet music may lie in a bell. The sound is of the most startling volume—as loud as that of a good-sized church bell, in fact—and dies away very slowly and gradually in a prolonged note of indescribable sweetness. The metal is a peculiar amalgam, silver being the chief ingredient; and oh that all English church bells—and, for that matter, dinner bells—had the beautiful voice of this quaint bit of metal!



THE AVIARY.



A QUEER GONG.

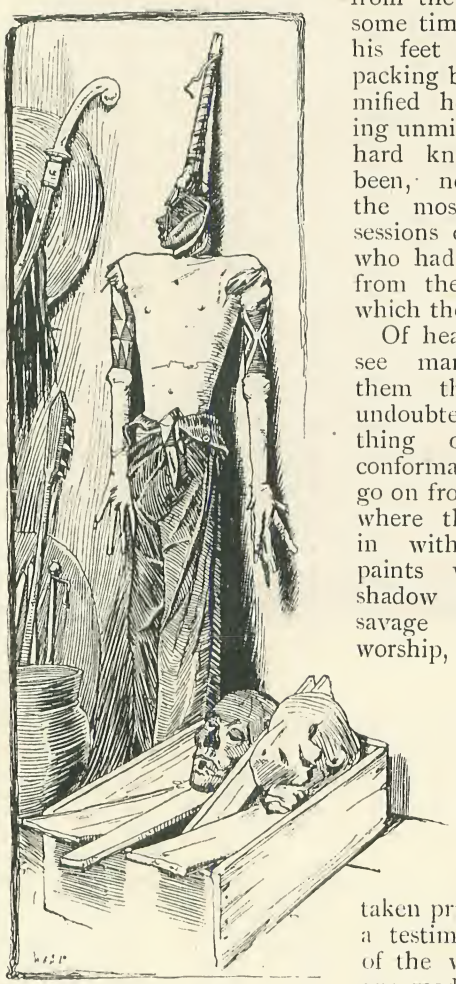
Then Mr. Jamrach shows us wonderful and gorgeous marine shells, of extreme value and rarity, and some of a species which he originally introduced to men of science, in consequence of which it now bears an appalling Latin name ending with *jamrachus*.

Passing from the back of this little room, we enter a very large one, extending from the front to the back of the entire premises, with a gallery on three sides above. Here we are joined by the younger Mr. Jamrach, and here we stand amid the most bewildering multitude of bric-a-brac and quaint valuables ever jumbled together: fantastic gods and goddesses, strange arms and armour, wonderful carvings in ivory, and priceless gems of old Japanese pottery. Merely to enumerate in the baldest way a tenth part of these things would fill this paper, and briefly to describe a hundredth part would fill the magazine. And when we express our wonder at the extent of the collection, we are calmly informed that this is only a part—there are more about the building—four or five roomfuls or so!

We have come to St. George's-street expecting to see nothing but a zoological warehouse, and all this is a surprise. That such a store as we now see were hidden away in Shadwell would have seemed highly improbable, and indeed we are told that very few people are aware of its existence. "The museums know us, however," says Mr. Jamrach the younger, "and many of their chief treasures have come from this place." Among the few curious visitors who have found their way to Jamrach's there has been the Prince of Wales, who stayed long, and left much surprised and pleased at all he had seen. The late Frank Buckland, too, whose whole-souled passion for natural history took him to this establishment day after day, often for all day, could rarely resist the fascination of the museum, even while his beloved animals growled in the adjacent lairs. The Jamrachs do not push the sale of this bric-a-brac, and seem to love to keep the strange things about them. Their trade is in animals, and their dealings in arms and curiosities form almost a hobby. Many of the beautiful pieces of pottery have stood here thirty years, and their proud possessors seem in no great anxiety to part with them now. A natural love of the quaint and beautiful first led Mr. Jamrach to buy carvings and shells from the seafaring men who brought him his birds and monkeys, so that these men soon were led to regard his warehouse as the regulation place of disposal for any new or old thing from across the seas; and so sprang up this overflowing museum.

Among hundreds of idols we are shown three which are especially noteworthy. The first is a splendid life-sized Buddha—a work of surprising grace and art. The god is represented as sitting, his back being screened by a great shell of the purest design. The whole thing is heavily gilt, and is set, in places, with jewels. Every line is a line of grace, and the features, while of a distinct Hindoo cast, beam with a most refined mildness. What monetary value Mr. Jamrach sets on this we do not dare to ask; and,

indeed, we are now placed before the second of the three—a Vishnu carved in alto-relievo of some hard black wood. This is a piece of early Indian art, and it has a history. It was fished up some twenty years ago from the bottom of the river Krishna, where it had been reverently deposited by its priests to save it from insult and mutilation at the hands of the invading Mohammedan; and there it had lain for eight hundred years. It is undamaged, with the exception that the two more prominent of the four arms are broken off; and that it has escaped the insult which its devout priests feared is testified by the fact that the nose—straight, delicate, and almost European in shape—has not been broken. It is an extremely rare thing for a Vishnu free from this desecration—a fatal one in the eyes of worshippers—to be seen in this country. Above the head are carved medallions representing the ten incarnations of the god, for the last of which mighty avatars millions still devoutly wait in mystic India; while here, in Ratcliff-highway, after all its dark adventures, and after its eight centuries of immersion below the Krishna, stands the embodiment of the god himself, mildly serene and meekly dignified.



A FRIENDLY DEITY.

The third of these gods is quite a different person. There is nothing resembling beauty—either of conception or workmanship—about him. He is very flat-chested, and his form is faithfully represented in the accompanying illustration; without an illustration he would be indescribable. The head is very small, and grotesquely carved, with a large boar's tusk projecting from the jaw. The trunk and limbs, however, are the parts of interest; they consist of an entire human skin stretched on a sort of flat wooden framework, and partly stuffed with dried grasses. The skin is a light brown, leathery looking stuff, with here and there a small crack. The legs are clothed with loose blue trousers, which appear to be of dungaree, or a similar material, and the complete deity came from the Friendly Islands some time since. Just at his feet lie, in an open packing box, certain mummified heads, some bearing unmistakable marks of hard knocks, all having been, no doubt, among the most cherished possessions of the gentleman who had separated them from the shoulders upon which they originally grew.

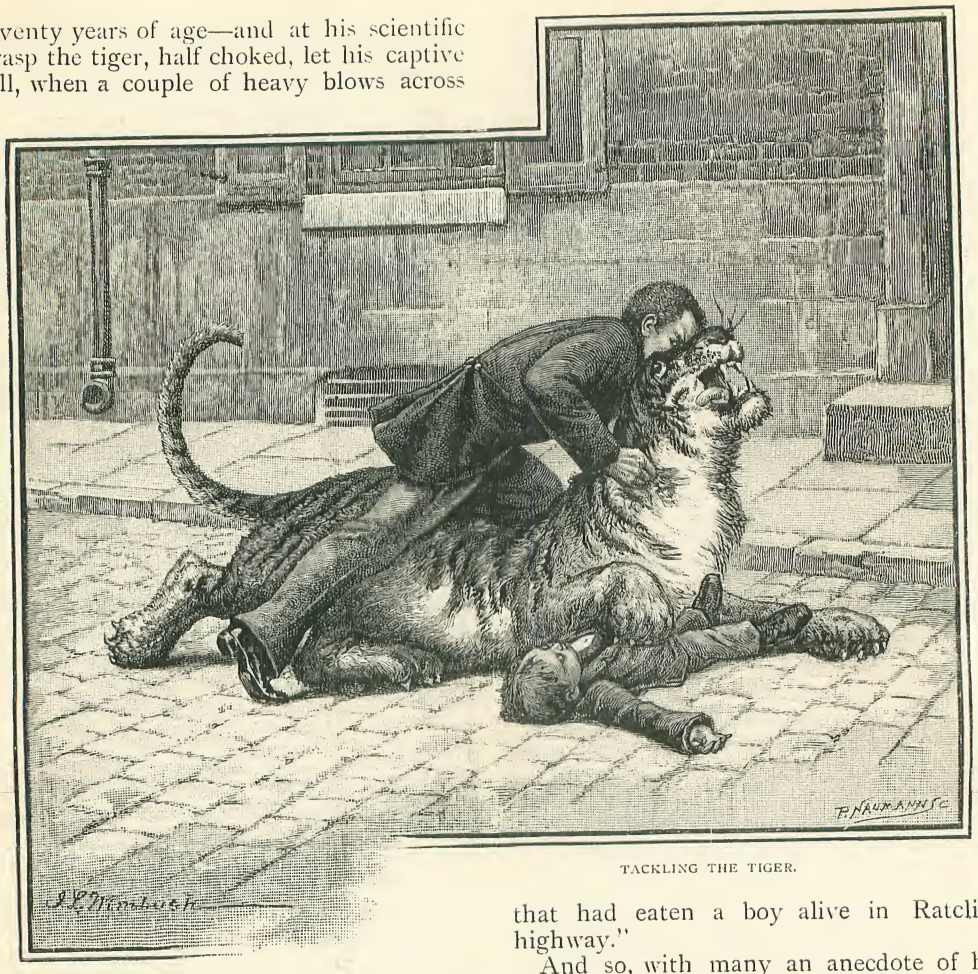
Of heads and skulls we see many, and among them the skull of an undoubted cannibal — a thing of very peculiar conformation. And so we go on from room to room, where the sunlight peeps in with difficulty, and paints with light and shadow the memorials of savage art, warfare and worship, as well as many exquisite specimens of porcelain and metal work from Japan and Florence. We see the garment of cowtails which Ketchwayo wore when taken prisoner, and we see a testimony to the guile of the wily Maori in an axe made of iron only, but painted and got up to exactly resemble greenstone. The reason of the disguise becomes apparent when it is explained that for the genuine greenstone article of this pattern a collector will gladly pay a hundred pounds, while the metal imitation is worth its weight as old iron, and no more. We see two pairs of magnificent china vases five or six feet high, the like of which it would be difficult to find offered for sale anywhere. Another pair, which had stood here for thirty years, were bought only a week or two back by a visitor of title with a cheque of three figures—a bargain which the buyer jumped

at. We are shown old Satsuma ware of wondrous delicacy and richness, commanding something more than its weight in sovereigns in the market. We see grand old *repoussé* work in very high relief. We linger over a singular old Japanese medicine cabinet, the outside of which is covered with hundreds of little silver charms, against as many varieties of disease – each charm a quaintly-wrought oval or scarabæus. We examine two immense Japanese vases of copper, each six feet high, and of the most elaborate workmanship, the design revealing here and there, in a surprising manner, elementary forms and principles usually supposed to be wholly and originally Greek. There are stone weapons, bronze weapons, steel weapons, and wooden weapons of every outlandish sort, and musical instruments such as one sees represented on Egyptian sculptures. There are many things bought at the sale of the effects of the late king of Oude, an enthusiastic old gentleman whose allowance from the British Government was a lac of rupees a month, and who managed to spend it all, and more than all, on curiosities and works of art, so that his funeral was followed by a sale on behalf of his creditors. Among the old king's treasures in this place are seven small figures, of a dancing bear, a buck antelope, a gladiator, a satyr riding a furious bull, another riding a camel, an armed man on a rhinoceros, and a monkey mounted on a goat, respectively. Each of these little figures is built up of innumerable smaller figures of beasts, birds, and fishes, fighting and preying upon each other, not one speck of the whole surface belonging to the main representation, while, nevertheless, the whole produces the figure complete with its every joint, muscle, sinew, and feature. And so we pass, by innumerable sacred masks, pashas' tails and alligators' skulls, toward the other and main department of this remarkable warehouse—that devoted to natural history.

We cross Britten's-court, where we observe a van with a small crowd of boys collected about it. A crane is swung out from a high floor, and from the end of the dependent chain hangs a wooden case or cage, violently agitated by the movements of the active inhabitant. He is a black panther, the most savage sort of beast with which Mr. Jamrach has to deal, and, as this one feels himself gradually rising through the air, his surprise and alarm manifest themselves in an outburst strongly reminding the spectator of Mark Twain's blown-up cat "a-snorting, and a-clawing, and a-reaching for things like all possessed." He arrives at his appointed floor at last, however, and, as the cage is swung in, the blazing eyes and gleaming teeth turn from our side toward the attendant who receives him.

The wide doors on the ground floor are swung open, and we enter a large apartment fitted with strong iron-barred cages on all sides. This is the lowest of three floors, similarly fitted, in which is carried on a trade in living creatures which is known from one end of the earth to the other. Jamrach's is *the* market for wild animals from all the world over, and whatever a menagerie-keeper or a zoological collection may want, from an elephant to an Angora cat, can be had in response to an order sent here. Whatever animal a man may have to sell, here he may sell it, providing that it be in good and healthy condition. Mr. Jamrach has lived a lifetime among his beasts, and has had his troubles and adventures with them. One of the most exciting of these adventures took place some thirty years ago. A fine, full-grown Bengal tiger was deposited, in his rough wooden cage, on this very spot at the gates, having just been delivered from a ship in the docks. The lair at the back was being prepared for his reception, when, the attention of Mr. Jamrach and his merry men being otherwise engaged, *Tigris regalis* set his hind quarters against the back of his temporary receptacle, and, using all his strength, managed to burst out the boards. Then he quietly trotted out, and down the main street. The sudden appearance of a full-sized tiger at mid-day on the pavement of Ratcliff-highway was the signal for a general skedaddle, excepting on the part of a little boy of about eight years of age, who, never having seen a thing of the sort before, innocently extended his hand and stroked the big cat. A playful tap of the great soft paw at once knocked the child upon his face, stunned; and, picking him up by the loose part of the jacket, the animal was proceeding up the next turning, when Mr. Jamrach, who had just discovered the escape, came running up. Empty-handed as he was, he sprang at the tiger's neck from behind, and, grasping the throat with both hands, drove his thumbs into the soft place behind the jaw. Mr. Jamrach was an unusually powerful man—indeed, he is no weakling now, though nearer eighty than

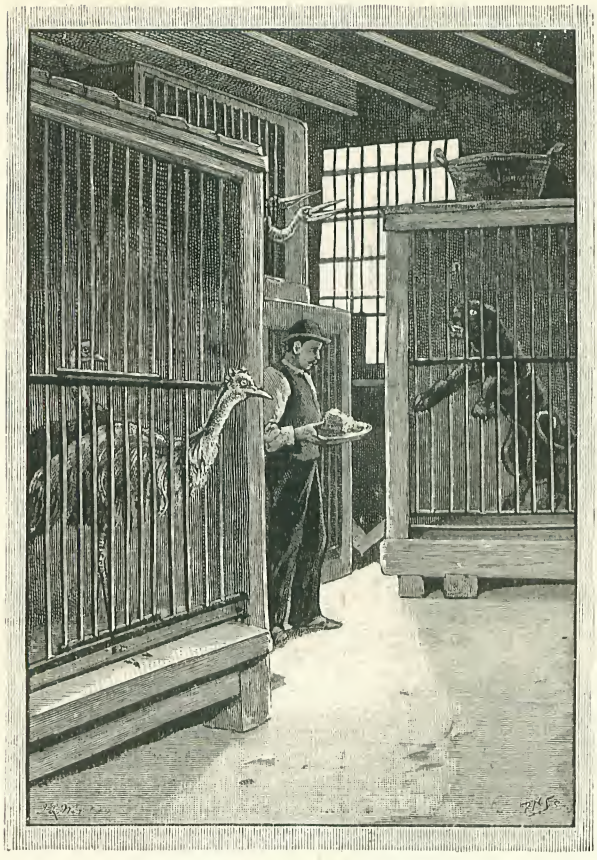
seventy years of age—and at his scientific grasp the tiger, half choked, let his captive fall, when a couple of heavy blows across



TACKLING THE TIGER.

the eyes from a crowbar thrust into the naturalist's hands by an attendant thoroughly cowed the great beast, who turned tail and meekly trotted back straight into the lair prepared for him, the door of which stood open for his reception. The little boy was without a scratch; but, although £50 was offered his father as compensation, Mr. Jamrach's intrepidity was rewarded by an action for £500 damages. In the end the smaller amount first offered was awarded, and the loss in costs was made sweeter by the judge's praise of the defendant's prompt and courageous action. The monetary loss had already been discounted by the arrival, in hot haste, the day after the accident, of a showman, who gladly paid £300 for the culprit. This was no bad speculation on his part, it was found, when he had counted up the sixpences received all over the country for admission to see the "tiger that had eaten a boy alive in Ratcliff-highway."

And so, with many an anecdote of his own and his father's experiences in their peculiar business from Mr. Jamrach the younger, we go upstairs and wander among the stock. This, of course, is ever varying in quantity and species, but has always some interesting feature. We are introduced to a solemn monkey, who salaams gravely three times, and then waits to be asked to shake hands, which he does with great ceremony. We see porcupines, black swans and antelopes, and we hear, at the peril of never hearing anything afterwards, the noisy cranes. There is a Sumatra civet cat, with a small, fox-like head, and a magnificent tail; he is not cordial, and snaps an awkward-looking row of sharp teeth at us. Just behind his little cage is a large one, which contains a fine, tall guanaco or wild llama. The docile-looking creature moves to and fro behind the bars, keeping his eye on us, and pursing his mouth the while. Suddenly Mr. Jamrach



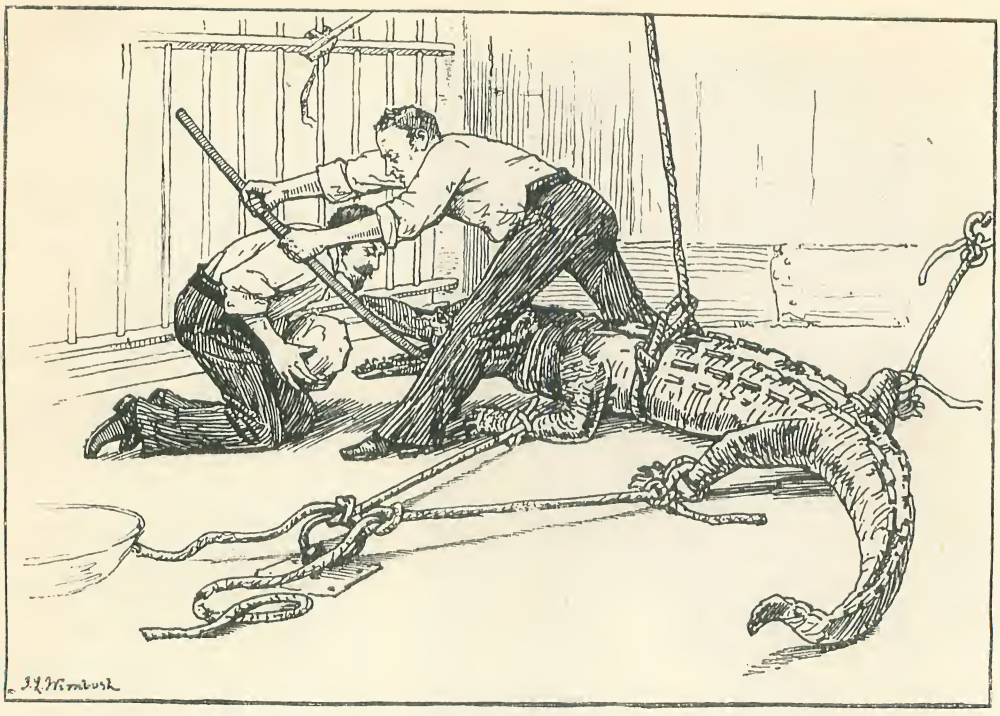
LUNCHEON.

says, "Look out, he's going to spit!" and we all duck in different directions with great celerity—only just in time. The intelligent quadruped has conceived a prejudice against the shape of somebody's hat, or the colour of somebody's tie, and expresses it by spitting, with much force and precision, at the offender's face.

A large increase in the general chatter and growl around us announces the approach of an attendant with food. The emus and cassowaries stretch their long necks as far between the bars as possible, and the pelicans and cranes yell agonisingly. A large black panther throws himself against the bars of his cage, and gives voice unrestrainedly. In contrast to these, the domestic cat of the establishment follows the man's heels, with much tender purring and a sharp eye to any stray fallen morsel. There are other cats here in cages—cats too valuable to be allowed to run loose—magnificent Angoras and Carthusians, who rub their heads against the wires, and, as we approach, extend their paws in an appeal to be noticed and petted.

We are promised an interesting feeding sight downstairs, and we descend to the ground floor. Among the more risky speculations of the commercial naturalist are the alligator and the crocodile. They will sulk and go into a decline on the least provocation or without any provocation at all, and, being expensive to begin with, often prove awkward losses. They almost invariably sulk at first, we are told, and, refusing to take food, would be likely to get into a bad way unless cured; and the curing of a crocodile's sulks is a surprising thing to see. We find, on reaching the ground floor, poor crocodilus laid by the heels and perfectly helpless, lashed immovably to iron rings and posts. His head is ignominiously sat upon by a sturdy man in shirt-sleeves, who presently pokes the end of a crowbar among the big teeth, and forcibly prizes the mouth open into that position of comprehensive smile so familiar to the readers of children's natural history books. Then another man kneels before the unfortunate reptile and feeds him. That is to say, he takes a lump of meat weighing five or ten pounds or so, and dexterously pitches it into the œsophagus, afterwards firmly and decisively ramming it home with a long pole. This is the dinner of all naughty, sulky crocodiles, and, after having it served in this fashion regularly four or five times, the victim gives up sulking as a bad job. He will have to swallow it, one way or another, he argues within himself, and in that case he may as well take it without being tied up, and sat upon, and insulted generally; besides which, he may as well enjoy the flavour as swallow all those eatables without tasting them. Whereupon he reforms and becomes a respectable crocodile, taking regular meals, and is in time promoted to the Zoological Gardens, or a respectable menagerie.

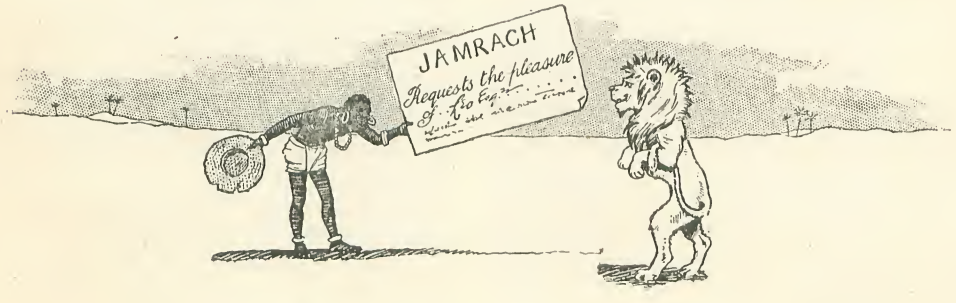
This and other things we see, and we have it explained how dangerous animals are transferred from cases to permanent cages, and back again. To transfer a savage panther or tiger from a case to a



THE FORCE-MEAL TREATMENT.

cage is not difficult. Certain of the bars of the cage are raised, the case is put opposite the opening, and the side removed. Seeing an opening the captive jumps at it, and the bars are at once shut down. But to tempt him back again into a case, when he has become to some extent accustomed to his quarters, is not always so easy a thing. Carefully baiting the case with food usually has its effect, if circumstances permit waiting; but, if not, recourse has to be had to smoke. A little damp straw thrust between the bars and lighted soon makes the lair uncomfortable, and then ensues a scene. Eyes gleam, and teeth gnash from obscure corners, and presently, with a bound and a yell, the powerful beast dashes through the opening into the case, and is secured. It may be easily understood that any little clumsiness or mistake at the critical moment might lead to the case being overturned in the rush, or improperly closed. Then, with a tiger or black panther worked to the highest pitch of frenzy by the fire and smoke, some lively adventures would probably take place.

And so we reach the door into Britten's-court, and, with cordial thanks to our entertainers for a most pleasant and instructive afternoon, emerge into Ratcliff-highway, with its dock labourers, its sailors' boarding-houses, and its slop-shops.



The Spider's Web.

A Story for Children : from the French of Jacques Normand.

"SUDDENLY THERE CAME A KNOCK AT THE DOOR."

AT that time my aunt Herminie, fatherless and motherless, was living in the old abbey of Mauvoisin, near Corbeil, which was disaffected and had become very national. It was during the Reign of Terror, and she was nearly twenty years old. She was there with two old ladies, Madame Maréchal and Madame Badouillet : the former tall and thin, the latter little, stout, and one-eyed. One evening—but it will be better to let Aunt Herminie tell the tale herself. I fancy I can hear her now, relating this story which excited me so, the story which I was continually asking her to repeat.

The story? You wish me to repeat it once more, my child? Well, it was in *those* days. That evening we were sitting by the fire : Madame Maréchal and I were chatting, Madame Badouillet had fallen asleep. It was about ten o'clock ; outside it was very windy—blowing hard. Oh! I remember it well. Suddenly, there came a knock at the door.

I must tell you first of all that a troop of soldiers, about a hundred, had arrived during the day. The officer in command, a big red-headed fellow, had shown us a paper, an order to billet them. They had taken up their quarters in the chapel, and had passed the day there, eating, drinking, singing, and playing cards. They made a dreadful din. They all calmed down when evening came, and were all sleeping in groups.

You will understand, little one, that it was not very reassuring for three lone women to be near such people. Madame Maréchal's husband was away, Madame Badouillet was a widow, and I an orphan ; so we bolted ourselves in the little room on the ground floor which was situated between the high road and the chapel, and that's where we were when the knock came, as I have just told you.

Madame Badouillet woke up with a jump, and we all three looked straight at each other with frightened eyes. A moment passed and there was another knock—louder this time. We had a good mind to sham deafness, as you may imagine, but joking was dangerous in those days. If you refused hospitality to patriots, you were regarded as a "suspect," as they called it, and then—the guillotine! It was all over with you in no time.

Madame Maréchal began to recite her prayers ; Madame Badouillet shook in every limb ; besides, I was the youngest, so *I* ought to open the door.

I found some men at the door, with large hats, making quite a black group on the roadway. They looked harassed, and their boots were covered with dust. My first impulse was to shut the door in their faces, but one of them made a step forward, stretched out his hand, and said in a low, shaking voice :—

"Shelter, citoyenne, give us shelter for the night. We are dropping with fatigue—have pity upon us!" And these last words were repeated in a murmur by the group of men.

"Who are you?"

"Fugitives—deputies of the Gironde—we are pursued, save us!"

They were Girondins! You will know one day, my child, what that meant. It is enough now for you to know that they were poor fellows flying from Paris, pursued by the Montagnards, that is, by their enemies.

"Wretched men," I replied, "go away! The chapel is full of soldiers. If you come in you are lost!"

They hesitated a moment; then a pale young man, quite a youth, who was leaning upon the arms of two of his comrades, murmured feebly :

"Walk again! I cannot go a step farther. Go on, comrades; save yourselves and leave me here. I prefer to die!"

They were brave fellows, those Girondins. They would not hear of abandoning the poor young fellow.

"Is there no other place but the chapel where we could rest for two hours—just for two hours only?" asked the one who had already spoken to me.

"None but this room," I answered, standing a little aside; "and the chapel has no way out but that door (I pointed to the middle door), so the soldiers pass through here to enter or go out. Let them see you, and you are lost!"

Great dejection was apparent in the face of the poor man. I could see it plainly, for it was a clear night and as light as day.

"HAVE PITY UPON US!"

"Adieu, citoyennes," he said simply. "The district is full of people who are pursuing us. Pray that we may escape them!" Then, turning to his companions, he said in a low voice, "Onward!"

Well, my child, I was quite upset; my heart was rent at the sight of their distress. I understood all that they had suffered, and all they would yet suffer. I looked at their drooping shoulders, at their bruised feet.

Certainly, by sending them away I was shielding us three from danger, because in helping them I was making myself their accomplice, and exposing myself and my companions to severe punishment. Yes, I understood all that, but pity conquered prudence ; a kind of fever seized me, and just as they were moving away—

"Listen," I whispered to them ; "there might perhaps be a way to help you, but it would be very risky, very daring."

They drew near eagerly, anxiously, with heads bent forward. Behind me I could hear the trembling voices of Madame Badouillet and Madame Maréchal as they whispered to each other, "What is she talking about? What is she saying?" But that mattered little to me.

"At the other end of the chapel, above the altar," I continued, "there is a granary for storing fodder. Once there, you would be all right, but to get there—— "

"Speak, speak ! "

"You would have to follow a narrow passage, a sort of overhanging cornice, the whole length of the wall—and just over the sleeping soldiers. If they hear the least noise, should one of them wake up—— ! "

"Who will lead us? "

"I will ! "

I have already told you, my child, that I was in a fever, that I was no longer master of myself ; I was acting as if in a dream. To save them had become my sole aim. They took counsel briefly among themselves, while Madame Badouillet continually pulled at my skirts and called me mad. Oh ! I remember it all as if I were going through it now !

"Thanks, citoyenne, for your devotion. We will accept the offer ! "

I left the door and they entered noiselessly, on tip-toe. There were about a dozen ; their clothes were torn and their fatigue was extreme. I told my two companions to keep watch at the door of the chapel, and turned at once to the fugitives.

"You see those steps leading to the ledge? " I asked them. "Well, I am going to ascend them. When I reach the top I will open the door and look into the interior of the chapel, and if the moment is favourable I will give you a sign. You will then ascend and follow me along the wall to the granary. Once there—if God allows us to get there !—you will rest yourselves. I will come to you when the soldiers are gone—they ought to leave at daybreak. You understand? "

All this was uttered rapidly in a low voice ; then, positively, I felt as if I were lifted from the ground, as if impelled by some superior will. I felt deep commiseration for these men, unknown to me only a few minutes before ; I felt a protecting sentiment towards them which elated me. To save them I would have thrown myself in front of the cannon's mouth, or have rushed upon the bayonet's point. And I, mite that I was, seemed suddenly endowed with extraordinary strength and energy. Madame Badouillet was right, I was positively mad.

I mounted the stairs, opened the door just a little, and looked in. The soldiers were asleep in groups, their heads resting on their knapsacks, their forms making dark spots on the white stones of the chapel. Occasionally one would turn over with a grunt. A slight murmur of breathing came from this human mass. In the corners the guns were stacked ; outside, the wind howled in fury. A ray of light from the moon shone through a side window, lighting up one side of the nave, while the other side—luckily, the side where the ledge was—remained quite dark. To get to the door of the granary—dimly visible, like a dark spot, along the narrow ledge, along the wall at about twenty feet from the sleepers—would be the work of a few seconds in reality, yet these few seconds would seem an age.

And now came the reaction ; the excitement of the first few minutes was over, and a dreadful feeling of depression came over me as I saw myself face to face with the reality, and understood the almost childish temerity of my plan. I was seized with a mad desire to tell the Girondins that it was impossible to do it ; that the soldiers were waking up ; that they must fly at once. Then I became ashamed of my cowardice, and, turning towards the men who were watching me from below with uneasy glances, I gave the sign to ascend.

They obeyed, and the first one was soon by my side. I made a sign to keep silence —as if they needed it, poor men !—then I stepped upon the ledge.

What a journey it was ! I shall never forget it. I can feel myself now, moving forward on tip-toe, my left hand lightly touching the cold wall, my right hand in space, fearing every instant to lose my balance, or to knock against some stone, some little heap of dirt and pieces of wall, the falling of which would have roused the

soldiers who were sleeping below, so close to us. And behind me I can still feel the dumb presence of those creatures who were following me, risking their life with mine. We glided along the ledge like a troop of sleep-walkers, holding our breath, treading

"WE GLIDED ALONG THE LEDGE."

with extraordinary carefulness, the eyes of each one fixed upon the one who preceded him, all making with beating hearts for that little door which grew larger as we approached it—and it was I who was leading them!

Having reached this exciting point, Aunt Ninie stopped and looked at me to judge the effect. She ought to have been pleased, for I was sitting on the edge of my chair, my eyes out of my head, with open mouth, listening with never-failing interest to a story which I had heard so many times. "What then?" I asked.

At length, after a few minutes, terribly long minutes they seemed, I reached the goal. I seized the key which was still in the door, turned it, pushed the door—and then I thought we were lost!

Nobody had had occasion to go to the granary for a long time, so that the hinges had become rusty; and as I pushed it open it gave out a creaking sound, which went all over the chapel, and sent an icy chill through me.

"What's the matter up there?" growled a soldier, with an oath.

I stood up straight, all of a shake, and I perceived the fugitives, pale, motionless, and standing as closely as possible to the wall. It seemed as if our last hour had come. Luckily, it was very windy, as I have said, and at that very instant a strong gust shook the roof of the chapel.

"Go to sleep, and rest easy, you great fool! It's the wind!" answered another voice.

The first soldier listened again for a brief space, then stretched himself, and went to sleep. We were saved—at least for the moment.

The door was only half open, but it was enough to enable us to squeeze in. This I did when silence was completely restored below, and the others followed one by one, easily enough generally, without being obliged to open the door any further. This was very important, for another creak would certainly have done for us.

You cannot imagine the joy and gratitude of those men when once they were all gathered in the granary. They wept, went down on their knees, and kissed the hem of my dress. One would have thought that I had finally saved them; but, alas! the danger was still there, terrible and threatening.

"Rest," I said to them; "stretch yourselves upon the straw. Here you are fairly

safe—for the time being, at least. As soon as they are gone you will have nothing more to fear, and you can go away in your turn. Now rest yourselves and sleep, and count on me if any new danger menaces you."

I left them and passed through the door, leaving it as it was. Of course it would have been better to shut it, but that was impossible on account of the noise it would have made.

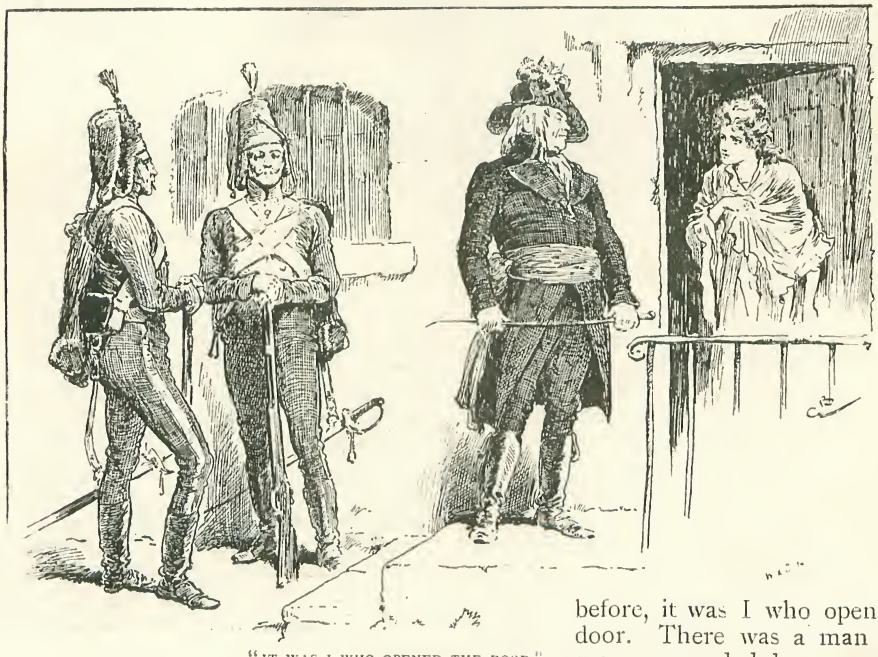
My return journey along the ledge was performed without incident. Alone, I felt lighter, more skilful, and slipped along like a mouse. At the end of a few seconds I was back in the room, where the two ladies anxiously awaited me.

Each one received me in a different way. Madame Maréchal, severe and sharp, reproached me cruelly, saying that *that* was not the way to behave: it was risking my life and theirs—that I ought to have left them outside—that I was a fool, &c. Madame Badouillet, on the contrary, approved what I had done, and defended me, saying that nobody could reject the prayer of the fugitives—it would have been infamous. And this good woman pressed me to her heart, and, pleased to see me back again, kissed me, while she wiped away the tears from her one eye.

So we sat down again, commenting in a low voice upon the unforeseen and terrible events which had come upon our hitherto peaceful existence. And it was really a dreadful situation. All these men, enemies, so near to each other; what might happen if the fugitives were discovered! It was frightful, so much so that Madame Maréchal proposed that we should run away, out in the night, across the fields to Corbeil, leaving the men to settle matters amongst themselves as best they could—that was her expression. Madame Badouillet and I rejected this proposal with indignation, and we remained there whispering to each other, and longed for the end of this interminable night.

The first streaks of dawn began to appear, and we felt within reach of the moment when our anxiety would end. Suddenly we heard the gallop of horses on the roadway. What now? We listened. The horses stopped, and we heard a noise of voices. Everybody seemed to be paying us a visit that night.

Then came a knock as before; and, as before, it was I who opened the door. There was a man before me, surrounded by several hussars who had dismounted.



"IT WAS I WHO OPENED THE DOOR."

"They are here, eh, citoyenne?" asked the man, who was not a soldier, but doubtless some Government agent. He was stout, and appeared out of breath through having come so rapidly.

I started, but soon recovered my *sang-froid*. "Here! Who?"

"You know well enough. Those rascally Girondins!"

"There is nobody here but the soldiers who arrived yesterday, as you probably know."

"That's what we intend to find out."

He motioned to one of the men to hold his horse, and dismounted painfully, giving a grunt of satisfaction when he reached the ground. He was certainly not accustomed to that sort of exercise. He was attired in black, with big boots, and feathers in his hat. His round, white face seemed good-natured at first sight, but the look of his little sunken eyes was false and cruel.

He entered, followed by two hussars, and went straight towards the chapel. As soon as he was perceived, there was a great stir; the mass of soldiers began to move with a noise of swords and guns upon the stones, and everybody was soon on foot. The officer in charge came forward and saluted the new-comer, and we understood that this fat man was an important personage.

"A CONVERSATION TOOK PLACE BETWEEN THEM."

A conversation in a low voice took place between them. Standing near the door, we tried our hardest to hear what was said, but in vain; we could only guess from the gestures that the agent was interrogating the captain, and that the latter was replying in the negative. We feared to see them raise their heads and perceive the half-opened door above. This little door seemed enormous now, as if everybody must see it.

However, it was not so, for the agent, finishing his conversation with the captain, came up to me, and with that cunning look which boded no good, he said, "So you are quite sure, citoyenne, that there is nobody here but these men?"

He pointed to the soldiers, who were about to brush themselves and put themselves in order. I looked him in the face and replied, "Nobody!"

He put that same question to Madame Badouillet, who bravely made the same reply. Then it was Madame Maréchal's turn. I thought she was going to betray us, and I gave her a fierce look. She hesitated a moment: then, with her eyes on the ground, she stammered, "I do not know—I have been asleep—I have heard nothing."

"Well, *I* know more about it than *you*," said the agent. "Some peasants have assured me that the Girondins came in here, that they have passed the night here, and that they are here still. Is it true?"

We all were silent.

"Now just think well about it, citoyennes. You know what you are exposing yourselves to by hiding these traitors?"

It was terrifying to be thus questioned in the midst of men who were watching us closely, and whose looks seemed to pierce our very souls. I felt that Madame Maréchal was giving way, that all was lost. Her lips moved, she was about to speak. I did not give her the time to do so, and putting a bold face on the matter, I replied:

"Since you doubt us, citoyen, search the place. I will lead you wherever you like."

He hesitated, thrown off the scent by my effrontery, and I thought he was going to give up all idea of pursuit, when a voice cried, "It is my opinion that if any little plot has been contrived, it has been done up there."

A soldier, doubtless the one who had woke up in the night, pointed with an evil look to the ledge and the granary door. All eyes were raised, and my legs trembled under me. I thought of the unfortunate men who were behind that door, without

weapons, without any possible means of defence, listening to what was said. I cursed myself for having yielded to their prayer, and having sheltered them. Outside they would have been in just as great danger, but it would not have been my fault. They could have fought, run away, anything; but there they were through my fault! It was horrible, and I thought I should go mad.

After questioning the soldier—oh, I could have killed him, the wretch!—the agent turned towards me.

"Well, citoyenne, as you propose it, you shall act as our guide. Lead us to that door up there; it's a granary, I suppose?"

I nodded. I could not speak, my throat was too dry.

"A few men follow me! On!"

That was a most terrible moment, my child. I had to summon all my strength to keep from swooning. I drew myself up, however, and went towards the staircase which led to the ledge, that staircase which I had ascended with the fugitives a few hours before. The agent came next, then the captain and several soldiers.

What could I hope for in obeying the order? It would require a miracle to save the Girondins. But I had fought it out to that point, and I would fight it out to the end. And, frankly speaking, I scarcely knew what I was doing, I was acting unconsciously—I had been told to go there, and I was going, that's all!

I soon reached the ledge, the agent following painfully on account of his corpulence. He seemed, moreover, very clumsy, and his fat body embarrassed him much. When he reached the top of the staircase and saw the ledge, on which I had already advanced a step or two, he hesitated.

"Oh! oh! it is very narrow!" he murmured.

Then he saw that all the soldiers were looking at him from below, and, stung by their looks, he followed me slowly, supporting himself against the wall, stepping with infinite caution. Really, if the situation had not been so dreadful it would have been grotesque.

Two questions swam in my head. What should I do? Should I run rapidly forward and join the unfortunate men and die with them? Or should I throw

"LOOK! SPIDERS WEBS!"

myself down on the stones and kill myself?

Still, I went on slowly, slowly, expecting every minute to see the door shut by the poor fellows as a frail and useless obstacle to a certain capture; and I was so interested in their fate that I forgot my own danger.

We had reached the centre of the ledge when suddenly the agent stopped, and, turning towards those who followed, said: "Look! spiders' webs!" and he pointed to the entrance of the granary.

And, in fact, by a providential chance, a large spider's web, torn when I opened the door, had remained hanging on the woodwork; and the insect had, during the few hours of the night, partly repaired the damage. The fresh threads crossed the whole space of the opening, and nobody could imagine for a moment that men had passed through that space that very night without breaking the whole of the web. Yes, my child, a spider, a simple spider, had done it. But one cannot help thinking that the good God had something to do with it.

"It is useless to go further," said the agent.

Between you and me I believe the fat fellow was not sorry at heart, for he was dreadfully afraid of rolling down below, and pride alone had sustained him.

There is little need to say more. The Girondins were saved, and I with them. The agent went off, followed by his hussars; and the other soldiers marched away soon afterwards.

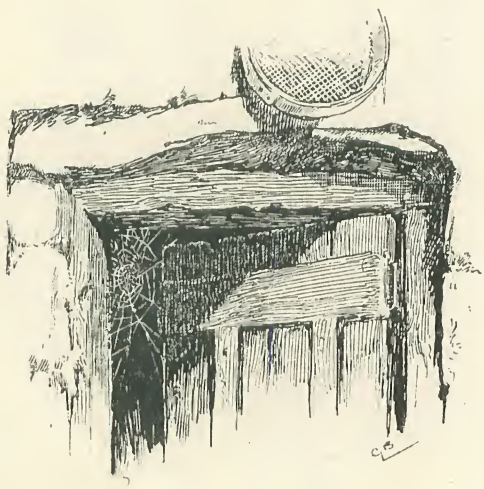
As soon as the chapel was empty I ran to the granary. It is not necessary to tell you with what protestations of gratitude I was received. One second more, and, as I had expected, they would have shut the door, which would have been fatal; but Providence willed it otherwise.

We gave them something to eat, and they remained all the day with us; for it would have been imprudent to have left before night. When night came they left us, after having thanked me much more than I deserved. I had done my duty—nothing more.

We followed them with our eyes upon the road as long as we could. Then they disappeared in the darkness.

Did they escape? Were they discovered, and killed on their way? I have never heard. But I have rejoiced all my life that I, delicate as I am, was able to go through so much without breaking down. Madame Badouillet and Madame Maréchal were both ill afterwards.

And that is my story.

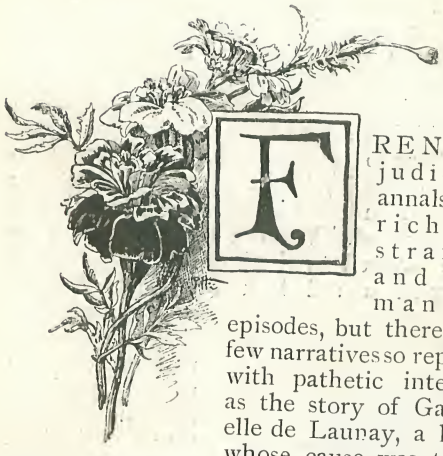


"GABRIELLE JOINED HER PRAYERS TO HER LOVER'S."
(*An Eighteenth Century Juliet.*)

An Eighteenth Century Juliet.

By James Mortimer.

I.



FRENCH judicial annals are rich in strange and romantic episodes, but there are few narratives so replete with pathetic interest as the story of Gabrielle de Launay, a lady whose cause was tried before the High Court of Paris about the middle of the eighteenth century, and created a profound sensation throughout France at that epoch.

Mademoiselle de Launay was the only child of an eminent judge of Toulouse, where Gabrielle was born about the year 1730. M. de Launay, as the President of the Civil Tribunal of Toulouse, occupied a position of distinction, to which he was additionally entitled as a member of one of the leading families of the province. Between himself and the son of the late General de Serres, a deceased friend of the President de Launay, there existed an intimacy which gave colour to the belief entertained in the most exclusive social circles of Toulouse that young Captain Maurice de Serres was selected to be the future husband of the judge's beautiful daughter, then in her eighteenth year, whilst Maurice was nine years her senior. The birth and fortune of the two young people were equally in harmony, and the match thus appeared in every way suitable.

The surmises of the gossips were shortly confirmed by the formal announcement of the betrothal, and Maurice was on the point of asking the approval of his widowed mother, who resided in Paris, when an incident occurred which threatened to dash the cup of happiness from his lips. An official letter from the Minister of War reached Captain de Serres, instructing him, with all despatch, to rejoin his regiment, suddenly ordered abroad on active service in the far East.

The next morning, at an early hour, the young officer presented himself at the residence of President de Launay, greatly to the surprise of the worthy judge and his daughter, to whom he despairingly imparted the untoward tidings. The grief of Maurice and Gabrielle at the prospect of their sudden separation, for a long and uncertain period, was poignant in the extreme, and M. de Launay was himself profoundly distressed by this unexpected blow to his projects for his only child's happiness. After the first outburst, Maurice entreated the President to hasten the marriage and permit Gabrielle to accompany her husband to the Indies, if she would consent to undertake the voyage. Gabrielle joined her prayers to her lover's, but her father refused absolutely to listen to the proposal. Apart from his reluctance to part from his child for an indefinite term, the good President pointed out to the young man the hardships of a voyage to the most distant quarter of the globe, and the danger of exposure to a climate then regarded as fatal to many Europeans.

"Suppose Gabrielle, young as she is, were to sicken and die thousands of miles from her native land," said the President; "could you ever recover from the consequences of your rash imprudence, or could I forgive myself for my own weakness and folly?"

"Then, sir," exclaimed Maurice, passionately, "I only know of one alternative. I will at once resign my commission, and adopt a new profession—I care not what, so that it shall not separate me from the woman I love."

M. de Launay shook his head, and, with a grave smile, replied that such an act would be unworthy of a French soldier and a scion of the noble house of de Serres. As a last resort, Maurice implored the President to sanction the immediate celebration of the marriage, with the understanding that Gabrielle should remain under her father's protection until her husband's return from foreign service, which, he anticipated, would be in about two years. To

this request, also, M. de Launay returned an inflexible negative, without vouchsafing any reason, except that such was his decision.

Finding all his efforts vain, Maurice resigned himself to the inevitable, whilst Gabrielle sadly prepared to obey the command of one to whose behests she had ever yielded a dutiful submission, comforting herself, perchance, with the secret hope that her love and fidelity to Maurice would be more cherished, and invested with a greater heroism in his eyes, after two long, weary years of trial and separation.

In maintaining an attitude of firmness throughout the dilemma in which he had been placed by the inconsiderate passion of the young officer, M. de Launay manifested the possession of all the wisdom requisite in dealing with a difficult problem; but in adhering strictly to the French custom of decorously assisting at all interviews between unmarried young people of opposite sexes, and in failing to leave the lovers together alone for a short time, the President showed a deplorable want of knowledge of the human heart. The thought did not occur to him that a few tears, kisses, and vows of constancy would go far towards reconciling Maurice and Gabrielle to the sweet sorrow of parting, and that with these innocent crumbs of comfort the parental presence is totally uncongenial. Never in the history of love has it been deemed admissible that there should be witnesses to the tender words of farewell, the fond look in each other's eyes, the soft pressure of each other's hands, the whispered oath of eternal fidelity, and the many mysterious nothings which at such times are held sacred. Oblivious of these delicate considerations, the worthy President gave the young people no opportunity for a leave-taking which would have been to them a relief and a precious souvenir. Their parting was one of silence and dejection, but at the last moment Maurice found means to murmur in Gabrielle's ear, "I will be in the garden at midnight, under your window; meet me there to say good-bye." She spoke no word of reply, but a glance at her face assured him that his prayer had been heard and granted. With a tranquil smile, he bade farewell to the President, who again betrayed a sad lack of penetration in accompanying him to the gate, without the remotest suspicion that a clandestine midnight meeting of the lovers had been planned under his own eyes, and that the young officer's sudden composure arose from a joy he found it difficult to conceal.

"FAREWELL."

II.

To both the lovers the hours seemed leaden indeed, until night came. At last, the church clock of Toulouse chimed three-quarters past eleven, and Gabrielle stole tremblingly down to the garden. The night was dark, and not a sound could the young girl hear but the tumultuous beating of her own heart, as she gently withdrew the bolts from the outer door and stepped lightly upon the soft green sward. Filled with dread of the consequences which might ensue if her secret meeting with Maurice should be

discovered by her father, the poor child's remorse for her act of disobedience, as she regarded it, caused her to pause more than once, undecided whether to keep her tacit promise, or to creep back swiftly to her chamber. Before she could adopt the course dictated by prudence and submission to her father's will, she heard a light step behind her, and in another instant she was clasped in her lover's arms. Gently releasing herself, she placed her hand in his, and led him to a low bench close by, under the shadow of a tree. Seated side by side, they spoke in low whispers of their approaching separation and of their mutual sorrow during Maurice's long absence from France. They talked of their occupations, and of the expedients each would adopt to make the time seem less wearisome. They arranged the employment of every day, and fixed the hours when each should breathe the other's name, and thus know that they were in communion of thought, though thousands of miles of ocean rolled between them, forgetting that in widely different climes the day to one would be night to the other. Then, perhaps, this geographical obstacle occurred to them, and they triumphantly vanquished it by promising to think of each other always, awake by day and in dreams by night, which would be the surest method of never being absent for an instant from each other's meditations.

In these lover-like communings the night sped quickly, and over the tree-tops came the silver streaks in the clouds which herald the approach of dawn. They knew that their remaining time must now be short, and for a while they spoke no words. Still they sat side by side upon the bench, Maurice holding Gabrielle's hand folded within his own. Motionless, and with her head leaning forward, she wept in silence, tears of mingled joy and anguish. Maurice felt a strange thrill of rapture in his heart as he gazed in the sweet face of his beautiful betrothed, illumined by the soft rays of the moon, and as if seized with a sudden impulse, he fell upon his knees before her.

"Do you love me, dearest?" he murmured in trembling accents.

"God is my witness," she answered gently, "that I love you better than aught else on earth."

As if startled by the danger of discovery to which they were becoming every instant more and more exposed, the young man sprang hastily to his feet, clasped her in his arms, and kissed her passionately.

"Farewell, my own true love," he said softly. "Farewell until we meet again."

"Must you then leave me?"

"Alas, yes!"

She feared that her own gentleness and calmness at the supreme moment of parting would seem cold and tame in contrast with his exaltation, and, throwing her arms around his neck, she cried—

"Kiss me once more, Maurice; once more!"

Again he pressed his burning lips to hers in one long, last embrace.

"Farewell, Maurice," she sighed. "I feel that, if I were in my shroud, your kiss would recall me back to life!"

And with these prophetic words ringing strangely in his ears, he turned, and fled from her presence.

III.

Four long and eventful years had passed since the lovers' clandestine parting, when Captain de Serres again set foot on the soil of his native land. The transport which brought a portion of his regiment home entered the harbour of Brest early one bright morning in June, and Maurice the same day set out for Paris, his first thought being to embrace his widowed mother, whom he idolised. He had taken the precaution to send her previous intelligence of his return to France, and of his safety, for the poor lady, during nearly two years, had mourned her only son as dead. Of his betrothal to Mademoiselle de Launay she had never known, though she knew of the President by name as one of her late husband's early friends.

When Maurice arrived in Paris, on the second morning after his departure from Brest, and it was vouchsafed to his mother to clasp in her arms the son she had thought gone from her for ever, her joy can only be pictured by those to whom it has been given to taste an unhoped-for happiness. Maurice, too, was happy; but still, after the first emotions of such a meeting, Madame de Serres' keenly observant glance detected in her son's face a strange expression of melancholy, and an air of abstraction in his replies to her anxious questions, which at once aroused all her solicitude. Alarmed at his singular demeanour, she tenderly pressed him to confide to her the cause of his sadness, that she might at least attempt to soothe and console him.

"It is nothing, mother," he said, with an effort to smile, "merely a childish folly, of which a man should be ashamed; but since you imagine that there is some serious cause for my ill-timed depression, I must do my best to reassure you, though I fear you will only laugh at me."

"No, no, my son, I shall not laugh, whatever it may be," replied Madame de Serres. "Explain yourself fully, Maurice, and trust my good sense to make all due allowances."

"Very well, mother," was the answer, "you shall know the exact truth. On my way home this morning, I passed before the church of St. Roch, the entire front of which was heavily hung with black, and decorated for the funeral of some person of note. Such a circumstance, I am aware, is of every-day occurrence in Paris, and would not likely attract the attention of an indifferent passer-by. But upon me the sight of those mournful preparations had a strange and mystic effect, which seemed to chill my blood, and imbued me with a presentiment of evil. I feared—ah! you are smiling at my superstitious weakness, and you are right. But three years of captivity and horrible sufferings have so unstrung me that my restoration to liberty and home seems a miraculous dream, and I tremble to awake lest I should indeed find it to be only a vision after all."

DISASTROUS NEWS.

"My dear Maurice," said his mother, imprinting a kiss on his brow, "let this convince you that it is no dream. The feelings you have described to me I can well understand, and they prove that you cling strongly to your recovered happiness, since you tremble lest it may again be snatched from you by relentless destiny. You must try to forget the trials of the past, and accustom yourself to the present, as if you had never known what it is to suffer. As for your mournful impression at the sight of a church hung with black, you have been so long absent from France that a very ordinary occurrence seems invested with a significance it really does not possess, except for those who have sustained the loss of a dear relative or friend. The funeral decorations you saw this morning were no doubt in honour of the young and beautiful Madame du Bourg, wife of the President du Bourg, chief judge of the Civil Tribunal of Paris."

"The beautiful Madame du Bourg?" repeated the young officer, inquiringly. "Was the fame of her beauty, then, so universal as to become proverbial?"

"Yes, poor young creature," replied Madame de Serres, "though she had only resided in Paris since her union with the President du Bourg, about eighteen months ago. Her husband was nearly thirty years her senior, and the unhappy lady died after an illness of only two days, so I was informed yesterday, leaving an infant six months old. The unfortunate lady herself was scarcely more than a child, and, before her marriage, was the belle of Toulouse, Mademoiselle Gabrielle de Launay."

This disclosure, so simple and so brusque, of a terrible calamity to him, did not at once penetrate sharply and clearly the

mind of Maurice de Serres. He was so utterly unprepared for the blow that for a moment he was unable to realise the disastrous news thus unconsciously imparted to him by his mother. He gazed at her with the air of a man who had not fully grasped the meaning of the words she had spoken, and asked her to repeat them. Then Madame de Serres, remembering that her son had been stationed at Toulouse a few years previously, and might consequently have met the President de Launay and his daughter, framed an evasive reply; but the instant she again named Mademoiselle de Launay, and reverted to the story of her sudden death, Maurice fell, with a cry of anguish, at his mother's feet, as though struck by a mortal wound—a livid pallor overspread his features, his breathing was that of a man struggling against suffocation, and he might have died, had not a flood of tears come to his relief.

In this critical emergency Madame de Serres fortunately retained her presence of mind, and with the ingenuity of maternal instinct, she found means to alleviate the violent grief of her son. With his head pillowed upon her bosom, she talked to him of his lost bride, divining all that had occurred without a word of explanation from Maurice, and gently reproaching him for having failed to tell her, his mother, the story of his love. She found means to reconcile him to the death of Gabrielle—that, he said, was the will of God—but how could he ever forget the broken vow, or forgive the perfidy of her who had called Heaven to witness her promise of fidelity? Then, with admirable tact and delicacy, his mother recalled to his mind his capture by the enemy, and the official report of his death, which, no doubt, had reached Toulouse, and had left Mademoiselle de Launay no resource but resignation to the decree of Providence. Probably, she said, after a long resistance and many tears, the unhappy girl had at last yielded an unwilling obedience to her father's commands, and had consented to a marriage of convenience, in which her affections had borne no part. And so natural and plausible was this theory, that in devising these simple motives in mitigation of Gabrielle's conduct, Madame de Serres told her son the exact truth. Finally, she poured balm into his heart by asking him to consider whether the real cause of Mademoiselle de Launay's early death might not have been sorrow for Maurice's loss, and the bitter wretchedness of her forced marriage with a husband whom she could never love?

These wise arguments were, indeed, not without soothing effect. At all events, after listening to his mother's words for some time, he became more calm, though a keen observer would have divined that his silence was not that of resignation, but the refuge of a mind which conceives a desperate project, weighs its possibility, and resolves upon carrying it into immediate execution. Madame de Serres watched with deep anxiety the expression of her son's face, and, had he once raised his eyes despairingly to hers, she might have read in them a determination to put an end to his life. But she never suspected him of harbouring any design so terrible, and when he entreated that he might be left alone, she acquiesced without hesitation.

Towards nightfall she had the satisfaction of seeing him rejoin her, apparently almost restored to tranquillity. In her presence, and without disguise or concealment, he provided himself with a considerable sum in gold, kissed her, and left the house without uttering a word, nor did Madame de Serres ask for an explanation, or seek to detain him. It was quite dark when Maurice sallied forth into the street, and walked rapidly in the direction of the Rue St. Honoré. On reaching the church of St. Roch, he lost no time in finding the sacristan, and inquired the name of the place where Madame du Bourg had been buried that morning. The information was supplied to him without hesitation, and he set off immediately for the designated cemetery. On arriving at the gates, he found them closed for the night, and experienced some difficulty in rousing the janitor, who was asleep in his lodge. After some demur, the man opened the door to his nocturnal visitor, and inquired his business.

"Let me come in," said Captain de Serres, "and I will tell you."

Seeing before him a young man of aristocratic mien and appearance, the gravedigger, whose curiosity was now fairly aroused, offered no further objection, and showed the way to a little room on the ground floor of the lodge.

"Be seated, sir," he said, civilly, placing a chair. "You are, perhaps, fatigued with your walk."

"No," replied the young officer; "there is no time to be lost."

Then, to the terror and amazement of

MAURICE AND THE GRAVE-DIGGER.

the grave-digger, Maurice, placing in his trembling hands more gold than he had ever before seen in his whole life, implored him to accept it as a reward for committing an act of sacrilege—a crime then punishable with death. Maurice entreated him to remove the earth from the grave he had filled that day, to exhume the corpse of Madame du Bourg, and to break open the coffin which covered the remains of that most unhappy lady, that he, Maurice de Serres, her affianced husband, might look once again upon the woman he had so passionately loved.

Then ensued a long and painful discussion, for the glittering heap of gold, pressed upon the poor man by his tempter, did not succeed in overcoming either the fears or the scruples of the honest grave-digger. To the distracted young officer it was a maddening blow to find that the cupidity upon which he had counted to vanquish the obstacles in his way had no existence, or if it had, was less powerful than the grave-digger's dread of the consequences. Maurice gave full vent to his despair and his tears so moved the heart of the poor man, at whose feet he grovelled in agony, that out of the commiseration he succeeded in inspiring came a consent which neither gold nor entreaties had been able to obtain.

"Come!" said the grave-digger; "if it must be so, follow me!"

He led the way to the dark and silent cemetery, armed with a spade, a coil of rope, and a thick chisel, Maurice carrying his companion's lantern. Stumbling over many a mound of earth, they at last reached the grave in which the dead woman had been buried only a few hours previously. Taking off his jacket, the grave-digger set to work, without uttering a single syllable. In an hour, which to Maurice seemed years of torture, the hollow sound of the spade striking the top of the coffin told them that their sacrilegious task was nearly accomplished. A few moments more, and the united efforts of the two men had succeeded in raising the coffin to the surface. Maurice whispered to the man to remove the lid without noise, but as may well be imagined, such an injunction was needless. Proceeding with the utmost silence and precaution, the grave-digger was not long in loosening the fastenings of the coffin. Then, having now recovered his customary coolness and self-command, he sat down quietly upon a neighbouring tombstone, and mutely motioned to Maurice, who stood gazing at the corpse, as if petrified by the horrible sight. Finding the young man still remained immovable, the grave-digger pointed with his long, bony finger, to the still, white object, and muttered, "Look, 'tis she!"

But Maurice made no response, and

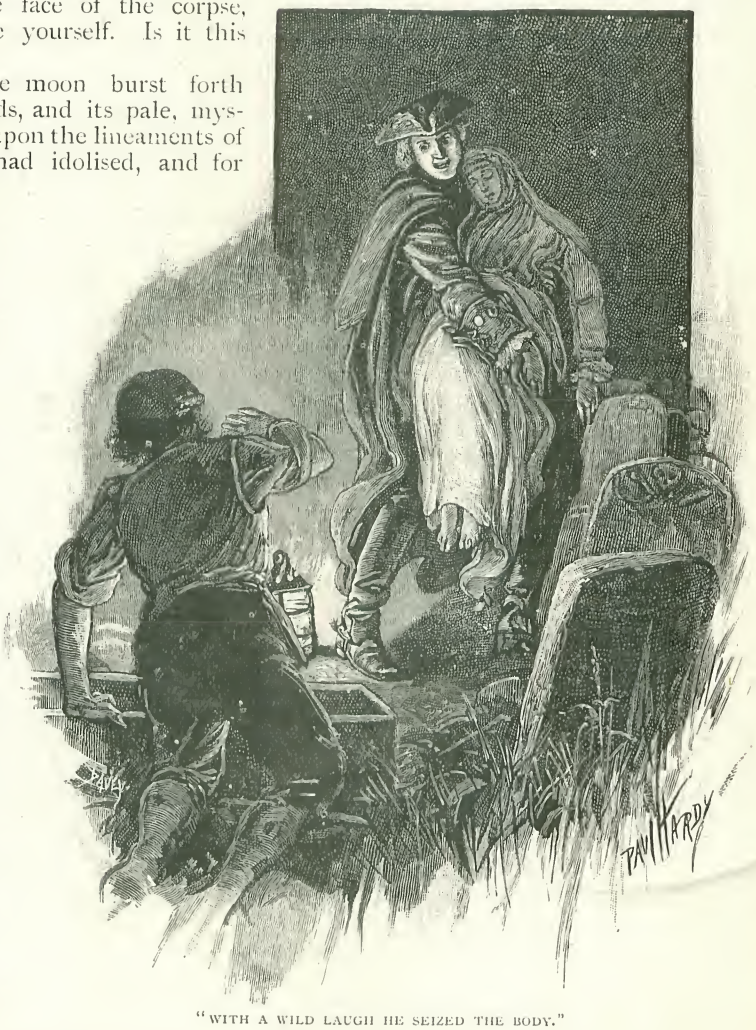
appeared no longer to remember why he was there, nor the crime he had instigated. He heard not the words of his companion, his gaze was fixed upon vacancy, the breath seemed to leave him, and he would have fallen to the ground, had not the other, alarmed at this strange lethargy, seized the young man's arm, and again whispered "Look!" Then slowly lifting the shroud from the face of the corpse, he added, "Convince yourself. Is it this lady?"

At this instant the moon burst forth from behind the clouds, and its pale, mysterious light fell full upon the lineaments of her whom Maurice had idolised, and for whose sake he had committed this horrible deed. Her features bore still the sad, sweet expression he knew so well; the colour of her cheeks had lost little of its rosy tint, and, though her eyes were closed, her lips were half parted, as if about to speak.

Flinging himself upon his knees beside the body, Maurice wept tears which brought his anguish some relief. With passionate sobs he recalled the story of their love, of their young hopes, of their betrothal, and of their sudden and piteous separation, and he bitterly reproached himself for having yielded obedience to her father's commands, and left her to be sacrificed a victim to that father's unbending will.

As he spoke he gently raised her in his arms and looked closely in her face. At that instant memory brought back to him her parting words, years before, when, as they said farewell, he had pressed his lips to hers. The scene flashed across his brain with the rapidity of lightning, and, as if urged by some sudden inspiration, he stooped and kissed her, as he had kissed her on that too well remembered night.

No sooner had his lips touched hers than he uttered a terrible cry, and rose to his feet, trembling convulsively. Then, with a wild laugh, he seized the body, and before the astonished grave-digger could interpose, the young officer fled from the spot with his burden in his arms, springing over the graves, and threading his rapid course among the tombs, as if the weight he bore were no more encumbrance to his flight than a flake of falling snow. With almost supernatural force and rapidity the madman, as the amazed and bewildered grave-digger now felt assured he was, made good his escape, like a tiger carrying off his prey.



"WITH A WILD LAUGH HE SEIZED THE BODY."

Seeing that pursuit was useless—even if

he had contemplated such a course—the poor man hastened to remove the evidence of the sacrilege in which he had played so prominent a part. Lowering the empty coffin into the open grave, he rapidly threw in the earth, and in a short time the spot showed no trace of having been disturbed since the interment of the preceding morning. Then the grave-digger gathered together the implements of his trade and stole back to his lodge, muttering imprecations upon his mad visitor, and upon himself for having assisted in committing a crime fraught with such formidable danger to its perpetrators, should the horrible deed ever be brought to light.

IV.

Nearly five years had passed away since that eventful night, and, during that long period, nothing had occurred to revive the fears of the conscience-stricken grave-digger, or to give rise to his misgivings that the theft of Madame du Bourg's corpse might by some means be discovered. In fact, after carefully weighing all the circumstances, he had finally come to the conclusion that he had been the victim of a conspiracy hatched by medical students, one having played the principal part in the abominable transaction, and the other or others waiting outside the cemetery to assist in making off with the "subject," should the nefarious plot succeed. The students (if this hypothesis were correct) would never betray the secret, for obvious reasons; and so long a time having now elapsed since the burial of the unhappy lady, the contingency of an authorised exhumation for any cause whatever became daily more and more remote.

On All Souls' Day the bereaved husband came regularly each year to pray at his dead wife's tomb, and each year the grave-digger observed him with feelings of remorse, as if it were adding to his weight of guilt in standing near while the worthy President du Bourg knelt reverently beside the mound beneath which was buried only an empty coffin. The sight of this futile annual pilgrimage possessed for the repentant grave-digger a fascination impossible to resist, and amongst all the mourners who visited the cemetery on that solemn day, he took note of none save M. du Bourg, before whom he more than once felt tempted to throw himself and confess all.

When the anniversary came round again, the grave-digger stationed himself at his usual post of observation, and saw the President draw near to his wife's tomb, over which he immediately bent in prayer. Both he and the contrite grave-digger were so deeply absorbed in thought that they did not notice the approach of a woman, who uttered a suppressed cry as she caught sight of the recumbent figure. Turning involuntarily and looking quickly up, M. du Bourg instantly recognised, in the person who had interrupted his meditations, no other than the wife whose death he had mourned so long. The grave-digger also remembered well the pale, beautiful face, from which he had removed the shroud five years before, and he instantly fell to the ground, insensible. But before the startled husband could recover from his amazement, Gabrielle, for it was she, swept past him like the wind and was gone. Following her retreating form in the distance, the President reached the cemetery gates in time to see her leap into a carriage with emblazoned panels, which, before he could reach the spot, was driven rapidly away towards the centre of Paris. M. du Bourg then returned to the place where he had seen the grave-digger fall in a swoon, hoping to derive some information from the stranger who had been thus terror-struck at sight of the unexpected apparition, but the man had been already carried to his lodge, and died an hour afterwards without recovering consciousness.

Losing no time, the President addressed himself to the Lieutenant-General of Police, by whom inquiries were set on foot without delay, and it was speedily established that the carriage, which many persons had observed in waiting at the cemetery gates, bore the arms of the noble house of de Serres. As M. du Bourg was aware of his late wife's early attachment to the young officer whose death abroad had been officially reported a few months previous to her marriage, the motive of her disappearance, if she were still alive, was clearly explained. But the mystery of her existence five years after her supposed death and burial must now be immediately unravelled.

By order of the authorities, the grave in which Madame du Bourg had been interred was opened, and the empty, broken coffin was found. This discovery fully confirmed the suspicions of the President du Bourg, and prompted him in the course he now resolved to pursue.

V.

MEANWHILE Madame Julie de Serres, the young and lovely wife whom Captain Maurice de Serres had married abroad five years previously, and now brought to Paris for the first time, returned that day to her husband's house in a state of the utmost alarm and agitation. Pale and trembling, she begged to be conducted to Maurice, and the pair remained closeted together for several hours. At last, in outward semblance perfectly calm, she rejoined the Countess, her husband's mother, and from that day resumed the ordinary current of life as though nothing had arisen to mar its serenity.

"SHE BEGGED TO BE CONDUCTED TO MAURICE."

About a fortnight had elapsed since the occurrences above related, and the incident in the cemetery appeared to have been forgotten, or if remembered by the chance witnesses of the scene, it was generally supposed that the mysterious lady who had been seen by M. du Bourg merely bore a fortuitous resemblance to the President's deceased wife. But during these few days, aided by all the power in the hands of the Lieutenant-General of Police, M. du Bourg instituted a searching and systematic investigation, firmly resolved as he was to know the truth. Without in the least suspecting that their every movement was watched, Captain de Serres and his wife were surrounded with spies, who rendered a daily report of their minutest actions. Maurice having come to the conclusion that it would be imprudent to leave Paris, there was no difficulty in keeping him under constant observation. Setting to work like an experienced lawyer, M. du Bourg rapidly collected evidence of the greatest importance. Through the Minister of War, he ascertained the exact date of Captain de Serres' return to France, after his captivity and supposed death in the Indies. At the passport office he found out the day of the young officer's departure shortly after his arrival in Paris. The postillions whom he had employed on his journey to Havre were discovered and interrogated. From them it was elicited that the traveller had been accompanied to the coast by a lady closely veiled, who never left the carriage until the pair reached their destination. The name of the vessel in which M. de Serres and a lady inscribed as his cousin had taken passage to South America was ferreted out, and the ship's journal was brought to Paris.

Armed with these formidable proofs, the President du Bourg demanded from the High Court of Paris the dissolution of the illegal marriage between Captain Maurice de Serres and the pretended Julie de Serres, who, as M. du Bourg solemnly declared, was Gabrielle du Bourg, his lawful wife.

The extraordinary novelty of this cause created an immense sensation throughout Europe, and pamphlets were exchanged by the faculty, some maintaining that a prolonged trance had given rise to the belief

in the apparent death of Madame du Bourg, whilst others as stoutly affirmed that resuscitation under such circumstances was an absolute impossibility. This latter theory secured the majority of partisans amongst medical men, and after calculating the number of hours which it was stated that Madame du Bourg had continued to exist in her grave, the fact was conclusively established that no case of a similar lethargy had ever previously been recorded.

VI.

In due course the hearing of this extraordinary suit came before the high tribunal of Paris, and Madame Julie de Serres was summoned to appear in court, and answer the questions of the judges. She was confronted with M. du Bourg, and was surprised and indignant at his pretensions. The father of Gabrielle de Launay came from Toulouse, and burst

"MAMMA, WON'T YOU KISS ME?"

M. de Serres himself expressed the most profound and unaffected pity for his adversary, and acknowledged that when he had first met the lady who now bore his name, her marvellous likeness to Gabrielle de Launay had struck him with awe and amazement. This declaration was made with such evident sincerity that it carried conviction to the minds of all who heard it, and few doubted but that the President du Bourg had either lost his reason or was the instigator of a corrupt and knavish conspiracy.

into tears at the sight of one who bore so wondrous a resemblance to his dead daughter; nor could he find words in which to address the lady who seemed the living image of his only child, and who calmly denied all knowledge of him. The judges, in much perplexity, looked at each other in troubled silence and indecision. Madame de Serres, in simple language, told the story of her entire life. She was an orphan, she said, born in South America, of a French father and a Spanish mother, and had never

left her native country until her marriage. The legal certificate was produced, attesting the marriage of Maurice de Serres and Julie de Nerval, and, with other formal documents, was laid before the court. After hearing the pleas of the distinguished advocates engaged on both sides, the judges consulted together for a short time, and announced that their decision would be given at the next sitting of the tribunal.

On the following day the court was crowded to excess, and it was rumoured amongst the many ladies and gentlemen of position who were present that a majority of the judges were so thoroughly convinced of the preposterous character of the President du Bourg's claim as to render certain a decree in favour of Captain de Serres and his wife. Amidst a sympathetic silence —for popular opinion was almost unanimously enlisted on the side of the defendants in this unprecedented case — the President of the High Court commenced in a grave voice the delivery of the judgment, when suddenly M. du Bourg, who had not been present at the commencement of that day's proceedings, entered the court, leading by the hand a little girl of five or six summers. At this moment Madame de Serres, her face lighted up with a smile of exultation, was seated by the side of her advocate, directly in front of the Bench, and in full view of the public. Conversing in animated tones with her counsel, she did not observe the entrance of M. du Bourg ; but in a moment a tiny hand was placed in her own, and a child's soft voice said timidly—

"Mamma, won't you kiss me ? "

Madame de Serres turned quickly, uttered a sharp cry, and, clasping the child in her arms, covered it with tears and caresses. The daughter and wife had complete control over the emotions of Nature, but the mother's heart had not the strength to resist the sudden strain.

From that moment the case before the court, and still undecided, assumed a totally different aspect. Springing to his feet in an instant, the advocate of the unhappy lady unhesitatingly proclaimed the identity of his client, and now called upon the judges to annul her marriage with M. du Bourg, which had been dissolved, he declared solemnly, by the hand of death. Turning towards M. du Bourg, he exclaimed with fiery eloquence—

"Sir, you have no right to demand from the earth the body you have consigned to the grave. Leave this woman to him by whose act, and by whose act alone, she lives. Her existence belongs to him, and you can only claim a corpse."

Had the brilliant advocate been pleading the cause of a beautiful woman before a modern Parisian jury, he might have indulged some hope of success, but a hundred and fifty years ago the law of France was not swayed by sentiment. The judges were unmoved by this vehement outburst, and prepared to alter their decree in conformity with the facts elicited through the presence of the child. The wretched wife and mother then entreated permission to spend the remainder of her days in the seclusion of a convent. This, too, was refused, and she was formally condemned to return to the house of her first husband.

Two days after this judgment had been rendered, she obeyed. The gates swung wide open before her, and, dressed in white, pale and weeping, she entered the great hall, where the President du Bourg, surrounded by his entire household, stood awaiting her arrival.

Approaching him, and pressing a phial to her lips, she gasped forth the words, "I restore to you what you lost"—and fell dead at his feet, poisoned.

The same night, despite his devoted mother's efforts to save him, Captain du Serres died by his own hand.

A Day with an East-End Photographer.

HERE y'are now, on'y sixpence for yer likeness, the 'ole thing, 'strue's life. Come inside now, won'tcher? No waitin'. Noo instanteraneous process."

Thus, with the sweet seductiveness of an East-end tout, was a photographer endeavouring to inveigle 'Arry and 'Arriet into his studio, which was situated—well, "down East som'ere," as the inhabitants themselves would describe the locality. It was somewhere near the Docks; somewhere, you may be sure, close bordering upon that broad highway that runs 'twixt Aldgate and the Dock-gates, for within those boundaries the tide of human life flows most strongly, and the photographer hoped, by stationing himself there, to catch a few of the passers-by, thrown in his way like flotsam and jetsam. He was not disappointed in this expectation. While daylight lasted there was generally a customer waiting in his little back parlour, enticed thither by the blandishments of the tout outside.

THE ESTABLISHMENT.

The establishment was not prepossessing to an eye cultivated in the appearance of the artistic façades of photographers in the West. The frontage consisted of a little shop, with diminutive windows, which it was the evident desire of the proprietor to make the most of by engaging in other commercial pursuits.

There seemed to be an incongruity in the art of the photographer being associated with the sale of coals, firewood, potatoes, sweets, and gingerbeer, but the East-enders apparently did not trouble themselves to consider this in the least. There was, indeed, a homely flavour about this miscellaneous assortment of useful and edible articles, which commended itself to their mind. What was more natural than that 'Arry, having indulged in the luxury of a photograph, should pursue his day's dissipation by treating his 'Arriet to a bottle of the exhilarating "pop," to say nothing of a bag of sweets to eat on their holiday journey.

The coals, firewood, and potato department, so far from being regarded as in any way derogatory to the photographer's profession, was rather calculated to impress the natives, who were accustomed to look upon a heap of coals—to say nothing of the firewood and potatoes—as a material sign of prosperity.

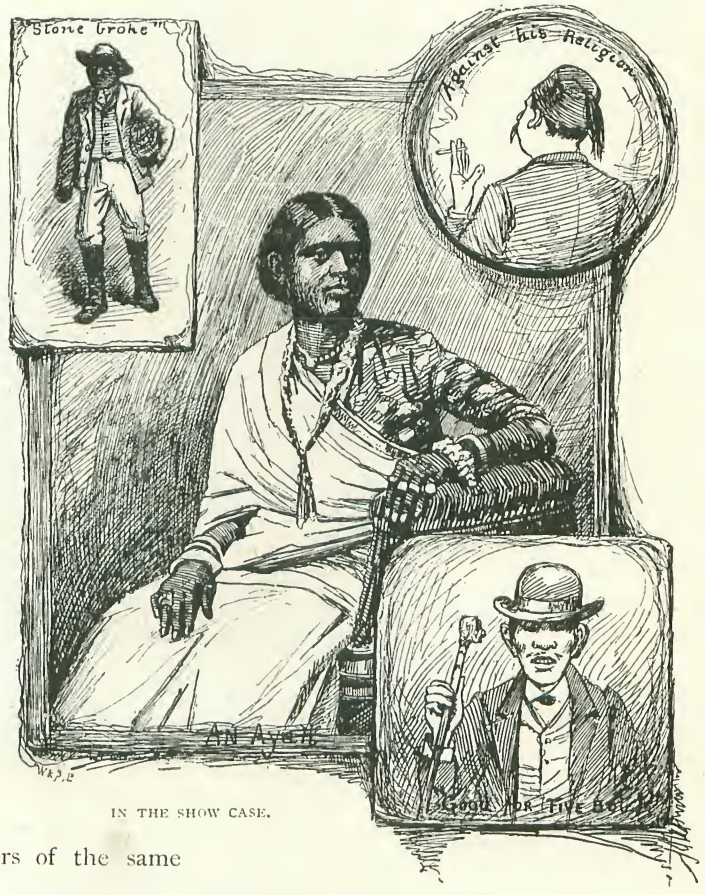
So far as the photographer was concerned it was a matter of necessity as well as choice that he came to be thus associated, for it transpired that he had married the buxom woman, whom we now see behind the counter, at a time when he was trying hard to make ends meet in the winter season, when photography is at a discount. She, on the

other hand, had a thriving little business of the general nature we have indicated, and was mourning the loss of the partner who had inaugurated the shop, and for a time had shared with her his joys and sorrows. The photographer had won her heart by practising his art on Hampstead Heath the last Bank Holiday, and the happy acquaintance thus formed had ripened into one of such mutual affection that the union was consummated, and another department was added to the little general business by the conversion of the yard at the back into a photographic studio.

The placards announcing the price of coals and firewood, and the current market rates of potatoes, were elevated to the topmost panes of the window, and the lower half was filled with a gorgeous array of specimen portraits in all the glory of their tinsel frames.

From that day the shop was a huge attraction, and the proprietor of the wax-work show over the way cast glances of ill-concealed envy and jealousy at the crowd which had deserted his frontage for the later inducements opposite.

The incoming vessels from foreign ports brought many visitors, and generally a few customers. To the foreign element the window was especially fascinating. Many a face of strange mien stared in at the window, and the photographer being somewhat of an adept with an instantaneous camera, would often secure a "snap shot" of some curious countenance, the owner of which could not be enticed within. These would duly appear in the show cases, and served as decoys to others of the same nationality.



IN THE SHOW CASE.

There was the solemn-faced Turk in showy fez, and with dainty cigarette 'twixt his fingers, who surveyed the window with immutable countenance, and was imperious to all the unction of the tout. This latter worthy was not aware that it was against the religion of the "unspeakable Turk" to be photographed, or he would not have wasted his energy on such an unpromising customer.

The negro sailor was apparently struck with the presentments of the other members of his race, but asseverated that he was "stone broke," and did not own a cent to pay for a photograph. He had spent such small earnings as he had received, and was now on his way back to his vessel. "Me no good, me no money," he told the tout, who turned away from him in disgust.

There has so far been a good many passers-by to-day for every likely customer, and the tout is almost in despair. "Rotters," he mutters; "not a blessed tanner among 'em."

Ah! here's his man, though, and he is on the alert for his prey, as he sees a

dapper little figure with unmistakable Japanese features come sauntering down the street. He is dressed in the most approved style of the East-end tailor, who no doubt has assured him that he is a "reg'lar masher." So evidently thinks the little Jap, as he shoots his cuffs forward, flourishes his walking cane, and displays a set of ivory white teeth in his guileless Celestial smile. The tout rubs his hands with a business-like air of satisfaction as he sees the victim safely handed over to the tender mercies of the operator within. "Safe for five bobs' worth, that 'un," he soliloquises, winking at no one in particular, but possibly just to relieve his feelings by the force of habit.

The next customer attracted was an Ayah, or Hindoo nurse, a type often to be seen in the show-case of the East-end photographer. These women find their way to England through engagements as nurses to Anglo-Indian families coming home, and they work their way back by re-engagements to families outward bound. Whenever a P. & O. boat arrives there will most probably be seen one or more of these women, whose stately walk and Oriental attire at once attract attention.

Prominent also among the natives who find their way up from the Docks are the Malay sailors, in their picturesque white dresses. Sometimes the photographer secures a couple for a photo, but as a rule they have little money. "Like all the rest o' them blessed haythens," says the tout, "not a bloomin' meg among a 'ole baker's dozen of 'em."

"NOW, LOOK PLEASANT!"

The faces of such types are not, however, interesting to the East-enders. Their interest in the window display is only heightened when familiar faces make their appearance in the tinsel frames. There was, for instance, positive excitement in the neighbourhood when a highly-coloured portrait of the landlord of a well-known beershop in the same street was added to the collection.

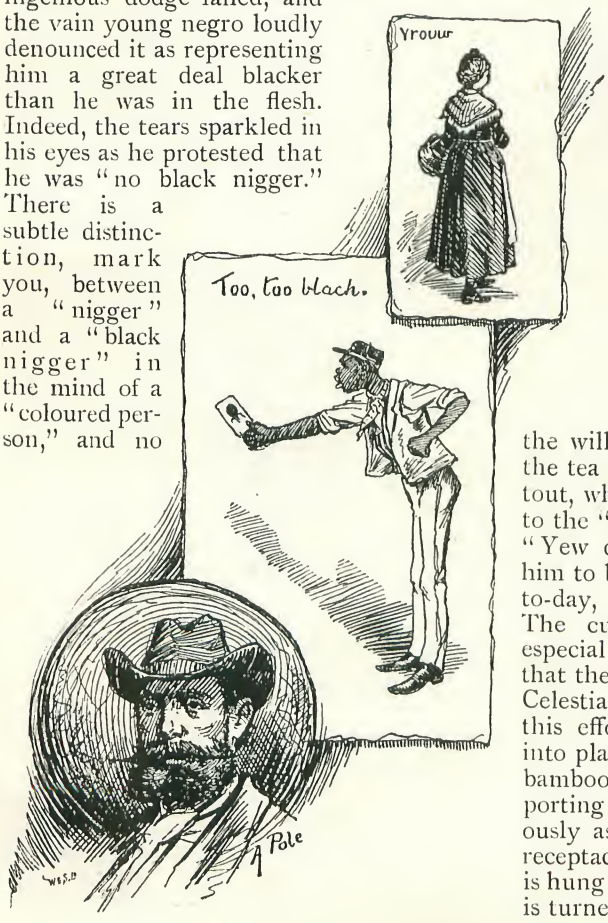
Everyone recognised the faithfulness at once, though it was irreverently hinted that in the colouring the exact shade of the gentleman's nose had not been faithfully copied.

One can imagine the feelings of pride with which the photographer had posed his worthy neighbour, who had arrayed himself in all the glory of his Sunday best suit.

"Head turned a little this way, please! Yes—now — look at this—yes—now, look pleasant!"

Everything would have gone well at this point, but the dog, which it was intended should form an important adjunct to the picture, and symbolically typify the sign of the house—"The Jolly Dog"—set up a mournful howl, and made desperate efforts to get away from the range of that uncanny instrument in front of him. However, the photographer waited for a more favourable moment, and while the dog was considering the force of his master's remarks, the exposure was successfully made. The result was regarded as quite a *chef d'œuvre* in the eyes of those who stopped to gaze at it as it hung in a place of honour in the window of the little front shop.

The "reg'lar" East-enders, as distinguished from the foreign element, were, indeed, very easy to please; but, unfortunately, they were not the mainstay of the photographer's business. He must needs look for other customers to eke out a living. And here his difficulties began. He had to be careful not to take a certain low type of Jewish features in profile, for the foreign Jew, once he has been acclimatised, does not like to look "sheeny"; and the descendants of Ham—euphemistically classed under the generic term of "gentlemen of colour"—were always fearful lest their features should come out too dark. One young negro who came to be photographed expressly stipulated that he should not be made to look black. To obviate this difficulty, the photographer wets his customer's face with water, so as to present a shiny appearance to the lens of the camera, and a brighter result is thus secured. On this particular occasion the ingenious dodge failed, and the vain young negro loudly denounced it as representing him a great deal blacker than he was in the flesh. Indeed, the tears sparkled in his eyes as he protested that he was "no black nigger." There is a subtle distinction, mark you, between a "nigger" and a "black nigger" in the mind of a "coloured person," and no greater insult can be levelled at him than to apply the latter epithet.



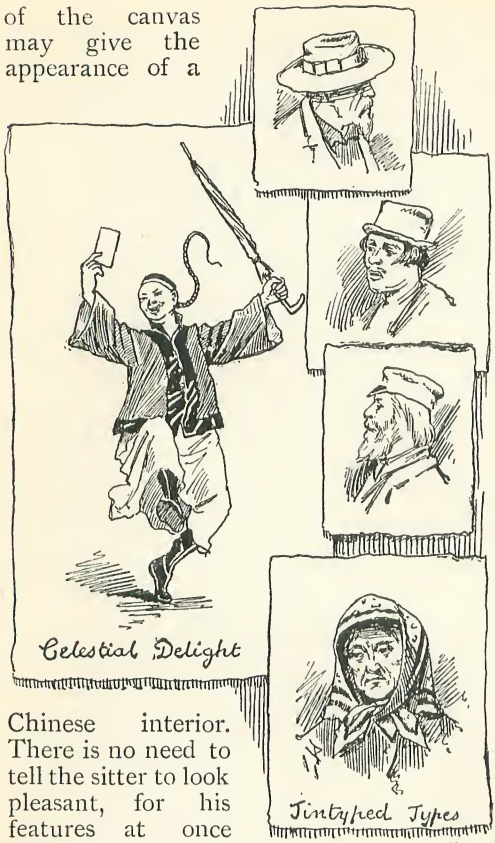
The tout's thoughts are soon distracted by the appearance of a German fraulein, evidently of very recent arrival in England, who is admiring the photos in the window. She is arrayed in a highly-coloured striped dress, which is not of a length that would be accepted at the West-end, for it reaches only to the ankles, and shows her feet encased in a clumsy pair of boots. An abnormally large green umbrella which she carries is another characteristic feature that seems inseparable from women of this type.

The tout has a special method of alluring the women folk within the studio. He has a piece of mirror let into one of the tinsel frames which he carries in his hand as specimens. He holds this up before the woman's face, and asks her to observe what a picture she would make. This little artifice seldom fails to attract the women, whatever their nationality, for vanity is vanity all the world over.

John Chinaman is quite as easily satisfied, and the tout has no difficulty in drawing him within, but the drawback to his custom is that he seldom has any money, or, if he has any, is not inclined to part with it. It is just a "toss-up," as the tout says, whether he will pay, if he gets the Celestial inside, though it is worth the risk when business is not very brisk.

Here is one fine specimen of a Celestial coming along. Western civilisation, as yet, has made no impression upon him, and he looks for all the world the Chinaman of the willow-pattern plate in the window of the tea shop. John falls an easy prey to the tout, who ushers him inside, and whispers to the "Guv'nor" in a mysterious aside: "Yew du 'im for nothin', if ye can't get him to brass up. Lots o' Chaneymen about to-day, an' 'e'll advertise the business." The customer is thereupon posed with especial favour, the photographer feeling that the reputation of the business in the Celestial mind depends on the success of this effort. Chinese accessories are called into play; John Chinaman is seated in a bamboo chair, against a bamboo table, supporting a flower vase which looks suspiciously as though it had once served as a receptacle for preserved ginger. Overhead is hung a paper lantern, and the background is turned round so that the stretcher frame

of the canvas may give the appearance of a

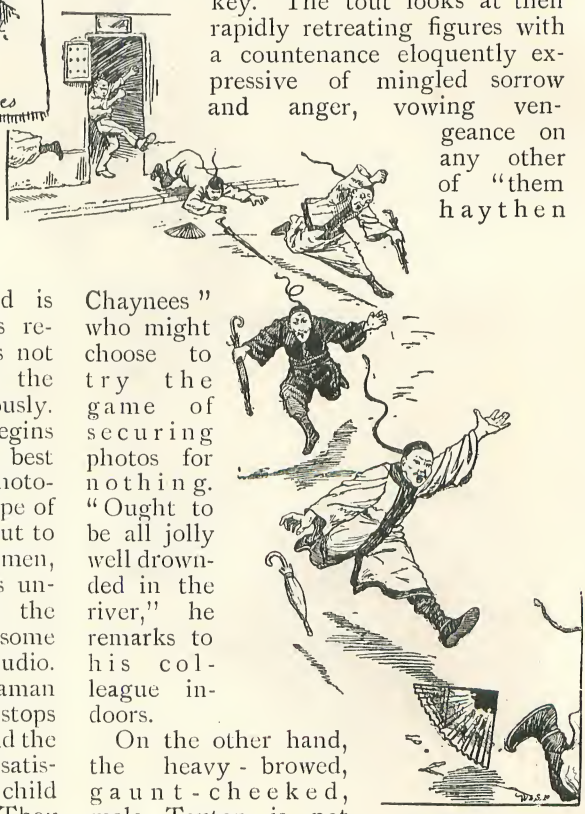


Chinese interior. There is no need to tell the sitter to look pleasant, for his features at once expand into that peculiar smile which Bret Harte has described as "child-like and bland."

The photo is duly completed and handed over to the customer for his inspection and approval. He manifests quite a childish delight, and is about to depart with it, when he is reminded by word and sign that he has not paid. John very well understands the meaning of it all, but smiles vacuously. When, however, the photographer begins to look threatening, he whines in his best English that he has no money. The photographer slaps him all round in the hope of hearing a jingle of concealed coins, but to no purpose. "Another blessed specimen, gratis!" he mutters, as he allows his unprofitable customer to depart with the photo, in the hope that it will attract some of his fellow-countrymen to the studio. This seems quite likely, for the Chinaman goes off in a transport of delight. He stops now and again to survey the photo, and the appearance of it evidently gives such satisfaction that he goes dancing off like a child to show it to his Celestial brethren. They straightway resolve also to go and have a photograph for nothing.

A group of chattering Chinamen soon appear in front of the photographer's shop, with the late customer in the midst explaining how the trick is done. It seems to be finally resolved that they should go in one at a time, the others waiting outside. One young member of the party accordingly steps forward, and the tout, delighted to find the bait has so soon taken, never considers the possibility that this customer likewise has no money.

The same scene is enacted as in the previous case, but when it comes to the point of paying for the photo, and John Chinaman is found to be absolutely penniless, there is an unrehearsed ending to the little comedy. The proprietor of the photographic establishment seizes the Chinaman by the collar and drags him into the front shop, where the tout, in instant comprehension of the state of affairs, takes the offender in hand and very neatly kicks him over the doorstep, whence he falls into the midst of his compatriots, who all take to their heels, screaming in a high-pitched key. The tout looks at their rapidly retreating figures with a countenance eloquently expressive of mingled sorrow and anger, vowing vengeance on any other of "them haythen Chaynees" who might choose to try the game of securing photos for nothing. "Ought to be all jolly well drownded in the river," he remarks to his colleague indoors.



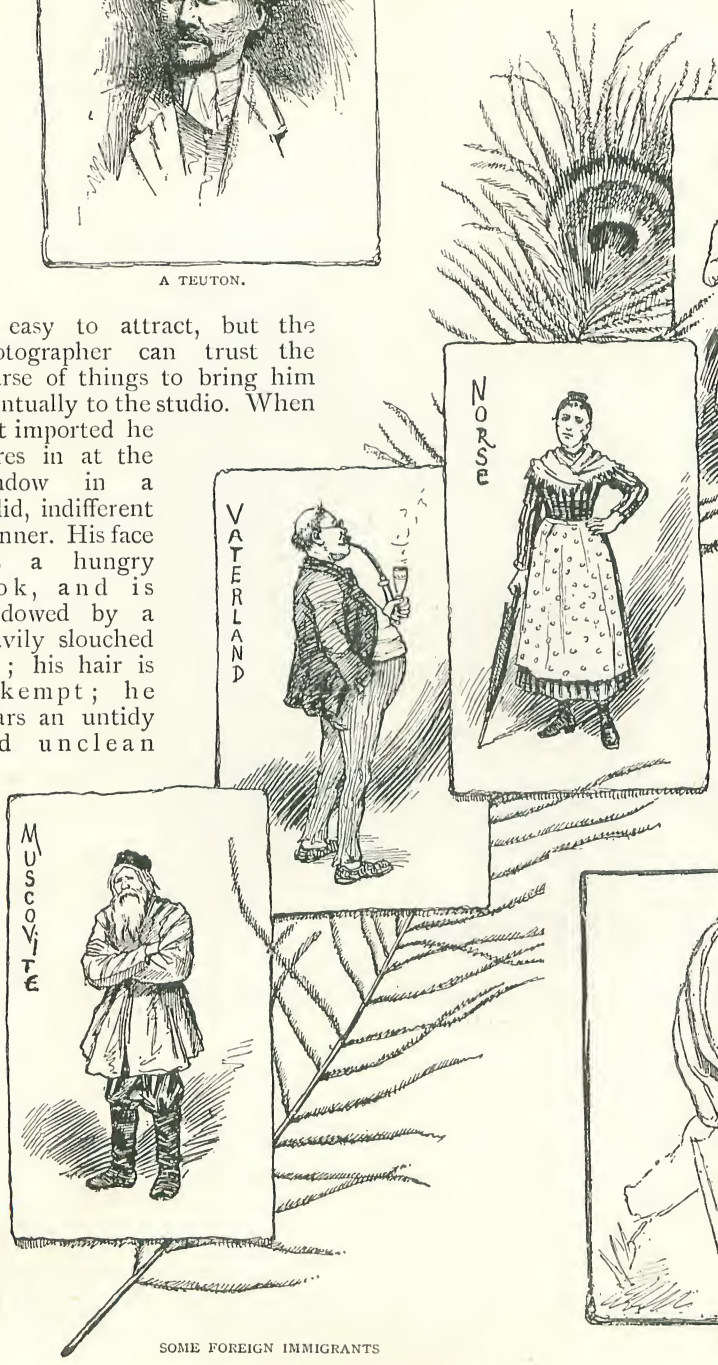
"KICKED OUT."

On the other hand, the heavy-browed, gaunt-cheeked, male Teuton is not

A TEUTON.

so easy to attract, but the photographer can trust the course of things to bring him eventually to the studio. When first imported he stares in at the window in a stolid, indifferent manner. His face has a hungry look, and is shadowed by a heavily slouched hat; his hair is unkempt; he wears an untidy and unclean scarf; his boots are big and heavy, and his trousers several inches too short for him.

In a short time, however, he will blossom forth into a billycock hat, with broad and curly brim of the most approved East-end cut; patent leather boots to match, and a very loud red tie. The hungry look has by this time given way to a sleek, well-fed nature, and he will stroll along with a Teuton sweet-heart, likewise transformed very much from her former self. The short, gaudily-striped dress has given way to the latest "'krect thing" in East-



SOME FOREIGN IMMIGRANTS

AN ORIENTAL.

end fashion, and the green stuff umbrella has gone the way of the striped skirt, to be replaced by the latest novelty in "husband beaters." Then it is that the Teutonic 'Arry and 'Arriet patronise the photographer, and rejoice his heart with, perhaps, a five-shilling order.

The show-case of the East-end photographer gives one a very fair idea of the evolution of the foreign immigrant.

The tout seemed to know the history of every person whose photograph was displayed in the show-case, and he was rattling it off to us at a rate which precluded any possibility of storing it up in our memory, when a slight diversion was created by a coster's barrow, drawn by a smart little pony, being driven up to the front of the photographer's. The driver was Mr. Higgins, we learnt, and the other occupants of the barrow were Mrs. Higgins and the infant son and heir to the Higgins' estate, which was reputed to be something considerable in the costermongers' way, as was evidenced by the fact that Mr. Higgins was enabled to keep a pony to draw his barrow. Mrs. Higgins had determined that 'Enery—*ætat* one year and eight months—should have his photograph taken and afterwards be glorified in a coloured enlargement. Mr. Higgins had assented to this being done regardless of expense. It was a weighty responsibility for the photographer, who always considered the taking of babies was not his strong point. But he reflected upon the increased fame which would accrue to his business if he was successful, and he determined to do it or perish in the attempt.

"YOUNG HIGGINS."

He made hasty preparations by selecting the most tempting stick of toffy he could find in the sweetstuff window, and the tout was instructed to procure from a neighbouring toy shop a doll, a rattle, a penny trumpet, and other articles dear to the juvenile mind.

The youthful Higgins was duly placed in a chair, behind which Mrs. Higgins was ensconced with a view to assisting the photographer by preserving a proper equilibrium in the sitter, and also ensuring confidence in the infantile mind.

So far, the child had been quietly sucking his thumb and surveying the studio with an interested air, but no sooner was his attention directed to the photographer than a distrustful frown settled upon his face, and his irritation at the photographer's presence found expression in a yell of infantile wrath. The more the photographer tried to conciliate by flourishing the toys the more the child yelled. The photographer danced and sung, and blew the penny trumpet, and was about to give up the operation in despair, when it dawned on him that he had forgotten the toffy stick. It was produced, and had its effect. On being assured by Mrs. Higgins, behind the chair, that the "ducksy darling would have its toffy stick," the youthful sitter held that prospective joy with his tear-glistening eye, and the photographer seizing a favourable moment performed the operation with a sigh of satisfaction. Baby Higgins had its toffy stick, Mrs. Higgins had a pleasing photo of her infant offspring, and the photographer proudly congratulated himself on

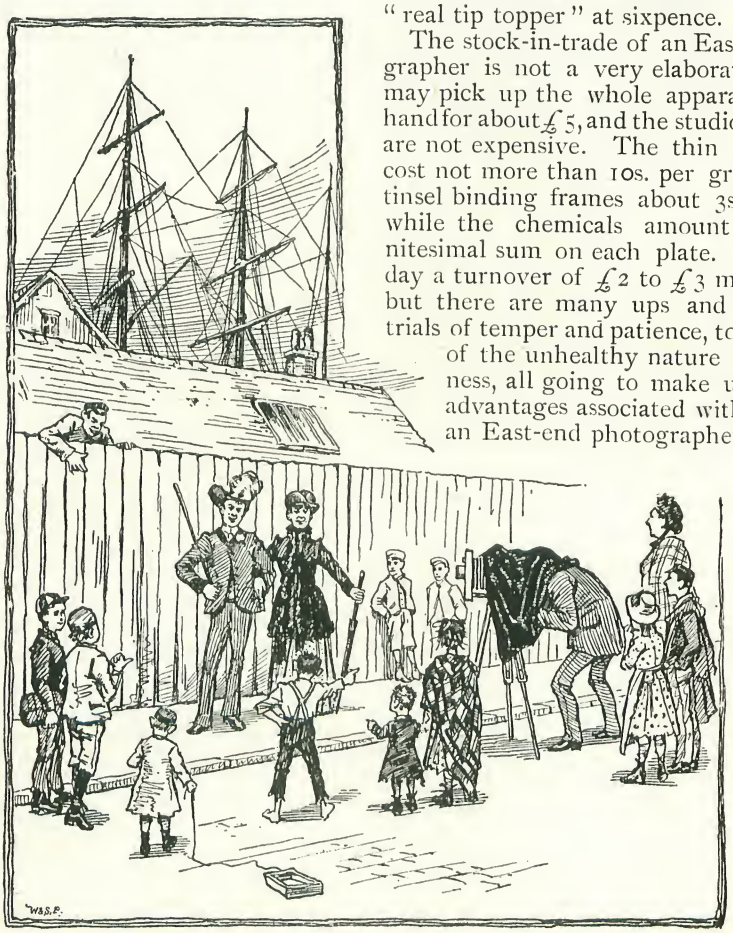
having so successfully performed his task. The production of such elaborate efforts as the coloured enlargements was, however, attended with disadvantages and disappointments at times. It was hard to give entire satisfaction to such exacting critics in these matters as the East-end folk, and there was always the risk that the picture might be thrown upon his hands if not liked.

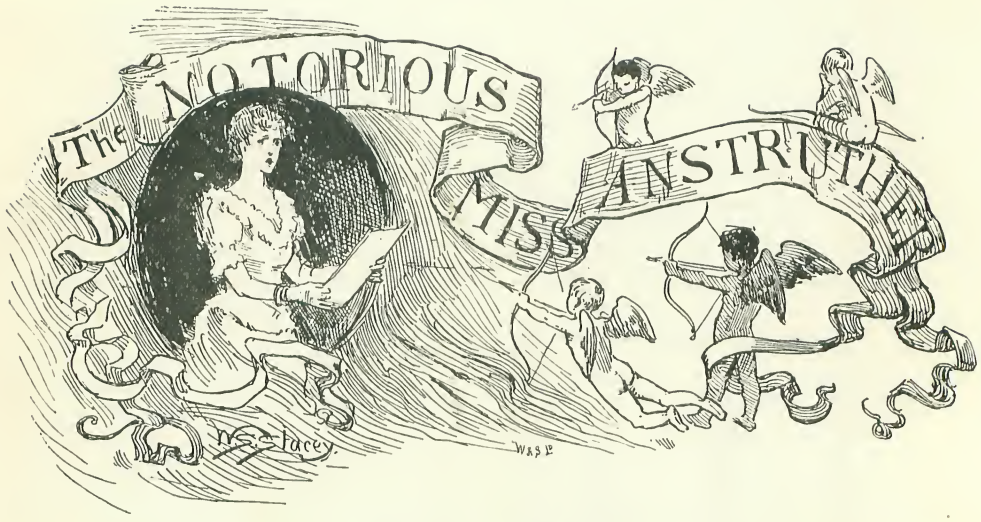
Taking it all round, his time was much more profitably employed out of doors on high days and holidays, in taking sixpenny "tintypes" "while you wait."

We have seen him on a Bank Holiday beaming with good luck. He has started out early in the morning with the intention of proceeding to Hampstead, but instead of going direct thither, he pitches his camera near the walls of the Docks, and manages to catch a good many passers-by before they have had the opportunity of spending their money in the pleasures of a London Bank Holiday. Here he has succeeded in inducing 'Arry and 'Arriet to have their photos taken.

Such is a chapter in the life of an East-end photographer. To-day he may be doing a "roaring" business, but to-morrow he may be reduced to accepting the twopences and threepences of children who club together and wait upon him with a demand that he will take "Me, an' Mary Ann, an' little Mickey all for thruppence." He invariably assents, knowing that, though there can be little profit, the photo will create a feeling of envy in the minds of other children who will decide on having a "real tip topper" at sixpence.

The stock-in-trade of an East-end photographer is not a very elaborate one. He may pick up the whole apparatus second-hand for about £5, and the studio and fittings are not expensive. The thin metal plates cost not more than 10s. per gross, and the tinsel binding frames about 3s. per gross, while the chemicals amount to an infinitesimal sum on each plate. On a good day a turnover of £2 to £3 may be made, but there are many ups and downs, and trials of temper and patience, to say nothing of the unhealthy nature of the business, all going to make up many disadvantages associated with the life of an East-end photographer.





By E. W. Hornung.

IT is prejudicial to the nicest girl in this unjust world to be asked in marriage too frequently. Things come out, and she gets the name of being a heartless flirt; her own sex add, that she cannot be a very nice girl. A flirt she is, of a surety, but why heartless, and why not a nice girl? So grave defects do not follow. The flirt who doesn't think she is one—the flirt with a set of sham principles and ideals, and a misleading veneer of soul—is heartless, if you like, and something worse. Now the girl who gets herself proposed to regularly once a week in the season is far less contemptible; she is not contemptible at all, for how could she know that you meant so much more than she did? She only knows a little too much to take your word for this.

A sweetly pretty and highly accomplished young girl, little Miss Anstruther came to know too much to dream of taking any man's word on this point. She was reputed to have refused more offers than a good girl ought to get; for what in the very beginning conferred a certain distinction upon her, made her notorious at a regrettably early stage of her career. The finger of feminine disapproval pointed at her, presently, in an unmistakable way; and this is said—by women—to be a very bad sign. Men may not think so. Intensely particular ladies, in the pride of their complete respectability, tried to impress upon very young men in whom they were interested that Miss Anstruther was not at all a nice girl. But this had a disappointing effect upon the boys. And Miss Anstruther by no means confined herself to rejecting mere boys.

The moths that singed themselves at this flame were of every variety. They would have made a rare collection under glass, with pins through them; Miss Anstruther herself would have inspected them thus with the liveliest interest. Her detractors also could have enjoyed themselves at such an exhibition. But the more generous spirits among them—those who had been young and attractive too long ago to pretend to be either still—might have found there some slight excuse for Miss Anstruther. Of course, it was no excuse at all, but it was notable that almost every moth had some salient good point—something to "account for it" on *her* side, to some extent—say a twentieth part of the extent to which she had gone. Nearly all the moths had *something* to be said for them—

looks, intellect, a nice voice, an operatic moustache, or an aptitude for the informal recitation of engaging verses ; their strong points, sorted out and fitted together, would have made a dazzling being—whom Miss Anstruther would have rejected as firmly and as finally as she had rejected his integral parts.

For there was no pleasing the girl. Apparently she did not mean to be pleased—in that way. She had neither wishes nor intentions, it became evident, beyond immediate flirtation of the most wilful description. Her depravity was shocking.

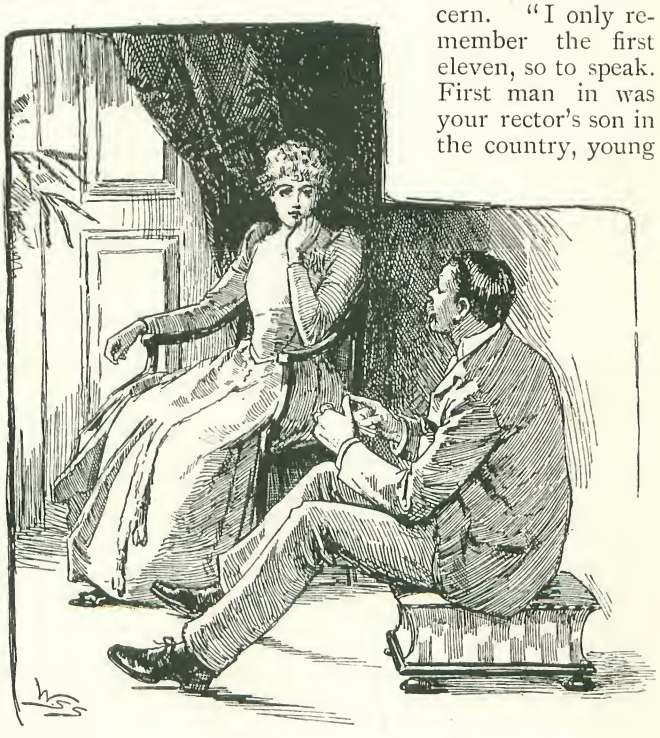
Her accomplishment was singing. She sang divinely. Also she had plenty of money ; but the money alone was not at the bottom of many declarations ; her voice was the more infatuating element of the two ; and her "way" did more damage than either. She was not, indeed, aware what a "way" she had with her. It was a way of seeming desperately smitten, and a little unhappy about it ; which is quite sufficient to make a man of tender years or acute conscientiousness "speak" on the spot. Thus many a proposal was as unexpected on her part as it was unpremeditated on his. He made a sudden fool of himself — heard some surprisingly sensible things from her frivolous lips — decided, upon reflection and inquiry, that these were her formula — and got over the whole thing in the most masterly fashion. This is where Miss Anstruther was so much more wholesome than the flirt who doesn't think she flirts: Miss Anstruther never rankled.

She had no mother to check her notorious propensity in its infancy, and no brother to bully her out of it in the end. Her father, an Honourable, but a man of intrinsic distinction as well, was queer enough to see no fault in her ; but he was a busy man. She had, however, a kinsman, Lord Nunthorp, who used to talk to her like a brother on the subject of her behaviour, only a little less heavily than brothers use. Nunthorp knew what he was talking about. He had once played at being in love with her himself. But that was in the days when his moustache looked as though he had forgotten to wash it off, and before Miss Anstruther came out. There had been no nonsense between them for years. They were the best and most intimate of friends.

"Another!" he would say, gazing gravely upon her as the most fascinating curiosity in the world, when she happened to be telling him about the very latest. "Let's see—*how* many's that?"

There came a day when she told Nunthorp she had lost count ; and she really had. The day was at the fag-end of one season ; he had been lunching at the Anstruthers' and Miss Anstruther had been singing to him.

"I'm afraid I can't assist you," said he, with amused concern. "I only remember the first eleven, so to speak. First man in was your rector's son in the country, young Miller, who was sent out to Australia on the spot. He *was* the first, wasn't he? Yes, I thought that was the order ; and by Jove, Midge, how fond you were of that boy!"



"LET'S SEE—HOW MANY'S THAT?"

"I was," said Miss Anstruther, glancing out of the window with a wistful look in her pretty eyes; but her kinsman said to himself that he remembered that wistful look—it went cheap.

"The next man in," said Nunthorp, who was an immense cricketer, "was *me!*"

"I like that!" said Miss Anstruther, taking her eyes from the window with rather a jerk, and smiling brightly. "You've left out Cousin Dick!"

"So I have; I beg Dick's pardon. It was very egotistical of me, but pardonable, for of course Dick never stood so high in the serene favour as I did. I came after Dick then, first wicket down, and since then—well, you say yourself that you've lost tally, but you must have bowled out a pretty numerous team by this time. My dear Midge," said Nunthorp, wth a sudden access of paternal gravity, "don't you think it about time that somebody came in and carried his bat?"

"Don't talk nonsense!" said Miss Anstruther, briskly. She added, almost miserably: "I wish to goodness they wouldn't ask me! If only they wouldn't propose I should be all right. Why do they want to go and propose? It spoils everything."

Her tone and look were quite injured. She was more indignant than Nunthorp had ever seen her—except once—for the girl was of a most serene disposition. He looked at her kindly, and as admiringly as ever, though rather with the eye of a connoisseur; and he found she had still the most lovely, imperfect, uncommon, and fragrant little face he had ever seen in his life. He said candidly:

"I really don't blame them, and I don't see how you can. If you are to blame anybody, I'm afraid it must be yourself. You must give them some encouragement, Midge, or I don't think they'd all come to the point as they do. I never saw such sportsmen as they are! They walk in and walk out again one after the other, and they seem to like it——"

"I wish they did!" said Miss Anstruther, devoutly. "I only wish they'd show *me* that they liked it; I should have a better time then. They wouldn't keep making me miserable with their idiotic farewell letters. That's what they *all* do. Either they write and call me everything—rudely, politely, sarcastically, all ways—or they say their hearts are broken, and they haven't the faintest intention of getting over it—in fact, they wouldn't get over it if they could. That's enough to make any person feel low, even if you know from experience what to expect. At one time I daren't look in the paper for fear of seeing their suicides; but I've only seen their weddings. They all seem to get over it pretty easily; and that doesn't make you think much better of yourself, you know. Of course I'm inconsistent!"

"Of course you are," said Nunthorp, cordially. "I approve of you for it. I'd rather see you an old maid, Midge, than going through life in a groove. Consistency's a narrow groove for narrow minds! I can do better than this about consistency, Midge; I'm hot and strong on the subject. But you're not listening."

"Ah!" cried Miss Anstruther, who had not listened to a word, "they're driving me crazy, between them! There's Mr. Willimott, you know, who writes. Of course he had no business to speak to me. There were a hundred things against him at the time—even if I'd cared for him—though he's getting more successful now. Well, I do believe he's put me into every story he's written since it happened! I crop up in some magazine or other every month!"

"'Into work the poet kneads them,'" murmured Nunthorp, who was not a professional cricketer. "Well, you needn't bother yourself about *him*. You've made the fellow. He now draws a heroine better than most men. It's a pity you don't take to writing, Midge, you'd draw your heroes better than women do as a rule; for don't you see that you must know more about us than we know about ourselves?"

"They wouldn't be much of heroes!" laughed the girl. "But I heartily wish I *did* write. Wouldn't I show up some people, that's all! It would give me something to do, too; it would keep me out of mischief, and really I'm sick of men and their ridiculous nonsense. And they all say the same thing. If only they wouldn't say anything at all! Why do they? You might tell me!"

Nunthorp put on his thinking-cap. "You see, you are quite pretty," said he.

"Thanks."

"Then you sing like an angel."

"Please don't! That's what *they* all say."

"Ah, the singing has a lot to do with it; you oughtn't to sing so well; you should cultivate less expression. And then—I'm afraid you like attention."

"Well, perhaps I do."

"And I'm sure it must be very hard *not* to be attentive to you," said Nunthorp, with a rather brutal impersonality; "for I should fancy you have a way—quite unconscious, mind—of giving your current admirer the idea that he's the only one who ever held the office!"

"Thanks," said she, with perfect good-humour; "that's a very pretty way of putting it."

"What, Midge?"

"That I'm a hopeless flirt—which is the root of the whole matter, I suppose!"

She burst out laughing, and he joined her. But there had been a pinch of pathos in her words, and he was weak enough to make a show of contradicting them. She would not listen to him, she laughed at his insincerity. The conversation had broken down, and, as soon as he decently could, he went.

That was at the very end of a season; and Lord Nunthorp did not see his notorious relative again for some months. In the following February, however, he heard her sing at some evening party; he had no chance of talking with her properly; but he was glad to find that he could meet her at a dance the next night.

"Well, Midge!" he was able to say at last, as they sat out together at this dance. "How many proposals since the summer?"

She gravely held up three fingers. Nunthorp laughed consumedly.

"Any more scalps?" he inquired.

This was an ancient pleasantry. It referred to the expensive presents with which some young men had paved their way to disappointment. It was a moot point between Miss Anstruther and her noble kinsman whether she had any right to retain these things. She considered she had every right, and declared that these presents were her only compensation for so many unpleasantnesses. He pretended to take higher ground in the matter. But it amused him a good deal to ask about her "scalps."

"SHE GRAVELY HELD UP THREE FINGERS."

She told him what the new ones were.

"And I perceive *mine*—upon your wrist!" Nunthorp exclaimed, examining her bracelet; and he was genuinely tickled.

"Well!" said she, turning to him with the frankest eyes, "I'd quite forgotten *whose* it was—honestly I had!"

He was vastly amused. So his bracelet—she had absolutely forgotten that it was his—did not make her feel at all awkward. There was a healthy cynicism in the existing relations between these two.

She had nothing very new to tell him. Two out of the last three had proposed by letter. She confessed to being sick and tired of answering this kind of letter.

"I'll tell you what," said her kinsman, looking inspired, "you ought to have one printed! You could compose a very pretty one, with blanks for the name and date. It would save you a deal of time and trouble. You would have it printed in brown ink and rummy old type, don't you know, on rough paper with coarse edges. It would look charming. 'Dear Mr. Blank, of course I'm greatly flattered'—no, you'd say 'very'—'of course I'm very flattered by your letter, but I must confess it astonished me. I thought we were to be such *friends*.' Really, Midge, it would be well worth your while!"

Miss Anstruther did not dislike the joke, from him; but when he added, "The pity is you didn't start it in the very beginning, with young Ted Miller"—she checked him instantly.

"Now don't you speak about *him*," she said, in a firm, quiet little way; but he appreciated the look that swept into her soft eyes no better than he had appreciated it six months before.

"Why not?" asked Nunthorp, merely amused.

"Because *he meant* it!"

Nunthorp wondered, but not seriously, whether that young fellow, who had gone in first, was to be the one, after all, to carry out his bat. And this way of putting it, in his own head, which was half full of cricket, carried him back to their last chat, and reminded him of a thing he had wanted to say to her for the last twenty-four hours.

"Do you remember my telling you," said he, "when I last had the privilege of lecturing you, that you sang iniquitously well? Then I feel it a duty to tell you that your singing is now worse than ever—in this respect. No wonder you have had three fresh troubles; I consider it very little, with your style of singing. Your songs have much to answer for; I said so then, I can swear to it now. Your voice is heavenly, of course; but why pronounce your words so distinctly? I'm sure it isn't at all fashionable. And why strive to make sense of your sounds? I really don't think it's good form to do so. And it's distinctly dangerous. It didn't happen to matter last night, because the rooms were so crowded; but if you sing to one or two as you sing to one or two hundred, I don't wonder at them, I really don't. You sing as if you meant every word of the drivel—I believe you humbug yourself into *half* meaning it, while you're singing!"

"I believe I do," Miss Anstruther replied, with characteristic candour. "You've no idea how much better it makes you sing, to put a little heart into it. But I never thought of this: perhaps I had better give up singing!"

"I'll tell you, when my turn comes round again," said he, leading her back to the ballroom. "I'll think of nothing else meanwhile."

He did not dance; he was not a dancing man; but he did think of something else meanwhile. He thought of a young fellow with a pale face, darkly accoutred, with whom Miss Anstruther seemed to be dancing a great deal. Lord Nunthorp hated dancing, and he had only come here to sit out a couple of dances with his amusing relative. He had to wait a good time between them; he spent it in watching her; and *she* spent it in dancing with the pale, dark boy—all but one waltz, during which Nunthorp removed his attention from the bow to its latest string, who, for the time being, looked miserable.

"Who," he asked her, as they managed to get possession of their former corner in the conservatory, "is your dark-haired, pale-faced friend?"

"Well," whispered Miss Anstruther, with grave concern, "I'm very much afraid that he is what *you* would call the next man in!"

"Good heaven!" ejaculated Nunthorp, for once aghast. "Do you mean to say he is going to propose to you?"

"I feel it coming; I know the symptoms only too well," she replied, in cold blood.

"Then perhaps you're going to make a different answer at last?"

"My *dear* man!" said Lord Nunthorp's

sisterly little connection ; and her tone was that of a person rather cruelly misjudged.

The noble kinsman held his tongue for several seconds. Man of the world as he was, he looked utterly scandalised. Here, in this fair, frail, beautiful form, lay a depth of cynicism which he could not equal personally—which he could not fathom in another, and that other a quite young girl.

"Midge," he said at last, with sincere solemnity, "you horrify me! You've often told me the kind of thing, but this is the first time I've seen you with a fly actually in the web : for I don't think I myself counted, after all. That boy is helplessly in love with you ! And you were smiling upon him as though you liked him too ! "

Nunthorp was touched tremulously upon the arm. "Was I ?" the girl asked him, in a frightened voice. "*Was* I looking—like that ? "

"*I* think you were," said Nunthorp, frankly. "And now you calmly scoff at the bare notion of accepting him ! You make my blood run cold, Midge ! I think you can have no heart ! "

"Do you think that ? " she asked, strenuously, as though he had struck her.

"No, no; you know I don't ; only after seeing you look at him like that —— "

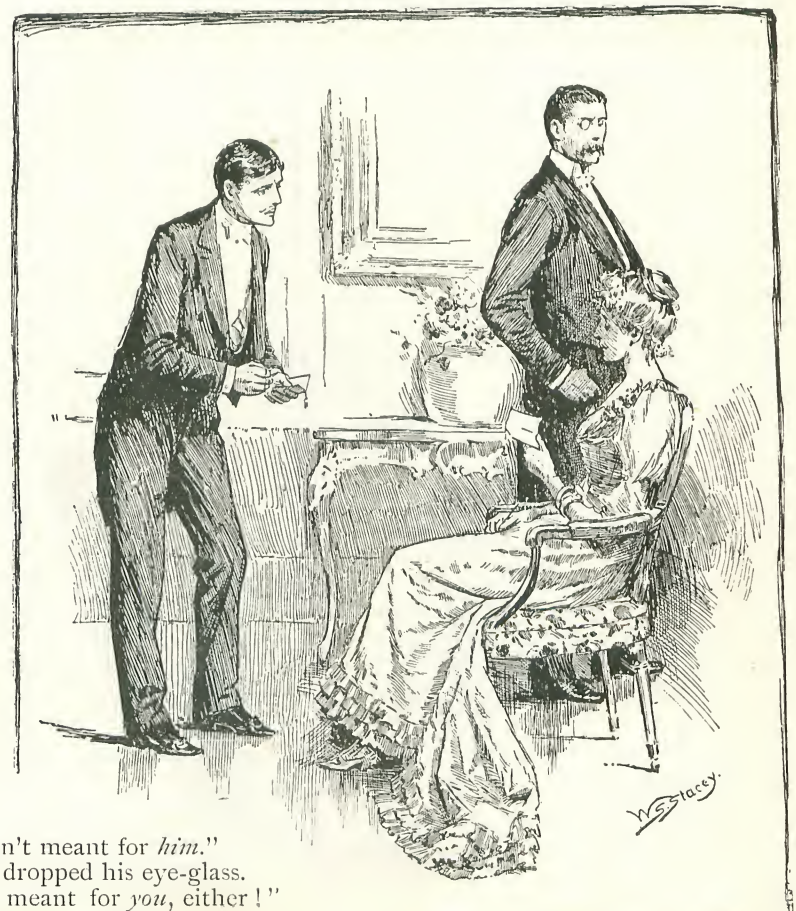
"Honestly, I didn't know I was looking in any particular way." Miss Anstruther added in a lowered, softened voice : "If I was—well, it wasn't meant for *him*."

Lord Nunthorp dropped his eye-glass.

"And it wasn't meant for *you*, either ! " she superadded, smartly enough.

Lord Nunthorp breathed again, and ventured to recommend an immediate snub, in the pale boy's case.

When he had led her back to her chaperone, he felt easier on her account than he had been for a long time. It was obvious to him that the biter was bit at last. The right man was evidently in view, though he was not there at the dance—which was hard on the white-faced youth. Perhaps she was not the right girl for the right man—perhaps he refused to be attracted by her. That would be odd, but not impossible ; and a girl who had refused to fall in love with every man who had ever fallen in love with her, was the likeliest girl in the world to care for some man who cared nothing for her—primarily to *make* him care. That is a woman, through and through, reflected Lord Nunthorp, out of the recesses of a *recherché* experience. But Midge would most certainly make him care :



"BUT I'VE GOT IT DOWN."

she was fascinating enough to capture any man—except himself—if she seriously tried: and he sincerely hoped she was going to try, to succeed, and to live happily ever after. For Nunthorp had now quite a paternal affection for the girl, and he wished her well, from the depths of his man-of-the-world's prematurely grey heart. But he did not like a little scene, with her in it, which he witnessed just before he quitted that party.

"My dance!" said a boy's confident, excited voice, just behind him; and the voice of Miss Anstruther replied, in the coldest of tones, that he "must have made a mistake, for it was not his dance at all."

"But I've got it down," the boy pleaded, as yet only amazed; his face was like marble as Nunthorp watched him; Miss Anstruther was also slightly pale.

"She's doing her duty, for once," thought Nunthorp, to whom the pathos of the incident lay in its utter conventionality. "But she plays a cruel game!"

"You've got it down?" said Miss Anstruther, very clearly, examining her card with ostentatious care. "Excuse me, but there is really some mistake; *I* haven't got *your* name down for *anything* else!"

For an instant, Nunthorp held himself in readiness for a scene: he half expected to see the boy, whose white face was now on fire, snatch the card from her, expose her infamy, tear up the card and throw the pieces in her face. His face looked like it for a single instant, and Nunthorp was prepared to protect him if he did it. But the boy went away without a word.

Nunthorp met the girl's eyes with his. He knew she was looking for his approval: he knew she had earned it, by preventing one poor fellow from going the whole humbling length, and he was glad to think that she had taken his advice: but the glance he gave her was very grim. He could not help it. He went away feeling quite unlike himself.

Just outside, in the street, someone brushed past him, sobbing an oath. And Lord Nunthorp became himself again; for the person was Miss Anstruther's last victim.

"*That's* all right," he muttered; "not a broken heart—only broken pride. That's all that's breakable, after all, and it will mend!" He walked home rather pleased with Midge, as he called her, for having done her duty, no matter how late, in at least *one* case. He was vexed with himself for having been stupid about it at the moment. But it delighted him to think that most likely this would be the last case—of the kind. For Lord Nunthorp took always the most good-natured interest in his conspicuous cousin (or whatever she was), with whom he had once played at love himself.

"SHE HAD FOUND A LETTER ON THE MANTELPIECE."

How plain it was to the world that Miss Anstruther was motherless! No mother would have allowed her to behave as she did. With a mother, she would have married one of the many, whether she loved him or not. Her father, whose time was much taken up, was so blind as to see no harm in her. The only people she had to remonstrate with her were her married sisters. One of these had been Miss Anstruther's chaperone at this dance, where she sat out twice with her kinsman, Lord Nunthorp, and broke a silly youth's pride. This sister ventured to remonstrate—but very

gently—when they got home, in the small hours of the February morning.

Miss Anstruther had been silent and subdued during the drive home. She was considerably ashamed of herself. She was more ashamed of having ill-treated the white-faced boy over that dance — now that it was done — than she would have been to reject him after encouragement; use had blunted her feelings to this sort of sin; but the wrong of breaking cold-bloodedly an engagement to dance was altogether out of harmony with her character and her practices. She was notorious for leading men on to certain humiliation; she was celebrated for the punctilio with which she kept her word in the smallest matter She had injured the good reputation in snapping the backbone of the bad one; and she did not feel at all pleased with Lord Nunthorp, who had said or implied one thing, and then stared its opposite. She had cheered up, however, on her arrival at the house: she had found a letter for herself, with three bright blue stamps in the corner, stuck up on the mantelpiece. Her hand had closed eagerly over this letter before the lamp was turned up. She was twisting it between her fingers, under her shawl, while her sister reproved her, not too seriously, for her treatment of that boy.

"IS IT—IS IT TED MILLER?"

"I know it," she answered, rather dolefully; "I know well enough what a flirt I am! I have never denied it in my life, not even to *them*. But I really never mean them to go so far. And—and I don't think I'm so heartless as I make myself out to be!"

Her sister gazed at her fondly. Her own family, at all events, loved and believed in Miss Anstruther, and held that her faults were on the surface. The sister now saw in the sweet, flushed face the look that Lord Nunthorp had seen (and underestimated) more than once.

"Is there someone you care for after all, Midge dear? she asked softly.

"There may have been someone all the time," the young girl whispered, her eyelids fallen, her hand squeezing the letter under her shawl.

"Is it—is it Ted Miller?"

Midge looked up into her sister's eyes. Her lip was quivering. She was a girl who seldom cried—her detractors would have told you why. She controlled herself before speaking now.

"It was the most hopeless affair of them all," she said simply; "but—but he was the only one who really meant it!"

His letter was against her bosom.

The married sister's eyes had filled. "You write to each other still, don't you, Midge?"

"Yes—as friends. Good night, Helen!"

"Good night, darling Midge; forgive me for speaking!" Helen whispered, kissing her eyes.

"Forgive you? You've said nothing to what I deserve!"

The girl was running up to her room two steps at a time. Ted Miller's letter was pressed tight to her heart.

Ted Miller had been four years in Australia. He had written to her regularly, the whole time, as her friend; and she had written fairly regularly to him, as his. His was the one refusal in which she had not been a free agent; she had been but seventeen at the time. There was love between them when they parted; there was never a word of it in their letters. He wrote and told her all that he was doing: he was roughing it in the wilderness; he was not making his fortune: he never spoke of coming home. She wrote and told him—nearly all.

A pleasant fire was burning in her room. She lit the candles, and sat down just as she was, in her very extravagant ball-dress, to read his present letter. She felt, as always in opening a letter from Ted, that she was going to open a window and let in a cool current of fragrant, fresh air upon an unhealthy, heavy atmosphere; and she noticed, what she had not noticed before, through hiding the letter before the lamp was turned up, that its superscription was not in Ted's hand; the bright blue stamps of New South Wales were really all she had looked at before. She now tore open the envelope with strange misgivings; and the letter turned out to be from the squatter's wife on Ted Miller's station, telling how a buck-jumper had broken Ted Miller's back; and how, before his death, which ensued in a matter of hours, he had directed her to write to his family, and also—but separately—to "his greatest friend."

The fire dulled down, the candles shortened, and in their light Miss Anstruther sat in her dazzling ball-dress, her face as grey as its satin sheen. Her rounded arms were more florid than her face. She moaned a little to herself—she could not cry.

At last she stirred herself. Her limbs were stiff. As she crossed the room, she saw herself from head to foot in her pier-glass—with all her grace of form and motion dead and stiff within her dress. She saw herself thus, but at the time with senseless eyes; the sight first came back to her when she next used that mirror. She was going to a certain drawer; she unlocked it, and drew it out bodily; she carried it to the table where the candles were slowly burning down. The drawer was filled with Miller's letters.

"His greatest friend!" They had been merely friends from the day they parted. He had nothing. Out there he had found fortune but a little less inaccessible than at home; he had written her no words of love, for how could there be any hope for them? She had plenty of money, but that was all the more reason why he must have some. His letters were not vulgarised by a single passionate, or sentimental, or high-flown passage. They were the letters of an honest friend; they were the letters of a good soldier—on the losing side, but fighting, not talking about fighting—talking, indeed, of quite other matters. And because these letters had been just what they were, Ted Miller himself had been to a frivolous girl, through frivolous years, what no one else had ever been—not even himself as she had known him best. Their friendship had been pure and strong and strengthening; their love idealised by improbability, and further by not being discussed, and yet further by being written "friendship." His tone to her had been: "Enjoy yourself. I want to hear you're having a good time. *I* am—there's nothing like work." She had answered, very truthfully, that she was doing so; and now he knew how! That was the bitterest thought: that the new knowledge was now his, and she, in his eyes, just what she had been in the eyes of the throng!

She sat down and read all his letters. The pure breath of heaven rose from every leaf. They did not touch her yet: her heart was numb. But the tones that had once come to her ears from every written word came no longer — the voice was silenced. She returned the letters to the drawer. She would keep them till her death.

And yet—would he like that?

She sat very still, trying to answer this question. The candles went out, but a leaden light had crept into the room through the blinds. She thought that he saw her, that he had seen her for weeks, that she had been grieving him the whole time, that she might please him now. There had been nothing morbid in Miller. He was the one man she had known who would wish her *not* to keep his letters.

She rose resolutely from her chair, and with difficulty rekindled her fire; it ruined her elaborate dress, but she was glad never to wear this one again. It did not seem to her that she was about to do anything cruel or unnatural. She was going to do violence to her own feelings only. It would please the strong soul of Miller that she was not going to keep his letters, to read them in her better moods, and less

and less as the years went on. For her own part, she felt she would like to have them a little longer. It was a subtle sense of sacrifice for Miller's sake—her first—which nerved her to burn his letters. Overstrung as she was, she burnt them every one, and without a tear.

A half-leaf happened to escape. She picked it out of the fender when the rest were burnt black, and her heart was beginning to ache for what she had done. She took it to the window, and read on the crisp, scorched paper the ordinary end of an ordinary letter—the end of all was, as ever: "Yours always, E. M."

Without a moment's warning, her tears rattled upon the hot paper; she pressed it passionately to her lips; she flung herself upon the bed in a paroxysm of helpless agony.

The Guest of a Cannibal King.

By J. E. Muddock, F.R.G.S.

(A Personal Experience in the South Seas.)

WHEN it was announced some years ago that the Germans had annexed the large group of islands lying to the north and west of the Solomon Group, and known as the New Britain Group, in the South Pacific, I was enabled to give, through the columns of *The Daily News*, a number of particulars of New Britain and New Ireland, derived from personal experience. At the time some controversy arose as to whether the natives were or were not cannibals. That they *were* cannibals there is not the shadow of a doubt; but what they are now, since they became subjects of the German Fatherland, I know not.

It did not fall to my lot, unhappily, to be able to make any exploratory examination of the islands, but I had an experience on the largest of the group—that is, New Britain—which was perhaps sufficiently interesting and exciting to warrant its being narrated in detail.

If the reader will take a glance at a map of the Pacific Ocean, he can hardly fail to be astonished at the immense number of islands, large and small, that stud that glorious home of the sun, while due north of Australia, and separated by Torres Strait, is New Guinea, which is practically unexplored. To the eastward of this immense island lies the group collectively known as the Solomon Islands, the southern section of which was first discovered by the Spanish navigator, Mendana, in 1567. To the north and west of these, and much nearer to the coast of New Guinea, are situated the two magnificent islands known as New Ireland and New Britain. These were discovered and named by Captain Cook, and ought now to have been in possession of Great Britain. They are situated within ten degrees south of the equator, and are amongst the most beautiful islands of that island-studded sea. The two islands form a roughly shaped horseshoe, the inside of the shoe facing the north-west. The northern end of New Britain is separated by a very narrow passage, known as St. George's Channel, from the southern end of New Ireland. Lying off the north-western extremity of New Ireland, and separated from it by only a few miles of sea, is a small upheaval covered with dense vegetation, and known as New Hanover. About two hundred miles from this, almost in a direct line, west and by north, is Admiralty Island, which is within two hundred miles of the equator. New Britain is the most extensive of the cluster, and is probably little short of three hundred miles in length, with a maximum breadth of about forty miles. Both it and its sister island are of volcanic origin, and there are still active craters in both of them. Like most tropical islands, and more particularly those of the Southern Pacific, they are marvellously fertile, and clothed with dense and luxuriant jungle. The coast lines are exceedingly bold and rocky, deeply indented with bays and inlets, and protected by the inevitable outer barrier of coral reefs. The climate is intensely hot, almost insupportably so at times by white people. Earthquakes are very common, and cyclones of terrific force frequently sweep over the country. The natives are probably allied to the Papuans. They have very dark brown skins, black woolly hair; but amongst them are to be found men and women with wavy and occasionally straight hair, and this is probably due to Polynesian blood. They are—or were—fierce and savage, and great head hunters. Being divided into tribes scattered over the islands, tribal wars were incessant. The flora and fauna were, at the time of my visit, hardly known to Europeans; but there are some most beautiful fruits and flowers; while ferocious animals abound, together with noxious insects and deadly snakes.

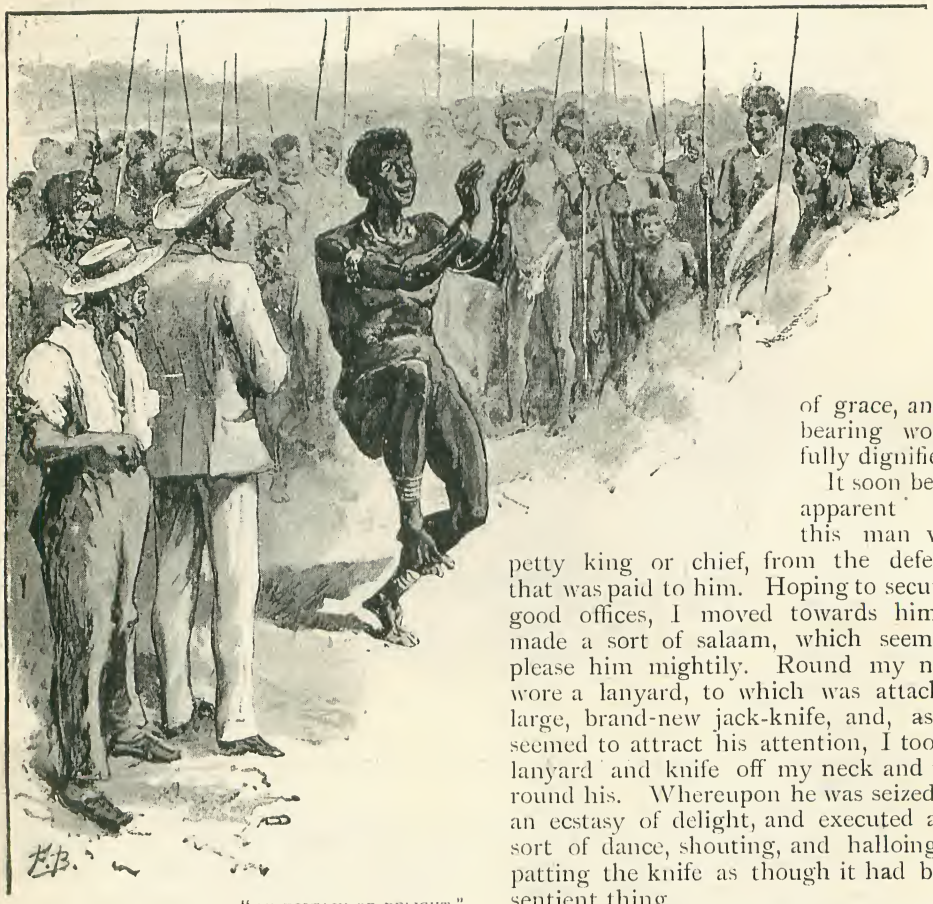
Many years ago I was cruising amongst these glorious islands in a trading vessel. It was in the very hottest season of the year, and for some weeks we had alternated between dead calms, when air and sea seemed to be aflame with heat, and terrific hurricanes that blew themselves out in an hour or two, but necessitated our stripping every rag of canvas from the ship (an ill-found, patched-up barque), in order that we might not lose our sails, of which we only had one suit, and that a very old one; while our stock of new canvas consisted of

about a dozen bolts, which had to be used for patching purposes. Of food, we had a fairly plentiful supply of "salt-horse," that was something more than *high*—it was putrid. But after towing it in the sea for a couple of days, and then boiling it for twelve hours, we managed to eat it and live. Our biscuits harboured live stock to such an extent that it was somewhat difficult to tell which was the live stock and which the biscuit. However, even weevils are fattening and sustaining, and it did not do to be too Epicurean in taste. Then, as to the water, I need only say that, in order to get it down, it was necessary to stifle the nostrils and shut one's eyes. We were a small crew, numbering, all told, seventeen hands, including two boys and a black cook. We were very ill provided with arms. We had half a dozen or so of rusty old cutlasses; three or four Enfield rifles, one of which, I remember, had a broken lock; and one or two smooth-bore guns. There were also a few revolvers amongst us, I myself being the fortunate possessor of two, both of them being Colt's regulation cavalry pistols, which I had picked up in Sydney. Besides these, we had a brass cannon, for which we had no proper ammunition; but we loaded it to the muzzle with old bolts, nuts, screws, nails, &c., and mounted it on the rail at the break of the poop on a swivel.

"AS IDLE AS A PAINTED SHIP UPON A PAINTED OCEAN."

Our position was not a very pleasant one, jammed as we were amongst the islands, and unable to sail during the fierce squalls, and lying "as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean" during the calms. We were, therefore, subject to the powerful currents which flow there, and which drifted us amongst the coral reefs, until we expected every moment to rip our timbers out. What with this ever-present danger, and the manifest desire of the natives to have our blood, we had rather a lively time of it. We had endeavoured to get on shore at Choiseul (of the Solomon Group) for fresh water and fruit, but the natives opposed our landing, and we deemed it prudent to beat a retreat. Then, as we drifted north, nearly all day long we were surrounded by a fleet of canoes, their occupants armed with arrows, spears, and tomahawks. We tried to barter, but without avail, and it was clear that our black friends were smacking their lips at the prospect of dining off us. A ceaseless vigilance, however, on our part, together with a rather boastful display of our armoury kept them at a respectful distance. And at last, a light breeze springing up, it carried us clear until we found ourselves at the mouth of St. George's Channel, which cuts New Britain and New Ireland in two nearly in the centre of the horseshoe. Here we lost the breeze, and once more found ourselves in the midst of a fleet of canoes. Owing to the narrowness of the channel and the absence of wind we were in danger of drifting on to the reefs, so we offered the natives a large number of empty bottles, principally beer bottles, if they would tow us, and we succeeded in getting two big canoes, containing about twenty natives each, hitched on to our bows; and with a wild, fierce, and rythmical chant they plied their paddles vigorously and kept it up for some hours, until on rounding a promontory we found ourselves in a deep bay, with a strong current setting dead inshore; and, as we could see the coral beneath us, we dropped anchor, after taking soundings,

in twelve fathoms of water. Fresh canoes now came off filled with natives, for the most part absolutely naked, and all fully armed with spears, poisoned arrows, and tomahawks. As they appeared to be more curious than hostile, however, we decided, after holding a council of war, to go on shore and procure a supply of fresh water and vegetables, or fruit, of which we stood in desperate need. We thereupon got out the lifeboat, loaded her up with empty casks and beakers, and seven of us, including myself, manned the boat. Of course we took with us our revolvers, guns, and



"AN ECSTASY OF DELIGHT."

cutlasses; but the guns and cutlasses we put into the boat before lowering her from the davits, and covered them up with canvas, as we did not want to provoke a conflict if we could possibly avoid it, though we were all quite prepared to fight hard for our lives.

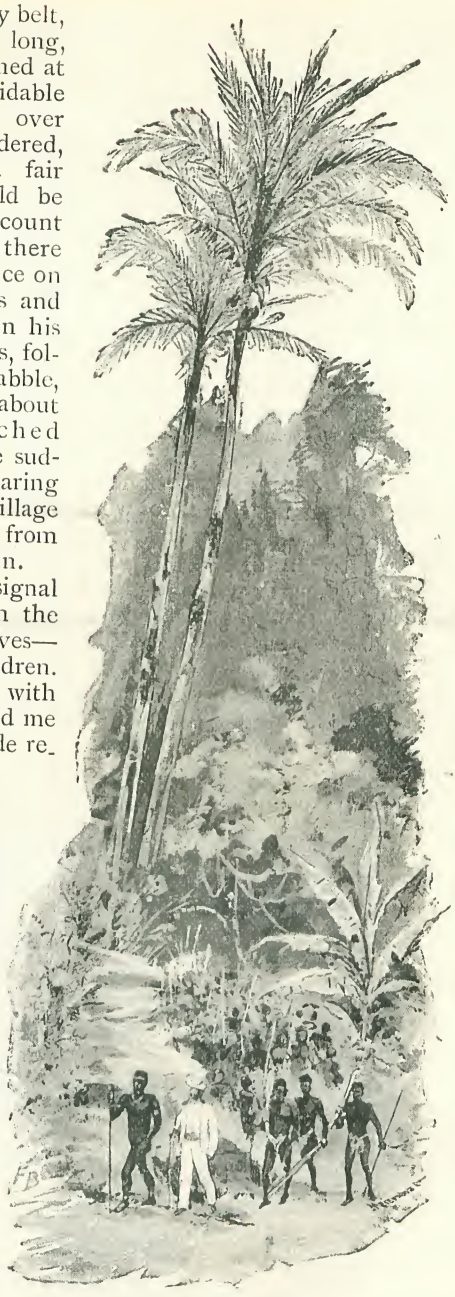
We were followed to the shore by dozens of canoes, and on reaching the land the natives swarmed round us in hundreds. But presently there was a great shouting. The people parted, forming a lane down which marched as superb a specimen of a man it has ever been my lot to see. His physique was simply magnificent, and his broad chest and massive limbs gave evidence of immense strength. His teeth were stained red with betel-nut, and round his neck, arms, and ankles he wore ornaments made of shells, but with these exceptions his costume was that of our first parents before the fall. His movements were the perfection of grace, and his bearing wonderfully dignified.

It soon became apparent that this man was a petty king or chief, from the deference that was paid to him. Hoping to secure his good offices, I moved towards him and made a sort of salaam, which seemed to please him mightily. Round my neck I wore a lanyard, to which was attached a large, brand-new jack-knife, and, as this seemed to attract his attention, I took the lanyard and knife off my neck and put it round his. Whereupon he was seized with an ecstasy of delight, and executed a wild sort of dance, shouting, and halloing, and patting the knife as though it had been a sentient thing.

Having thus expressed his delight and thankfulness, he made certain signs which I interpreted as a desire on his part that I and my comrades should follow him. This they resolutely declined to do, but the spirit of adventure had too strong a hold on me for me to say no; and so, against the protests and persuasions of my companions, I signified to him that I would follow. I

had two revolvers at my belt, and I also carried a long, lithe Malacca cane, armed at one end with a formidable knob of lead worked over with string. I considered, therefore, that in a fair stand-up fight I should be able to give a good account of myself. However, there was no hostile appearance on the part of the natives and the chief placed me on his left-hand side, and thus, followed by a yelling rabble, we struck inland. For about four miles we marched through a forest, till we suddenly came to a clearing where there was a village screened by tall palms from the fierce rays of the sun.

My arrival was the signal for a general rush from the huts of crowds of natives—men, women, and children. They pressed forward with eager curiosity, examined me from head to foot, made remarks one to the other, and yelled in a perfectly diabolical manner. But presently the king seemed to get angry, and he uttered a sort of war-whoop, while his suite, with a sweep of the heavy sticks they carried, scattered the crowd and made a passage through them. I was then led to a large shed or hut, which I gathered was the Grand Council Chamber, where weighty social and political matters were discussed and the head-hunting expeditions planned. The roof of this building was composed of palm leaves and some species of grass dyed various colours. It was supported by stems of young palm-trees, also ornamented with coloured grasses, which had a most pleasing effect. The walls were composed of sticks and flag-leaves, thickly plastered with mud on the outside. The floor was covered with matting, dyed yellow, and worked into a striking pattern by means of different coloured feathers. At the main entrance was a tall bamboo pole crowned with a human head. The head had belonged to a powerful chief who had been killed in battle, and the victors preserved his skull as a trophy. A little later, during an investigation I made, I found, in a heap at the back of the Council House, a large number of skulls and human bones. Many of the skulls were marked with dints of the tomahawk, thus showing how the victims had been slain. That their bodies had also been eaten there can be little doubt. And in this connection I may mention that, in 1882, New Britain was visited officially by Captain C. Bridge, R.N., and he reports that the inhabitants of that island are the only cannibals he knows of who are not ashamed of their taste for human flesh.



"WE STRUCK INLAND."

When the king and I and his suite had crossed the portal of the Council Chamber, I was glad to see that a number of men were stationed outside armed with clubs to keep the crowd off. The air was thick with mosquitoes, gnats, sandflies, and other insects. Seeing that they annoyed me, my host ordered one of his attendants to wave over my head a fan made of a palm-leaf attached to a long handle. The chief then squatted on his haunches on a raised platform which ran half-way round the building,

and he invited me to do the same, placing me on his right, which I understood was the position of honour. Then he made a speech, though what it was all about I could form but little idea, but two or three times, from the way his followers eyed me, I thought he was telling them that I was in excellent condition for cooking.

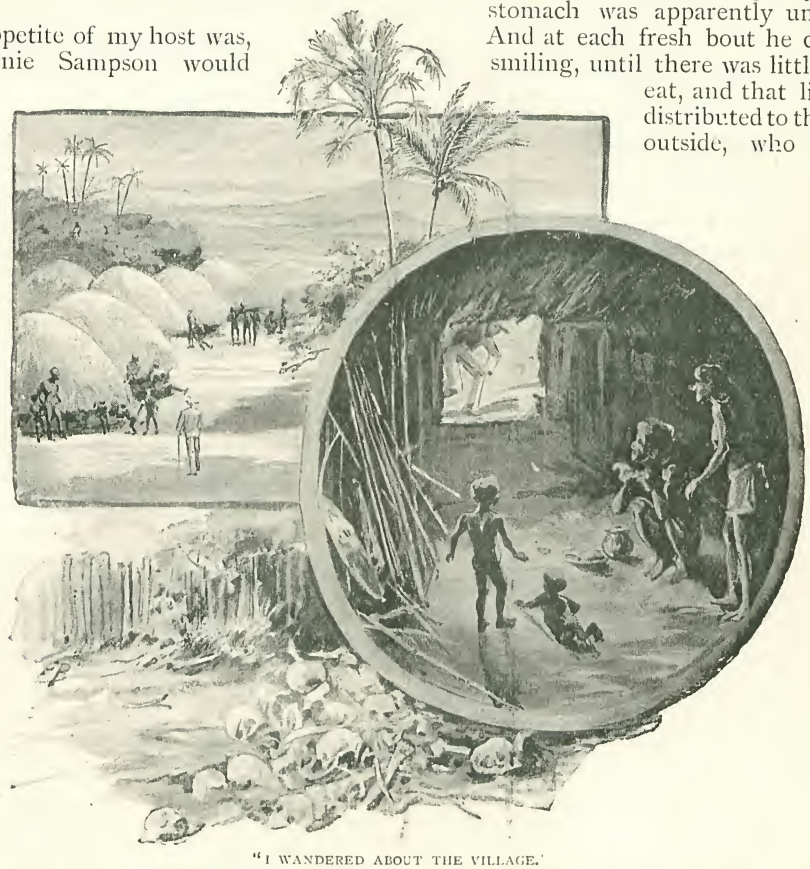
He continued to hold forth for about half an hour, and then it was evident that he gave some orders, for men entered and made preparations for a feast. Having heard so much of their cannibalistic propensities, I confess that my feelings at that moment are not capable of being adequately described; for I thought I was about to have ocular demonstration of their love for human flesh. But suddenly it flashed across my mind that I myself was to provide them with the material for the feast; that is, that I was to be sacrificed in order that they might dine, for they were credited with preferring their meat freshly killed. Through the long slits that served for windows in the bamboo walls I could see the surging crowd of natives, and it seemed to me that all their faces depicted the eagerness with which they were looking forward to seeing the white man despatched. And when I turned towards the chief I fancied I read the same signs in his face, and I blamed myself then for so fatuously allowing myself to be lured into such a trap. The chief still squatted beside me, and I managed to get about a yard further from him; and, with my hand on the stock of one of my revolvers, I waited developments. Indeed I am not ashamed to say that I contemplated making a bolt for liberty and life, and I calculated what my chances would be, if, with a revolver in each hand, I suddenly sprang for the door, and, keeping the rabble at bay, rushed at my topmost speed towards the shore, which was at least four miles away, though all down hill. But a wiser course immediately suggested itself to me, and that was to remain still until I saw signs of attack, then blaze away, and in the confusion bolt.

But by the time I had revolved these things in my mind four or five natives entered bearing wooden trays on which were roasted yams, breadfruit, young cocoanuts, sugar cane, plantains, roasted wild hog, and some kind of fish baked in leaves. And bringing up the rear was a woman carrying on her head a huge calabash which, as she lowered it to the ground, I saw was filled with crystal water. These things were placed between me and the chief, and by signs he invited me to fall to. When I learned that I was not to be used as the material for a feast but to be feasted instead, my mind was considerably relieved, and I set to work on the good things provided with a very keen appetite. In a few minutes two other women entered bearing between them suspended from a bamboo, a large earthenware pot, in which was something smoking hot. This pot was set before us, and into it the chief plunged a wooden skewer; bringing up a piece of white round

"A PIECE OF WHITE ROUND FLESH."

flesh, dripping with hot oil, and which I took to be part of an eel for the moment, but only for a moment, as I suddenly divined that the steaming pot contained a mess of stewed snakes. The chief handed me the piece he had fished up, and I took it and tasted it, and, finding it palatable in itself, although the grease it had been cooked in was nauseating, I managed to get it down, but respectfully declined a repeat.*

The appetite of my host was, as Dominie Sampson would have said, prodigious! Having lived for weeks on bad salt junk and rotten biscuit, I was in a condition to do full and ample justice to the good things spread before me. And I am satisfied that I did so; but it was nothing, a mere picking, a mouthful, when compared with what the chief stowed away. He gorged to such an extent that I almost expected to see him roll over in a fit of apoplexy. But the capacity of his stomach was apparently unlimited. And at each fresh bout he came up smiling, until there was little left to eat, and that little was distributed to the crowd outside, who snarled and wrangled for the pieces like angry wolves.



"I WANDERED ABOUT THE VILLAGE."

When the important ceremony of dining was over, I rose with a tighter waistband than I had had for weeks; and I gave my entertainer to understand that I should like to see the village. Thereupon he gave some instructions, and led the way outside, and I wandered about the village for some little time. The huts I noted were built in clusters. They were formed by digging a pit that was plastered with wet mud like cement, and allowed to dry in the sun. Then above this pit was reared a roof of sticks and leaves, the top being rounded off

* On mentioning this circumstance of the dish of stewed snakes some months later to friends of mine in China, they insisted that I must have been mistaken, as none of the South Sea Islanders were snake-eaters. But that some of the tribes do eat snakes has been amply proved since by Mr. C. M. Woodford, who visited the Solomon Group of Islands several times, and lived for months on some of the smaller islands. It appears that it is only certain tribes who eat the snakes; and they are held in contempt by the other tribes who do not use snakes. After my friends so persistently averred that I was mistaken, I came to that conclusion myself; but now I have no longer a doubt that I partook of boiled snake on that memorable day, and, as far as I remember, I found it a toothsome dish, but I bar the oil it was cooked in. That oil, I believe, was made from the blubber of shark.—THE AUTHOR.

dome fashion. I peeped into some of these dwellings, and saw immense quantities of clubs, spears, and arrows, which might be taken as good evidence of the warlike character of the people. The interior of the huts was astonishingly cool, and it was quite refreshing to step into one out of the fearful heat of the sun.

My host next took me to his own residence, which was larger and superior to the others. There he had several wives and children. One of the women was not only handsome, but, as a model of a perfectly formed figure, she would have sent an artist into ecstasies. Her limbs were adorned with shells, and her raven tresses were relieved by the scarlet feathers of a parrot.

On approaching this island from the south, the first land one sees is a high mountain, probably between four and five thousand feet. It is known as Mount Beautemps Beaupré. I was exceedingly anxious to reach this mountain, and if possible ascend it, so as to get a bird's-eye view of the island. I therefore signified my wish to the chief, who, apparently comprehending my meaning, armed himself with a club and spear, and, calling his followers together, we started towards the interior. For some distance our way ran through a jungle of the most luxuriant tropical foliage. There were trees of an enormous girth and height, and they were covered with ferns and orchids ; while from tree to tree tendrils stretched in graceful festoons, and hung down in a perfect and all but impenetrable network. Occasionally birds were seen with plumage of perfectly marvellous colours, and I had the good fortune to see two birds of paradise. As we pursued our journey we occasionally disturbed a large snake or two, and on the trunks of some of the trees I saw great green lizards with eyes like saucers. Peccaries, or wild pigs, abounded, and there was a bird that went in flocks, and was not unlike a partridge. Amongst the trees I distinguished breadfruit, cocoa palms, plantains, guavas, mangoes, custard apples. Amongst the undergrowth grew a peculiar fibrous grass of great length, and I learned afterwards that the natives twist this in a primitive fashion and manufacture ropes from it.

We continued our journey for several miles, gradually rising until the road became steep and difficult. After an exhausting climb under a fierce sun, we gained the summit of a hill, when there burst upon my astonished gaze a panorama of wonderful grandeur. Afar off, inland, was the mountain I had hoped to gain ; but its summit was shrouded in light feathery mists that masked its height. Between our standpoint and the mountain dense forests rose up for thousands of feet until they suddenly broke off and gave place to bald volcanic cones and serrated crags, shattered into fantastic outline. I longed to plunge down into the intervening valleys and explore their hidden mysteries, but I had to recognise the impossibility of doing so under the circumstances.

Turning seaward, other islands were visible, floating in dreamy mist ; and, looking to the north-west, we beheld the lofty volcanic peaks of New Ireland. After spending some time in studying the marvellous picture, I wished to proceed further inland, but my host and his followers resolutely declined to go another step, and gave me to understand that, if we went on, inland tribes would attack and kill us. In spite of that danger—if it really existed—I should have pushed forward if one or two of the natives had been willing to accompany me. But they would not budge, and reluctantly I was compelled to retrace my steps. We did not, however, return exactly the same way, although there was no difference in the features of the jungle scenery. On passing through one part of the jungle I was much struck by gorgeous flowers that grew in the undergrowth. Their colours were surprisingly rich and brilliant, but on plucking some of them I was amazed to find that they instantly shrivelled up in my hands, like a piece of dried skin, and their wonderful colours faded away as if by magic.

We stopped at another village on our return, and my presence caused intense excitement and curiosity. Men, women, and children gathered round me, yelling and gesticulating, and, as I thought, menacingly. My hand instinctively wandered to my revolver, but I did not draw it, for I recognised at once that they had no arms, and I concluded therefore that they meant no harm, in spite of their seeming fierce looks. Their pressing attentions, however, were far from pleasant, and I was glad when I had got clear of them.

On arriving back at our starting-point, night was closing in. I found that another feast had been prepared in the council chamber, and the chief invited me to partake of it. Amongst other things were vast quanti-

ties of all sorts of fruit, and a huge bowl of kava, which I tasted. The place was lighted by means of torches made of some fibre soaked in oil. These were held by men who squatted on their haunches. The torches flared and sputtered, producing a most intolerable smell and dense fumes, which, however had the good effect of keeping the mosquitoes at bay.

When the feast was ended, the chief made a sign, and twenty young women filed in, taking up their position in the centre of the chamber. They were handsome, well-formed girls, and were ornamented with

"THE GIRLS COMMENCED TO GO ROUND IN FILE."

necklaces of many rows of shells and sharks' teeth. Their dress consisted of a small kind of pliable mat, held round the hips by a belt of grass. To a low monotonous chant of the assembled natives, the girls commenced to go round in file, beating time with their feet, and swaying their arms about with a graceful rhythmical motion. This lasted for about five minutes. Then the chant quickened, as did also the movements of the dancers, until at last they joined in with the singers, beating time with their hands. Their mats were flung on one side, and their sole costume was a thin fringe of coloured grass tied round the loins.

The chant now swelled into a wild song. The singers grew excited and clapped their hands, making a peculiar sharp sound like that produced by two cocoanut shells when struck smartly together. The girls became infected with the excitement, and whirled round like humming tops, shrieking in their loudest key. At the end of half an hour the dance ceased. The perspiration was literally pouring off the girls, but apparently they were not exhausted. Gathering up their mats, they made a profound bow to the chief and retired. I was next favoured with a war-song and dance. In obedience to the orders of the chief, two powerful fellows stepped into the centre armed with spears. They commenced by giving a war-whoop, and then made themselves horrible by facial contortions that would have made a pantomimic clown envious. Next, they threw themselves into every conceivable attitude, their limbs seeming to be as flexible as india-rubber. They brandished their spears in dangerous proximity to each other's heads; they howled, twisted, jumped, and grimaced in such a hideous manner that I was glad when the performance ended.

Soon after this the natives retired, saluting the chief as they went out. In a few minutes more women entered, and made a bed of palm-leaves, on which they spread the skin of a wild animal. The chief then intimated that it was my sleeping-place, if I chose to remain there, an invitation that I was not slow to accept, and very soon I found myself alone. It was pitch dark at first, but there were

flashes of pale points of light as the fireflies flitted about, and from the jungles came a chorus of indescribable sounds. But there was one sound I shall never forget. It was made by a bird, and resembled a plaintive wail, occasionally varied by what resembled a shrill scream of pain. Anything more saddening or melancholy

"AS FLEXIBLE AS INDIA-RUBBER."

than that wail from out of the depths of the tropical forest in the darkness of the night could not well be imagined. It was suggestive of somebody suffering the keenest agony—the cry of a lost soul.

Presently the moon rose, and I went to the door to gaze out on the scene that was revealed. It seemed almost unearthly in its sublime, weird beauty. A lace-like vapour veil appeared to hang over the landscape, but it served to impart a dreamy, visionary appearance that was fascinating. Indeed, it was like a land of dreams, for in the crystalline light of that tropical moon everything seemed transfigured. Overhead the great stars palpitated with a splendour of brilliancy unknown in temperate latitudes, and the tops of the great trees were clearly and sharply silhouetted against the dark sapphire sky.

Returning to my humble couch, I threw myself down, feeling thoroughly fagged out after the hard day's work. The heat was intense, and the air thick with mosquitoes. Nevertheless I fell asleep, but later on was awakened by some disturbing sound, and where the bars of silver light flecked the floor as the moon rays poured through the slits in the bamboo, I saw crouching figures. An instinct of danger caused me to spring to my feet and draw my revolver. For some time I stood on the defensive, ready to fire, if need be; but the figures remained motionless and still. Preferring certainty to suspense, I cautiously approached them, and to my surprise saw they were women. There were six of them. But they gave no sign, uttered no sound, and, save for their eyes that were turned on me and glowed like jewels, they might have been statues.

Not knowing what the nocturnal visit of these dusky beauties meant, I went back to my corner, determined to keep on the alert, fearing treachery; but tired nature asserted herself, and I fell asleep. When I next awoke it was broad daylight, and the sky was aflame with amethyst and gold, with great fields of crimson lying between. My lady visitors had gone, and save for the awakening voices of the day that came from the jungles, all was silent.

Not for a full hour after this did the king and his followers put in an appearance, and when we had breakfasted, he accompanied me to the beach, and I was taken off by the ship's boat. My companions were agreeably surprised when I turned up sound in wind and limb, for they had come to the conclusion that I had been served, boiled or roasted, as a dainty dish for his sable majesty.

As the dead calms continued for several days, we remained at anchor. And I strengthened my friendship with the king by presenting him with a small hand saw, with which he was immensely delighted. I also gave him a belt that he took a fancy to, and an india-rubber tobacco pouch, together with a pocket-knife that contained a gimlet, a hook, and a tiny saw: this pleased him more than anything else.

One day I made an excursion with him

in his canoe, and we coasted inside of the coral barrier for a long distance. Everywhere the shore was thickly fringed with cocoanut trees and palms. So clear was the water that the branching coral could be seen many yards below. We landed in a little bay, and proceeded to a friendly village hidden in the jungle. Here I was as much an object of curiosity as I had been in the other places; but it also seemed to me that I was regarded with a certain shyness and reserve, and there was an evident desire that I should not go about and look into the houses. Before one of the largest of the houses I noticed several human heads stuck on bamboos, and as these heads were

"WE COASTED INSIDE OF THE CORAL BARRIER."

fresh, it suddenly occurred to me that the villagers had just returned from a head-hunting expedition, and had been dining off human flesh. I therefore determined to keep my eyes open, and very soon I came across unmistakable evidence that I was right, for behind one of the huts in the centre of the village I discovered a very old man and a middle-aged woman busily engaged enveloping portions of human flesh in leaves preparatory to cooking it, which is done in a sort of oven built of loose stones. In another part of the village I saw a heap of human bones, including thigh and leg bones, and an arm to which the flesh still adhered. It was not a very pleasant sight, and I was glad to get away.

I subsequently heard in China that the natives of these islands scrape the inside of the kernels of the young cocoa nuts into a gourd, and, adding pounded sago to it, they mix human brains with the mess, and diluting it with goat's milk, drink the compound. I attached little credence to this statement at the time, but within the last few years it has been amply confirmed, especially by Mr. H. H. Romilly, who paid several visits to the islands. He says that the disgusting decoction is known as dak-dak.

I parted from my friendly chief, or king, with regret, and I promised myself that I would return at no distant date, and endeavour to explore the island. Circumstances, however, arose which made the fulfilment of that promise impracticable at the time.

On leaving New Britain we nearly came to grief on a coral reef near the Duke of York Island, which lies off the western end of the larger island. But, having got clear, we coasted along New Ireland in order to get the land breeze. When at the extreme or eastern end of the island, I went with some of the crew into a small bay, where we effected a landing, our object being to replenish some empty water-casks, and obtain fruit and vegetables. With this object in view we made our way towards a village, but were speedily surrounded with natives, who showed such a hostile spirit, and would have attacked us but for our firearms, that we deemed it prudent to return to the shore. The New Irelanders bear the reputation of being much more fierce and savage than their neighbours. In this island there are still several active volcanoes, and hot sulphur springs are numerous. While sailing along the shores of New Ireland, a violent shock of earthquake occurred, and the sea was greatly agitated, causing the ship to roll heavily. Slight shocks are almost of daily occurrence.

The people of all this group of islands are

exceedingly interesting as ethnological studies. They are amongst the most intelligent of the South Sea islanders, and display great ingenuity in ornamenting their spears, clubs, and other weapons, as well as their canoes. These latter are fitted with outriggers, whereas in the Solomon Group, a little further to the south, the outrigger is unknown. The men are finely built, and seem capable of sustaining great fatigue. Many of them whiten their woolly hair by sprinkling powdered seashells on it, having first soaked the hair in grease. The effect of this whitened hair is very remarkable. The women of all the groups are handsome and well formed when young; but, like all natives of tropical countries, they age quickly. They marry very early, often before they are twelve years of age. Some of the tribes, both men and women, go entirely naked.

A very curious custom prevails in the New Britain Group, in compelling a man who has neglected his wife and children to run the gauntlet. Two rows of women extend for a distance of several hundred feet, each woman being armed with a lithe stick. Down the avenue thus formed, the culprit, in a state of absolute nudity, has to make his way; and, as he darts past, the women belabour him savagely, and by the time he reaches the end of the row he is exhausted and covered with blood.

This punishment is greatly dreaded, not so much on account of the physical suffering it entails, as the disgrace that follows, for the man is an outcast afterwards for several weeks. No one of his tribe dare speak to him; he must betake himself to the jungle, where he lives naked, and as best he may, until the expiration of his sentence.

The currency of the islands is small shells, exceedingly delicate and pretty; and as they are only found in small quantities at one particular spot, they have a high value. They are strung on strings made of fibre, and, when anything has to be paid for, a length is measured off. A piece that will stretch across a man's breast will purchase two or three cocoanuts. At present, the chief trade of the island, I am informed, is in copra, that is, the dried kernels of the cocoanut, which is collected by the traders and despatched to Europe, where it is made into cocoanut oil, while the refuse is used for cakes for fattening cattle. On all these islands sago grows wild, as does also the sugar cane; but so fertile is the soil that tropical productions of every description would flourish amazingly. On New Britain the yam and sweet potato are cultivated extensively, and grow to an immense size.

In building canoes the natives of this part of the Pacific have no equal. The body of the canoe is generally made out of the trunk of a tree, the sides being built up from this body. The planks forming the sides are sewn together with the tough grass I have spoken of, and they are afterwards caulked and made watertight by means of a peculiar cement, which I understand is the kernel of a nut which grows extensively in the forests. The nuts are pounded in a large mortar. The powder is then mixed with boiling water, and in that state is worked into the seams. On drying, it becomes perfectly hard and watertight. The war canoes will carry from forty to sixty men. These are invariably decorated with human heads and carved crocodiles. The crocodile, which abounds in the centre of the islands, is an object of veneration, as is also the shark, which grows to an enormous size in these warm seas, and is most ferocious. The natives navigate their canoes very expertly amongst the coral reefs. From a very early age children of both sexes are accustomed to the water, and they will swim about for hours without showing any signs of fatigue. They seem to have no fear of the sharks that infest the waters. Whether it is that the sharks do not attack them, I really cannot say. What is certain is that a white man would very soon be gobbled up. Perhaps these South Sea sharks do not like black men.

Old Stone Signs of London.

THOUGH the predictions of John Dryden were not always fortunate, one stanza in the "Annus Mirabilis," 1666, which refers to the future of London City, may here be appropriately quoted :—

> "More great than human now and more August,
> New deified she from her fires does rise :
> Her widening streets on new foundations trust,
> And, opening, into larger parts she flies."

It may be observed that Augusta was the Roman name for London.

Now of the old stone signs of London yet extant, one or two only bear date anterior to the Great Fire. Many of those which still remain, fixed either on the outside walls or within the houses they originally marked, are undated, but their age may be guessed with a tolerable degree of accuracy. It is also known that the custom of denoting houses by carved stone signs built into the outer walls did not come into general use until the rebuilding of the city subsequent to the year 1666.

The inconvenience of the old swinging signs, which blocked the daylight, and which, by their creaking noises, made day and night alike hideous, had long been felt—nay, more, their danger to passers-by, when wind and decay had caused a downfall, had been not a few times painfully apparent. Hence the Act of Charles II., which forbade swinging signboards, was both wise and salutary. The signboards, however, died hard, and prints as late as the middle of the eighteenth century show the streets full of them. But signs had their use in those days of unnumbered streets, and it was not until the numbering of the houses was enforced that the quaint, historic, and, in some cases, even highly artistic, landmarks vanished.

BOY AND PANYER.

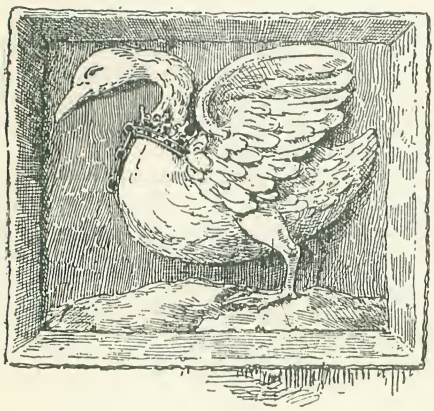
As years have rolled by, the stone signs themselves, built though they were into the walls of the houses, have in a great measure disappeared. Some are luckily preserved in the Guildhall Library Museum, others are in private hands, many have been carted away as rubbish during rebuilding, and only a few now remain *in situ*. It is with these few that this paper is now concerned, and of which illustrations are given.

The use of the curious sign known as the "Boy and Pannier," in Panyer-alley, is threefold. It was a street sign, a trade sign, and also, it would seem, a landmark. Stow, writing in 1598, mentions a street sign there, probably the upper portion only of the present sign. He writes, " . . . Is another passage out of Pater Noster row, and is called, of such a sign, Panyar Alley, which cometh out into the north over against St. Martins Lane." Along this alley the bakers' boys were wont to sit, with their baskets or panniers of bread exposed for sale, the sale of loaves at the bakers' shops for some reasons being prohibited by law. On the lower slab there yet remains a barely legible inscription, which in modern English runs thus :—

> When you have sought the city round,
> Yet still this is the highest ground.
> August 26, 1688.

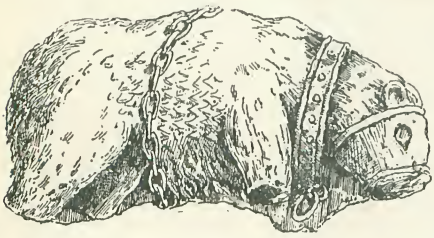
Cheapside and its tributaries are, as times go, rather rich in stone signs. On the external wall of No. 37 may be seen a well carved swan with collar and chain. This is a sign of heraldic origin without doubt; it was, in fact, one of the badges of Henry IV., and was also heraldically one of the charges of Buckingham, Gloster, and others. Hitherto, however, efforts to trace the exact

history of this sign have been without avail. Far different is it with the White Bear, now to be seen within the house of business of Messrs. Gow, No. 47, Cheapside. This most interesting sign was discovered while making alterations as lately as 1882. The house itself stands at the corner of Soper's-lane (modern designation, Queen-street), and was once the shop of the far-famed



THE SWAN.

merchant, Sir Baptist Hicks, Kt., subsequently Viscount Campden. Baptist Hicks was the successful son of a wealthy father, and succeeded to what was in those days a most thriving silk mercer's business. His career is remarkable in more ways than one, for though a favourite at Court, immensely wealthy and knighted, he was the first London merchant who after knighthood took the resolution to still continue in business.

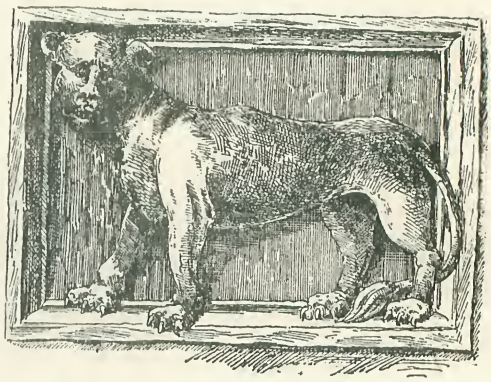


WHITE BEAR.

It is also worthy of notice that the stone figure of the bear faces in the opposite direction to all other heraldic signs now standing in London. At No. 28, Budge-row, will be found one of the best preserved of all the London signs, "The Leopard" (otherwise Lizard or Lazarde). This is the crest of the Worshipful Company of Skinners, and as Budge-row took its name from the skin of newly-born lamb, which was termed Budge, the origin of this sign can be in no way a matter of doubt. The Skinners' Hall, too, was close by, and quite early in the fourteenth century it may be noted that enactments were in force against the wearing of "cloth furred with Budge or Wool" by persons (women) of inferior rank.

Lower Thames-street, known in the time of Stow as Stock Fishmonger-street, still possesses two very good examples of signs: one, the "Bear," with its collar and chain, carved in very high relief, and surmounted by initials and date (1670).

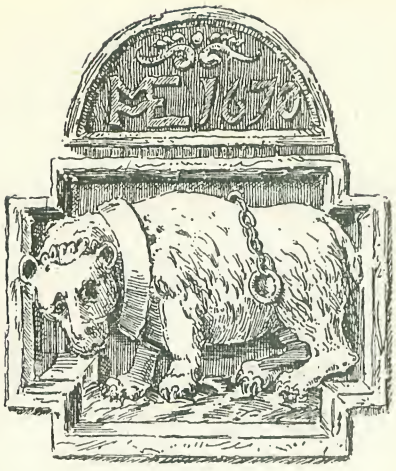
On the borders of Islington and Clerkenwell there are a group of signs which belong to houses celebrated in past days. The first is the "Old Red Lion." Here there are two carved shields, one of which



THE LEOPARD.

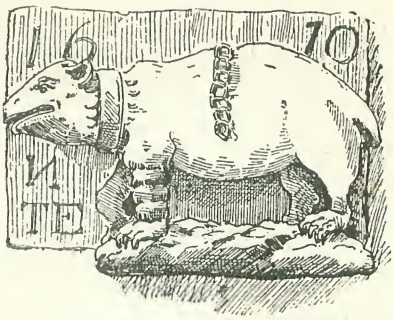
only is antique—*i.e.*, that on the north gable. This house has memories and traditions both literary and artistic. Within its walls Tom Paine wrote the "Rights of Man." This is, however, a questionable honour. Here Hogarth was wont to stay, and has even introduced its gables into one of his prints—"Evening." The house, too, was the haunt at times of Thomson, Goldsmith, and Johnson.

Another sign is the "Pelican," of which there is an example in Aldermanbury. The fabulous story of the pelican "vulning" (*i.e.*, wounding) its breast to feed its young endured for ages, and even as late as the reign of George I., at Peckham Fair, there was advertised to be on view "A pelican that suckles her young with her heart's blood, from Egypt." In the same district as the "Pelican," at the corner of Addle-street, E.C., may be seen yet another "Bear"—how popular as signs



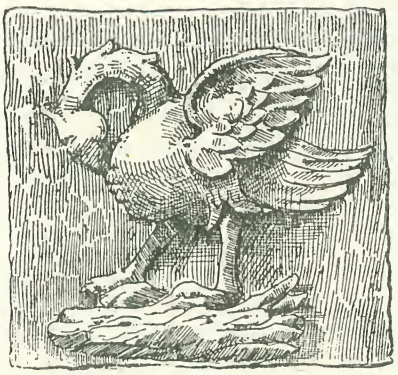
THE BEAR.

and how enduring these bears seem! This carving is dated 1670 (not 1610), and bears initials N.T.E. The N., which is the surname, is reversed; the T. and the E. standing in all probability, as was customary, for the Christian names of the builder and his wife. The "Elephant and Castle," irreverently called the "Pig and Pepper-box," in Belle Sauvage-yard, is the crest of the Cutlers'



BEAR AND CHAIN.

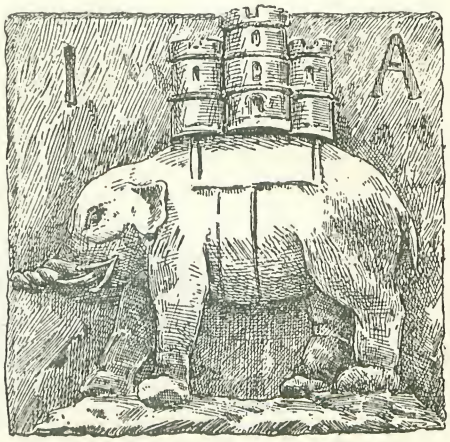
Company, to whom the house was left in 1568 by John Craythorne. The "Belle Sauvage Inn," over the origin of whose name and sign so much antiquarian ink has been spilt, vanished years ago. This hostelry was memorable among other things for being opposite the spot at which the rebel Wyat rested on the occasion of his unsuccessful attempt to penetrate Ludgate. It was also a celebrated stopping-place for the northern carriers. In Belle Sauvage-yard for a time dwelt Grinling Gibbons, and there he carved, according to Walpole, "a plot of flowers which shook surprisingly with the motion of the coaches that passed by."



THE PELICAN.

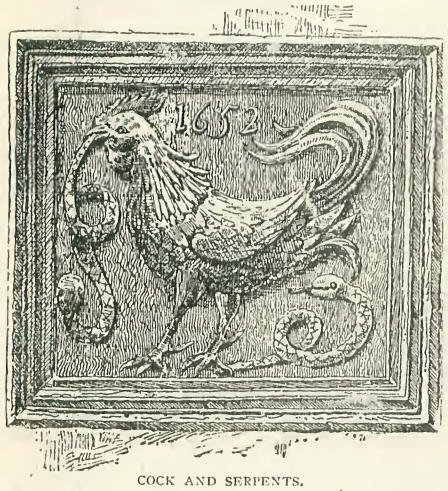
Two or three outlying stone signs remain now to be mentioned. One is the

THE OLD RED LION.



THE ELEPHANT AND CASTLE.

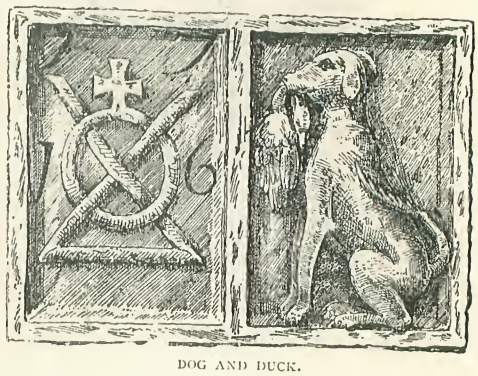
"Cock and Serpents," at No. 16, Church-lane, Chelsea. This sign, evidently religious in its origin, is very remarkable, both in its design and also from its date, 1652. It does not appear to have any history, though the road in which it is to be found teems with memories of not a few of England's worthies. Another, the sign of the "Dog and Duck," now built into the garden wall of Bethlem



COCK AND SERPENTS.

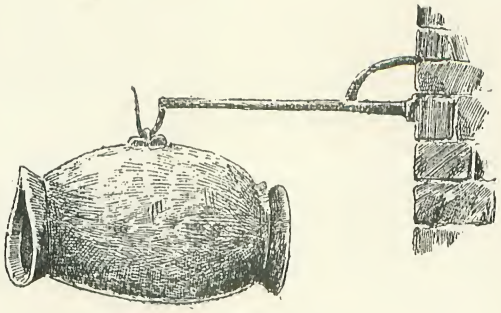
Hospital in Southwark, is important from the fact that it records the precise sport (duck hunting) which was the attraction of the house, and also because on the same stone, and dated 1716, we find the arms of the Borough and Southwark—a conjunction of which the history of signboards offers no other example.

One illustration is given of a sign which is not stone, *i.e.*, the "Leather Bottle," at the corner of Leather-lane, Hatton Garden. There appear to be doubts whether the present sign is the original, but as one branch of sign lore deals with signs appro-



DOG AND DUCK.

priate to places, it may be well to mention this one, which is certainly of respectable antiquity, as an example. Space is wanting for more than mere mention of the "Marygold" of Messrs. Child's, the "Golden Bottle" of Messrs. Hoare's, and the three quaint iron squirrels of Messrs. Gosling's. Nor can the traditions of the ancient "Cock" Tavern in Fleet-street, with its carved wooden sign (possibly the work of Gibbons), be here related. The writer, however, may perhaps be permitted in conclusion to acknowledge with gratitude his indebtedness to the only standard book on the subject, and also to kind assistance rendered to him by many with whom he has come in contact while tramping the now modern streets of our historic metropolis in search of its ancient signs.



THE LEATHER BOTTLE.

Captain Jones of the "Rose."

By W. Clark Russell.

SEVEN men sat in a gloomy wooden cave. Under a massive beam that ran athwart the ceiling swung a sort of coffee-pot, from the spout of which sputtered a smoking and stinking flame, whose disgusting fumes were to be everywhere tasted in the atmosphere of the darksome wooden cave. The seven men were seated, not on morocco chairs or velvet sofas, but on rude boxes, whose lids were scored by the cutting up of cake tobacco. There were one or two pillars or stanchions in this gloomy wooden cave, from which dangled several oilskin coats and oilskin leggings, and under the ceiling hung a number of bags called hammocks, with here and there a ragged blanket peeping over the edge, or an old shoe showing through the nettles. In the midst of the ceiling was a square hole called a hatch, down which this day there floated very little daylight, owing partly to the hatch being small and partly to the sky being overcast with clouds.

Had those seven men seated in this interior been cleanly shaved, and had they been apparelled in well-washed coloured shirts, sleeved waistcoats, comfortable trousers, and caps with naval peaks, they would have passed as a harmless, respectable body of seafaring men—persons who would say "mum" to a lady when addressed by her, and answer intelligently and respectfully when asked about the weather. But as they now sat they looked as sulky and wild a set of fellows as one could imagine, strangely and fearfully attired,

"SEVEN MEN SAT IN A GLOOMY WOODEN CAVE."

grimy of face and hairy, booted with half-Wellingtons and belted in Wapping fashion, and timid people would have thought that they carried a murderous air because each man wore a sheath upon his hip, in which lay a very sharp blade.

The wooden cave in which these men sat, rose and fell as though it were the extreme end of a long board violently see-saw'd ; and this motion, combined with the smell of the fumes of the slush-fed lamp and a vapour rising out of a small tub of boiled pork, not to mention other odours such as might be produced by well-worn, newly-greased sea-boots, bedding which had made several voyages round the world, sooty clay pipes, old ropes, stale salt water, and many mysteries of malodorous commodities stowed below in the hold and forepeak, must instantly have upset the stomach of any landsman who out of curiosity should have put his head into the little hatch to see what was inside of it.

This cave was indeed a ship's forecastle, but the seven men who sat in it were mariners who had for many years been tossed by the various oceans of the world, and could not possibly have been sea-sick, even though they should have been offered a handsome reward to try.

One of them was a large, strong man, with a shaggy head of hair and a beard like rope-yarns. He looked as though he had taken a header and come up again to blow crowned with black seaweed. This strong man suddenly, and with a sulky fury of gesture, whipped the knife out of the sheath that was strapped to his hip, and, plunging it into a lump of pork, lifted the horrid block into the air, and cried out—

"Here it is agin!"

As he pronounced these words, the little square of hatch was obscured by the interposition of a man's body.

"The smell of that there pork," said the voice belonging to the body in the hatch, "is something to sit upon, something strong enough to lean agin. Why, a man might turn to and chop them fumes into first-class bunk-boards. Talk o' strength!"

"Come below, cook!" bawled one of the seven men.

"No ; I've got to see to the capt'n's dinner. But I'm *of* ye if there's to be trouble. When I signed it was for wittles and a dry bottom and a ship's company. Pump, pump, and nothen to eat! Nothen to eat and pump, pump! Here's logic as don't tally with this covey's reckoning for *one*." And the man, violently smiting himself upon the breast, disappeared.

The powerful sailor who had held the pork aloft whilst the cook discoursed, shook it off the blade into the tub again and spat.

"It's about time," said he, "that all hands was agreed."

"THIS IS SWEET MEAT TO PETER."

"All hands is agreed," said one of the sailors, "'cepting that blooming Dutchman Peter. But if he don't come into it it'll be a bad job for one of us if, on some dark night, him and me happens to be aloft together."

"That there Peter," said a sailor, "was a-boasting to me that he'd ha' shipped for a pound a month ; d'ye know he'd eat a shipmate's shirt if by so doing he thought he would airn a shilling by saving his allowance."

"This is sweet meat to Peter," said one of the seven, pointing to the pork, "and a pound a month is good money to Peter ; and if Peter and the likes of him could get their way, then if ye wanted to see what sort of man an English sailor looked like ye'd have to ask the master of the fust workhus as hove in sight to show ye him."

"What a blazing fool a fellow makes of hisself when he goes to sea!" exclaimed a man with red hair and a broken nose. "I might ha' been a market-gard'ner had I stayed ashore. Think o' that! What did I run away from home for? For the likes of this for a parlour," said he, waving his hand round the forecastle, "and for the likes of yon," pointing to his hammock, "for a bed, and the likes of that muck," he added, pointing to the pork, "for a meal. But no growling's allowed. Ho no! Tell 'em that pickled dog ain't pork, and that wermin ain't ship's bread, and you're taken afore the magistrate and committed, and locked up, and left to rot whilst the blooming Dutchmen are getting all the jobs, because pickled dog to them *is* pork, and wermin a relish." He struck his fist heavily upon the chest on which he sat, and fastened his eyes upon his huge knuckles whilst he turned them about, as though he were inspecting a sample of coal.

"No use keeping all on growling," exclaimed a quiet-looking seaman, addressing the others over his folded arms. "What's to be the horder of the day?"

"A bust-up," answered the strong man, who bore the nickname of Black Sam. "Here we are, sixteen days out, two hands overboard, and not enough men by six able seamen to work the ship, wessel making water, and requiring to be pumped every four hours, meat fit to make a wulture ill, ship's bread old and wormy, and the rest of us men's stores shop-sweepings. Now this being so, I'm agoing to knock off work for one."

"And me for another——" "And me for another," went, in a growl, from mouth to mouth.

"There's the mate and there's the carpenter," continued Black Sam. "If the capt'n can work the ship with them two, well and good. But Peter he shan't have. Rather than that cuss of a Dutchman should be agin us, and on the capt'n's side, I'd—" He projected his arm, and seemed with his powerful hairy hand to strangle something in the air.

At this point the square of hatchway was again darkened, and the salt, husky voice of the carpenter called down: "Be—low there. Hain't the starboard watch got their dinner yet? Tumble up! Tumble up! The wind's drawed ahead, and the yards want trimming."

"Tumble up!" exclaimed Black Sam. "Don't you be holding your nose too long over the hatch, or it'll be you as'll be tumbling down. Can't ye smell it? Oh, it's nothen but us men's dinner. There's plenty left if ye've a mind for a bite."

"Who's that a-jawing?" exclaimed Mr. Chips, who combined the duty of second-mate with that of ship's carpenter. "Tumble up, I tell you. The wind's drawed ahead."

"Catch it and smell it for yourself," shouted a seaman, plunging his hand into the mess-kid and hurling a lump of pork through the hatch. The sailors heard the hurried steps of Mr. Chips as he went aft.

"He'll be telling the old man," said Black Sam; "let's go on deck and have it out, lads. I'll do the talking part, with your good leave. We don't want no language. Civility's a trump card in these here traverses. We all knows what we mean to get, and I'll say it for ye."

He led the way, his shipmates followed; they gained the forecastle and stood in a group gazing at the after part of the ship.

The vessel was the *Rose*, from Liverpool to an East African port. She was an old-fashioned, composite ship, but her lines were those of a yacht's, and there were few vessels then afloat which could look at her on a bowline. Her yards were immensely square, and she carried swinging booms and main-skysail-mast, and her burthen was between six and seven hundred tons. Such a ship as this demanded eighteen of a crew at least, not to mention master, mates, and "idlers." Instead of eighteen the *Rose* had sailed with ten men in the forecastle, and a cook in the galley, and the others were a carpenter, who acted as second-mate, an Only Mate, and the captain. Of the slender crew, two had been swept overboard in a gale of wind. They were foreigners, and the English Jacks did not lament their shipmates' end, but on the contrary grinned fiendishly when it was discovered that the foreigners were gone, and they hideously wished that all Dutchmen who signed articles for the red ensign of England would go and fall overboard as those two foreigners had, and as promptly, too, so that nobody concerned might be kept waiting.

During the gale in which the two Dutchmen had perished, the ship had been so strained as to oblige the hands to serve the pumps every four hours. Undermanned, leaky, the provisions rotten! There must be a limit to patience and endurance, even though the sufferer be a sailor. The seven seamen lumped together on the forecastle of

"IS THIS FOOD FOR A MAN?"

the *Rose* stood staring aft. The cook, a pale man, lounged in his galley door, half in and half out, and his face wore an expression of sour expectation. The carpenter, as I may call him, was talking to the captain, and the Only Mate was slowly rising through the companion hatch as the body of seamen stood staring.

The captain, whose name was Jones, was a tall, lean, gaunt man, his face of the colour of sulphur, his appearance decidedly Yankee, though he happened to belong to Limehouse. He wore square-toed boots, a cloak that might have been taken from the shoulders of a stage bandit, and a sugar-loafed hat. The hair on his face consisted of a beard that fell from under his chin like a goat's, and his eyes were black, brilliant, and restless.

The Only Mate, whose name was Johnson, was about half the captain's height. The ocean had done its work with him, had withered up his face, dried the marrow out of his bones, put a turn in either leg, so that his walk was like a pantomime clown's. Instead of being an Only Mate, he should have formed the eighth part of a mate. You would have thought that eight at least of such men as Mr. Johnson should go to the making of an Only Mate for the *Rose*, had you sent your glance from his dried and kinked figure to the body of men forward, more particularly to the giant Black Sam, who, with the rest, continued to gaze aft. The carpenter, or second mate, was a brown-faced man of about fifty, but brine had taken the place of blood in his veins, and he looked sixty, with his white locks and rounded back and long, hanging arms, whose fingers were curled in the manner of fish-hooks. At the wheel stood the Scandinavian seaman, Peter, the like of whom you may see any day blowing in a German band in the streets of London: veal-coloured, freckled, yellow-haired, a figure loosely put together, and as meaningless an expression of countenance as a dab's.

The captain was puffing at a long cigar that drooped between his lips. Presently he pulled his cigar from his mouth, and shouted: "We don't want all hands. The starboard watch can trim sail. Trim sail, the starboard watch!" and replacing his cigar, he fell to swiftly striding the quarter-deck to and fro.

The seven sailors marched aft, and came to a stand a little abaft the mainmast. Black Sam advanced himself by a step, and exclaimed:—"Capt'n Jones, us men don't

mean to do no more work until our wrongs are righted."

The captain, speaking with his cigar in his mouth, halted opposite the men, and said: "What are your wrongs? Are ye too well fed? Are ye growing too fat for the want of work? Say the word, and I'll right them wrongs for you fast enough."

"Ye've got a sow under that there long-boat, Capt'n Jones," said Black Sam. "Would ye give her the wittles us men have to live on and work hard on? No. And vy? Because the life and health of a sow is of more consequence to the likes of such men as you and the owners of this wessel than the life and health of a sailor."

Captain Jones clenched his fist and glared. But what is the good of one man clenching his fist and glaring at seven savage, hairy, resolved British seamen, and the captain might well know that he was but one man to the whole ship's company, for the Only Mate stood at the rail looking over the side as though he were a passenger, willing to listen, but rather anxious not to be "involved," whilst the carpenter had stepped aft, and was dividing his attention between the compass-card and the main-royal. The captain looked around him. He then puffed for some moments in silence at his cigar, whilst an expression entered his face that would have persuaded shrewder observers than the sailors he confronted that he intended to keep his temper.

"What have you to complain of?"

Several sailors spoke at once. Black Sam elevated his immense, hairy fist.

"We complain of this," said he; "first, the ship ain't seaworthy."

"Lie number one," said the captain.

"She ain't seaworthy," continued Black Sam, with a menacing note of storm in his deepening voice. "You're as good a sailor as we are, I suppose, and ye must know that a ship that needs to be pumped out every four hours ain't seaworthy."

"Next?" said the captain.

"All the wittles is rotten to the heart. Is this food for a man?" and Black Sam, putting his hand in his breast, pulled out a biscuit and extended it to the captain. But the captain looked elsewhere, and Black Sam, with his face full of blood, dashed the biscuit on to the deck at the captain's feet, on which one of the sailors cried out, "See how they run!"

"Lie number two," said the captain. "Next?"

"Your ship's stores are rotten to the heart," said Black Sam. "The wessel's taking in water faster than she should, and you *know* it. The crew are about seven less than the complement of such a vessel ought to be, and that you know also. And here we are to tell you this; that we're willing to go on pumping the wessel out for the next three days for our lives' sake, but not for yourn; but that we don't do another stroke of work unless you shifts your hellum and heads for the nearest port, where ye can ship more hands and wittles fit for men to eat. But if at the end of three days nothen's done, then we shall give up pumping, take the boats, and leave you, and Mr. Chips, and the mate to keep the ship afloat by yourselves, if ye can. That's your mind, mates?"

"That's our mind!" was echoed in a hurricane chorus.

The captain looked up aloft at his canvas, then around at the sea, then at his Only Mate, and at Chips the carpenter, and at Peter at the wheel. His sulphur-coloured face was dark with temper. Nevertheless he spoke deliberately:

"This ship's going to make her passage. The leak's nothing, the stores are first-class, and there are more of you than are wanted to do the work of the vessel."

He called to Mr. Johnson, the Only Mate, who approached him with a glance at the men that was certainly not remarkable for spirit.

"Mr. Johnson," said the captain, "you've heard what's passed?"

"I have, sir," answered the Only Mate.

"These fellows will go forward," continued the captain; "they will swing in their hammocks, and they will smoke their pipes; but no more stores are to be served out to them—no, not so much as a fragment of that excellent bread which lies wasted on the deck here—until they consent to turn to. Then, I don't doubt, it will be all plain sailing again. Go forward now!" he cried, in a voice the sudden ring of which was like the report of a pistol. "Mr. Johnson, I'll take the wheel; whilst you, Mr. Chips and Peter, trim sail."

"Peter!" roared Black Sam, "we men have knocked off work till we're righted. If you lend the capt'n a hand, and side with him agin us——"

And again he advanced his enormous arm and caused his fist to writhe.

"Mr. Cheeps," said Peter, "take this

vheel; I am onvell;" and letting go the spokes, the Dutchman marched forward and joined his shipmates, who roared out a defiant huzza as the whole eight of them, with the cook in their wake, made their way to the forecastle and disappeared.

Sailors have no friends, and Captain Jones knew it. There are societies in Great Britain for the prevention of the ill-usage of most things living, from women to dogs, from children to dicky-birds, but there is no society for the prevention of cruelty to sailors. Captain Jones knew that he had the power to starve his men into compliance. Nevertheless, he passed a very uneasy night. When the morning broke, he and the Only Mate and Mr. Chips were nearly dead of fatigue, for wind had risen in the hours of darkness, and the ship was a big one, and there were but two men, the third being at the wheel, to let go and clew up, and haul down and make snug as best two men might. When the morning broke, Captain Jones looked as if he had just come out of hospital; Mr. Chips, who stood at the wheel, might readily have passed for a man of seventy; and the Only Mate, who was lighting the galley-fire, showed as if he had been towed overboard during the greater part of the night.

"MR. CHIPS STOOD AT THE WHEEL."

"Those blackguards in the forecastle will be wanting their breakfast," said the captain, "and you'll have them laying aft presently and asking to turn to."

The men, however, did not show themselves. They perfectly understood that the ship could not be navigated as things went, and that the captain must come round to their views before the day had passed, and, indeed, long before the day passed should a change of weather happen presently, and they grinned man after man as they furtively peeped through the scuttle and saw old Chips at the wheel looking seventy years old, and Captain Jones as though he was just come out of hospital, and the Only Mate as though he had been towed overboard; and they preserved their grin, man after man, as they looked aloft and saw the unfurled royals and topgallant-sails fluttering, and the staysails hanging loose, and the yards very ill-braced indeed.

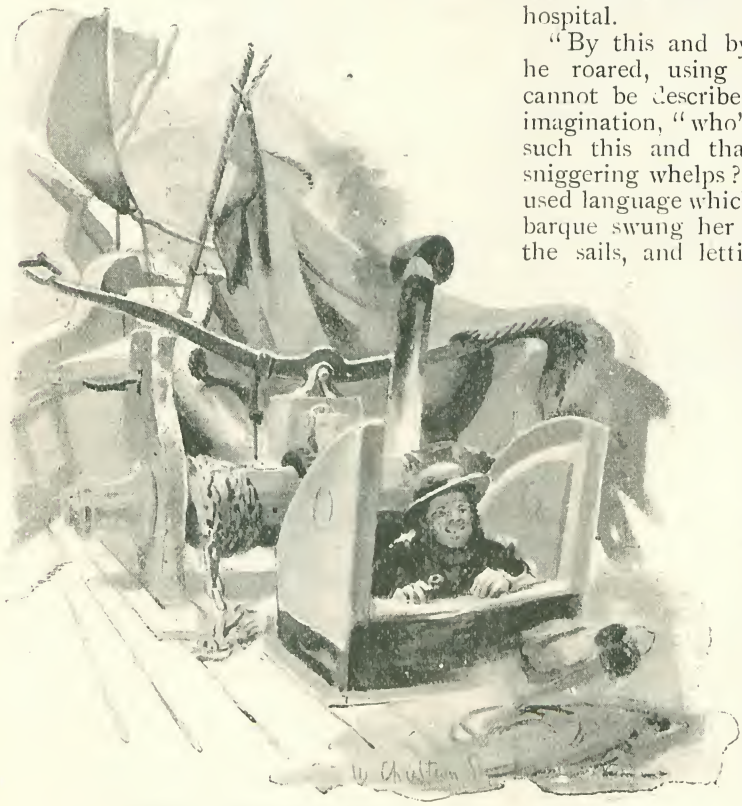
"We've got yesterday's muck of pork," said Black Sam, "and the bread barge ain't empty. If the old man were the devil himself, we'd weather him out. But the ship mustn't be allowed to sink this side of three days;" and forthwith the sailors grimly rose through the hatch, and in silence walked to the pumps, which they plied until they sucked, and then returned to the forecastle. But there was no novelty in this proceeding, for they had kept their faith with the captain, and at every four hours throughout the night a gang had turned out to pump the ship.

Whilst Captain Jones, sitting on the skylight, was drinking some coffee which the Only Mate had boiled, the carpenter (Mr. Chips) munching a biscuit at his side, and the Only Mate munching another biscuit at the wheel, a sail hove in view. The breeze was light and the sea smooth. Captain Jones hoisted the English ensign union down, and at about nine o'clock in the morning the two vessels were nearly abreast of each other, the *Rose* with her topsail to the mast, the yards having been swung by Captain Jones and Mr. Chips taking the braces to the quarter-deck capstan. The stranger was a large, light barque, painted black. She, too, had backed her topsail.

"There is no use in hailing," said Cap-

tain Jones, addressing the Only Mate; "lower that quarter-boat, Mr. Johnson, and go aboard with Mr. Chips. Tell the captain of the barque that my men have refused duty; and ask him if he can oblige us with the loan of a couple of hands to carry the barque to ——," and he named a convenient port.

Forthwith a boat was lowered, and in a few minutes Mr. Chips and the Only Mate were pulling away as for their lives for the big, light barque. The captain, grasping the wheel, stood watching. Now and again a hairy head showed in the forecastle hatch, and the noise of a hoarse laugh floated aft to the ears of Captain Jones. The boat gained the side of the barque, a rope's end was thrown, and the Only Mate made the boat fast to it. Both men then



"NOW AND AGAIN A HEAD SHOWED IN THE FORECASTLE HATCH."

clambered over the side of the vessel and disappeared.

The captain gazed eagerly, and whilst he stood looking a hoarse voice roared the following weather-worn lines through the forecastle scuttle :—

"You Parliament of England, you Lords and Commons too,
Consider well what you're about, and what you mean to do;
You're now at war with Yankees: I'm sure you'll rue the day
You roused the sons of Liberty in North Americay."

The time passed, Captain Jones stood at the wheel with his eyes fixed upon the barque. Suddenly he ran to the companion way, picked a telescope out of its brackets, and, kneeling at the rail, directed the glass at the barque. He remained motionless with his eye at the telescope for some minutes, then stood up and sent a glance aloft, and a look that swept the wide platform of his own decks, and his hollow, gaunt countenance wore an expression of perplexity, dismay, and wrath, all combining in a look that made him appear more than ever as though just out of hospital.

"By this and by that and by t'other," he roared, using words which, as they cannot be described, must be left to the imagination, "who'd ha' thought it of two such this and that and something else sniggering whelps?" and even as he thus used language which cannot be written, the barque swung her yards so as to fill upon the sails, and letting go Captain Jones's boat, which dropped quietly rocking astern, slided along her course, her flying jibboom end pointing at something west of north.

Captain Jones stood looking as though bereft of his reason, and many and awful were the sea-words which leapt from his lips. Again he looked along his deserted decks. There was nothing to be seen in the shape of human nature but a single head showing in the fore-scuttle, and this head appeared to be graphically describing what its eyes beheld to the hidden mob beneath, else how should Captain Jones account for the continuous roar of derisive laughter which saluted his ears? He stood alone upon his deck: either the Only Mate and the carpenter had been kidnapped or they had deserted him; and Captain Jones was

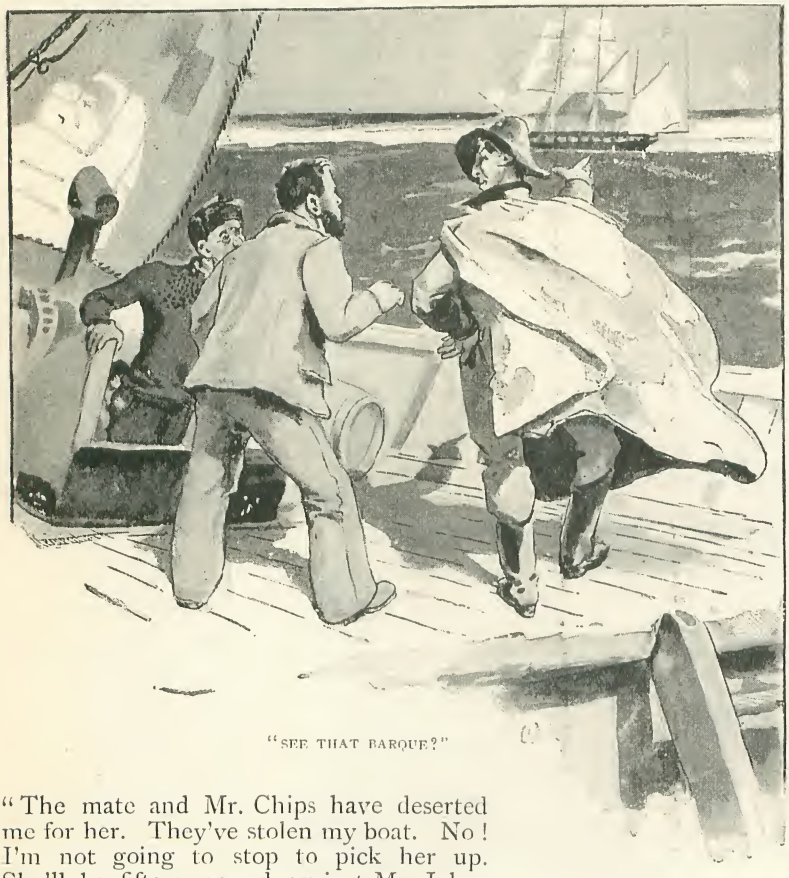
perfectly right in not doubting for a moment that they *had* deserted him.

He rushed forwards.

"Men," he bawled, "up with ye! You shall have your way. I'm a lonely man. Don't stop to consider. Ye shall have your way, but you must bear a hand."

Upon this, up through the hatch, with the agility of a seaman, sprang Black Sam. He was followed by the cook and Peter, and in a jiffy all hands were on deck.

"See that barque?" roared the captain.



"SEE THAT BARQUE?"

"The mate and Mr. Chips have deserted me for her. They've stolen my boat. No! I'm not going to stop to pick her up. She'll be fifteen pound against Mr. Johnson, and six months atop of it for robbery. I'm going to follow that barque; I'm going to get those two men out of her. If the barque don't surrender 'em I'm going to run her down. Turn to now, my lads, and you shall have your way."

"Well, we see you're in a hurry, capt'n," said Black Sam, "and as ye know what our wrongs is, and as ye mean to right 'em in the manner I took the liberty of pointing out yesterday, vy, we'll turn to. Give your orders, and you'll find us willing."

The captain forthwith gave his orders. His commands would not be understood by the landsman. Enough if I say that in a very short time the *Rose*, fully clothed in canvas, was standing with her head direct for the barque, an able seaman at her wheel, the captain pacing the quarter-deck, the cook preparing breakfast for the men in the galley, and the sailors, each of them with a glass of grog in him, looking at the distant figure of the barque over the bows.

The *Rose*, as I have said, was a clipper. The wind had somewhat freshened, and in this pursuit the vessel brought it about a point before the beam. Far ahead leaned the barque, tall and unsightly, heeling out to the sun a space of green copper, whilst at this moment a foretopmast studdingsail went slowly soaring to the yardarm. Captain Jones gave a loud laugh of contempt. He knew that his ship could sail three feet to the barque's one, even though the chase should heap the canvas of a *Royal George* upon herself. He went on to his forecastle and sent a man aft for a large black board, upon which he wrote in chalk :—

GIVE 'EM UP OR—
I'LL RUN YOU DOWN.

As the *Rose* overhauled the barque—and had she been a steamer she could not have overtaken her more swiftly—the black board was held on high by a couple of sea-

men so that it could be read on board the stranger. Captain Jones on the forecastle head watched the chase through his glass. The words "*Martha M. Stubbs*, Windsor, N.S.," were written in large white letters upon her stern. Nothing was to be seen of Mr. Chips and the Only Mate. A man wearing a fur hat, resembling Robinson Crusoe's, paced the short poop of the barque. He carried a glass in his hand, and to judge by the frequent glances he directed at the *Rose*, it was to be guessed that he had interpreted the handwriting on the black board.

The breeze freshened. Sheets and tacks strained to the increased pressure. The *Rose*, with foam midway to the hawsepipe, went shearing alongside the barque within pistol shot.

"Hard up!" shrieked the man in the Robinson Crusoe cap, and the fellow at the helm made the spokes spin like the driving wheel of a locomotive.

"Hard up and into him!" roared Captain Jones, and round fizzed the wheel of the *Rose* in true firework fashion.

For the next two hours the *Rose* was occupied in endeavouring to run down the barque, the barque on her side cutting a hundred nimble nautical capers to evade the shearing stem of the enraged Jones. But at the end of two hours it had become plain to the man in the Robinson Crusoe hat that the *Rose* was in earnest. He then gave up, backed his maintopsail yard, and sent the Only Mate and Mr. Chips aboard the *Rose* in a boat pulled by two men. Captain Jones at once put Mr. Chips into irons and sent the Only Mate to his cabin. He then called to the two fellows who were sitting in the boat under the gangway: "Are ye undermanned?"

"Fearful—ly," was the answer.

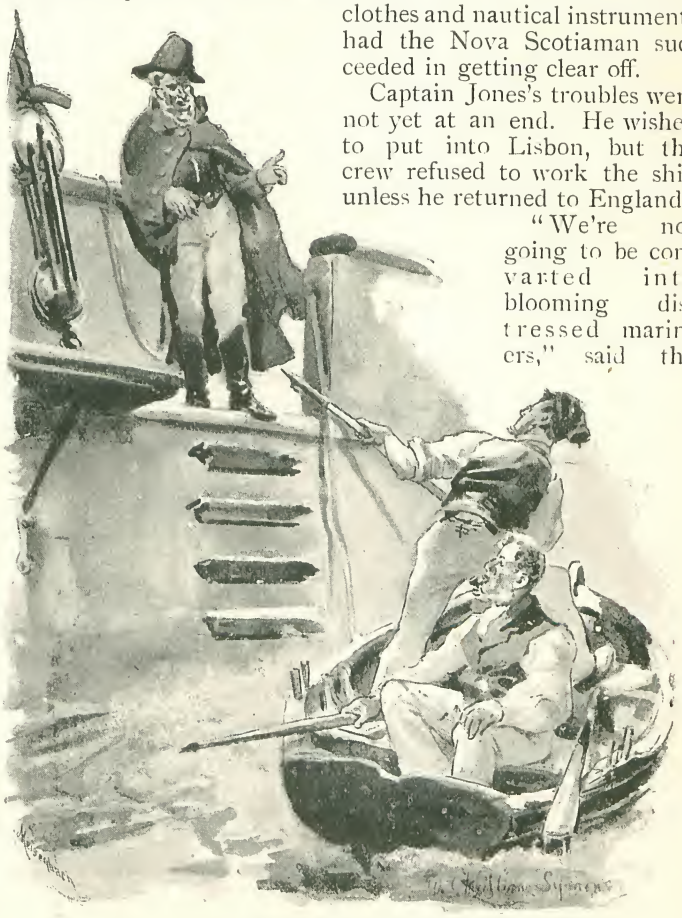
"I thought so," said Captain Jones. "Step on board, my livelies, and have a glass of grog afore you return."

The two men cheerfully crawled over the side, but instead of giving them a glass of grog apiece, Captain Jones ordered them forward to turn to with the rest of his crew, and with his own hand let go the line which held the barque's boat to the *Rose*. Sail was then trimmed, and in less than three hours the barque was hull down, though still in pursuit of the *Rose*.

The Only Mate admitted, with a countenance of hate and loathing, that he was sick of the *Rose*, sick of Captain Jones, that he hadn't any intention of working a big vessel of 700 tons single-handed with old Chips, the carpenter, and that when he boarded the Nova Scotiaman and heard that she was very short-handed, he accepted the captain's handsome offer of a number of dollars for the rest of the run to Windsor, as did Mr. Chips. The Only Mate added that both he and Mr. Chips were in debt to the *Rose* as it was, and that Captain Jones would have been welcome to their clothes and nautical instruments had the Nova Scotiaman succeeded in getting clear off.

Captain Jones's troubles were not yet at an end. He wished to put into Lisbon, but the crew refused to work the ship unless he returned to England.

"We're not going to be convarted into blooming distressed mariners," said the



"STEP ON BOARD, MY LIVELIES."

crew of the *Rose*. "No Consuls for us. We know them gents. They'll find everything all right, stores sweet, crew plentiful, ship tight, and we know how it 'll be: a blooming Portugee jail, then a trip home, and a blooming magisterial inquiry, and six weeks' o' quod;" and so blooming, they forced Captain Jones to sail his ship home.

He arrived at Swansea, and handed the Only Mate and Mr. Chips over into the hands of justice. He offered to ship two more hands if his old crew would sail with him, but they said no, not if he shipped two hundred more hands; and so they were taken before the magistrates, who found the captain in the right, and punished the men by a term of imprisonment far in excess of any penalty of jail and hard labour which they would have inflicted upon a man who had merely broken his wife's skull with his heel, or who had only been systematically starving and cruelly beating his child of ten ever since the neighbours could remember.

Captain Jones shipped a fresh crew and another Only Mate and a new carpenter, but though he stopped his leak he did not ship fresh stores. He sailed out of Swansea Bay October 11, 1869, and has not since been heard of.

Child Workers in London.

THIS article does not profess to be an exhaustive account of all the employments in which London children are engaged. The limits of a magazine article do not allow of a full and detailed account of this very comprehensive subject. No individual or body of individuals has any precise information about the hundreds of children engaged as ballet dancers, acrobats, models, and street venders, to give only a few names in the vast army of child workers.

Nothing can be harder and drearier than the lot of little servants, employed in many cases in lodging-houses. They are on their feet all day long, at everyone's beck and call, and never expected to be tired or to sit down properly for a meal; the food is of the poorest quality; they have heavy weights to drag up and down stairs in the shape of coal-scuttles, and the inevitable strapping baby; their sleeping apartment is as often as not a disgraceful hole, and such requisites to health as are generally considered necessary in the shape of exercise, fresh air, and baths are unknown quantities. There is a strong prejudice against the "factory girl" in many quarters, and "service" is indiscriminately extolled as far more suitable for a respectable girl of the lower classes. It would be, if there were any chance of the docker's child or the coster's child obtaining a decent situation; but, as a matter of fact, the life of the much-pitied match-worker is infinitely easier than that of these little drudges. At eight o'clock the factory girl is at any rate free to get out into the open air for a couple of hours, or to sit down and rest. The little "general" is never free. One child told me—she was the daughter of a docker who was the happy owner of eleven children, and was herself an under-fed, anæmic-looking creature—that she got up at six every morning to "make the gen'l'm's brakfast—it was a lodging-house; after that there's the steps, 'ouse work, peeling potatoes, and sich like, till dinner. I never sits down till we 'ave a cup o' tea after the lodgers 'ave 'ad their suppers. But the missis—oh, she is a nice, kind laidy, and she works with me, she do."

A CHILD NURSE.

"I suppose," I said, "you are able to get out on Sundays?"

"Once a month I goes 'ome, but I nusses the baby on Sunday, as we ain't so busy. 'E's such a beauty; I'll ask missis if I can bring 'im down; e' can't walk by 'isself." And off darted the little maid to the top of the house as if she were not on her thin legs from morn to night, returning presently with a huge and well-fed baby, about three times as fat as herself. I am bound to say this girl seemed contented, and, as lodging-house landladies go, her mistress seemed a fairly good one; but what a life of exhaustive and unremitting labour, even under these conditions, for a child of thirteen; and what a life of horrors if her mistress had been a brutal or cruel woman! The usual payment is 2s. 6d. a week, but I

found in a number of cases the girls only received 1s., or even 9d., their mistresses deducting the rest of their salary for the payment of the clothes which they have been compelled to buy for them on arrival, the little servant being too often in possession of a hat with feathers, a fur boa, and a brass locket, which, with the garments she stands up in, form her entire outfit. A pathetic little story was told me about a bright-faced girl I happened to come across.

"I got to know of her," said my informant, a lady who does much quiet good, and whose name is unknown to newspaper readers, "last year. A friend of mine whose Sunday-school she attended in Deptford asked me to look her up. I happened quite by chance to call in at the coffee-tavern where she was to act as servant, a few moments after she had arrived, and I was told I might go up to the 'bedroom.' Well, I won't go into particulars about that 'bedroom.' It was nearly dark, and I found the poor little soul sitting on the only available piece of furniture in the room—her own little tin hat-box. I shall not easily forget that dazed, bewildered look with which she met me. It was all so strange; everyone had been too busy to attend to her, and, though she had come from a wretched home, where the playful father had been in the habit of making her a target for his boot-shying, still there had been familiar faces round her. She seemed to realise in the sort of way young people do not, as a rule, the intense loneliness of her lot; and, when I put my arm round her, she clung to me with such sobs that I could hardly help crying too."

Fortunately, sensitive child-servants are tolerably rare, and I am bound to say I failed to find any answering to this description. They were generally what one might describe as decidedly "independent!" One girl—she was barely fifteen—told me she had been in six places.

"Are you so fond of change?" I asked.

"'Tain't that so much," returned the young lady; "but I can't put up with 'cheek,' and some o' my missises do go on awful. 'I says: 'Ave yer jaw, and 'ave done with it.'"

This certainly was rather an awful specimen; but she could not have been very bad, as her present mistress—who, I presume, has not up to the present "cheeked" her—assured me that the girl handed over her 2s. 6d. a week regularly to her mother. This seems to be the usual practice with the girls. Their mothers buy their clothes, and give them a shilling on Bank Holidays and a few pence every week to spend on themselves. A large proportion of these little drudges marry dockers and labourers generally, and, as their training has not been exactly of the kind to render them neat, thrifty housewives, it is perhaps not surprising that their *cuisine* and domestic arrangements altogether leave much to be desired.

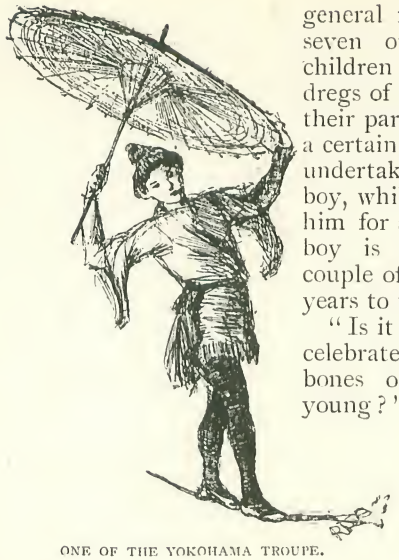
There is perhaps no form of entertainment more popular amongst a large class of playgoers than that afforded by the clever acrobat, of whose private life the public has only the vaguest knowledge. The general impression, derived from sensational stories in newspapers and romances, is that the profession of the gymnast is a disreputable one, involving a constant danger of life and limb; and that young acrobats can only be made proficient in the art by the exercise of severity and cruelty on the part of trainers.

ON THE ROPE.

The actual facts are that the owners, or, as they are called, "fathers," of "troupes" are, in a number of cases, respectable householders, who, when not travelling over Europe and America, occupy little villas in the neighbourhood of Brixton and Clapham; that the danger is immensely exaggerated, particularly in the case of boys, who are always caught when they fall; and that the training and discipline

need not be any severer than that employed by a schoolmaster to enforce authority.

"Of course," said a trainer of long experience to me, "I sometimes get an idle boy, just as a schoolmaster gets an idle pupil, and I have my own methods of making him work. But I would lay a heavy wager that even a lazy lad sheds less tears in his training with me than a dull schoolboy at a public school. I have never met with a single boy who didn't delight in his dexterity and muscle; and you will find acrobats as a whole enjoy a higher average of health than any other class."



ONE OF THE YOKOHAMA TROUPE.

There are no "Schools of Gymnastics" for training acrobats in London, the regular method being that the head of each troupe—which usually consists of five or six persons, including one or more members of the family, the acrobatic instinct being strongly hereditary—trains and exhibits his own little company. The earlier a boy begins, of course, the better; and, as a general rule, the training commences at seven or eight years old. Many of the children are taken from the very lowest dregs of humanity, and are bound over by their parents to the owner of a troupe for a certain number of years. The "father" undertakes to teach, feed, and clothe the boy, whilst the parents agree not to claim him for a stipulated number of years. A boy is rarely of any good for the first couple of years, and it takes from five to six years to turn out a finished gymnast.

"Is it true," I asked of the head of the celebrated "Yokohama Troupe," "that the bones of the boys are broken whilst young?"

"SHOULDER AND LEGS."

"FULL SPREAD."

Mr. Edwin Bale, who is himself a fine specimen of the healthy trapezist, smiled pityingly at my question, and asked me to come and watch his troupe practise. All gymnasts practise regularly for two hours or more every day. The "Yokohama Troupe" includes three boys, all well-fed looking and healthy, one of them being Edwin, the fifteen-year-old son of Mr. Bale, a strikingly handsome and finely-developed boy, who has been in the profession since he was two.

The first exercise that young boys learn is "shoulder and legs," which is practised assiduously till performed with ease and rapidity. After this comes "splits." This exercise looks as if it ought to be not only uncomfortable but painful; but a strong

proof that it is neither was afforded me involuntarily by one of the little boys. He did it repeatedly for his own benefit when off duty! After this the boy learns "flip-flap," "full-spread," and a number of intricate gymnastics with which the public is

THROWING KNIVES.

familiar. In all these performances boys are very much in request, partly because they are more popular with the public, and partly because in a variety of these gymnastic exhibitions men are disqualified from taking any part in them owing to their weight. In the figure technically known as "full spread" (shown in illustration), it is essential that the topmost boy shall be slightly made and light in weight; but even under these conditions the strain on the principal "supporter" is enormous. As regards danger, so far as I have been able to learn from a good deal of testimony on the point, there is very little of any kind. The only really dangerous gymnastic turn is the "somersault," which may have serious results, unless done with dexterity and delicacy. There is no doubt that exercise of this kind is beneficial to the boys' health. Several boys in excellent condition, with well-developed muscles and chests, assured me they were often in the "'orspital" before they became acrobats.

Their improved physique is possibly in a great measure due to the capital feeding they get, it being obviously to the advantage of the "father" to have a robust, rosy-faced company. Master Harris, of the "Yokohama Troupe," informed me that he generally has meat twice a day, a bath every evening (gymnasts are compelled by the nature of their work to keep their skins in good condition by frequent bathing), that Mrs. Bale was as kind to him as his own mother, and that he thought performing "jolly." He further informed me that he got three shillings a week for pocket-money, which was put into the bank for him.

Another boy in the same troupe told me he had over £9 in the bank. Of course, all companies are not so well looked after as the boys in Mr. Bale's troupe; but I have failed to discover a single case where the boys seemed ill-used. Where the troupe travelled about Europe, the lads were exceptionally intelligent, and several of them could talk fair French and German. A really well-equipped acrobat is nearly always sure of work, and can often

BALL EXERCISE.

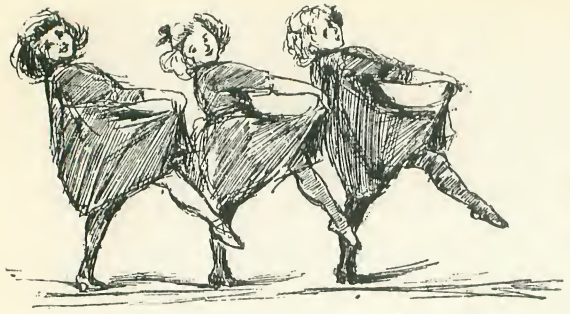
obtain as much as £30 a week, the usual payment being from £20 to £25 a week. As a rule, the boys remain with the master who has given them their training, and who finds it worth while, when they are grown up, to pay them a good salary. A troupe gets as much as £70 or £80 a day when hired out for fêtes or public entertainments. There is one point which will possibly interest the temperance folk, and

which I must not forget. The boys have constantly before them moderation in the persons of their elders.

"Directly an acrobat takes to drinking," said Mr. Bale, impressively, "he is done for. I rarely take a glass of wine. I can't afford to have my nerves shaky." Altogether there are worse methods of earning a livelihood than those of the acrobat; and, *à propos* of this point, an instructive little story was told me which sentimental, fussy people would do well to note. There was a certain little lad belonging to a troupe the owner of which had rescued him from the gutter principally out of charity. The boy was slight and delicate-looking, but good feeding and exercise improved him wonderfully, and he was becoming quite a decent specimen of humanity when some silly people cried out about the cruelty of the late hours, and so on, and insisted that he should be at school all day. The lad, who was well fed, washed, and clothed, was handed back to the care of his parents. He now certainly attends school during the day, but he is running about the gutter every evening, barefooted, selling matches till midnight! On the subject of ballet children there is also a great deal of wasted sentiment. All sorts and descriptions of children are employed in theatres, from the respectable tradesman's child to the coster's child in Drury-lane; but the larger proportion are certainly of the very poorest class, and it must be remembered that these children would not be tucked up safely in their little beds, if they were not earning a few badly-wanted shillings; they would be running about the London streets.

Mr. D'Auban—who has turned out a number of our best dancers, such as Sylvia Grey, Letty Lind, and others—was kind enough to call a rehearsal of his children, who are now performing at the Lyric, Prince of Wales, Drury Lane, and other theatres, so that I was enabled to see a very representative gathering of these useful little bread-winners. Whatever else may be urged against the employment of children in theatres, there is not the least doubt that dancing is a pure pleasure to them. Out of all the little girls I questioned, not a single one would admit that she ever felt "tired." A good many of the children belong to theatrical families, and have been on the stage since they were babies; they were distinguished by a calmness and self-possession which the other little ones lacked; but in the matter of dancing there was very little difference, and it was difficult to believe that a large proportion of the children now playing in "La Cigale," knew nothing about dancing six months ago. Mr. D'Auban has no apprentices, no agreements, and no charges, and he says he can make any child of fair intelligence a good dancer in six months. The classes

FIRST STEPS.



FINISHING STEPS.

begin in May, and, as soon as it is known that Mr. D'Auban wants children, he is besieged by parents with little maids of all sizes. The School Board only allows them to attend two days a week ; but Mr. D'Auban says : "Everything I teach them once is practised at home and brought back perfect to me." The children wear their ordinary dress, and practising shoes of any kind are allowed. First the positions are mastered, then chassés, pirouettes, and all the rest of the rhythmic and delicate movements of which ballets consist.

Many of these graceful little dancers are the real bread - winners of the family. Little Minnie Burley, whose charming dancing in the "Rose and the Ring" will be remembered, though only eleven years old, has for more than a year practically supported herself and her mother by her earnings. The mother suffers from an incurable spinal complaint, and, beyond a little help which she gets from another daughter who is in service, has nothing to live upon but the little one's earnings. During the double performance of the "Rose and the Ring," Minnie earned £1 5s. a week ; now she is earning as a Maypole dancer in "Maid Marian" 12s. a week ; but her engagement will soon end, and the poor little maiden, who has the sense and foresight of a woman of thirty, is getting rather anxious.

She is a serious-faced, dark-eyed child, very sensible, very self-possessed, and passionately fond of dancing. Her mother is devoted to her, and keeps her exquisitely neat. I asked her whether she did not feel a little nervous about the child coming home alone every night from the Strand.

"No," said Mrs. Burley, "you see, she comes by 'bus, and she *knows how* to take care of herself—she knows she is not to let anyone talk to her."

Minnie is a type of dozens of other hard-working, modest little girls who are supporting themselves, and very often their families, by dancing. As a rule, the mothers fetch the children, or make arrangements for several to come home together. Many of them, whose husbands have been out of work, or who are widows, or deserted, have assured me they could not possibly have got through the winter without the children's earnings, whilst the children themselves are immensely proud of "helping" mother. The pride they take in their parts is also very amusing. One small girl ran after me the whole length of a street. She reached me breathless, saying, "Don't forget I'm *principal* butterfly." Another small

A FIGURE OF PAVANNE

AT PLAY.

mite gave me a most crushing reply. She made some allusion to her mother, and I said innocently, "I suppose your mother is a dresser?" She looked daggers at me, and said indignantly, "My mother's a lady wots in the ballet."

The wages of the children range from 6s. to 16s. a week, and, as their engagements often last for four months at a time, it will be seen that their money is a valuable, and in many instances an essential, addition to the mother's purse.

Child models, being required almost exclusively in the daytime, are, thanks to the vigilance of the School Board authorities, becoming more and more scarce. The larger number of them comes from "model families," the mother having sat herself, and having from an early age accustomed her children to "sitting." The children of these families have no difficulty in obtaining regular work; they get a reputation in the painting world, and one artist recommends them to another. In the neighbourhood of Fitzroy-square, Holland-park, and St. John's Wood these families abound, and

AT THE LYRIC.

AT TEA.

are mostly in very respectable circumstances. A pretty little girl, whose mother is a well-known model, and who has herself figured in several of Millais' pictures, told me with condescension that she had so many engagements she didn't know which artist to go to first.

Mary M——, whose face is familiar to admirers of Miss Kate Greenaway's pictures, is, except for a couple of months in the summer, never out of work. She is a beautiful child of fourteen, the daughter of a cab-driver, who is not always in regular employment; and, as Mary has a tribe of little brothers, her earnings are of the utmost usefulness. For several months she has been sitting to three artists, and making the

very respectable sum of £1 10s. a week. In her spare moments Mary takes music lessons, and her great ambition is to become an illustrator in black and white. All her earnings are cheerfully handed over to her mother, who is as careful of her little daughter's welfare as she can be.

"I don't sit as a nude model," Mary said, "but only for my head, and mother doesn't let me go into *any* studio."

As a matter of fact, children are not used as nude models to any great extent; they do not sit still enough, and their limbs are too thin and unformed to be of much use. Besides the regular professional models, who get 5s. a day, and are pretty sure of engagements, except in the summer, there is a fairly large class of street children who call at the different artists' studios, and are taken on occasionally.

"I get any number," said a well-known artist. "They come down to me, and are kind enough to *suggest* ideas. One small girl said to me the other day, 'Could you do me in a blue dress, sir; mother says it would go well with my golden 'air.'"

Many artists prefer these children to the regular model, who get a stereotyped expression and artificial poses from long habit. Mr. T. B. Kennington, whose pictures of poor London children are familiar to the public, told me that he always actually paints from the class of children that he depicts on his canvas. The boy who figured in that painful and powerful picture of his, "Widowed and Fatherless," is a real little London waif. His mother is said to have been pitched out of window by her husband, and the boy, whose sad face arrests the attention of the most careless observer, lives with his grandmother, who does washing.

"Do you make the children 'put on' this sad expression?" I asked Mr. Kennington.

"No, indeed; my great difficulty is to make them smile, except momentarily. Haven't you ever noticed how very melancholy children look in repose?"

This may be true about children who are constantly half-starved and ill-treated, but surely it is not true of children in general, or even of the majority of children of the lower classes, who contrive to wear an air of marvellous brightness, in spite of cold, hunger, and even blows. "Sitting" does not seem to be an occupation that commends itself to children, who naturally dislike keeping perfectly still in one position. Nearly all the little models prefer ladies, who keep them quiet by telling them stories, and bestowing sweets and cakes on them; whereas male painters have less persuasive methods of making them do what they want. These latter, however, make many attempts to reform the manners and morals of their small models, many of whom, they say, evince an appalling amount of depravity. Mr. F. W. Lawson, who painted some veritable little slum waifs, in his series of pictures called "Children of the Great Cities," told a good little story of one of his attempts in this direction. His model was a small, bright-faced, black-eyed street boy.

"Well, Fred, what have you been doing to-day?" asks Mr. Lawson. "Playing on Battersea Bridge, sir, and chucking stones at mad old Jimmy," was the reply of the urchin, who then proceeded with much gusto to describe the details of this sport. Mr. Lawson, on learning that mad old Jimmy added blindness to his other infirmities, spoke strongly about the cruelty and cowardice of such an entertainment; and ended up by telling the story of a heroic deed performed by a blind man. "When I looked up," said Mr. Lawson, "I saw the boy's eyes were full of tears, and I thought to improve the occasion by asking, 'And now, Freddy, what will you do if you meet mad old Jimmy again?' The little scamp looked up with a wink, and said, chuckling, 'Chuck stones at 'im, sir.'"

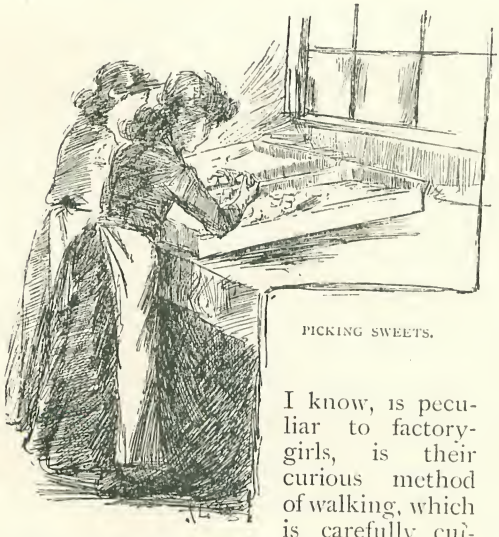
Professional models, especially those who have sat to eminent artists, have an exaggerated idea of their comeliness, and they will draw your attention to their good points with much frankness.

"I've got beautiful 'air," said one little girl, modestly pointing to her curly chestnut locks; whilst a small boy, usually called the "Saint," from having figured in several religious pictures, requested me to observe his "fine froat," as if he had been a prize beast.

In London, owing to the numerous restrictions imposed upon employers, there are only a comparatively small number of children working in factories. Girls of thirteen and upward are employed in confectionery, collar, jam, and match and other factories where skilled labour is not required, whilst small boys are principally found at rope works, foundries, and paper-mills, where their chief business is to attend to the machinery. It is almost impossible to mistake the factory-girl, and even at a glance one notes certain characteristics which distinguish her from her sister

workers. Contrast her, for instance, with the theatre child out of Drury-lane. The little actress may be as poor as the Mile-end factory-girl, but in nine cases out of ten she will be very neatly clad, with spotless petticoats and well-made boots and stockings. If you watch her, you will notice she walks gracefully, and instinctively assumes, whenever she can, a picturesque and taking attitude. The little factory-girl is decently enough attired so far as her frock is concerned, but she, or her mother, cares nothing about her boots, which are invariably cheap and untidy, whilst any superfluous coin is devoted to the adornment of her hat, an article of great importance amongst factory-girls—young as well as old. But a still more characteristic feature, which, so far as I know, is peculiar to factory-girls, is their curious method of walking, which is carefully cultivated and imitated by the young ones. It is a sort of side "swing" of the skirts, and has one of the ugliest effects that can be produced, especially when executed by half a dozen young ladies walking abreast on the pavement.

PACKING CHOCOLATE.



PICKING SWEETS.

At Messrs. Allen's chocolate and sweet factories, in Mile-end, some two hundred women and girls are employed. Referring to the strike, I asked a highly respectable, intelligent-looking girl why she joined it:

"Well, I don't hardly know," was the candid reply. "It was all done in a rush, and the other girls asked me to come out."

This girl was earning, by the bye, 17s. a week.

The quite young girls are principally employed in packing chocolate into boxes, covering it with silver paper, which operation they perform with great dexterity, labelling, and other easy work of this nature. The rooms are large and well ventilated, and each department is under the care of a forewoman, who not only keeps a sharp look-out on the work, but exercises what control she can over behaviour and conversation. The discipline did not strike me as particularly severe, considering that the girls left their work *en masse*, as soon as one of their number had announced, referring to the artist, "She's takin' Em'ly's likeness." The hours, from 8 to 7, are certainly too long for girls in delicate health; but the work itself is light, and a capital dining-room is provided on the premises, where the girls can cook their dinners and make themselves tea. Nor are the prospects at all bad. Here is Alice C——, a girl of fourteen, the daughter of a flower carman,

FLOWER SELLER.

not always in work. She is a packer, and gets 6s. a week, which she hands over to her mother. She says she likes doing things with her hands, and would not like to be in service, as then she wouldn't have her Sundays to herself. If she stays on at Messrs. Allen's, her wages will be steadily raised to 18s. a week; and, if she ultimately becomes a piece-worker, she may make as much as 24s. or 25s. a week. Considering that a good many educated women are teaching in High Schools for salaries of £65 per annum, this is surely not bad.

Of course all factories are not as well managed as these chocolate works, and where the hardship comes in is where hands are turned off at certain periods of the year, or when the work itself, like match-making, is injurious to health.

Still more unfortunate is the lot of some of the little girl workers who assist their mothers at home in tailoring, button-holing, and dolls'-clothes making. The united work of mother and child yields only a wretched pittance, and, carried on as it is in a room where sleeping, eating, and living go on, is, of all forms of labour, the saddest and most unhealthy. Meals consist of bread and tea, and work is prolonged till midnight by the light of one candle, with the consequence that the children are prematurely aged and diseased. This is the most painful kind of child-labour that I have come across, and would be unbearable, if it were not ennobled by the touching affection that almost invariably exists between the worn-out mother and her old-woman-wise little daughter.

The lot of the child-vender in the streets would be almost as hard, if it were not, at any rate, healthier. Terrible as are the extremes of weather to which the little flower-girl or newspaper boy is exposed, the life is in the open air, and a hundred times preferable, even if it results in death from exposure, to existence in a foul-smelling garret where consumption works its deadly way slowly. Children find an endless variety of ways of earning a living in the streets. There are the boot-black boys, who form a useful portion of the community; newspaper boys, of whom the better sort are careful little capitalists, with an immense fund of intelligence and commercial instinct; "job chaps," who hang about railway stations on the chance of earning a few pence in carrying bags; flower-girls, match-girls, crossing-sweepers, who can make a fair living, if they are industrious; and lastly, although this enumeration by no means exhausts the list—street prodigies, such as pavement painters and musicians. All Londoners must be familiar with the figure of little Master Sorine, who sits perched up on a high stool diligently painting away at a marine-scape in highly coloured chalks.

This clever little artist of eleven is the principal support of his parents, who do a little in the waste-paper line when there is anything to be done. As a rule, Master Sorine is *finishing* his marine picture or landscape when I pass by, so that I have not had an opportunity of judging of his real ability; but his mother, who keeps guard over him, assures me that he can draw "anything he has seen"—an assertion which I shall one day test. The little fellow is kept warm by a pan of hot charcoal under his seat, which would seem to suggest rather an unequal distribution of heat. However, he seems to think it is "all right." His artistic efforts are so much appreciated by the multitude that on a "good day" he earns no less than 9s. or 10s., which mounts up to a respectable income, as he "draws in public" three days a week. Master Sorine, however, is exceptionally fortunate, and indeed there is something particularly taking about his little stool, and his little cap, and the business-like air with which he pursues his art studies. Nothing can be said in praise of such "loafing" forms of earning a livelihood as flower-selling, when the unhappy little vender has nothing but a few dead flowers to cover her begging; or of "sweeping," when the "crossing" of the young gentleman of the broom is often dirtier than the surrounding country. Now and again one comes across industrious, prosperous sweepers, who evince a remarkable amount of acuteness and intelligence. It may have been chance, but each of the three crossing-sweepers I questioned were "unattached," disdained anything in the way of families, and declined to name their residences on the ground that they were "jes' thinkin' o' movin'." This is a very precarious method of earning a livelihood, and is generally supplemented by running errands and hopping in summer. In a wealthy neighbourhood, frequented by several members of Parliament, who were regular customers, a very diligent young sweeper told me he made on an average in winter 2s. 6d. a week; but he added contemptuously: "Business ain't what it

used to be. Neighbour'ood's goin' down, depend on it. I'm thinkin' of turnin' it up." This young gentleman supplemented *his* income by successful racing speculations, obtaining his information about "tips" from his good-natured clients. It seems sad to think how much good material is lost in these smart street boys, whose ability and intelligence could surely be turned to better account. The most satisfactory point—and one which no unprejudiced person can fail to recognise—in connection with the subject of child-labour is that healthy children do not feel it a hardship to work ; and that, therefore, considering, in addition, how materially their earnings add to their own comfort, all legislation in the direction of restriction and prohibition ought to be very carefully considered.

I must express my best thanks to Mr. Redgrave, of the Home Office, for his help in obtaining entrance to factories, and to Mr. Hugh Didcott, the well-known theatrical agent, for his kind services in the matter of acrobats.

MASTER SORINE.

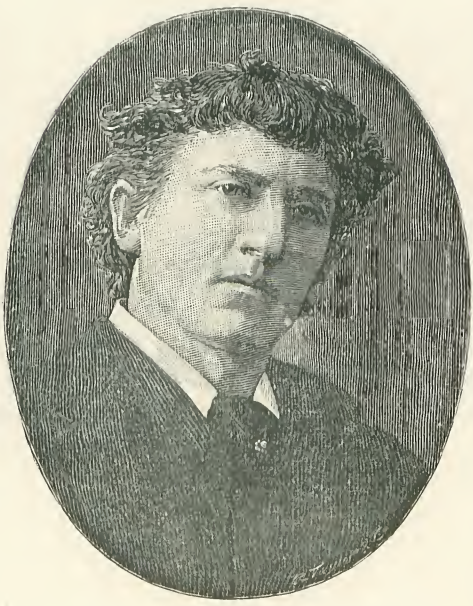
Portraits of Celebrities at different times of their Lives.

From a Photo. by] AGE 22. *[Window & Grove.*

WILSON BARRETT.

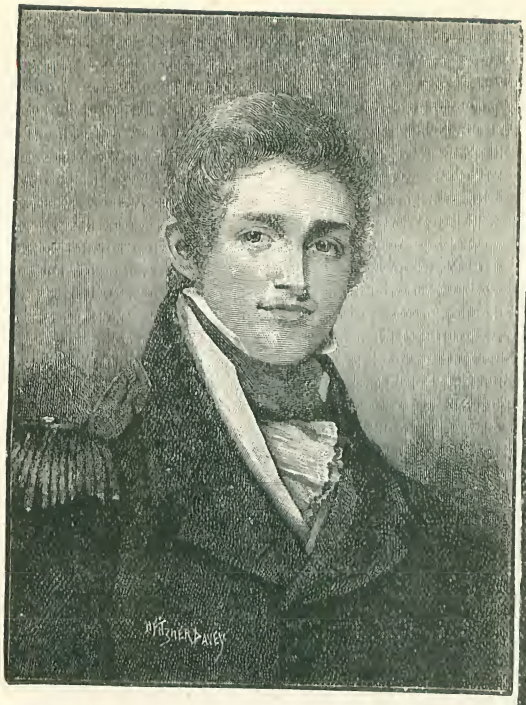
BORN 1846.

MR. WILSON BARRETT, who is the son of a gentleman who farmed his own estate in Essex, received his education at a private school. During his school-days, at the age of thirteen, he one night spent his only sixpence in visiting the gallery of the Princess's Theatre, where Charles Kean was playing *Hamlet;* and he has himself described how he was therewith fired with two ambitions—to play *Hamlet*, and to marry Miss Heath, a charming actress who was appearing in the piece—and how he afterwards achieved both objects. His first appearance as the Prince of Denmark took place in 1884, on the very stage on which he had first seen the character performed. At twenty-two, the age of our first portrait, Mr. Wilson Barrett was studying his art in that great school for actors—the provincial stage. At the present day, as represented in our second portrait, his fine features are well known to every playgoer, as equally adapted to the picturesque melancholy of the *Silver King*, the classical countenance of *Claudian*, or the boyish and pathetic beauty of the *Chatterton* of seventeen.



From a Photo.] PRESENT DAY. *[by J. Thomson.*

For these portraits we are indebted to the kindness of Mr. Wilson Barrett.



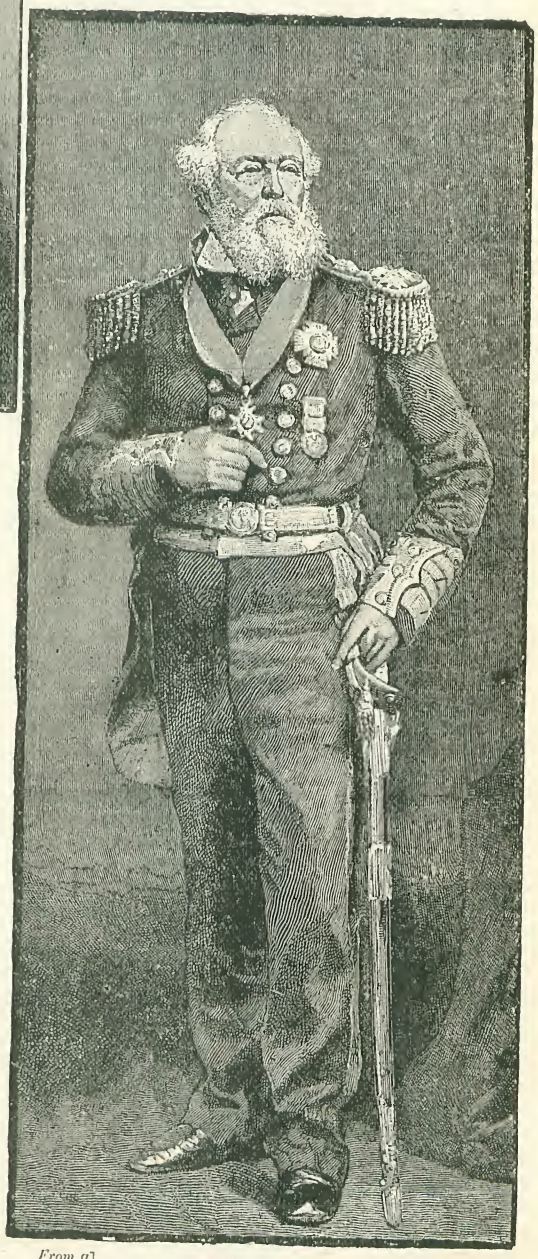
From a] AGE 22. *[Painting.*

SIR PROVO WALLIS.

BORN 1791.

SIR PROVO WILLIAM PARRY WALLIS, R.N., G.C.B., Senior Admiral of the Fleet, was a hundred years of age on the 12th of last month. Sir Provo, now the oldest naval officer alive, was born at Halifax, in Nova Scotia. At thirteen he fought his first engagement, at seventeen was made lieutenant, and went through several fierce encounters with the French. At twenty-two, the age at which our first portrait shows him, he was second lieutenant of the *Shannon* on the famous day when that gallant vessel was challenged by the American frigate *Chesapeake*. The ships met; a desperate fight ensued; the captain of the *Shannon* was disabled, and Lieutenant Wallis was called upon to take command, both of his own ship and of the captured enemy. For his gallantry on this occasion he was made commander. Subsequently he rose to be vice-admiral, admiral, and admiral of the fleet. It is the rule for admirals to retire from active service at the age of seventy; but Sir Provo enjoys the unique honour, which he owes entirely to his reputation as a gallant warrior, of having been retained, by a special Order in Council, on the active list for life. Sir Provo now resides at the village of Funtington, near Chichester, where his striking face and figure, as represented in our second portrait, are familiar to every inhabitant of the place.

For the first of the above portraits we are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Brock, of Sydenham.



From a] AGE 100. *[Photograph.*

From a] AGE 7. [*Photograph*

From a] AGE 16. [*Photograph.*

GEORGE R. SIMS.

BORN 1847.

OUR first two portraits represent Mr. George R. Sims before he had become famous, though at sixteen he was already a keen observer of life and character. At twenty-four he was writing for several magazines and papers, and six years later he became a member of the staff of *The Referee*, under the now celebrated *nom de plume* of "Dagonet." His first play, "Crutch and Toothpick," was produced in 1879 with great success. Then came, in 1881, "The Lights o' London"—a play which has now been running for ten years.

From a Photo. by] AGE 24. [*G. & R. Lavis.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 42. [*Bassano.*

From a] AGE 17. *[Daguerreotype.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 30. *[C. Ferranti, Liverpool.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 38. *[Lock & Whitfield.*

From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[The Stereoscopic Co.*

MR. B. L. FARJEON.

AT the age of 17, as he is represented in our first portrait, Mr. Farjeon was already an author, but unknown to fame, his productions, including a full-blown tragedy, "Hakem, the Slave," written when he was 14, being buried in a nest of three drawers by his bedside, which he kept always securely locked. When he was 30, at which age he is represented in our second portrait, he made, with remarkable success, his first essay, a Christmas story, "Shadows on the Snow," which was published in New Zealand, but afterwards, re-written and enlarged, in England. He followed this up with "Grif," and the success of this story and a letter he received from Charles Dickens determined his future career. His third portrait represents him shortly before his marriage with the daughter of Joseph Jefferson. It was after this union that he opened up a new vein by writing his finest novel, "Great Porter Square." Perhaps no living author has a stronger hold upon the public.

From a Photo. by] AGE 32. *[Mrs. Cameron.*

depicted in the first of our two portraits, he was Director of the Royal Concert-hall at Hanover, and was about to marry Amelia Weiss, one of the leading singers of her time, and then chief contralto at the Royal Opera in Hanover. He had already visited most of the European capitals, and was well known in London, then as now, for the extraordinary technical ability and mastery of his instrument which, combined with the feeling and the insight of a born musician, render him probably the greatest violinist who has ever lived, not even excepting Paganini.

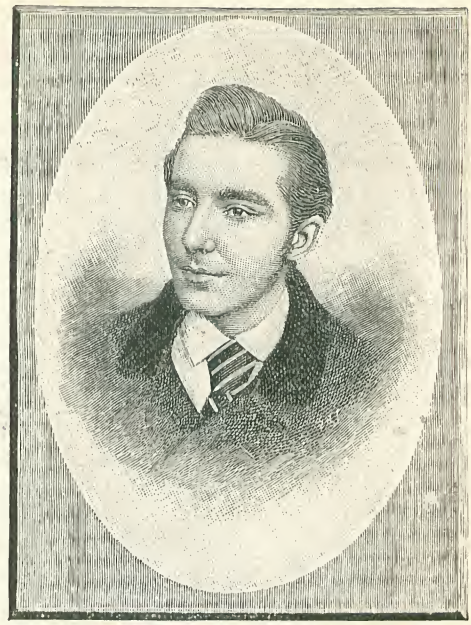
HERR JOACHIM.

BORN 1831.

JOSEPH JOACHIM was born of Jewish parents at Kitsee, a small town near Presburg, Hungary, and while very young entered the Conservatory of Music at Vienna, where he studied under the celebrated teacher, Joseph Böhm. He was only twelve years old when his master declared that, as a violinist, he had nothing more to learn, and he appeared before a public audience at Leipzig with a success which placed his future great career beyond a doubt. He, however, studied with the utmost assiduity under the direction of Ferdinand David. At thirty-two, the age in which he is

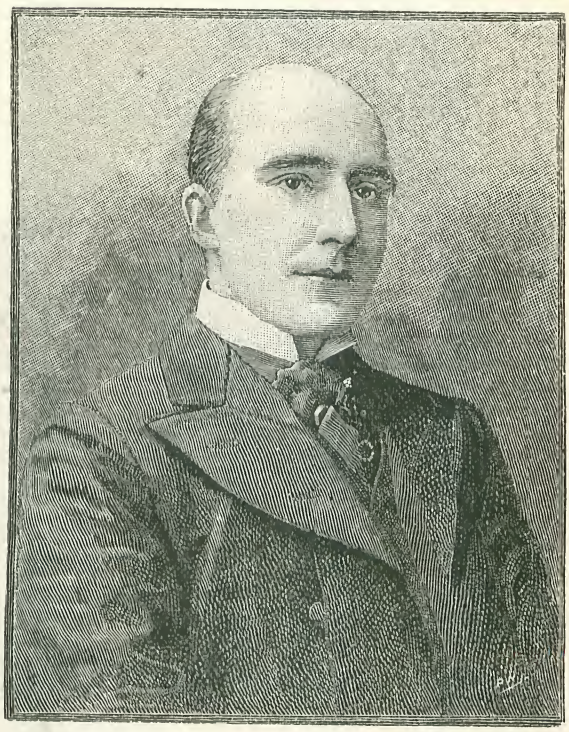
From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Messrs. Elliott & Fry.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 7. *[L. Schultz, Greenwich*



From a Photo. by] AGE 19. *[C. Watkins, London.*

From a Photo. by R. F. Barnes, New Cross.
AGE 23.

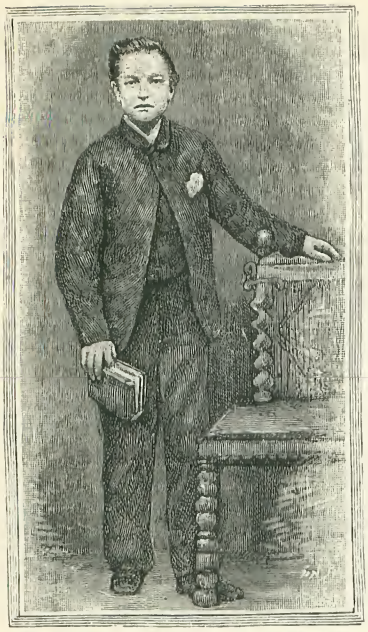


From a Photo. by] AGE 35. *[Window & Grove.*

ARTHUR W. PINERO.

BORN 1855.

THE first portrait of Mr. Pinero shows him at the age of seven. The second portrait, taken at nineteen, marks an era in his life, for it was in that year he became an actor. At twenty-three he began, as he describes it, "to write little plays." His fourth portrait was taken in 1890, long before which he had firmly established his position as one of the few leading dramatists of the age.



From a Photo.] AGE 13. [*by Marioni.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 32. [*W. & D. Downey.*

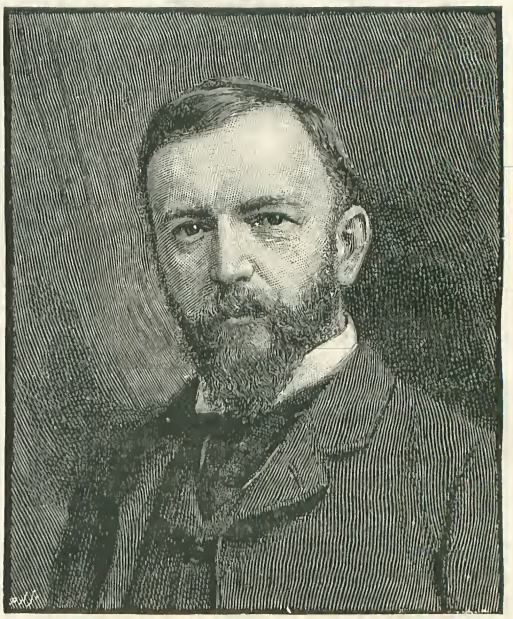
HENRY A. JONES.

BORN 1851.

MR. HENRY ARTHUR JONES is the son of a Buckinghamshire farmer, and was born at Granbrough. At fourteen he had just left school, and entered commercial life at Ramsgate. Strangely enough, Mr. Jones was never in a theatre till he was eighteen. At the age of nineteen he wrote his first play, which has never been acted. Indeed, Mr. Jones was twenty-eight when he made his first bow as a playwright, with "A Clerical Error," at the Court.

From a Photo. by] AGE 19. [*The London Portrait Co.*

Then he rose rapidly, and within three years he had earned both fame and fortune by "The Silver King," the production of which marks the date of our third photograph. The subsequent work of Mr. Jones is too well known to need mention here.



From a Photo. by] AGE 40. [*Elliott & Fry.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 6. *[J. S. Lonsdale.*

From a Photo by] AGE 18 *[Elliott & Fry.*

From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

MISS MARY RORKE.

AT the age of six, the age at which she is represented in our first portrait, Miss Mary Rorke had not yet made her appearance on the stage, but at eight she played *Sybil* in "A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing" with an amateur company — which was the *rôle*, as the readers of our last number will remember, in which little Miss Marion Terry first appeared before the public, and in which Miss Mary Rorke was equally successful. At eighteen, at which age our second portrait represents her, Miss Rorke was appearing on the London stage as *Galatea* —the character which has been associated with the names of so many fascinating actresses on their first appearance, and in which, of all others, grace, beauty, and intelligence such as Miss Mary Rorke's tell most effectively. Mrs. Frank St. Aubyn, which is Miss Rorke's married name, has since become well known and popular at many theatres and in many parts.

We are indebted to the kindness of Miss Mary Rorke for permission to reproduce the above interesting series of portraits.

Humours of the Post Office.

WITH FAC-SIMILES.

MANY a pictorial curiosity passes through the post; and the industrious letter-sorter is often bewildered as to where to despatch missives, the envelopes of which bear hieroglyphics which would positively out-Egypt Egypt. Through the courtesy of Sir Arthur Blackwood, we are in a position to reproduce in these pages—for the first time in any publication—a number of these postal puzzles and pictures—the pictures, in many instances, being as clever as they are humorous.

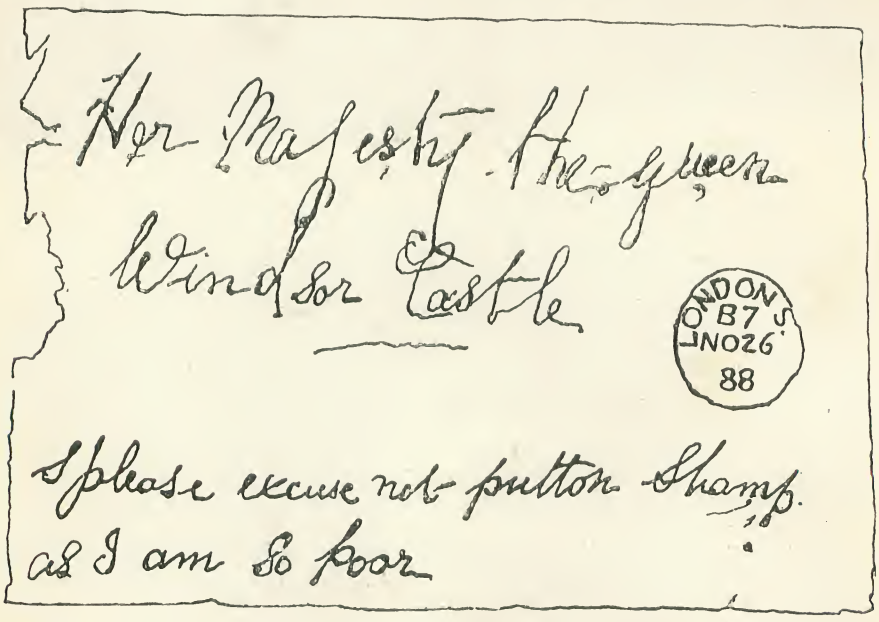


FIG. 1.

Immediately such curiosities reach St. Martin's-le-Grand, they are passed on to a number of young men talented in the use of pencil and brush, who make rapid copies of them, the fac-similes being pasted in one of the three great "Scrap Books" used entirely for this purpose. We are assured by the authorities that there is no delay occasioned by this, and in every instance the letters temporarily under the care of the Post Office artists catch the post for which they are intended. Some slight delay may possibly be occasioned by the "puzzles"; but, when our readers have glanced over one or two specimens, they will unhesitatingly say that it is a big plume in the cap of the Post Office that they ever reached their destination at all.

All sorts and conditions of men are represented in the leaves of these scrap books. Her Majesty's Private Secretary finds himself addressed as—

"Sur Genarell
Pansebe our Queens
Privet Pus Keeper
Bucom Palacs."

A seafaring man evidently expected at the Sailors' Home is addressed, "Walstrets, Selorshom Tebiekald for"; which, being interpreted, means, "Sailors' Home, Wells-street: To be called for." The School of Gunnery at Shoeburyness is set out on an envelope as "Scool of Goonery, Rile Hort Tilbrery, Shoevebry." "Bryracky" stands for Billericay, a small market town in Essex; Jarrow-on-Tyne is spelt "Jeripintine"; the Hanley Potteries are "Harley Potlerings"; whilst "Pambore near Beas and Stoke, Ence," is intended for Pamber, near Basingstoke, Hants. Fortunately for somebody at the Opera Comique Theatre, the "Hoppera cummick theatrer" found him; an enve-

lope addressed, "For the War Office London to the Master of it," also got into the right channel. But we are rather in doubt as to whether a communication from the United States addressed to "John Smith, Esq., or any intelligent Smith, London, England," or possibly a proposal from some unknown admirer for "Miss Annie W—, London, address not known," ever reached their rightful owners.

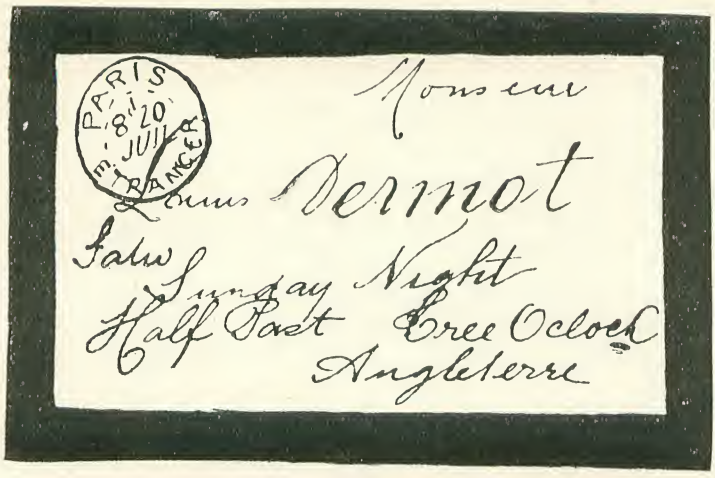


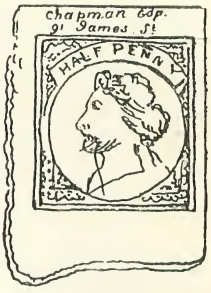
FIG. 2.

Her Majesty has been the recipient of some remarkably addressed envelopes. There is one which says that the writer of the communication is too poor to pay for a stamp (Fig. 1); whilst a loyal and poetically inclined subject enthusiastically bursts into verse, which constitutes the address:—

"To Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen:
Long may she live to wield a sway
The mightiest earth has seen;
Long may her loyal people pray,
God bless our Empress Queen."

Whatever it lacks in poetic merit is atoned for by the poet's loyalty.

A black-edged envelope reveals a curious address on a letter intended for a Frenchman. All it has is the man's name, with "Sailing on Sunday night, Half-past three o'clock, Angleterre" (Fig. 2). This was a decidedly smart move on the part of the Frenchman's correspondent. The letter was faithfully delivered, the postal authorities going down to the boat which left this country at that hour, on board of which they found Monsieur. A well-known firm of music publishers were put down as living in "Cocks and Hens," otherwise the Poultry; whilst an enterprising grocer of Naples gave the Post Office a slight test of far-sightedness in discovering addresses, when, for a wager, he drew on the envelope a couple of pears,



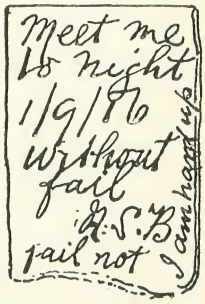


FIG 4.

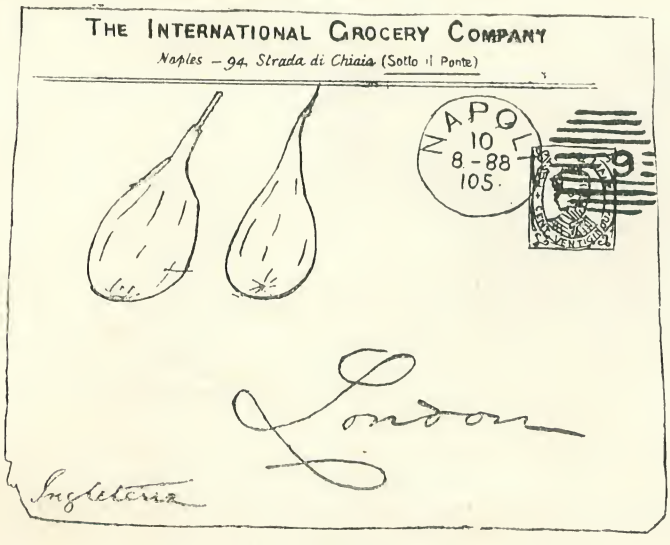


FIG. 3.

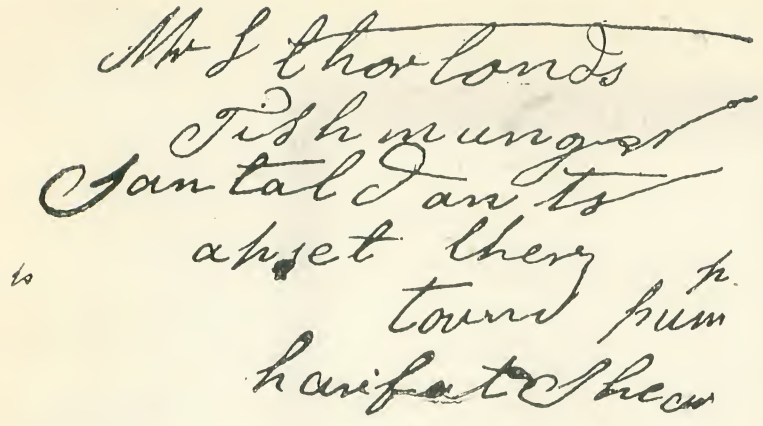


FIG. 5.

adding the word London (Fig. 3). It is needless to say for whom this was intended.

The sending of a solitary postage stamp through the post with the name, address, and message written on the gummed side,

FIG. 6.

is of frequent occurrence. It is, however, a foolish practice, for not only is the stamp likely to be lost amongst the shoals of letters, but no small amount of inconvenience is caused to the sorters and other officials. If this should meet the eye of the gentleman who wrote on a postage stamp (Fig. 4) to a generously disposed friend, "Meet me to-night without fail. Fail not—*I am hard up*," will he remember that, though he probably parted with his last penny, considering the state of his exchequer, he ran a great risk of remaining still hard up, owing to non-delivery of his communication?

The missive for a fishmonger at St. Albans who lives "Opposite the town pump," found him (Fig. 5).

We now turn to the artistic creations. One of the scrap books is devoted to fac-similes of letters intended for distant parts of the world. Many most humorously addressed envelopes were received by our soldiers during the Egyptian War. There is one with a redcoat in a very awkward predicament. He is trying to shelter his trembling form amongst the foliage of a tropical plant, and is suggestively labelled "Up a tree," for a small army of aggravating alligators are waiting for him below, and one more hungry than his companions has already commenced to sample Tommy Atkins' helmet. Another is addressed to a lance-corporal at Christmas-time. He is standing with his tongue out for inspection by an officer, and the sender has unkindly suggested that this is "the results of too much Christmas duff." These little postal humours are decidedly personal.

One to a naval man at South Africa has "Peace" typified by a blue-jacket hobbling along on a couple of crutches, minus his legs. Another from Cheltenham to Port

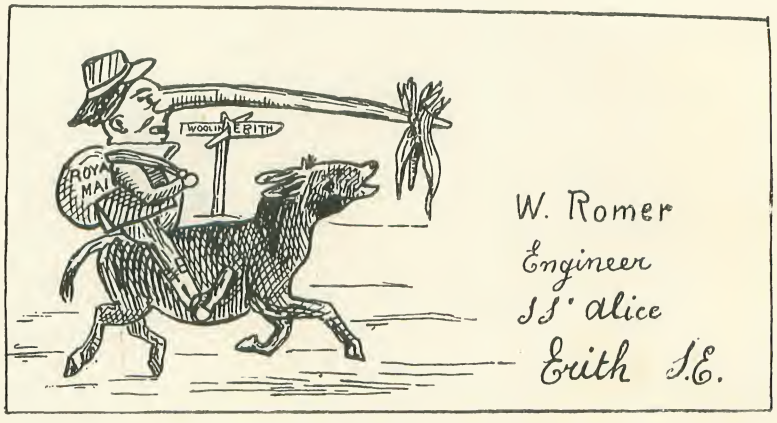


FIG. 7.

Elizabeth has a highly coloured drawing of a big policeman chasing a small and bony dog, "Ye Cheltenham Bobby sees a cheeky dog in the park." The animal's impudence lies in the fact that he had dared to wear

FIG. 8.

the prescribed muzzle on his tail instead of on his head.

A visitor to Broadstairs finds the name of this seaside resort represented by a pair of immense optics remarkably wide open (Fig. 6).

An Irishman has adopted a good means of making the donkey he is riding go (Fig. 7). He is holding a bunch of carrots in front of the animal, which the energetic creature is frantically endeavouring to reach. Hence the pace. There rests a traveller, far from home, on his hotel bed. Visions in the distance appear of a wife washing the children and putting them to bed. The traveller may be happy in his domestic dreams, but he does not know that the mice are seeking refuge for the night within his boots, which are thrown down at the foot of the bedstead (Fig. 8). A Mrs. Cook was the recipient of a wrapper on which a sportsman is seen "missing" a hare with his gun—the animal making a

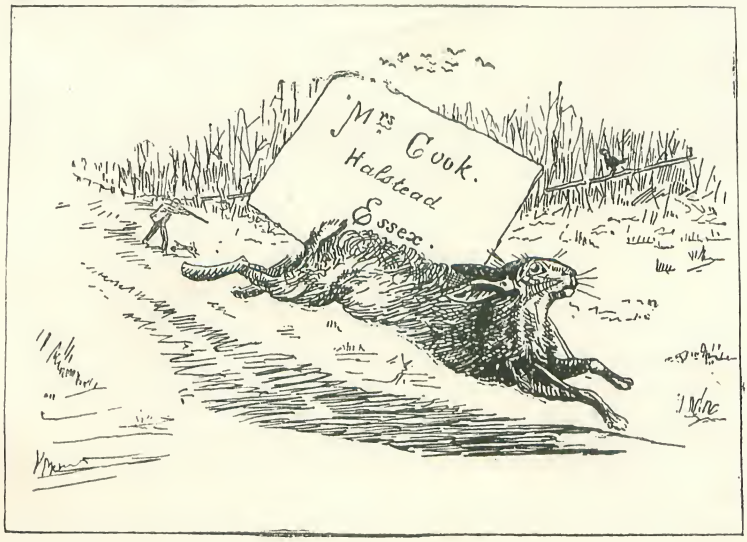


FIG. 9

FIG. 10.

rapid retreat. Is this meant for "miss his cook?" (Fig. 9). Indeed, animals are well represented amongst the humours of the Post Office. An elephant is amusing itself on a euphonium, with its trunk to the mouthpiece, a crocodile is after a very diminutive boy wishing him "A Merry Christmas"; and a vocalist receives a view of house-tops and chimney-pots, round which cats are raising their voices, and a note in the corner to the effect that "the opera season has commenced." Perhaps the cleverest of these animal studies is that of the method employed by a number of mice to secure the meat of a pet puppy. Whilst the dog was innocently sleeping against a small perch a mouse has heroically climbed to the summit of it, and being the fortunate possessor of a tail both strong and long, has wound it round the poor puppy's neck whilst its relations are feeding in perfect safety and contentment (Fig. 10).

Matrimonial squabbles are not missing. One is an Irish scene. Pat, to escape the wrath of his loving wife, has shut himself up in his hut, and appears at the window with a radiant smile, alas! only of a temporary kind, we fear. For at the door is standing a lady armed with a mighty shillelagh, over whose head is written the refrain of a popular ballad, "Waiting here to meet her

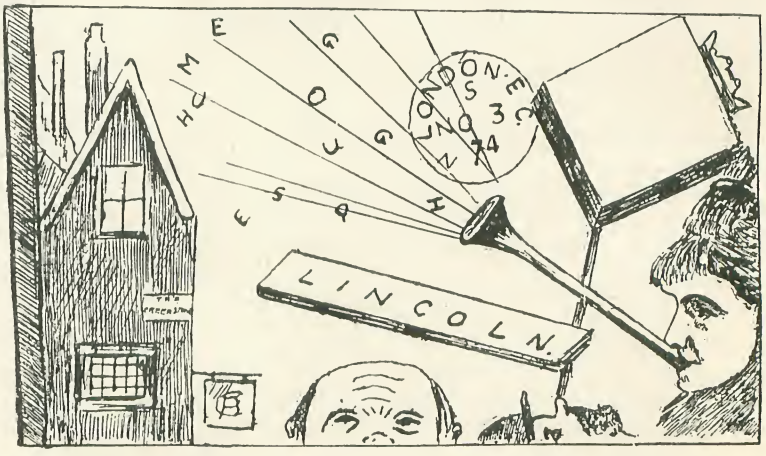


FIG. 11.

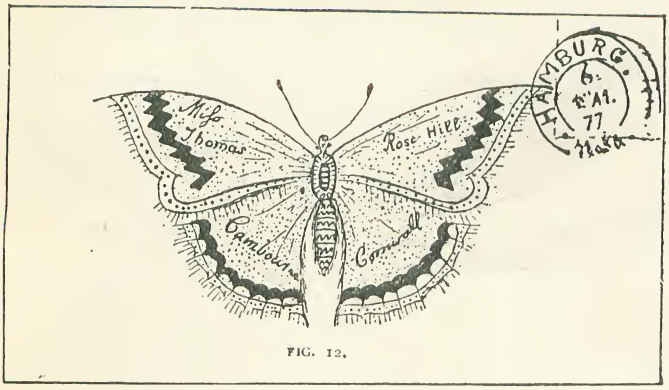


FIG. 12.

little darling!" Songs, it seems, are frequently quoted. Mephistopheles, in his traditional red, is eyeing a young lady, and declaring "I shall have her by and by." A banjoist is fingering his instrument whilst giving expression to his feelings with

"But whilst I listen to thy voice,
Thy face I never see."

The artist has correctly suggested the reason by writing over the musician's

countenance the words "No wonder!" "My love, she's but a lassie yet," says an ardent swain to his sweetheart, in full view of the postman, but one song seems to have been singled out for the purpose of adding

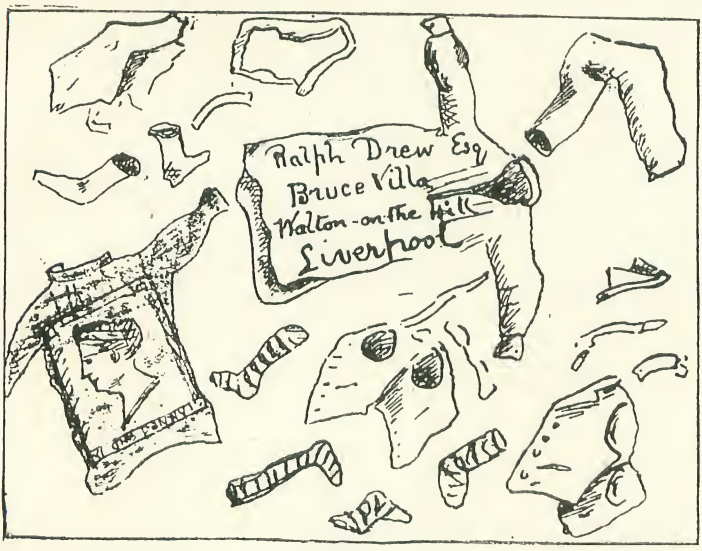


FIG. 13.

to the artistic beauty of many an envelope. The picture is usually that of a not altogether fascinating damsel sitting at a piano, or occupied on some other musical instrument. The head is entirely destitute of what is generally to be seen growing in abundance there, and surrounded by a small and select party, she is obliging them with "My mother bids me bind my hair!"

The positions occupied by the postage stamps are many. Often a gentleman is sitting on it, other times carrying it on his back, but the favourite place seems to be as the sign of an inn—"The Queen's Head." One of such hostelries shows a person leaving the house in anything but a fit and proper state, over whose head may be seen the concluding portion of the familiar sign of many a country publichouse—"licensed to be drunk on the premises." An exceedingly original drawing is that of a corkscrew with a merry expression about it, in the shape of a young man proceeding to draw the cork of a bottle in the form of a young lady, and drinking up the contents. This was addressed to a young lady, and suggests the affectionate disposition of the gentleman who sent it.

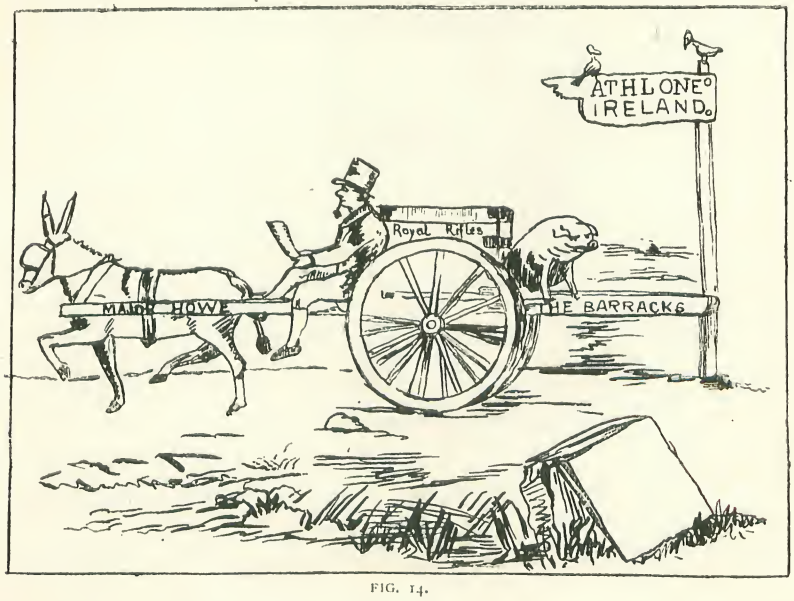


FIG. 14.

Tokens of love, indeed, abound. One gouty being on crutches, and liberally bandaged, says, "I am going to be nursed

by Miss ——," and here follows the address.

Amongst the miscellaneous items is a lady puffing from her mouth the name and address of the recipient (Fig. 11).

A lady's name is cleverly worked in amongst the wings of a butterfly (Fig. 12); whilst the owner of a certain envelope, presumably a bachelor, has all his articles of clothing, down to his stockings, scattered over the wrapper, with the postage-stamp on a red flannel shirt, and the address displayed on a white dress ditto (Fig. 13).

Not the least interesting sketches are those typical of the country wherever the person addressed is at that moment residing. The artist has in Fig. 14 cleverly utilised Pat's cart and the shafts thereof as a means of drawing the postman's polite attention to the whereabouts of a representative of wars alarms. The sign-post, too, suggestively points to the town, and the milestone has a space for the stamp. We are inclined to admire the designer's ideas of a pig on paper, but his birds on the sign-post are somewhat wanting in figure and plumage.

Niggers are numerous. A diminutive, but courageous inhabitant of darkest Africa has converted an ostrich into a species of feathered postman (Fig. 15). The youthful darkey appears to be bidding his steed to "go on"—or words to that effect. The obedient ostrich, with straining neck, is hurrying along to "Hy. Jones, Esquire."

(*To be continued.*)

FIG. 15.

Jenny.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

JENNY'S CABIN.

I.

IT was night. The cabin, poor, but warm and cosy, was full of a half twilight, through which the objects of the interior were but dimly visible by the glimmer of the embers which flickered on the hearth and reddened the dark rafters overhead. The fisherman's nets were hanging on the wall. Some homely pots and pans twinkled on a rough shelf in the corner. Beside a great bed with long, falling curtains, a mattress was extended on a couple of old benches, on which five little children were asleep like cherubs in a nest. By the bedside, with her forehead pressed against the counterpane, knelt the children's mother. She was alone. Outside the cabin the black ocean, dashed with stormy foam-flakes, moaned and murmured, and her husband was at sea.

From his boyhood he had been a fisherman. His life, as one may say, had been a daily fight with the great waters ; for every day the children must be fed, and every day, rain, wind, or tempest, out went his boat to fish. And while, in his four-sailed boat, he plied his solitary task at sea, his wife at home patched the old sails, mended the nets, looked to the hooks, or watched the little fire where the fish-soup was boiling. As soon as the five children were asleep, she fell upon her knees and prayed to Heaven for her husband in his struggle with the waves and darkness. And truly such a life as his was hard. The likeliest place for fish was a mere speck among the breakers, not more than twice as large as his own cabin—a spot obscure, capricious, changing on the moving desert, and yet which had to be discovered in the fog and tempest of a winter night, by sheer skill and knowledge of the tides and winds.

And there—while the gliding waves ran past like emerald serpents, and the gulf of darkness rolled and tossed, and the straining rigging groaned as if in terror—there, amidst the icy seas, he thought of his own Jenny ; and Jenny, in her cottage, thought of him with tears.

She was thinking of him then and praying. The sea-gull's harsh and mocking cry distressed her, and the roaring of the billows on the reef alarmed her soul. But she was wrapped in thoughts—thoughts of their poverty. Their little children went bare-footed winter and summer Wheat-bread they never ate ; only bread of barley. Heavens ! the wind roared like the bellows of a forge, and the sea-coast echoed like an anvil. She wept and trembled. Poor wives whose husbands are at sea ! How terrible to say, "My dear ones—father, lover, brothers, sons—are in the tempest." But Jenny was still more unhappy. Her husband was alone—alone without assistance on this bitter night. Her children were too little to assist him. Poor mother ! Now she says, "I wish they were grown up to help their father." Foolish dream ! In years to come, when they are with their father in the tempest, she will say with tears, "I wish they were but children still."

II.

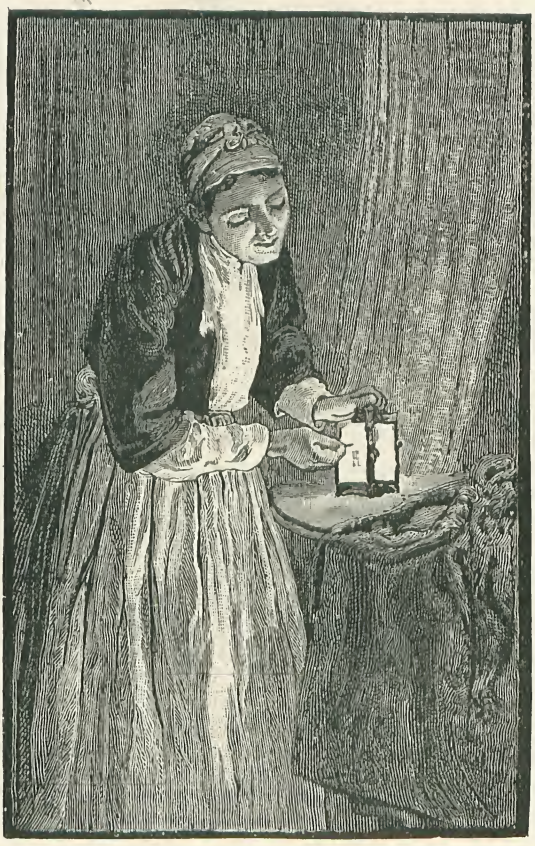
Jenny took her lantern and her cloak. "It is time," she said to herself, "to see whether he is coming back, whether the sea is calmer, and whether the light is burning on the signal-mast." She went out. There was nothing to be seen—barely a streak of white on the horizon. It was raining, the dark, cold rain of early morning. No cabin window showed a gleam of light.

All at once, while peering round her, her eyes perceived a tumble-down old cabin which showed no sign of light or fire. The door was swinging in the wind ; the worm-eaten walls seemed scarcely able to support the crazy roof, on which the wind shook the yellow, filthy tufts of rotten thatch.

"Stay," she cried, "I am forgetting the poor widow whom my husband found the other day alone and ill. I must see how she is getting on."

She knocked at the door and listened. No one answered. Jenny shivered in the cold sea-wind.

"She is ill. And her poor children ! She has only two of them ; but she is very poor, and has no husband."



"JENNY TOOK HER LANTERN."

She knocked again, and called out, "Hey, neighbour !" But the cabin was still silent.

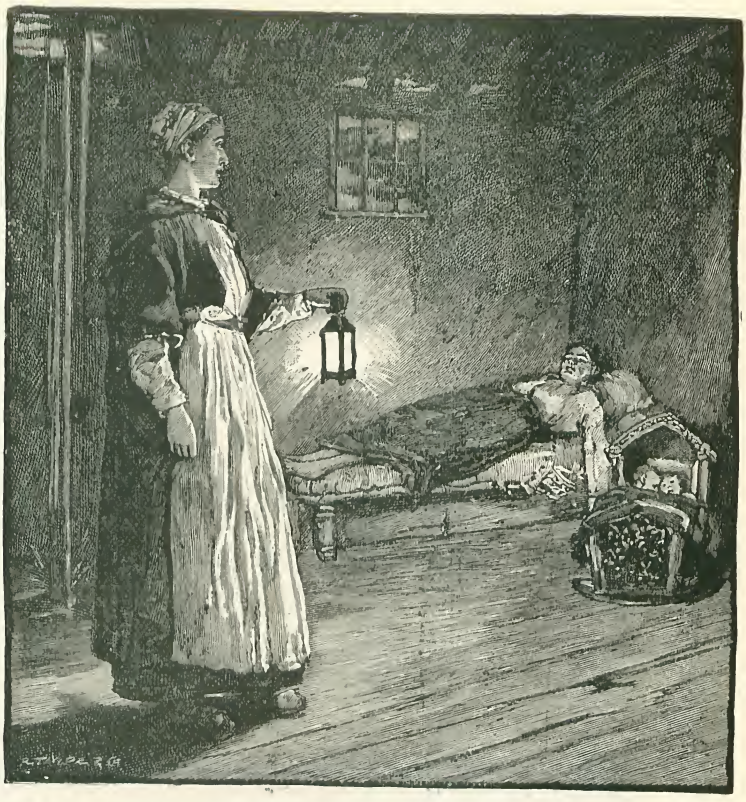
"Heaven !" she said, "how sound she sleeps, that it requires so much to wake her."

At that instant the door opened of itself. She entered. Her lantern illumined the interior of the dark and silent cabin, and showed her the water falling from the ceiling as through the openings of a sieve. At the end of the room an awful form was lying : a woman stretched out motionless, with bare feet and sightless eyes. Her cold white arm hung down among the straw of the pallet. She was dead. Once a strong and happy mother, she was now only the spectre which remains of poor humanity, after a

long struggle with the world.

Near the bed on which the mother lay, two little children—a boy and a girl—slept together in their cradle, and were smiling in their dreams. Their mother, when she felt that she was dying, had laid her cloak across their feet and wrapt them in her dress, to keep them warm when she herself was cold.

How sound they slept in their old, tottering cradle, with their calm breath and quiet little faces! It seemed as if nothing could awake these sleeping orphans. Outside the rain beat down in floods, and the sea gave forth a sound like an alarm bell. From the old creviced roof, through which blew the gale, a drop of water fell on the dead face, and ran down it like a tear.



"TWO LITTLE CHILDREN SLEPT TOGETHER IN THEIR CRADLE."

III.

WHAT had Jenny been about in the dead woman's house? What was she carrying off beneath her cloak? Why was her heart beating? Why did she hasten with such trembling steps to her own cabin, without daring to look back? What did she hide in her own bed, behind the curtain? What had she been stealing?

When she entered the cabin, the cliffs were growing white. She sank upon the chair beside the bed. She was very pale: it seemed as if she felt repentance. Her forehead fell upon the pillow, and at intervals, with broken words, she murmured to herself, while outside the cabin moaned the savage sea.

"My poor man! O Heavens, what will he say? He has already so much trouble. What have I done now? Five children on our hands already! Their father toils and toils, and yet, as if he had not care enough already, I must give him this care more. Is that he? No, nothing. I have done wrong—he would do quite right to beat me. Is that he? No! So much the better. The door moves as if someone were coming in; but no. To think that I should feel afraid to see him enter!"

Then she remained absorbed in thought, and shivering with the cold, unconscious of all outward sounds, of the black cormorants, which passed shrieking, and of the rage of wind and sea.

All at once the door flew open, a streak of the white light of morning entered, and the fisherman, dragging his dripping net, appeared upon the threshold, and cried, with a gay laugh, "Here comes the Navy."

"You!" cried Jenny; and she clasped her husband like a lover, and pressed her mouth against his rough jacket.

"Here I am, wife," he said, showing in the firelight the good-natured and contented face which Jenny loved so well.

"I have been unlucky," he continued.

"What kind of weather have you had?"

"Dreadful."

"And the fishing?"

"Bad. But never mind. I have you in my arms again, and I am satisfied. I have caught nothing at all, I have only torn my net. The deuce was in the wind to-night. At one moment of the tempest I thought the boat was foundering, and the cable broke But what have you been doing all this time?"

Jenny felt a shiver in the darkness

"I?" she said, in trouble "Oh, nothing; just as usual. I have been sewing I have been listening to the thunder of the sea, and I was frightened"

"Yes; the winter is a hard time. But never mind it now."

Then, trembling as if she were going to commit a crime:

"Husband!" she said, "our neighbour is dead. She must have died last night, soon after you went out. She has left two little children, one called William and the other Madeline. The boy can hardly toddle, and the girl can only lisp The poor, good woman was in dreadful want."

The man looked grave. Throwing into a corner his fur cap, sodden by the tempest: "The deuce," he said, scratching his head. "We already have five children; this makes seven. And already in bad weather we have to go without our supper. What shall we do now? Bah, it is not my fault, it's God's doing. These are things too deep for me. Why has He taken away their mother from these mites? These matters are too difficult to understand. One has to be a scholar to see through them Such tiny scraps of children! Wife, go and fetch them If they are awake, they must be frightened to be alone with their dead mother We will bring them up with ours. They will be brother and sister to our five When God sees that we have to feed this little girl and boy besides our own, He will let us take more fish. As for me, I will drink water. I will work twice as hard Enough Be off and bring them! But what is the matter? Does it vex you? You are generally quicker than this."

His wife drew back the curtain.

"Look!" she said.

The State of the Law Courts.

II.—THE COUNTY COURT.

THE COURT GATES.

THE County Court in every respect presents a marked contrast to the High Court, which formed the subject of our article last month. So widely, in fact, do these tribunals differ, that it is difficult to imagine that they both form a part of the same judicial system—if, indeed, such a word, which certainly implies cohesion and method, can properly be applied to our judicature at all. While the work of the High Court is continuously and (unless some reforms be introduced) permanently congested, that of the County Court is for the most part performed with celerity: while the High Court is mainly supported by the State, the expenses of the County Court are mostly covered by the fees extorted from suitors: while there is common complaint (which we by no means endorse) that there are not enough High Court judges, it is impossible to deny that, having regard to the amount of work they perform, there are too many for the County Court. Whatever the defects of the County Court may be, it is essentially a popular tribunal. It is interesting from many points of view, and not more so to the legal student than to the student of human nature. Probably nowhere are more curious and varied types of humanity to be observed than those gathered together at a busy County Court. The humorous and the pathetic are strangely mingled; there are rapacious creditors and broken-down debtors; there are victims of confidence in their fellow men, and wolves that prey upon the unwary. Witnesses and suitors of every class wait about the corridors for their cases to be called: some of them talking together and discussing their

prospects with their solicitors in high spirits at the certainty of success ; while others in blank despair await hopelessly a foregone conclusion, which probably means the seizure of their goods and perhaps their imprisonment.

Sometimes the proceedings are relieved by an amusing scene, such as that shown in our illustration, where a voluble young lady is sued for the price of a pair of boots, which she declares to be a misfit. "They are too large," she persists. "She said she would not have them if they were tight," the plaintiff protests. Such an opportunity to bring off smart witticisms is not neglected by the counsel on either side. Eventually the learned judge decides to see the boots tried on, and, sinking the lawyer, figures for the nonce as a judge of feminine fashionable attire. Cases of this sort are by no means rare. Only the other day a County Court Judge had to give a decision as to the fit of three elegant gowns supplied to an actress and her two sisters. It is a curious fact that the most amusing cases in the County Court are usually those in which members of the fair sex are engaged. Ladies, as a rule, seem unable to appreciate the laws of evidence, and when in the witness-box often take the opportunity to indulge in family reminiscences, and to pile satirical obloquy on their opponents. The judges (who, when the parties to a suit are without professional assistance, examine the witnesses themselves) have great difficulty in keeping them to the point, and nothing but the fear of being committed for contempt will induce some excited females to give their evidence in a lucid manner. Incidents of this sort frequently relieve the tedium of the proceedings, but they are a source of considerable delay, and this is a serious matter to those suitors and witnesses who have had to give up a day's work in order to attend the Court. It is indeed a hardship for suitors who, perhaps, have brought their witnesses from long distances at serious expense, to have their cases postponed from one sitting to another in consequence of unexpected delays. But this only happens occasionally in the busy Courts, the working of the County Court being, as a rule, expeditious enough.

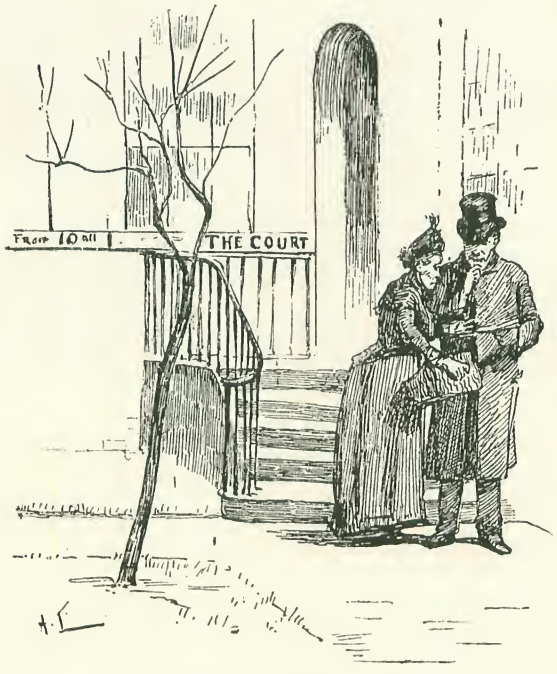
"A MISFIT."

A glance at the history of the County Court is enough to show that from very early times it has always been the most

popular of all legal tribunals. It is, in fact, the oldest of our Courts, having been instituted, according to Blackstone, by Alfred the Great. Mr. Pitt Lewis, in his most valuable work on County Court practice, remarks that the origin of the County Court is to be traced in the Folkmote, the gathering of the people, of Anglo-Saxon times. Hallam, in his "Middle Ages," describes it as the "great constitutional judicature in all questions of civil rights," and states that to it an English freeman chiefly looked for the maintenance of those rights.

The Court was, at the time referred to, an assembly of the freemen of a county, presided over by the Bishop and the ealderman of a shire; "the one to teach the laws of God, and the other the law of the land." The actual judges, however, were the freemen themselves. The ancient functions of the County Court comprised the election of knights of the shire, the election of coroners, proclamations of outlawry, and "consultation and direction concerning the ordering of the county for the safety and peace thereof." It exercised jurisdiction in ecclesiastical suits, and appellate jurisdiction in certain criminal cases; it was empowered to try all civil cases where the amount in dispute did not exceed forty shillings (a large sum in those days), and by special authority, all personal actions to any amount. It will thus be seen that in old times the County Court possessed all the elements of a popular institution. It flourished for many centuries in full vigour, and to such a degree had it gained the confidence of the public that it practically exercised civil jurisdiction to the exclusion of all other courts.

Of course it was hardly to be expected that our ancestral law-makers would allow such a satisfactory state of things to continue, and in the reign of Henry I. it was virtually "improved" away by the establishment of itinerant justices, the predecessors of our present judges of assize. It appears, however, that the new arrangement did not work very well. There were numerous complaints of delay and expense that prevented suitors from obtaining justice. So, to meet this difficulty, James I. established the "Courts of Requests" throughout the country, with a limited jurisdiction, and it was not until the year 1846 that these Courts were abolished, and that the County Court was established in its present form.



SOLICITOR AND CLIENT.

The modern County Court is, as may be imagined, a very different affair from its predecessors. While retaining part of its ancient jurisdiction in common law, its powers have been altered and extended to such a degree, that they now cover a vast field of contentious matter.

It has jurisdiction in all actions of contract for less than £50, and in all actions for wrongs where the amount claimed does not exceed £50. To this general rule, however, there are many exceptions, with which it is unnecessary to trouble the reader.

The County Court also has a limited equity jurisdiction, and powers have been conferred upon it in many other matters. These include actions of contract remitted from the High Court up to £100, and actions for damages to any amount in respect of wrongs may likewise be remitted, when the defendant, if unsuccessful, is unlikely to be able to pay the plaintiff's costs. Cases to the amount of £1,000 are remitted to it from the Court of Admiralty, besides

WAITING TO BE CALLED—OUTSIDE THE COURT.

which it exercises jurisdiction in numerous special cases under various Acts, including the Married Women's Property Act, the Coal Mines Regulation Act, the Building Societies Act, the Friendly Societies Act, the Employers and Workmen Act, the Industrial and Provident Societies Act, and, most important of all, the Employers' Liability Act. But the Court is principally useful to the public as a tribunal for the recovery of small debts, and this is proved by the fact that in 1889, out of 1,034,689 plaints entered, no less than 1,022,295 were for sums not exceeding £20.

Upwards of 500 Courts are held in the various districts of England and Wales, and these districts are divided into circuits, which are distributed among the County Court judges, and are fifty-nine in number. The majority of circuits have one judge, but some have two.

Undoubtedly many of the judges in London, and in large provincial towns, have a great deal, though not by any means an excessive amount of work devolving upon them.

In some of the busy Courts, such as those of Brompton and Whitechapel, they are fully occupied, but, on the other hand, there are Courts in some provincial districts where the judges have so little to do that their office is almost a sinecure. In either case, however, the salary is the same, the County Court Judge receiving £1,500 a year, whether there is any work for him to do or not.

The judges were formerly paid by fees, but now they draw fixed salaries from the Consolidated Fund.

In addition to their salaries, they are allowed travelling expenses, to enable them to visit the various Courts of their circuits, in each of which they are bound to hold a sitting once a month, except in September, which month is a holiday. In many of the little villages that they have to needlessly visit, the opening of the Court is a mere matter of form, and it is not, perhaps, without justice that many of them complain of the irksome travelling that is thereby occasioned.

In 1889 the judges on no less than thirty-three out of the fifty-nine circuits held only 150 sittings in the year, and in some cases the sittings were less than a hundred. A large proportion of these sittings, too, were merely nominal, an hour or less being quite enough to enable the judges to get through the business of the Court.

It follows, therefore, by the present system

that, while a taxpayer may have to wait several weeks for a pressing case to be decided in his own district, he is actually contributing towards the means by which judges in other parts of the country enjoy idleness with dignity, and £1,500 a year. It would seem fairer that the local authorities should pay their own County Court judges, as they do their stipendiary magistrates.

It is to be regretted that in the appointment of County Court judges sufficient care is not always taken to secure the selection of competent lawyers. Unlike the appointment of judges of the High Court, with which, as a rule, little fault can be found, many County Court judges have obtained their posts in consequence of no better qualification than the command of backstairs influence in high places.

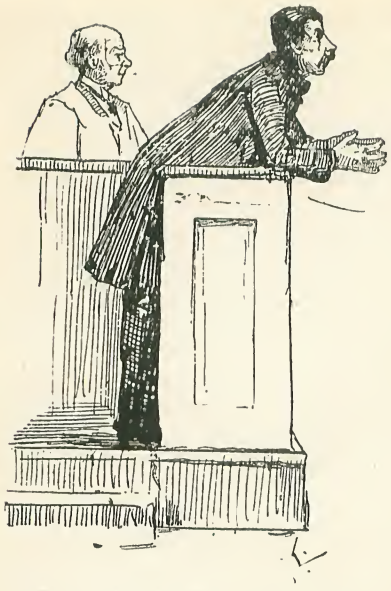
Any barrister of seven years' standing is eligible to become a County Court judge, and appointments have often been obtained by men quite devoid of any practical legal knowledge. Many of the judges never practised at the bar at all, and never had any prospect of doing so with success. The County Court judges, therefore, it will be observed, need no further qualification than is required by a young student for a call to the bar, and these are the men who have to weigh the arguments of able counsel in complicated Admiralty and Employers' Liability cases. The Lord Chancellor, it is true, has power to remove any judge on account of inability or misbehaviour. This, however, is an extreme measure hardly ever enforced, and it is notorious that many of the County Court judges are totally unfit for even the decent performance of their work. Some of them are worn-out, old men who are quite incapacitated by deafness and other infirmities, to say nothing of ignorance, stupidity, and querulousness, and their retention on the Bench constitutes a great evil to suitors as well as a public scandal.

They may, with the consent of the Lord Chancellor, retire on a pension of £1,000 a year if suffering from permanent infirmity. As a matter of fact, however, no man likes to have £500 a year deducted from his income, and the consequence is that the judges retain their positions until they are long past their work. It is much more convenient to appoint a deputy than to retire, and out of the multitude of briefless barristers a deputy can be obtained for a very small sum. Indeed, there have often been scandalous instances of a judge retaining his salary while paying a deputy £200 a year or so to do his work. This was at one time so common, and the men appointed were often so grossly incompetent, that it was found desirable that the names of all deputy judges should be submitted to the Lord Chancellor for his approval. But, notwithstanding this restriction, abuses are still very numerous, for though the Lord Chancellor may take care that the deputy is a more or less capable man, he cannot dictate the amount of his payment. Thus the judicial "sweating system" continues to flourish as before.

The judges of the County Court are greatly assisted in their duties by the Registrars. These officials, who are appointed by the judges, exercise judicial functions, and receive a salary which is regulated by the number of plaints entered in their Courts, but may in no case exceed £1,400 a year. The duties of the registrar, who must be a solicitor of five years' standing, are multifarious, and include the hearing of Bankruptcy cases and undefended suits. The office of Registrar will in future include that of High Bailiff, for the last-named functionary is by the Act of 1888 to be allowed to die out, that is to say, vacancies are not to be refilled, and the Registrar will undertake the duties of High Bailiff in addition to his own at an increased salary. The High Bailiff is responsible for executing the process of the Courts, and is assisted by subbailiffs, of whom there are a varying number for each Court.

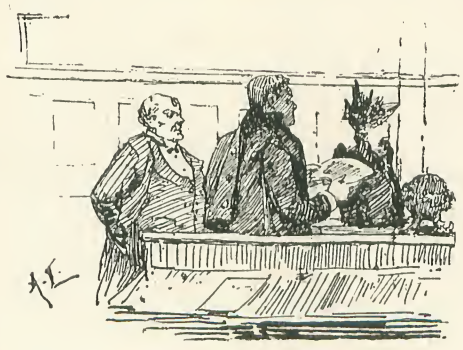
From what we have already said, it will have been gathered that in populous commercial districts a County Court judge may be kept largely occupied with cases of as much importance, and involving as difficult legal questions, as the bulk of those tried in the High Court. In other words, legislation has imposed upon the County Court the same class of work as that which was, until a comparatively recent period, confined to the High Court. In 1889 no less than 1,902 cases were remitted from the superior Courts.

Bankruptcy cases involving property of unlimited value and most delicate and difficult points of law, Employers' Liability cases, Admiralty cases, and a variety of other legal work requiring the highest judicial capacity can now be tried in the County Court. And yet, by some absurd superstition, an ordinary common law action for contract for £50 or above can only be tried by a judge of the High Court.



FATHER OF EIGHT CHILDREN—AND NO WORK!

Side by side with the enforced idleness of many of the highly paid County Court judges, there is in the High Court, both on the Equity and the Common Law side, a growing accumulation of arrears. Many of these cases involve comparatively small sums, and they might very well be tried before a competent County Court judge. A litigant at the present time entering an action for £51 in the High Court will be subjected to a delay of at least twelve months; whereas if he sues for £49 in the County Court, even in a busy district, he may reasonably expect to have his case settled within a month. By a reorganisation of the County Court system, properly distributing the work among the judges, cases up to £100 might always be tried before them, and the congested state of the High Courts would be thereby relieved, without the necessity of appointing new judges with salaries of £5,000 a year—a remedy frequently advocated. But that only thoroughly reliable men should be appointed as County Court judges is a *sine quâ non*.



A FAIR DEFENDANT.

Besides these matters the Legislature might reasonably address itself to the evils resulting from imprisonment for debt; or, as it is now, out of respect for the humanitarian tendency of the age, euphoniously termed, contempt of Court. Six thousand five hundred and fifty-four debtors were actually imprisoned in 1889. There were no less than 213,831 judgment summonses, and 63,836 warrants of commitment issued. It is a somewhat melancholy fact that the number of judgment summonses in 1889 was nearly 80,000 in excess of what it had been ten years previously. It is, however, satisfactory to observe that in the number of imprisonments in the same period there was a decrease of 1,358.

Many Courts are occupied with sixty or more judgment summonses a month. The practical result of the working of the present system of imprisonment for debt is that persons of good position are very rarely committed. Nearly all the imprisoned debtors are very poor persons, and the amounts that they owe are very small, the average not exceeding £10. It is melancholy to see delicate, half-starved women, some of them with babies, come into Court after trudging miles in order to save their husbands, who perhaps have got a bit of work, from imprisonment.

Many judges are most careful and painstaking in their efforts to find out whether the debtors are, or are not, able to pay, while others perform these duties in a very perfunctory manner. In illustration of this it may be mentioned that in the year 1889, while one judge heard 2,256 judgment summonses and granted 855 warrants of commitment, another heard 1,220 judgment summonses and committed 1,043 persons to prison.

The statute gives the judge power to commit if satisfied that the debtor has means at the time when the order for imprisonment is sought, or has had means since the liability to pay was incurred. The latter provision permits the monstrous injustice that because six months ago a man had money that he was obliged to expend on the necessaries of life, he may

be imprisoned for a debt previously contracted, and his family thereby deprived of the means of support.

It is a moot point whether imprisonment for debt might not with advantage be abolished altogether. The State has to keep the imprisoned debtor, whose wife perhaps has to go to the workhouse, a double burden thus being thrown on the public.

If there were no imprisonment for debt, people would certainly be more careful in giving credit, and a corresponding decrease in litigation would no doubt be the result.

The annual cost of the County Courts is about £566,000 and of this no less than £443,000 is provided by the suitors in fees and stamps. It is not consistent with the spirit in which justice should be administered that it should be paid for by the litigants. This was the view expressed by the County Court Commissioners, but no effect has been given to their opinion. There is no reason in justice or expediency why the County Court, the poor man's court, should be supported by the suitors themselves while the High Court, the rich man's court, is mainly paid for by the State.

We have endeavoured to point out, in a temperate spirit, the chief defects of the present County Court system. Its greatest merit lies in the rapidity with which its business is transacted; but this is only accomplished with a serious waste of judicial strength.

No doubt a thorough reorganisation is required. A re-grouping of the districts over which the judges exercise their functions is needful, so that time may be economised on busy circuits, and more work given to those judges who have little or nothing to do. In these days of facile railway communication many of the Courts in little villages might be dispensed with, and central Courts established in convenient places, where they could easily serve the surrounding country.

In some cases, at present, judges have to hold Courts at a number of little villages within a few miles of each other, and all of them on a good line of railway. Obviously much time would be saved if one central Court were made to serve for all, and the inconvenience to suitors would be so slight as to be quite insignificant.

Several circuits where there is but little business might, on this principle, be consolidated. Many judges being thus made available for extra work, their jurisdiction should be extended so as to relieve the High Court, and the salaries should be increased to such a standard as would secure the services of competent men. The Court fees for plaints should at once be reduced from one shilling to sixpence in the pound, and for hearing from two shillings to one shilling. It is scandalous that the cost of

DISCUSSING THE CASE.

process is greater in the County Court than in the High Court, and the State undoubtedly ought to contribute towards the maintenance of the County Court in the same proportion as it provides for the High Court. But most of all is it desirable to be rid of that not inconsiderable number of County Court Judges whose flagrant incapacity renders them a scandal to the bench, and to inaugurate a new system of appointment, so that the administration of justice may be placed in the hands of only such men as are able to command the full confidence of the public.

WITNESSES.

The Pastor's Daughter of Seiburg.

AN EPISODE OF THE TURKISH WAR: FROM THE GERMAN OF JULIUS THEIS.

MICHAEL APAFI, whom, on September 14, 1661, Ali Pasha had created Prince of Siebenburgen, had died. The Siebenburg Chambers, mindful of their former friendly relations with the House of Austria, took advantage of this opportunity to conclude a fresh treaty with the Emperor Leopold, which allowed him to send into their country an army of some 7,000 men, under the command of General Heuzler. To this force Michael Teleki, with about 5,000 Siebenburgers, hastened to join himself.

These independent proceedings, however, mightily displeased the Sultan, who intended to confer the title of Prince of Siebenburgen upon Tokŏli, one of his favourites. In order to compel the inhabitants to submit, the Sultan immediately sent an army of 20,000 men into the already overburdened principality. One of the Turkish generals, Ibrahim Pasha, was encamped on the other side of Tokan. The troops under his command were a mixed lot of Turks, Tartars, Armenians, and Circassians. To the ravages of such inhuman marauders entire districts were ruthlessly exposed, and every night the lurid glow on the horizon bore witness to the wild and lawless doings of these fierce robber bands.

It was a mild autumn evening. The Pasha, a middle-aged man, whose black, bushy beard gave a still more sinister aspect to his already forbidding countenance, was sitting in front of his tent. He was seated in Turkish fashion with his legs crossed under him, and was now and then puffing a cloud of bluish smoke from his chibouque, when suddenly a band of Tartars burst into the general's presence. They were dragging along a couple of Wallachian prisoners, whose hands were securely tied behind their backs, and whose wailings and loud lamentations at once attracted the Pasha's attention.

The band halted before the general's tent, and the Tartar leader stood before the Pasha, bowing obsequiously and with his

"THEY WERE DRAGGING ALONG A COUPLE OF PRISONERS."

hands folded on his breast in token of humility, but not uttering a single word.

"Well, Hussein," asked the Pasha, "what do you bring me these Wallachian dogs for?"

The Tartar then told his commanding officer that the prisoners had been caught in the act of trying to steal two of the finest horses grazing outside the camp; and that he had brought the malefactors to the Pasha in order that he might know how to act with the offenders.

"What is all this fuss about?" said the Pasha, with the utmost coolness. "Chop off their heads."

The Tartar chief made a sign to some of his people to lead away the two rogues to instant execution, when an incident occurred which, though in itself absolutely insignificant, yet served to give an entirely different turn to affairs. As the Tartars advanced upon him to seize him, the younger of the two prisoners, stepping back instinctively, happened to catch his foot in a tent-peg and stumbled. The tall sheepskin hat which he wore tumbled to the ground, and one of the troop stooped to pick it up, in order to replace it on the prisoner's head. Suddenly, however, the man was seen to stop and to fumble about the rim of the head-dress. The Pasha noticed the momentary pause and the man's half-puzzled look, and asked what was the meaning of it. It turned out that behind the lining of the sheepskin cap some hard substance was concealed. The terrified look which this discovery called up on the possessor's countenance aroused Ibrahim's curiosity and suspicion, and he ordered the lining to be ripped away. To the astonishment of all present, the Tartar chief Hussein produced out of the dirty head-dress an exquisitely painted miniature, the portrait of a most lovely girl.

"WHOSE PORTRAIT IS THIS?"

"By the beard of the Prophet, a houri! Never did I see a lovelier face!" exclaimed the Pasha, as with sparkling eyes he gazed at the fair girlish features. "Speak, dog of a Wallachian, whose portrait is this?"

The elder of the two prisoners looked at his son, and shrugged his shoulders. The younger alternately glanced at Hussein and at the Pasha, undecided what course to take.

"Speak, Wallachian dog!" again shouted the Pasha. "Who is this woman?"

"As you value your father's life and your own," said the elder prisoner, "speak, Petru; it may, perhaps, be of some use to us."

At the suggestion the eyes of Petru sparkled with hope, and forthwith he told the Pasha that he had stolen the precious object from the Pastor's daughter of Seiburg. The portrait was hers, and so exact and lifelike was it that a mirror could scarcely have more faithfully reflected her features. He had had many transactions with the servants in the minister's house, and had thus been able easily to obtain possession of what appeared to him a paltry jewel.

"Is Seiburg far from here?" asked Ibrahim Pasha.

"Only about a day's journey," exclaimed both father and son, almost in a breath.

The Pasha was silent for a few moments, and appeared to reflect.

"Now, listen to me, you scoundrels,"

said he at length. "I am willing to give you your lives, and I will richly reward you, if you will bring me that girl, and deliver her up to me."

"High and mighty lord," said the Wallachian peasant eagerly, "give me twenty good and trusty men, and, as certainly as my name is Joan Komanitza, I promise that the splendour of your eyes shall fall upon the girl! If I fail, you may take my life!"

"Very well," said Ibrahim Pasha, and calling Hussein to his side, he ordered him carefully to select twenty of the strongest and most trustworthy men of his people and to start with them and the two Wallachians at once for Seiburg.

It was on the evening of the day which followed this occurrence that Katarina, the daughter of Lucas Sydonius, pastor of Seiburg, was sitting in the summer house adjoining the manse.

By her side sat her aunt, an old lady whose pale features and feeble voice showed plainly enough that she had but just recovered from severe sickness. Indeed, the state of her aunt's health was the reason why Katarina had not long since sought a refuge within the fortified walls of Hermannstadt or of Kronstadt. Half Seiburg had fled at the approach of the dreaded Turks; only very few had remained, and among these was Katarina, who felt that her duty was to protect and comfort her ailing friend, who with her stood in the place of a mother.

Now, however, her aunt was in a fair way of recovery, and the next morning they were to set out for Hermannstadt to rejoin her father, whom, eight days before, the authorities had called thither to consult with him as to the best means of protecting their country against the Turks.

A tall, handsome man was standing at the table close by the girl and her aunt. It was Matthias, the son of a councillor of Hermannstadt, called Johannes Brenkner: Katarina was his affianced bride, and Pastor Sydonius had sent him to fetch his daughter and his sister-in-law to escort them to Hermannstadt.

"Dear aunt," said the young girl, "do not distress yourself because we are forced to leave our peaceful home; we surely shall soon return to it again."

These words of Katarina spoken to comfort her aunt, had, however, but little effect. Her own eyes were full of tears, and the trembling voice in which she uttered them proved that she also was moved by anxiety and fearful forebodings.

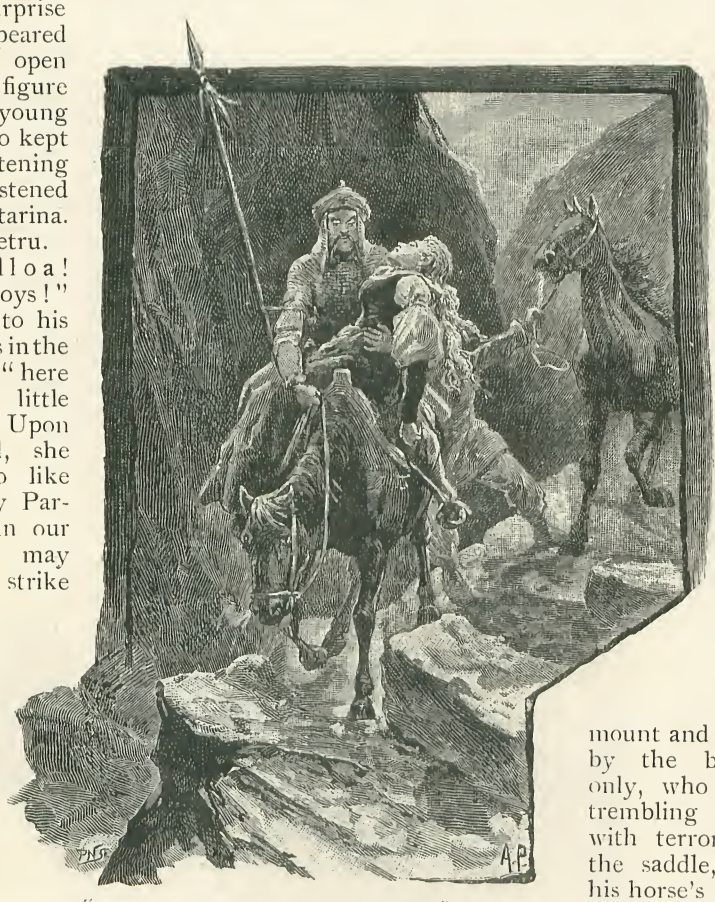
But Matthias said cheerfully, "My dear aunt and Katherine, do not look upon matters from their darkest side. It is true that Teleki has fallen, and that the Imperial General Henzler has been taken prisoner by the Turks; but for all that we must still have hope. All is not lost, we are daily expecting Louis of Baden, and he will bring us reinforcements."

"FULL IN THE FACE."

Katarina was just about to answer, when a piercing shriek from the courtyard of the manse rent the air. This shriek was almost immediately followed by a confused noise, which soon increased to a deafening roar. The servants of the manse all huddled together, screaming with terror; Wallachian cries and Tartar curses were mingled with threats and screams for mercy.

Before the occupants of the summer-house had time to recover somewhat from their surprise there appeared at the open door the figure of a young man, who kept his glistening eyes fastened upon Katarina. It was Petru.

"Holloa! Here, boys!" he cried to his comrades in the garden; "here is the little beauty! Upon my soul, she looks so like the Holy Paraskiva in our church, may leprosy strike



"HUSSEIN HELD KATARINA ON THE SADDLE."

but I have not the courage to touch her."

"Booby!" shouted a voice behind him, "I will show you the way to set about it." With these words a big bearded Tartar pushed Petru aside, and, with one bound, sprang on the young girl, who sat motionless with surprise and terror. He was met, however, by a tremendous blow full in the face, which staggered him, and sent him reeling to the ground. It was Matthias who struck the blow in defence of his affianced bride; but, in revenge, Petru dealt Katarina's champion so heavy a stroke from behind with his knotted cudgel that he brought him stunned and senseless to the earth. While this was taking place, Ibrahim Pasha's men rushed into the summer-house, and Hussein at once seized upon Katarina, whom a merciful swoon had for the time deprived of feeling.

"To horse and away!" shouted the Tartar chief. He had ordered the men of his band to set fire to some outhouses and barns in order to prevent the peasants still remaining in Seiburg from coming to the aid of the Pastor's family. It was, therefore, an easy matter in the midst of the confusion that reigned all around to make off with the fainting girl.

For a time all went well; but soon profound darkness set in, and the ravishers were forced to dismount and lead their horses by the bridle. Hussein only, who held Katarina trembling and half dead with terror before him on the saddle, did not leave his horse's back. Old Joan Kumanitza served as his guide. Meanwhile, the march through the thick darkness became more and more difficult with every step, and Hussein was glad enough to reach the hut of a Wallachian charcoal-burner.

"Are you here alone?" cried Hussein to the charcoal-burner, as he rode up to the door of his cottage at the head of his troop.

"No," replied Nikou Bratza, "my wife Ravecca has for many years lived here with me in these solitudes."

"We have lost our way," continued

Hussein, "and can get no further. We want to stay here under your shed until this storm has passed. The room in your hut, I see, is scanty enough, but it is large enough to shelter one woman. The rain has wetted her to the skin. I wish her to dry her clothes and warm herself by the fire of your hearth."

"As you please, sir," said Nikou, and he called his wife to take charge of the girl, who was trembling in every limb.

Though Hussein seemed so careful for the comfort of Katarina, it was not in the least because he felt pity for the poor girl, it was the fear of Ibrahim Pasha which moved him. Katarina's violent fit of trembling, consequent on her excessive agitation, and the cold downpour of rain, had not been unnoticed by him. It made him feel exceedingly uneasy, for he was afraid that the girl might be attacked by some serious illness, and he dared not, for his life, present her to Ibrahim in her present condition.

The two horse-stealers also, old Joan Kumanitza and his son Petru, were full of anxiety. The brook which flowed behind Nikou's hut, and which the day before they had passed with perfect ease on horseback, was now swollen into an angry torrent which forbade all attempt at crossing.

IN THE HUT.

"How long may it be," asked Hussein impatiently of the charcoal-burner, "before we may expect that confounded water to fall?"

"Who can tell?" replied Nikou. "It may abate towards midday to-morrow, or towards evening. It is impossible to say."

The Tartar chief muttered an oath. "We must at all events start as soon as the weather begins to clear up—cost what it will. Now bring us something to eat."

Nikou went into the hut; but scarcely had he shut the door behind him, than his wife rushed up to him, and, seizing his hand, dragged him to Katarina's couch.

"Nikou, husband, look! There lies the daughter of the Pastor of Seiburg."

"As I hope to be saved!" exclaimed Nikou, "it is the daughter of the Saxon pastor, who twice helped us in the direst need."

But Ravecca had not waited for this confirmation from her husband's lips. She fell down on her knees beside the girl, who still lay motionless before her, and seized her hand, which she covered with tears and kisses as she cried, in a low tone: "My little flower—the apple of my eye! Is it you? Have you fallen into the hands of those murderous thieves? Speak, speak, my violet! Do you know me? I am Ravecca—old Ravecca. Tell me that you recognise me!"

Katarina now, for the first time, became really conscious of her fearful position, and the pathetic attachment of the grateful old woman seemed to awaken the girl to a sense of her danger. Flinging her arms around the neck of the kind-hearted Wallachian, she sobbed out in a voice choked with tears, "Oh, Ravecca, save me! Save me, dear Ravecca, from this hideous danger!"

Nikou Bratza was sitting on a footstool close by the hearth ; he had buried his face in his hands, but did not utter a word.

"Are there, then, no means of saving the child, Nikou ?" cried the old woman.

"No, wife ; I can see none."

"For Heaven's sake, Nikou, think again ! You are a shrewd man, and you have never closed your eyes without praying for the protection of holy Ilie."

Nikou seemed lost in thought.

"Wife !" he suddenly exclaimed, "St. Ilie has spoken. There is one way of saving the child, but it is a fearful venture, and if the Almighty does not specially watch over us and protect us we are lost."

"What is it, Nikou ? Speak, speak ;" cried Katarina, in the most anxious suspense.

Nikou approached the two women.

"Ravecca, be patient," said he, "and you, young lady, listen to me ; but lie down and feign to be fast asleep."

"Many years ago our Wallachian brethren here on this side of the forest were sorely oppressed by the Mongols. To escape from the tyranny of their oppressors they determined to seek for themselves a new home in the midst of a morass, which lies about an hour's distance from this place. With infinite trouble, by means of long trunks of trees they constructed a firm path across the treacherous bog, thus connecting their new home with the mainland ; but this path no human being who is not perfectly acquainted with the locality can possibly find. About the middle of this main road there branches off another pathway which is some forty yards long and leads to an island of firm soil in the midst of the quaking bog. These footpaths, however, are very narrow, and woe betide the unhappy creature who chances to step but half a foot on either side—he is lost—irrevocably lost. This island, in the middle of the morass, our brethren chose for their home, and thus they dwelled in peace. My father, and my grandfather before him, knew these dangerous roads well, and from them I learned the secret. They are now both dead and gone, and I think that, beside myself, but very few could find their way across the bog. If I can but succeed in persuading the Turkish dogs to venture on the bog, and if I can but get near you, dearest child, just at the spot where the second path branches off to the island, why then it may not be impossible to save you. Saint Ilie will protect us ; have you courage for the attempt ?"

"IN FRONT WALKED NIKOU."

"Oh, yes," replied Katharina, with the utmost resolution, "a thousand times sooner would I die than remain in the hands of those dreadful men !"

Nikou rose and went to the door of his hut. "Men," cried he, with a loud voice, "I have just thought of a road which will bring you in good time to your journey's end."

"Where is it ?" several of them eagerly exclaimed. "Show us the way at once."

Nikou continued: "You cannot possibly cross the rising torrent—it were madness to attempt it, and in order to reach the bridge at Hoviz you will have to go a great distance out of your way. There is, moreover, the danger that you may be set upon by the infuriated Saxons. If you like, I will show you a short cut well known to myself, and to but very few beside me. I must warn you that it is a dangerous road; but I suppose you men do not carry women's hearts in your breasts. It is a narrow path which leads through the well-known morass."

"Get ready at once to be our guide," said Hussein.

"In a moment," replied Nikou. "Mount your horses, and by the time you want to start I shall be ready too."

A quarter of an hour later the troop began to move away. In front of the band walked Nikou, with a flaming torch in his hand. Then followed some Tartars, next came old Kumanitza and his son, who also carried a lighted torch. Hussein followed them with Katarina, and a few more Tartars brought up the rear. Silently the men rode through the darkness of the night; it was still raining, though the violence of the storm had spent itself. Ravecca was kneeling down in her poor little cottage, and raising her hands in supplication to Heaven, she prayed: "Oh, may it succeed, holy Ilie. Oh, make it to succeed, then will I pour a rich offering of the best oil into the lamp before thy picture."

Slowly for the best part of an hour did the cavalcade toil its way through the wood, when Nikou turned and cried to those who followed him: "Now, men, take care of yourselves. We are on the bog now! Follow me in single file, and do not deviate one inch from my track."

Thus speaking he moved forward, raising his torch on high, and the others followed him in slow and anxious procession. The hoofs of the terrified horses sank deep into the mire, and it required all the dexterity of the riders to induce the animals to move forwards. The red flame of the torch cast a faint and flickering light on the dark and dismal scene.

As Nikou pressed onwards, the soil seemed to become more slippery and treacherous with every step. From time to time the old charcoal-burner looked round anxiously for Hussein and the pastor's daughter. And now at length they had without mischance reached the spot where, according to Nikou's description, the second path branched off to the island. Just at that moment, accidentally as it seemed, old Nikou slipped, and the torch which he bore was immediately extinguished, and thus the vanguard was plunged into utter darkness.

"Stand quite still, my men," said the old man, as he rose after his fall. "Don't stir for your lives! And you behind there! You, lad, with the torch; I am coming to light mine again at yours."

Petru, who was the one addressed, and who was immediately in front of Hussein, raised his torch to give old Nikou the light he wanted. The old man came along to the rear cautiously, clinging to the manes of the horses and the stirrup straps of the

"HE DISAPPEARED INTO THE DARKNESS."

men. When he reached Petru, he cast one significant glance at Katarina, who was seated before Hussein on his horse, and then he snatched the torch out of Petru's hand.

"Ah," cried he suddenly, in tones which expressed the greatest terror, "look there, there!" And he pointed to the left with the light he had just obtained.

All eyes were immediately turned in the direction indicated, and at that moment Nikou dashed Petru's torch to the ground. The light was extinguished in a moment, and Nikou, plucking his knife from his girdle, plunged the blade into the flank of Hussein's horse. The animal reared with the pain, and Hussein, in the moment of terror and confusion, forgetting all about his prisoner, was forced to maintain his seat by clinging to the saddle.

Quick as lightning Nikou tore the girl from the Tartar's horse, and bearing her away in his arms, he disappeared into the surrounding darkness. The shrieks and curses of the Tartars, and the dismay and confusion which now followed, baffle description; but in the midst of the universal uproar the voice of Petru was heard crying out, "There, there they go. I have seen them. After them, after them. Oh, father, help! I am sinking! I feel as though my legs are being pulled down into the deep. Help! help!"

But no help came; each one had enough to do to look out for himself. The foremost horsemen tried to force their way back, and this caused still more terrible confusion. The horses, now beyond all control, plunged away from the narrow pathway, and rider and steed were sucked down into the quaking bog. But Katarina heard nothing of the yells of agony and despair of the death-doomed men; she was lying senseless in the strong arms of Nikou, who, with steady tread, and knowing every inch of the way, carried her safely along the treacherous road. At last he reached the firm ground and laid down his precious burden on the grass, covering and sheltering her as best he could under his sheepskin coat.

It seemed a long time—an intolerably weary time before the first streaks of dawn appeared in the east. Old Nikou was still sitting by the side of the fainting girl, anxiously listening for every sob which seemed to struggle from her breast. Suddenly in the far distance he heard the sound of a shepherd's horn. Nearer and nearer came the notes, to which the old man listened with something like feelings of rapture. Then he arose and hastened forwards in the direction of the sound. Presently he appeared again, followed by a band of armed Saxon peasants, at whose head Matthias made his way across the sinking path.

The young man sprang lightly on to the firm ground, while Katarina, who had meanwhile recovered consciousness, fell sobbing on his neck.

"Kätchen, dearest Kätchen," cried the councillor's son; "do I see you alive again?"

"And you, Matthias, are you still alive?" cried the girl convulsively clinging to her lover's breast.

"Yes, Kätchen, I am alive and well. The blow from that spiteful wretch merely stunned me. It was some time before I regained my senses; and then Ravecca came up just as I was setting out to search for you. She sent us here to the morass. Only four of the wretched Tartars have fallen into our hands, and they are now in safe custody. All the others must have been swallowed up by the bog. But now let us leave this pestilent place."

The return journey did not take long, and under Nikou's guidance the party reached their village home in safety.

All danger from the Turkish hordes soon disappeared, and in a few days Louis of Baden came up with aid from the emperor, and thus the Turks were forced to evacuate Siebenburg altogether.

Six months after these events the pastor of Siebenburg stretched his hands in blessing over the heads of his daughter and of Matthias as he joined them for ever in the holy band of wedlock. It need hardly be said that neither Nikou nor his good wife Ravecca were wanting at the wedding feast. Nikou was no longer now a poor neglected charcoal-burner in the lonely woods. The wealthy father of Matthias bought him a comfortable hut in Fogasas, and added to this gift a pair of good oxen. And from thenceforth Saint Ilie was the protector of his home, and Ravecca could pour rich offerings of oil into the little lamp before his picture.

PRIVATE W. JONES.

NO action in recent warfare is better known than that of the heroic defence of Rorke's Drift. We are here able to give the narratives of two soldiers who gained their Cross for bravery in that day's gallant struggle. Here, first, is Private Jones's account of the affair :—

About half-past three o'clock on the afternoon of the 22nd of January, 1879, a mounted man came galloping into our little encampment and told us that the Zulus had taken the camp at Isandlwana, and were making their way towards us at Rorke's Drift. We at once set to work, and with such material as we had at hand formed a slight barricade around us ; this was formed of sacks of mealies (Indian corn), boxes of sea biscuits, &c., of which we had a good supply. We also loopholed the walls of the two buildings. We had scarcely completed our work when the Zulus were down upon us.

The hospital being the first building in their line of attack, they surrounded it. Having twenty-three sick men in the rooms, our officer, Lieutenant Bromhead, ordered six men into the hospital, myself being one of the number, to defend and rescue the sick from it. We had scarcely taken our post in the hospital when two out of our number were killed in the front or verandah, leaving four of us to hold the place and get

PRIVATE JONES DEFENDING THE HOSPITAL DOOR.

out the sick. This was done by two (viz., Privates Hook and Williams) carrying the sick and passing them into the barricade through a small window, while myself (William Jones) and my comrade (Robert Jones) contended each door at the point of the bayonet, our ammunition being expended. The Zulus, finding they could not force us from the doors, now set fire to the thatched roof. This was the most horrifying time. What with the blood-thirsty yells of the Zulus, the cries of the sick that remained, and the burning thatch falling about our heads, it was sickening. Still we kept them at bay until twenty out of the twenty-three sick men were passed into the barricade under the fire of our own men; the other three sick I have every reason to believe must have wandered back into one of the rooms we had cleared, as they were men suffering from fever at the time. By this time the whole of the hospital was in flames, and as we could not stay in it any longer, we had to make our own escape into the barricade, by the window through which the sick had been passed. This we did, thank God, with our lives.

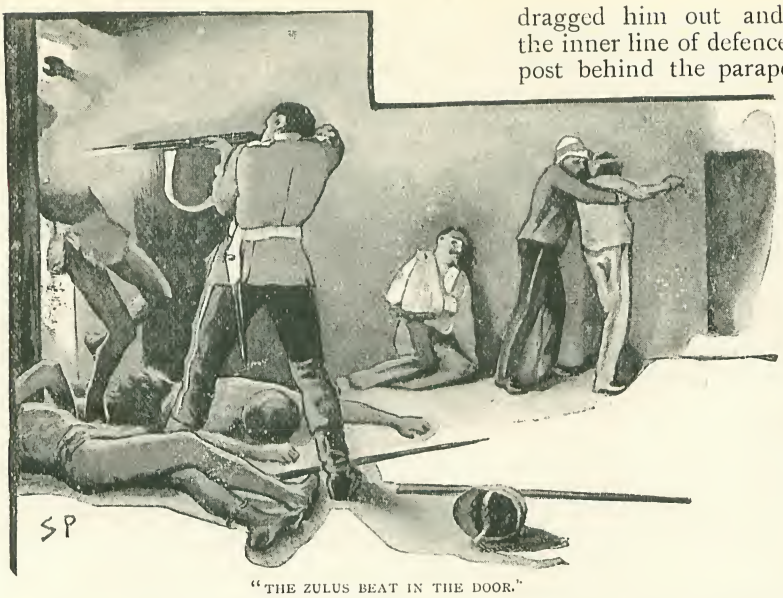
PRIVATE HENRY HOOK.

On January 22nd, 1879, Private Henry Hook, with his company, under Lieutenant Bromhead, was stationed at Rorke's Drift, to guard the ford and hospital and stores. He thus tells his gallant story:—

Between three and four in the afternoon, when I was engaged preparing the tea for the sick at the out-of-door cooking place, just at the back of the hospital—for I was hospital cook—two mounted men, looking much exhausted, and their horses worn out, rode up to me. One was in his shirt sleeves, and without a hat, with a revolver strapped round his breast; the other had his coat and hat on. They stopped for a moment and told me that the whole force on the other side of the river had been cut up, and that the Zulus were coming on in great force. They then rode off. I immediately ran to the camp close by and related what I had heard. We were at once fallen in and set to work to strengthen the post by loopholing the windows of the buildings, and to make breastworks of biscuit boxes and mealie bags. About half an hour later the Zulus were seen coming round a hill, and about 1,200 yards off. We were then told off to our posts. I was placed in one of the corner rooms of the hospital.

About this time Captain Stevens and all his men, except one native and two Europeans, non-commissioned officers, deserted us, and went off to Helpmakair. We were so enraged that we fired several shots at them, one of which dropped a European non-commissioned officer. From my loophole I saw the Zulus approaching in their thousands. They begun to fire, yelling as they did so, when they were 500 or 600 yards off. They came on boldly, taking advantage of anthills and other cover, and we were soon surrounded. More than half of them had muskets or rifles. I began to fire when they were 600 yards distant. I managed to clip several of them, for I had an excellent rifle, and was a "marksman." I recollect particularly one Zulu. He was about 400 yards off, and was running from one anthill to another. As he was running from cover to cover, I fired at him; my bullet caught him in the body, and he made a complete somersault. Another man was lying below an anthill, about 300 yards off, popping his head out now and again to fire. I took careful aim, but my bullet went just over his head. I then lowered my sight, and fired again the next time he showed himself. I saw the bullet strike the ground in a direct line, but about ten yards short. I then took a little fuller sight, aimed at the spot where I knew his head would come out, and, when he showed himself, I fired. I did not then see whether he was struck, but he never showed again. The next morning, when the fighting was over, I felt curious to know whether I had hit this man, so I went to the spot where I had last seen him. I found him lying dead, with his skull pierced by my bullet.

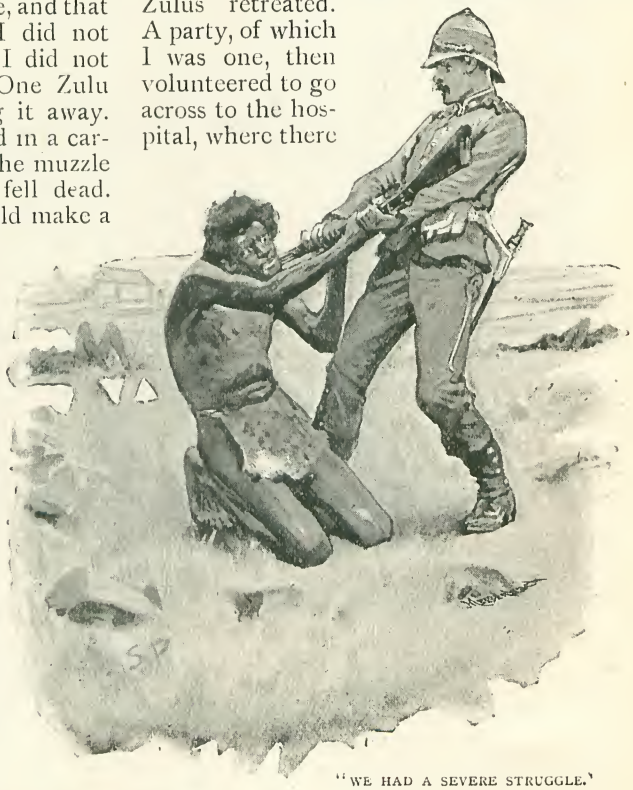
The Zulus kept drawing closer and closer, and I went on firing, killing several of them. At last they got close up, and set fire to the hospital. There was only one patient in my room with a broken leg, and he was burnt, and I was driven out by the flames, and was unable to save him. At first I had a comrade, but he left after a time, and was killed on his way to the inner entrenchment. When driven out of this room, I retired by a partition door into the next room, where there were several patients. For a few minutes I was the only fighting man there. A wounded man of the 24th came to me from another room with a bullet wound in the arm. I tied it up. Then John Williams came in from another room, and made a hole in the partition, through which he helped the sick and wounded men. Whilst he was doing this,



"THE ZULUS BEAT IN THE DOOR."

the Zulus beat in the door, and tried to enter. I stood at the side, and shot and bayoneted several—I could not tell how many, but there were four or five lying dead at my feet. They threw assegais continually, but only one touched me, and that inflicted a scalp wound which I did not think worth reporting; in fact, I did not feel the wound at the time. One Zulu seized my rifle, and tried to drag it away. Whilst we were tussling I slipped in a cartridge and pulled the trigger—the muzzle was against his breast, and he fell dead. Every now and again a Zulu would make a rush to enter—the door would only let in one man at a time—but I bayoneted or shot every one. When all the patients were out except one, who owing to a broken leg could not move, I also went through the hole, dragging the man after me, in doing which I broke his leg again. I then stopped at the hole to guard it, whilst Williams was making a hole through the partition into the next room.

When the patients had been got into the next room I followed, dragging the man with the broken leg after me. I stopped at the hole to guard it whilst Williams was helping the patients through a window into the other defences. I stuck to my particular charge, and dragged him out and helped him into the inner line of defences. I then took my post behind the parapet where three men had been hit just before. One of these was shot in the thick part of the neck, and was calling on me all night to shift from one side to the other. On this side the blaze of the hospital lighted up the ground in front, enabling us to take aim. The Zulus would every quarter of an hour or so get together and make a rush accompanied by yells. We let them get close, and then fired a volley—sometimes two. This would check them and send them back. Then after a time they would rally and come on again. About 3 a.m. day began to break, and the Zulus retreated. A party, of which I was one, then volunteered to go across to the hospital, where there



"WE HAD A SEVERE STRUGGLE."

was a water cart, and bring it in to the inner enclosure, where there was no water, and the wounded were crying for it. When the sun rose we found the Zulus had disappeared. We then went out to search for our missing comrades. I saw one man kneeling behind the outer defences with his rifle to his shoulder, and resting on the parapet as if he were taking aim; I touched him on the shoulder, asking him why he didn't come inside, but he fell over, and I saw he was dead. I saw several others of our dead ripped open and otherwise mutilated. Going beyond the outer defences I went, as I have said before, whither I had killed the man at whom I had fired three shots from the hospital. Going on a little further I came across a very tall Zulu, bleeding from a wound in the leg; I was passing him by when he made a yell and clutched the butt of my rifle, dragging himself on to his knees. We had a severe struggle which lasted for several seconds, when finding he could not get the rifle from me, he let go with one hand and caught me round the leg, trying to throw me. Whilst he was doing this I got the rifle from him, and drawing back a yard or two, loaded and blew his brains out. I then was fetched back to the fort, and no one was allowed to go out save with other men. Then several of us went out together, and we brought in several wounded Zulus. By this time it was about eight or nine o'clock, and we saw a body coming towards us; at the same time Lord Chelmsford's column came in sight, and the enemy retired.

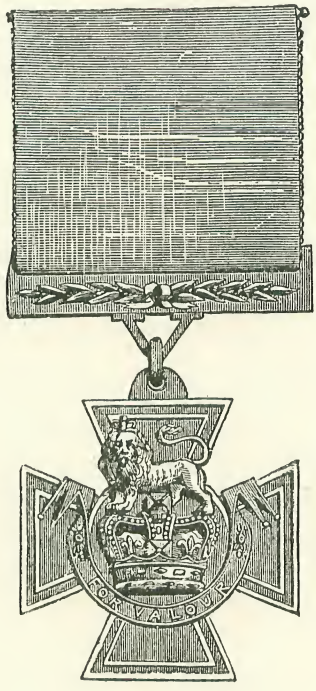
Lord Chelmsford, soon after he arrived, called me up to enquire about the defence of the hospital. I was busy preparing tea for the sick and wounded, and was in my shirt-sleeves, with my braces down. I wanted to put on my coat before appearing in front of the General, but I was told to come along at once, and I felt rather nervous at leaving in such a state, and thought I had committed some offence. When Lord Chelmsford heard my story he praised me and shook me by the hand. The Cross was presented to me on August 3, at Rorke's Drift, by Sir Garnet Wolseley.

"I SHOT THE SOUDANEE DEAD ON THE SPOT."

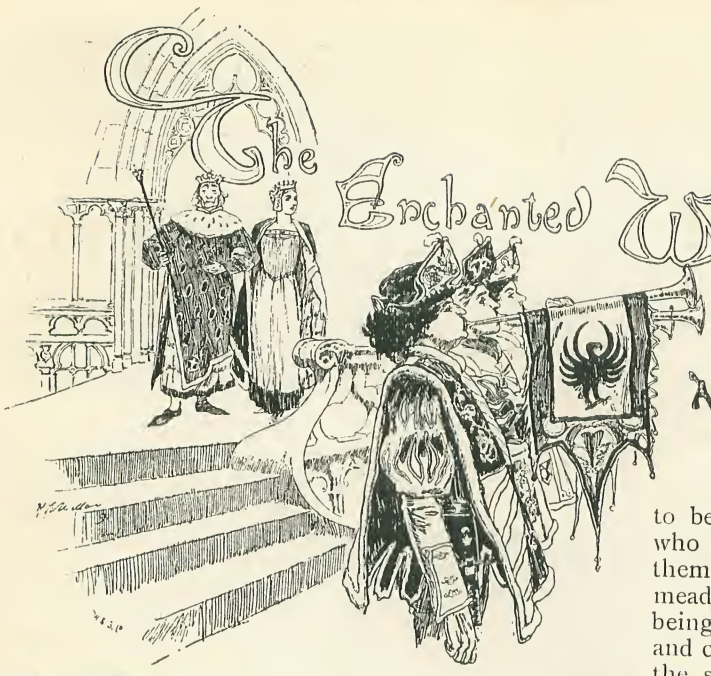
Private Thomas Edwards.

Private Edwards thus recounts the valiant action which gained him, the sole survivor of three equally brave men, the honour of the Cross :—

At the battle of Tamanib, on the morning of March 13, I was on the Transport, having under my charge two mules loaded with ammunition for the Gatling guns belonging to the left half-battery, on the left of the battery. I was standing at No. 4 Gatling gun, and Lieutenant W. B. Almack was standing on the right of the gun, with a sailor, when the enemy rushed on us. I saw then that we were surrounded. The first of us three that was wounded was the sailor, who received a spear wound in the abdomen, and fell under the gun. I then saw two Soudanees making for me, and I put my bayonet through them both. Lieutenant Almack was then standing on my right, with his sword in hand, and his revolver in his left. He then rushed on one of the Soudanees, and ran his sword through him. Before he had time to recover, his right arm was nearly cut off. I took my rifle and loaded it, and shot the Soudanee dead on the spot. There then ran on him three of the Soudanees when he was helpless, his revolver being empty, and ran their spears through his body. I myself received at that time a slight wound on the back of my right hand as I was making a stab at one of them. After that I took my two mules and retired, firing on the enemy as I did so.



And this is what I have to say : that Lieutenant Almack was one of the bravest officers on the field that morning, and I am heartily sorry for his losing his life ; but he lost it bravely. I tried all in my power to save him and the sailor, but the rush of the enemy was too strong for me to contend with.



The Enchanted Whistle.

by Alexandre Dumas

A Story for Children.

THERE was once a rich and powerful king, who had a daughter remarkable for her beauty. When this Princess arrived at an age to be married, he caused a proclamation to be made by sound of trumpet and by placards on all the walls of his kingdom, to the effect that all those who had any pretension to her hand were to assemble in a wide-spread meadow.

Her would-be suitors being in this way gathered together, the Princess would throw into the air a golden apple, and whoever succeeded in catching it would then have to resolve three problems, after doing which he might marry the Princess, and, the King having no son, inherit the kingdom.

On the day appointed the meeting took place. The Princess threw the golden apple into the air, but not one of the first three who caught it was able to complete the easiest task set him, and neither of them attempted those which were to follow.

At last, the golden apple, thrown by the Princess into the air for the fourth time, fell into the hands of a young shepherd, who was the handsomest, but, at the same time, the poorest of all the competitors.

The first problem given him to solve—certainly as difficult as a problem in mathematics—was this :—

The King had caused one hundred hares to be shut up in a stable ; he who should succeed in leading them out to feed upon the meadow where the meeting was being held, the next morning, and conduct them all back to the stable the next evening, would have resolved the first problem.

When this proposition was made to the young shepherd, he asked to be allowed a day to reflect upon it ; the next day he would say "yes" or "no" to it.

The request appeared so just to the King that it was granted to him.

He immediately took his way to the forest, to meditate there on the means of accomplishing the task set him.

With down-bent head he slowly traversed a narrow path running beside a brook, when he came upon a little old woman with snow-white hair, but sparkling eyes, who inquired the cause of his sadness.

The young shepherd replied, shaking his head :

"Alas ! nobody can be of any assistance to me, and yet I greatly desire to wed the King's daughter."

"Don't give way to despair so quickly," replied the little old woman ; "tell me all about your trouble, and perhaps I may be able to get you out of your difficulty."

The young shepherd's heart was so heavy that he needed no entreaty to tell her his story.

"Is that all ? " said the little old woman ; "in that case you have not much to despair about."

And she took from her pocket an ivory whistle and gave it to him.

This whistle was just like other whistles in appearance ; so the shepherd, thinking

"SHE TOOK FROM HER POCKET AN IVORY WHISTLE."

that it needed to be blown in a particular way, turned to ask the little old woman how this was, but she had disappeared.

Full of confidence, however, in what he regarded as a good genius, he went next day to the palace, and said to the King :

"I accept, sir, and have come in search of the hares to lead them to the meadow."

On hearing this, the King rose, and said to his Minister of the Interior :

"Have all the hares turned out of the stable."

The young shepherd placed himself on the threshold of the door to count them ; but the first was already far away when the last was set at liberty ; so much so, that when he reached the meadow he had not a single hare with him.

He sat himself down pensively, not daring to believe in the virtue of his whistle. However, he had no other resource, and placing the whistle to his lips he blew into it with all his might.

The whistle gave forth a sharp and prolonged sound.

Immediately, to his great astonishment, from right and left, from before him and behind him—from all sides, in fact—leapt the hundred hares, and set to quietly browsing on the meadow around him.

News was brought to the King, how the young shepherd had probably resolved the problem of the hares.

The King conferred on the matter with his daughter.

Both were greatly vexed ; for if the young shepherd succeeded with the two other problems as well as he had with the first, the Princess would become the wife of a simple peasant, than which nothing could be more humiliating to royal pride.

"You think over the matter," said the Princess to her father, "and I will do the same."

The Princess retired to her chamber, and disguised herself in such a way as to render herself unrecognisable ; then she

"HE BLEW WITH ALL HIS MIGHT."

had a horse brought for her, mounted it, and went to the young shepherd.

The hundred hares were frisking joyously about him.

"Will you sell me one of your hares?" asked the young Princess.

"I would not sell you one of my hares for all the gold in the world," replied the shepherd; "but you may gain one."

"At what price?" asked the Princess.

"By dismounting from your horse and sitting by me on the grass for a quarter of an hour."

The Princess made some objections, but as there was no other means of obtaining

"THE PRINCESS SEATED HERSELF BY THE YOUNG SHEPHERD."

the hare, she descended to the ground, and seated herself by the young shepherd.

The hundred hares leaped and bounded around him.

At the end of a quarter of an hour, during which the young shepherd said a hundred tender things to her, she rose and claimed her hare, which the shepherd, faithful to his promise, gave her.

The Princess joyfully shut it in a basket which she carried at the bow of her saddle, and rode back towards the palace.

But hardly had she ridden a quarter of a league, when the young shepherd placed his whistle to his lips and blew into it; and, at this imperative call, the hare forced up the lid of the basket, sprang to the ground, and made off as fast as his legs would carry him.

A moment afterwards, the shepherd saw a peasant coming towards him, mounted on a donkey. It was the old King, also disguised, who had quitted the palace with the same intention as his daughter.

A large bag hung from the donkey's saddle.

"Will you sell me one of your hares?" he asked of the young shepherd.

"My hares are not for sale," replied the shepherd; "but they may be gained."

"What must one do to gain one?"

The shepherd considered for a moment.

"You must kiss three times the tail of your donkey," he said.

This strange condition was greatly repugnant to the old King, who tried his hardest to escape it, going so far as to offer fifty thousand francs for a single hare, but the young shepherd would not budge from the terms he had named. At last the King, who held absolutely to getting possession of one of the hares, submitted to the conditions, humiliating as they were for a king. Three times he kissed the tail of his donkey, who was greatly surprised at a king doing him so much honour; and the shepherd, faithful to his promise,

"THREE TIMES HE KISSED THE TAIL OF HIS DONKEY."

gave him the hare demanded with so much insistence.

The King tucked his hare into his bag, and rode away at the utmost speed of his donkey.

But he had hardly gone a quarter of a league when a shrill whistle sounded in the air, on hearing which the hare nibbled at the bag so vigorously as speedily to make a hole, out of which it leapt to the ground and fled.

"Well?" inquired the Princess, on seeing the King return to the palace.

"I hardly know what to tell you, my daughter," replied the King. "This young shepherd is an obstinate fellow, who refused to sell me one of his hares at any price. But don't distress yourself; he'll not get so easily through the two other tasks as he has done with this one."

It need hardly be said that the King made no allusion to the conditions under which he had for a moment had possession of one of his hares, nor that the Princess said nothing about the terms of her similar unsuccess.

"That is exactly my case," she remarked; "I could not induce him to part with one of his hares, neither for gold nor silver."

When evening came, the shepherd returned with his hares; he counted them before the King; there was not one more or one less. They were given back to the Minister of the Interior, who had them driven into the stable.

Then the King said:

"The first problem has been solved; the second now remains to be accomplished. Pay great attention, young man."

The shepherd listened with all his ears.

"Up yonder, in my granary," the King went on, "there are one hundred measures of grey peas and one hundred measures of lentils; lentils and peas are mixed together; if you succeed to-night, and without light, in separating them, you will have solved the second problem."

"I'll do my best," replied the young shepherd.

And the King called his Minister of the Interior, who conducted the young man up to the granary, locked him in, and handed the key to the King.

As it was already night, and as, for such a labour, there was no time to be lost, the shepherd put his whistle to his lips and blew a long, shrill note.

Instantly five thousand ants appeared, and set to work separating the lentils from the peas, and never stopped until the whole were divided into two heaps.

The next morning the King, to his great astonishment, beheld the work accomplished. He tried to raise objections, but was unable to find any ground whatever.

All he could now do was to trust to the third trial, which, after the shepherd's success in the other two trials, he found to be not very hopeful. However, as the third

was the most difficult of all, he did not give way to despair.

"What now remains for you to do," he said, "is to go into the bread-room, and, in a single night, eat the whole week's bread, which is stored there. If to-morrow morning not a single crumb is to be found there, I will consent to your marrying my daughter."

That same evening the young shepherd was conducted to the bread-room of the palace, which was so full of bread that only a very small space near the door remained unoccupied.

But, at midnight, when all was quiet in the palace, the shepherd sounded his whistle. In a moment ten thousand mice fell to gnawing at the bread in such a fashion, that the next morning not a single crumb remained in the place.

The young man then hammered at the door with all his might, and called out:

"Make haste and open the door, please, for I'm hungry!"

The third task was thus victoriously accomplished, as the others had been.

Nevertheless, the King tried hard to get out of his engagement.

He had a sack, big enough to hold six measures of wheat, brought; and, having called a good number of his courtiers about him, said: "Tell us as many falsehoods as will fill this sack, and when it is full you shall have my daughter."

Then the shepherd repeated all the falsehoods he could think of; but the day was half spent and he was at the end of his fibs, and still the sack was far from being full.

"Well," he went on, "while I was guarding my hares, the Princess came to me disguised as a peasant, and, to get one of my hares, permitted me to kiss her."

The Princess, who, not in the least suspecting what he was going to say, had not been able to close his mouth, became as red as a cherry; so much so that the King began to think that the young shepherd's tarradiddle might possibly be true.

"The sack is not yet full, though you have just dropped a *very* big falsehood into it," cried the King. "Go on."

The shepherd bowed and continued: "A moment after the Princess was gone, I saw his Majesty, disguised as a peasant and mounted on a donkey. His Majesty also came to buy one of my hares; seeing, then, what an eager desire he had to obtain a hare from me, what do you imagine I compelled him to do—"

"Enough! enough!" cried the King; "the sack is full."

A week later, the young shepherd married the Princess.

"THE SACK IS FULL!"

"MY SON, BE OF GOOD CHEER!"

(*A Torture by Hope.*)

A Torture by Hope.

From the French of Villiers de l'Isle-Adam.

[Count Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, who lives at Paris, where he edits the *Revue des Lettres et des Arts*, is one of several living French writers who have made a special study of short stories. He is a highly original writer, and, although as yet quite unknown to English readers, an extremely powerful one. Many of his stories are such as could have been written by no one but himself; but probably he approaches more nearly to Edgar Allan Poe than to any other English author.]

BELOW the vaults of the *Official* of Saragossa one nightfall long ago, the venerable Pedro Arbuez d'Espila, sixth Prior of the Dominicans of Segovia, third Grand Inquisitor of Spain—followed by a *fra redemptor* (master-torturer), and preceded by two familiars of the Holy Office holding lanterns—descended towards a secret dungeon. The lock of a massive door creaked; they entered a stifling *in pace*, where the little light that came from above revealed an instrument of torture blackened with blood, a chafing-dish, and a pitcher. Fastened to the wall by heavy iron rings, on a mass of filthy straw, secured by fetters, an iron circlet about his neck, sat a man in rags: it was impossible to guess at his age.

This prisoner was no other than Rabbi Aser Abarbanel, a Jew of Aragon, who, on an accusation of usury and pitiless contempt of the poor, had for more than a year undergone daily torture. In spite of all, "his blind obstinacy being as tough as his skin," he had refused to abjure.

Proud of his descent and his ancestors—for all Jews worthy of the name are jealous of their race—he was descended, according to the Talmud, from Othoniel, and consequently from Ipsiboe, wife of this last Judge of Israel, a circumstance which had sustained his courage under the severest of the incessant tortures.

It was, then, with tears in his eyes at the thought that so stedfast a soul was excluded from salvation, that the venerable Pedro Arbuez d'Espila, approaching the quivering Rabbi, pronounced the following words:—

"My son, be of good cheer; your trials here below are about to cease. If, in presence of such obstinacy, I have had to permit, though with sighs, the employment of severe measures, my task of paternal correction has its limits. You are the barren fig-tree, that, found so oft without fruit, incurs the danger of being dried up by the roots . . . but it is for God alone to decree concerning your soul. Perhaps the Infinite Mercy will shine upon you at the last moment! Let us hope so. There *are* instances. May it be so! Sleep, then, this evening in peace. To-morrow you will take part in the *auto da fé*, that is to say, you will be exposed to the *quemadero*, the brazier premonitory of the eternal flame. It burns, you are aware, at a certain distance, my son; and death takes, in coming, two hours at least, often three, thanks to the moistened and frozen clothes with which we take care to preserve the forehead and the heart of the holocausts. You will be only forty-three. Consider, then, that, placed in the last rank, you will have the time needful to invoke God, to offer unto Him that baptism of fire which is of the Holy Spirit. Hope, then, in the Light, and sleep."

As he ended this discourse, Dom Arbuez—who had motioned the wretched man's fetters to be removed—embraced him tenderly. Then came the turn of the *fra redemptor*, who, in a low voice, prayed the Jew to pardon what he had made him endure in the effort to redeem him; then the two familiars clasped him in their arms: their kiss, through their cowls, was unheard. The ceremony at an end, the captive was left alone in the darkness.

Rabbi Aser Abarbanel, his lips parched, his face stupefied by suffering, stared, without any particular attention, at the closed door. Closed? The word, half unknown to himself, awoke a strange delusion in his confused thoughts. He fancied he had seen, for one second, the light of the lanterns through the fissure between the sides of this door. A morbid idea of hope, due to the enfeeblement of his brain, took hold on him. He dragged himself towards this strange thing he had seen; and, slowly inserting a finger, with infinite precautions, into the crack, he pulled the door towards him. Wonder of wonders! By some extraordinary chance the familiar who had closed it had turned the great key a little before it had closed upon its jambs of stone. So, the rusty bolt not having entered its socket, the door rolled back into the cell.

The Rabbi ventured to look out.

By means of a sort of livid obscurity he distinguished, first of all, a half-circle of earthy walls, pierced by spiral stairways, and, opposite to him, five or six stone steps, dominated by a sort o black porch, giving access to a vast corridor, of which he could only see, from below, the nearest arches.

Stretching himself along, he crawled to the level of this threshold. Yes, it was indeed a corridor, but of boundless length. A faint light—a sort of dream-light—was cast over it; lamps suspended to the arched roof, turned, by intervals, the wan air blue; the far distance was lost in hadow. Not a door visible along all this length! On one side only, to the left, small holes, covered with a network of bars, let a feeble twilight through the depths of the wall—the light of sunset apparently, for red gleams fell at long intervals on the flag-stones. And how fearful a silence! . . . Yet there—there in the depths of the dim distance—the way might lead to liberty! The wavering hope of the Jew was dogged, for it was the last.

"IT WAS A FAMILIAR HURRYING ALONG."

Without hesitation he ventured forth, keeping close to the side of the light-holes, hoping to render himself indistinguishable from the darksome colour of the long walls. He advanced slowly, dragging himself along the ground, forcing himself not to cry out when one of his wounds, recently opened, sent a sharp pang through him.

All of a sudden the beat of a sandal, coming in his direction, echoed along the stone passage. A trembling fit seized him, he choked with anguish, his sight grew dim. So this, no doubt, was to be the end! He squeezed himself, doubled up on his hands and knees, into a recess, and, half dead with terror, waited.

It was a familiar hurrying along. He passed rapidly, carrying an instrument for tearing out the muscles, his cowl lowered; he disappeared. The violent shock which the Rabbi had received had half suspended the functions of life; he remained for nearly an hour unable to make a single movement. In the fear of an increase of torments if he were caught, the idea came to him of returning to his cell. But the old hope chirped in his soul—the divine "Perhaps," the comforter in the worst of distresses. A miracle had taken place! There was no more room for doubt. He began again to crawl towards the possible escape. Worn out with suffering and with hunger, trembling with anguish, he advanced. The sepulchral corridor seemed to lengthen out mysteriously. And he, never ceasing his slow advance, gazed forward through the darkness, on, on, where there *must* be an outlet that should save him.

But, oh! steps sounding again; steps, this time, slower, more sombre. The forms of

two Inquisitors, robed in black and white, and wearing their large hats with rounded brims, emerged into the faint light. They talked in low voices, and seemed to be in controversy on some important point, for their hands gesticulated.

At this sight Rabbi Aser Abarbanel closed his eyes, his heart beat as if it would kill him, his rags were drenched with the cold sweat of agony; motionless, gasping, he lay stretched along the wall, under the light of one of the lamps—motionless, imploring the God of David.

As they came opposite to him the two Inquisitors stopped under the light of the lamp, through a mere chance, no doubt, in their discussion. One of them, listening to his interlocutor, looked straight at the Rabbi. Under this gaze — of which he did not at first notice the vacant expression — the wretched man seemed to feel the hot pincers biting into his poor flesh; so he was again to become a living wound, a living woe! Fainting, scarce able to breathe, his eyelids quivering, he shuddered as the robe grazed him. But—strange at once and natural—the eyes of the Inquisitor were evidently the eyes of a man profoundly preoccupied with what he was going to say in reply, absorbed by what he was listening to; they were fixed, and seemed to look at the Jew *without seeing him*.

"THEY HAD NOT SEEN HIM!"

And indeed, in a few minutes, the two sinister talkers went on their way, slowly, still speaking in low voices, in the direction from which the prisoner had come. They had not seen him! And it was so, that, in the horrible disarray of his sensations, his brain was traversed by this thought: "Am I already dead, so that no one sees me?" A hideous impression drew him from his lethargy. On gazing at the wall, exactly opposite to his face, he fancied he saw, over against his, two ferocious eyes observing him! He flung back his head in a blind and sudden terror; the hair started upright upon his head. But no, no. He put out his hand, and felt along the stones. What he saw was the *reflection* of the eyes of the Inquisitor still left upon his pupils, and which he had refracted upon two spots of the wall.

Forward! He must hasten towards that end that he imagined (fondly, no doubt) to mean deliverance; towards those shadows from which he was no more than thirty paces, or so, distant. He started once more—crawling on hands and knees and stomach—upon his dolorous way, and he was soon within the dark part of the fearful corridor.

All at once the wretched man felt the sensation of cold *upon* his hands that he placed on the flag-stones; it was a strong current which came from under a little door at the end of the passage. O God, if this door opened on the outer world! The whole being of the poor prisoner was overcome by a sort of vertigo of hope. He examined the door from top to bottom without being able to distinguish it completely on account of the dimness around him. He felt over it. No lock, not a bolt! A latch! He rose to his feet: the latch

yielded beneath his finger ; the silent door opened before him.

"Hallelujah!" murmured the Rabbi, in an immense sigh, as he gazed at what stood revealed to him from the threshold.

The door opened upon gardens, under a night of stars—upon spring, liberty, life! The gardens gave access to the neighbouring country that stretched away to the sierras, whose sinuous white lines stood out in profile on the horizon. There lay liberty! Oh, to fly! He would run all night under those woods of citrons, whose perfume intoxicated him. Once among the mountains, he would be saved. He breathed the dear, holy air ; the wind re-animated him, his lungs found free play. He heard, in his expanding heart, the "Lazarus, come forth!" And, to give thanks to God who had granted him this mercy, he stretched forth his arms before him, lifting his eyes to the firmament in an ecstasy.

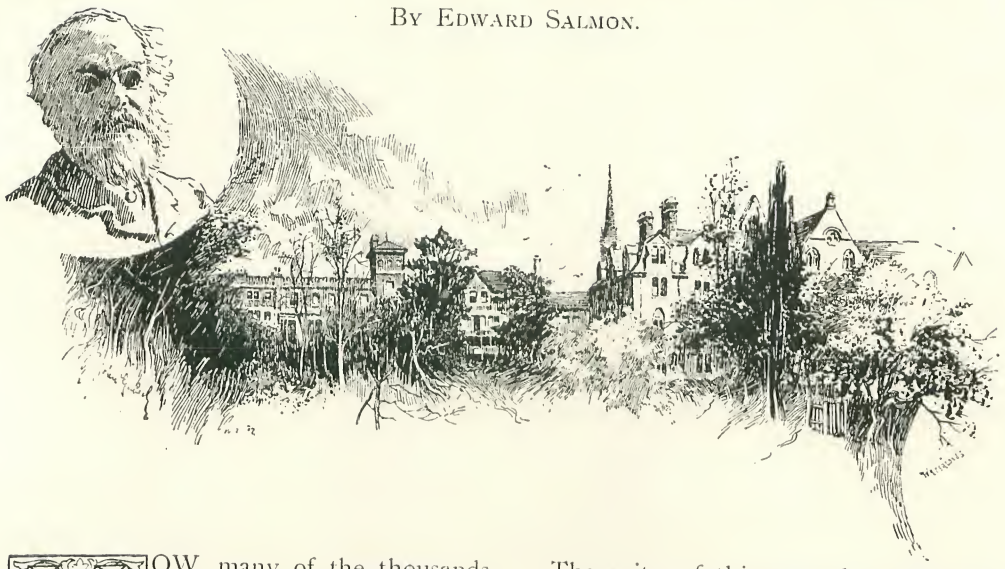
And then he seemed to see the shadow of his arms returning upon himself ; he seemed to feel those shadow - arms surround, enlace him, and himself pressed tenderly against some breast. A tall figure, indeed, was opposite to him. Confidently he lowered his eyes upon this figure, and remained gasping, stupefied, with staring eyes and mouth drivelling with fright.

Horror! He was in the arms of the Grand Inquisitor himself, the venerable Pedro Arbuez d'Espila, who gazed at him with eyes full of tears, like a good shepherd who has found the lost sheep.

The sombre priest clasped the wretched Jew against his heart with so fervent a transport of charity that the points of the monacal hair-cloth rasped against the chest of the Dominican. And, while the Rabbi Aser Abarbanel, his eyes convulsed beneath his eyelids, choked with anguish between the arms of the ascetic Dom Arbuez, realising confusedly *that all the phases of the fatal evening had been only a calculated torture, that of Hope!* the Grand Inquisitor, with a look of distress, an accent of poignant reproach, murmured in his ear, with the burning breath of much fasting:—"What! my child! on the eve, perhaps, of salvation . . . . you would then leave us?"

How the Blind are Educated.

By Edward Salmon.

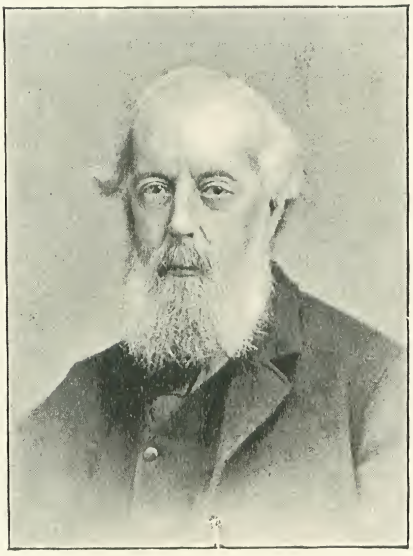


HOW many of the thousands who go every year to the Crystal Palace remember, or even know, that hard by is an institution which should claim the support of all who have hearts to feel for the afflictions of their fellows? Perhaps if some of us, on pleasure bent, knew as much of the working of the Royal Normal College for the Blind as we do of the neighbouring giant palace of glass, we should appreciate the blessing of sight at a truer value. It is to be feared that few who go through life noting its facts, observing the beauties of Nature, regarding the faces of those they love, and transacting their private business without help from other people's eyes, give the thought they ought to the precious nature of the vision they boast, however limited it may be. Still fewer are they who take the trouble to inquire what is being done for those who share not the glories of God's light. Yet to be plunged in a lifelong darkness; to be doomed, whilst breath lasts, to a constant round of blind man's buff; to be able to walk, but not to see where one is going; to be able to talk, but not to know, by the expression of another's face, whether one's remarks are welcomed or not; to be able to listen, and not to watch the speaker—in a word, to be robbed of half life's joys, is surely a fate which should command sympathy, prompt, practical, and universal.

The writer of this paper has, during the last twelve or thirteen years, been more or less intimately associated with the blind. Nothing ever strikes him as more extraordinary than the genuine happiness of most of them. What ought, it would seem, to have proved a crushing blow, has apparently had little or no effect on the brightness of their lives. Nor does the infirmity prove any great bar to their independence. Think of, among many others, Milton undertaking his "Paradise Lost," his history of England, and his Latin dictionary after he became blind; of Philip Bourke Marston—whose sorrows were not primarily due to his affliction—mastering the typewriter, so that he could communicate with his friends and produce his poems without the aid of an amanuensis; of Henry Fawcett, who refused to allow the accident which cost him his sight, to change his life, and who not only kept up his riding and his fishing, but won his way to Cabinet rank. To men like Mr. Fawcett, no doubt the possession of a life's partner means much, and indeed ample material exists for an interesting article on the wives of blind men, who have been to them what Francis Huber's was to him—"A good pair of eyes, a right hand in all his troubles, and a light for his darkest days."

We are, however, not now concerned with blind men but with blind boys and girls, and with those especially who are

receiving their education at the Royal Normal College at Upper Norwood. This institution owes its existence to two men, whose efforts on behalf of their fellow-sufferers cannot be too gratefully acknowledged—to the late Dr. Armitage, and to Dr. Campbell, the president, whose portrait, together with a picture of the college, is shown at the head of this paper. The meeting of these gentlemen in London some twenty years ago revolutionised the whole system of education for the sightless. Dr. Armitage spared no trouble, no money, no time to advance the interests of the blind, and it was a fortunate circumstance which threw one so ready to place his energy and his wealth at their disposal, in contact with another who, like Dr. Campbell, wanted only such support to enable him to enter on the experiment of helping the blind to take their part in life's battle with the confidence and the same chances of success and independence as the seeing. How completely they worked together is shown by a little anecdote which Dr. Campbell is fond of relating. They had been to a conference at York, and, as was their custom, travelled third-class. Some other congressmen, with first-class tickets, were considerably astonished, and exclaimed:—



THE LATE DR. ARMITAGE.

"What, are you going third-class?"

Dr. Armitage's reply was characteristic of the practical and cheery kindliness of the man.

"Campbell and I have too many children to be able to afford to travel first," he said.

"Have you a large family, doctor?" asked one of his friends in surprise.

"Yes," he answered, "our English family alone numbers about 32,000, and they have relatives in all parts of the world."

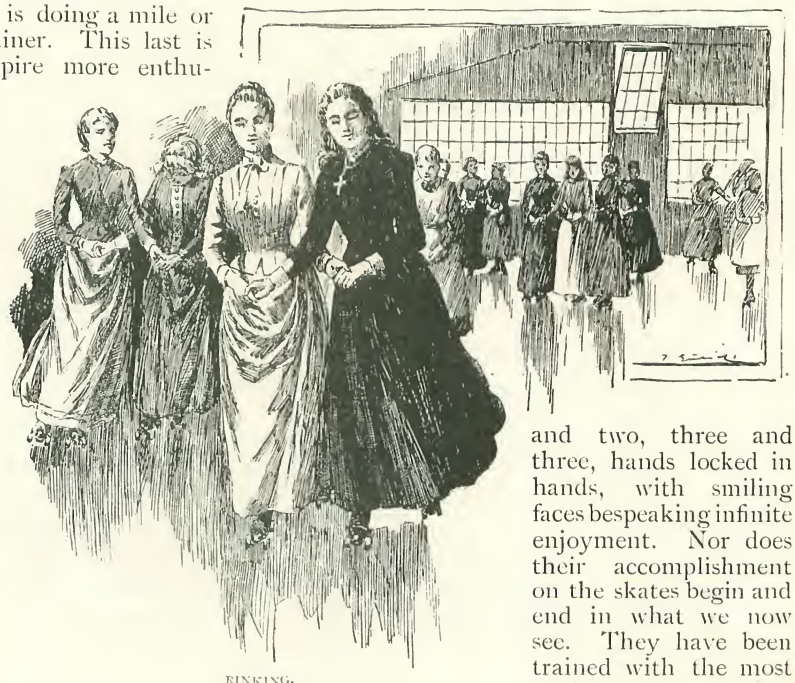
The moral was plain. The few shillings Dr. Armitage and his colleague were saving, were destined to assist the work of amelioration, and the gentlemen paid them a chivalrous and graceful compliment by exchanging their tickets and travelling in the same compartment with the two benefactors and servants of blind humanity.

To such self-denying spirits as these is England indebted for the institution which forms the subject of this paper. The *régime* adopted by Dr. Campbell—who by the way it should be said is an American—was flat rebellion against the systems previously in vogue, and still maintained by other bodies. Dr. Campbell's belief in physical training amounts to a religion. He does everything with reference to it and it alone. A quarter of a century ago he himself was to have died of consumption, but what did he do? Quietly sit down and wait for the end to come? No; blind as he was, he took the boat to Europe and climbed Mont Blanc. There are a good many thousands in the world who would like to have the health he enjoys to-day. What physical exercise has done for him, he believes it will invariably do for his pupils. Determination to conquer obstacles is the only thing which will make a two-legged creature a man or woman, he says; determination is only possible to a vigorous and healthy mind; a vigorous and healthy mind can only come of a vigorous and healthy body; and a man who has not been trained physically, is, to Dr. Campbell, an engine without motive power. The outcome of the adoption of such ideas is that the blind boys and girls at the Normal College, like Dr. Campbell himself, are self-reliant, cheerful, and healthy, and seen trotting about the beautiful grounds of the College, no one would ever think they are sightless. The manner in which Dr. Campbell leads the way from his house to any part of the grounds is somewhat disquieting to those who do not know him. He walks without stick, and without stumbling, and runs up and down flights of steps without troubling even to grasp the rail at the side. How can he tell when he reaches a corner or the top of a flight of steps, to tumble down which would be to break his neck? He learns where he is by the most ingenious

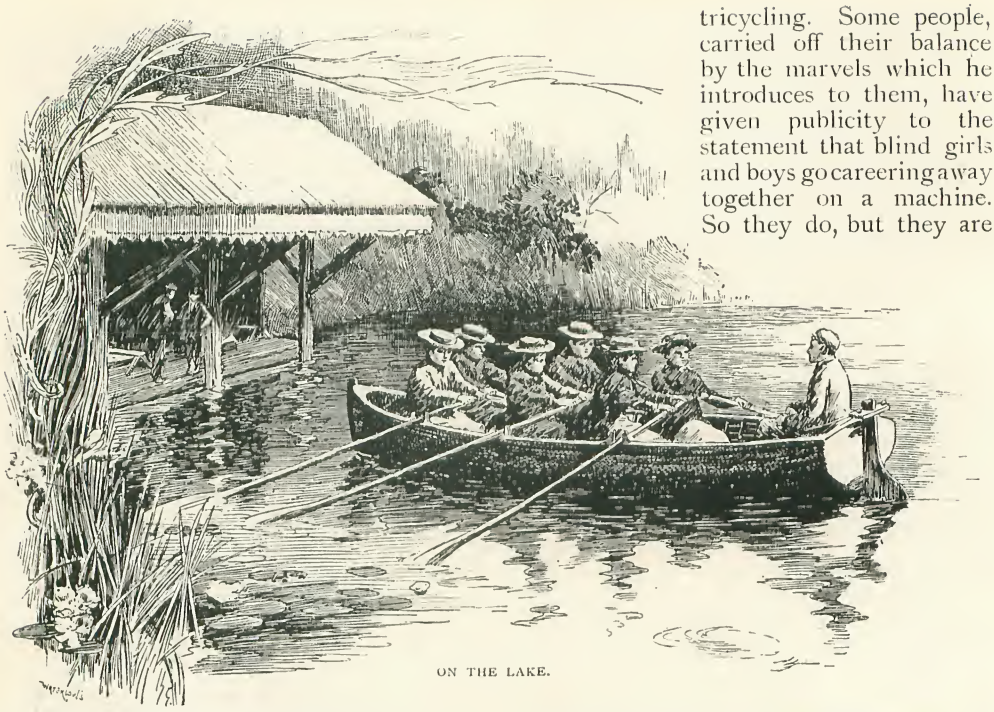
contrivance imaginable. Wherever there is a turning, or an obstacle, or a step which might prove a source of danger or embarrassment, the asphalted pathway is slightly raised. It is high enough to prevent one's stepping over it without noticing it; it is too low to cause one to catch one's toe and trip up. Hence, it is only necessary for the blind promenader to keep his or her wits moderately alive to be able to go wherever he or she pleases in perfect ease and safety.

The Armitage Gymnasium, which we visit first, is declared by an expert to be one of the most complete he has ever seen. Lads of all ages are going through every form of exercise; here two or three are vaulting the horse with a neatness incredible almost to those who have not seen it; there another is working his way along the parallel bars; here one stretches himself at length on the long incline, a machine used for pulling up one's own weight, for strengthening the muscles and broadening the chest; there another turns a nautical wheel or is doing a mile or two on a home trainer. This last is calculated to inspire more enthusiasm among the lads than any other athletic or gymnastic feat. Ordinary home trainers, of course, have a dial which indicates the distance ridden. In order that his boys, even in such a matter, should be made as independent of other people's eyes, as it is the object of the school to make them in all details of life, Dr. Campbell has had fitted to the machine a bell which strikes at the completion of every quarter of a mile. How this broad-shouldered, strong-limbed lad astride it works away with might and main, bent, apparently, on making a record; how keenly he enjoys the effort, and how utterly and happily oblivious he seems of the fact that he is not as the majority of his fellows are!

From the boys' gymnasium let us make our way to the girls', where roller-skating is going on. It is an apartment some 24 feet long by some 18 wide. Here are a dozen or more girls moving on the tiny wheels rapidly round and round. They touch neither the wall nor the seats by the wall, whilst the immunity from collisions induces one to exclaim: "Surely here we are not in the presence of the totally blind, whatever may have been the case in the gymnasium." We are, indeed. But how is it these sightless young ladies move so rapidly, and yet with a safety and precision which might make their seeing sisters envious of their skill? Solely by instinct and practice. When roller-skating was first introduced, Dr. Campbell had electric bells ringing on the walls, but he has now accustomed his pupils to do without these disturbing guides, and for all the spectator can see they find no sort of inconvenience from their reliance on their own senses. Here they go two and two, three and three, hands locked in hands, with smiling faces bespeaking infinite enjoyment. Nor does their accomplishment on the skates begin and end in what we now see. They have been trained with the most perfect care, and are capable of going through the most involved manœuvres. Those who observe them skating in lines, parting, wheeling, crossing and recrossing each other's paths, may imagine that this sort of performance is only possible in their own rink, but last year I had a privileged opportunity, at



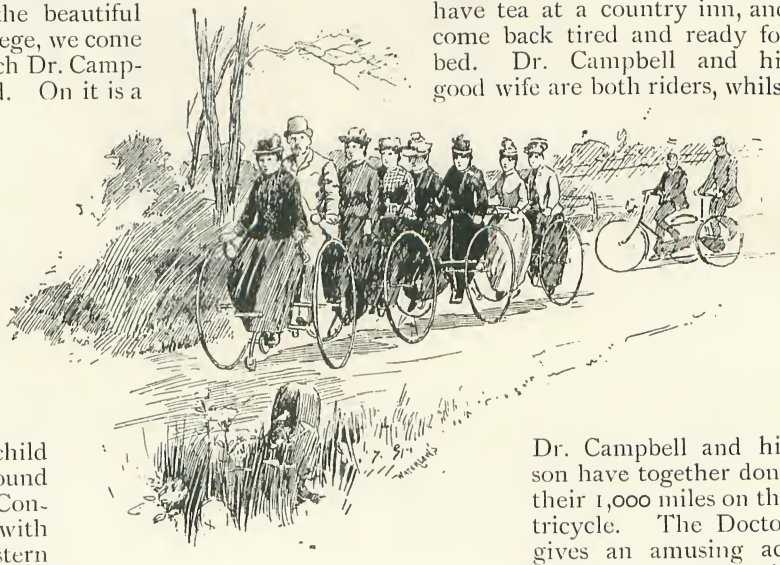
RINKING.



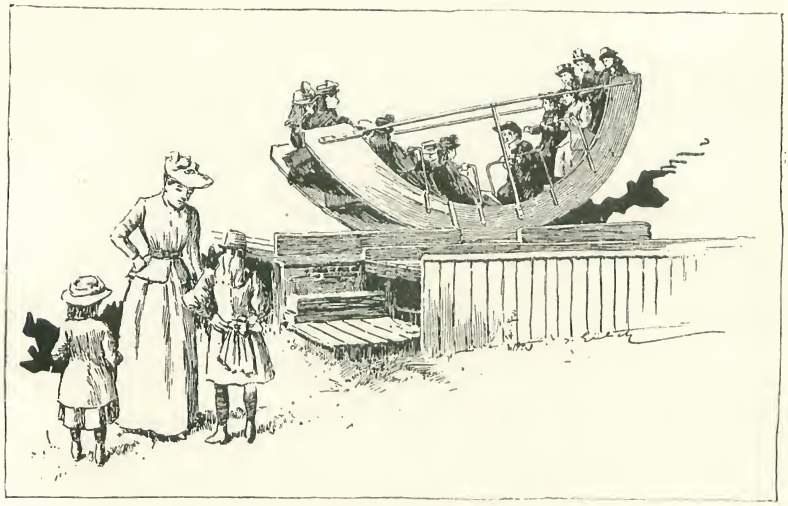
ON THE LAKE.

St. James's Hall, of seeing that they are as much under control in a strange place and in the presence of a considerable public as in their own grounds. Moving solely by word of command, they go within a few inches of obstacles in entire safety. It is a performance, the wonder of which can only be appreciated by those who have watched it.

Making our way now towards the other end of the beautiful grounds of the College, we come to a small lake which Dr. Campbell has constructed. On it is a boat containing eight girls, who dip their oars "with a long, long pull and a strong, strong pull," not unworthy of the men who sang to the midshipmite. Dr. Campbell—who stops short only at pure miracles — does not expect a blind child to steer a boat round and about a lake. Consequently a person with eyes occupies the stern seat. So, too, with tricycling. Some people, carried off their balance by the marvels which he introduces to them, have given publicity to the statement that blind girls and boys go careering away together on a machine. So they do, but they are invariably steered by someone who can see. To have such a person with every blind rider, however, would mean the employment of an immense number of people. An eight-in-hand is, therefore, devised, and this machine may often be seen on the country roads of England, carrying its seven sightless riders. They go out for a twenty-mile spin, have tea at a country inn, and come back tired and ready for bed. Dr. Campbell and his good wife are both riders, whilst Dr. Campbell and his son have together done their 1,000 miles on the tricycle. The Doctor gives an amusing account of a tour in



CYCLING.



THE ROCKING-BOAT.

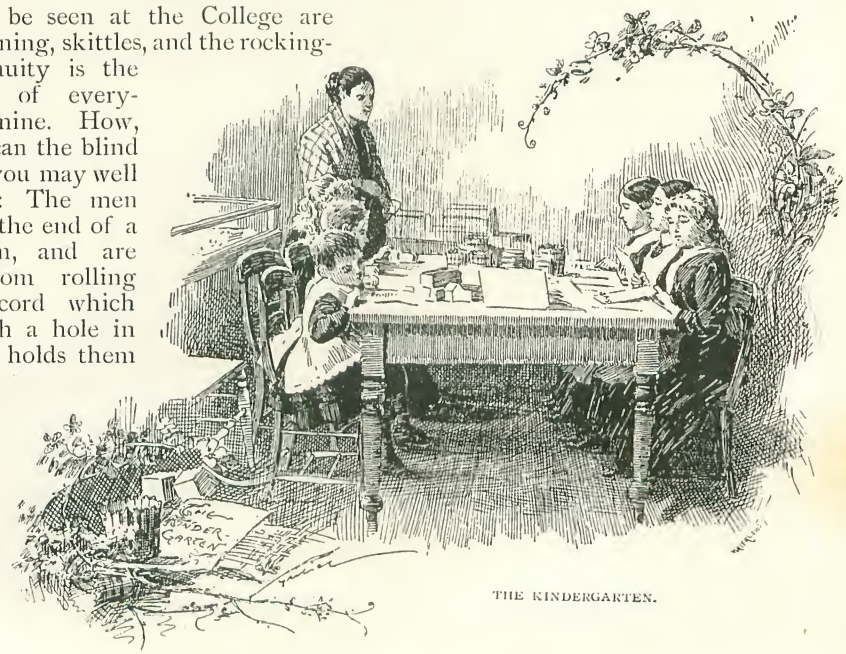
So having made a shot, they can find out how many men have been bowled over, and there is never any risk of losing the ball. Whilst several boys amuse themselves in this way, a dozen girls get into the rocking-boat close by, and as they swing themselves backwards and forwards sing softly and melodiously to the roll of the boat.

Norway. His tricycle was probably among the first seen by the Norwegian peasant, and he relates how one man with a pony-cart on a country road followed them for hours, and when they put up at an inn and wanted water, how he ran off to get some from the mountain spring as joyously as though the tricyclists had been creatures of a celestial world, and how, when they were having their feed at the inn, this rapt admirer rang the bell of the machine, to the delight of a crowd of enthusiastic onlookers.

Other forms of outdoor amusement and recreation to be seen at the College are swinging, running, skittles, and the rocking-boat. Ingenuity is the characteristic of everything we examine. How, for instance, can the blind play skittles, you may well ask? Thus: The men are placed at the end of a long platform, and are prevented from rolling away by a cord which passes through a hole in the board and holds them where they fall. The ball having rolled to the end of the platform, drops over on to a slope, and returns to the players.

Even now we have not exhausted the possibilities of enjoyment which the grounds afford the pupils of the College. During the summer time many of the girls have their little plot of flower garden. They take the greatest interest in the cultivation of plants which they cannot see, and to place in their bosoms a flower which they have grown themselves, is one of the delights of their lives.

So much for what Dr. Campbell properly regards as the generation of the motive



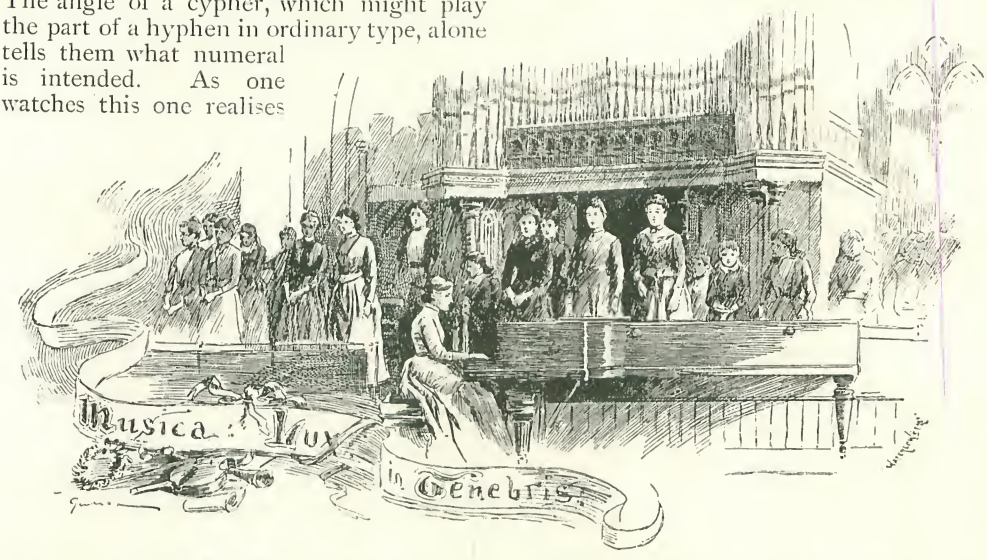
THE KINDERGARTEN.

power of his young people's lives. The steam being ready, along what lines does he make the human engine travel? We start with the Kindergarten class. Half a dozen little girls are sitting at a table interweaving slit paper which presently is to decorate baskets and other things. One is a mite recently from Port Elizabeth, South Africa. She has mastered the theory of her work, and her little fingers only need practice to make them as efficient as those of her older companions. In this room is a glass case containing some clay models of pea-pods, buttercups, and other things that grow—which one would imagine they could never readily grasp in detail—every one executed by the pupils of the College. Even a small dog has not proved beyond the powers of these magic modellers. From the Kindergarten to the Geography class. Embossed maps lie on the table, and the pupils put their fingers on The Wash in England, or on the Andes, or on Tasmania, as quickly almost as one's eyes can travel from point to point. They answer questions as to what grows in a certain place, or who discovered it, accurately and readily. Other classes are learning geometry, the rudiments of agriculture, French and arithmetic. The reading class is one of the most interesting. Books in the Braille system lie before the pupils, who are running their fingers deftly over the mass of dots, and delivering passages from "Hamlet," with sufficient hesitation to prove the genuineness of the reading, and yet with an intelligence not always displayed by those with eyes who read Shakespeare aloud. Now and again the pupil comes to a word such as "Fortinbras," and it gives her just a moment's pause, creating an impression on one's mind of difficulties overcome, which only *naïveté* or the highest art could convey. Some idea of the extraordinary pains necessary to teach the Braille system—and it is unquestionably the best invented—may be gleaned from the fact that it has to be written backwards. For instance, the paper is placed between two strips of brass, the under strip being impressed with a succession of holes, and the upper divided into small squares through which the stylus or punch is passed.

As the writing has to be done from the back of the paper, it is easy to understand that the reading runs in the opposite direction — a circumstance adding immensely to the labour of the learner. All sorts of contractions have of course been adopted, and the blind write from dictation certainly as fluently as the ordinary school-boy, and they can read what they have written even more fluently, for the average school-boy reads most things better than his own caligraphy. In the same way the most difficult sums are done by means of a type board, and it is simply astounding

CARPENTERING AND PIANO-MENDING.

how rapidly the pupils write down figures delivered as units and read them off as billions, millions, or hundreds of thousands. The angle of a cypher, which might play the part of a hyphen in ordinary type, alone tells them what numeral is intended. As one watches this one realises the force of Mr. W. W. Fenn's words :— "Give the blind man in his fingers an equivalent for his eyes, and the darkness in which he lives is dispelled." On this condition the Normal School at Norwood is a veritable creator of light.



Let us now take a glance at the workshop, where the boys are using plane and chisel, pointing and dovetailing pieces of wood which not only answer ends in themselves, but the treatment of which serves to make the blind useful with their hands. They seldom cut their fingers, extra care no doubt giving greater immunity. Another workshop near at hand is occupied by young men perfecting themselves in all the branches of pianoforte making and tuning. They learn to do everything, from tightening a wire to putting a new one in, and hundreds of testimonials from those who have employed blind tuners speak for the thoroughness with which they do their work. To enable the learners to familiarise themselves with the parts of an instrument, Messrs. Broadwood made specially for them a model which can be taken to pieces and put together again till they know all about it. The interest which Messrs. Broadwood have shown in the College has assumed very practical shape, and it is noteworthy that among the employés of the firm is an old pupil of Dr. Campbell's.

Music of course is the principal means of gaining a livelihood with the blind. An organ recital and some glees fittingly bring this succession of wonders to a close so far as the visit to the College is concerned, but really only lands us on the verge of the great question of life after the College training is ended. Throughout the world blind musicians, who owe their education and their skill to Dr. Campbell and his wife, are earning their own livelihoods. In 1886 the aggregate earnings of ex-pupils amounted to nearly £10,000. Last year the sum was £15,000. This great result, however, has been accomplished in the teeth of a mountain of prejudice, ignorance, and I must add injustice, to surmount which has cost Dr. Campbell a mightier effort than the ascent of Mont Blanc. All he asks on behalf of his pupils is a fair field : he wants no favour. Two instances of the difficulty of securing even this may be given. An organist was wanted for a large church ; Dr. Campbell was anxious that one of his pupils should compete. From the first the authorities declared it was impossible a blind man could hold the position, and to make it impossible the candidates were to be called on to play any two tunes from the hymn-book which any two people in the congregation might select. Here was a test which it was believed would defeat the blind man's chances. It reached Dr. Campbell's ears, and he forthwith obtained a list of the 250 tunes which had been most sung in that particular church during the last few years, set his man to translate their score into his own Braille, and to master them by heart. The day of trial came, and the first

hymn called for was played by the blind candidate not merely as it was written, but with variations. The authorities marvelled, but said it was chance. The second was called, and still the blind man was ready. "It's a miracle!" was the exclamation, but the blind man won, and holds to-day, the position competed for against not only the world but the world's uncharitableness.

A second instance is equally eloquent of the completeness with which these sightless lads are equipped by Dr. Campbell to battle with the world. An organist and choir-master was wanted, and the idea of putting a blind man up for the post was scouted as ludicrous. In the organ part of the business, the blind candidate came out indisputably first.

"But," said to him the gentleman with whom the appointment rested, "you could not possibly teach our boys."

"Is it fair to say I could not till you have have given me an opportunity of showing whether I could or not?"

The only way to dispose of the claims of this sightless irrepressible was to have the boys in. He immediately put them through their exercises, and handled them in a way which argued greater knowledge of what is wanted than most seeing masters display. Some even of the rival candidates declared the blind man to be the best among them, and he secured the appointment, to the advantage of all concerned.

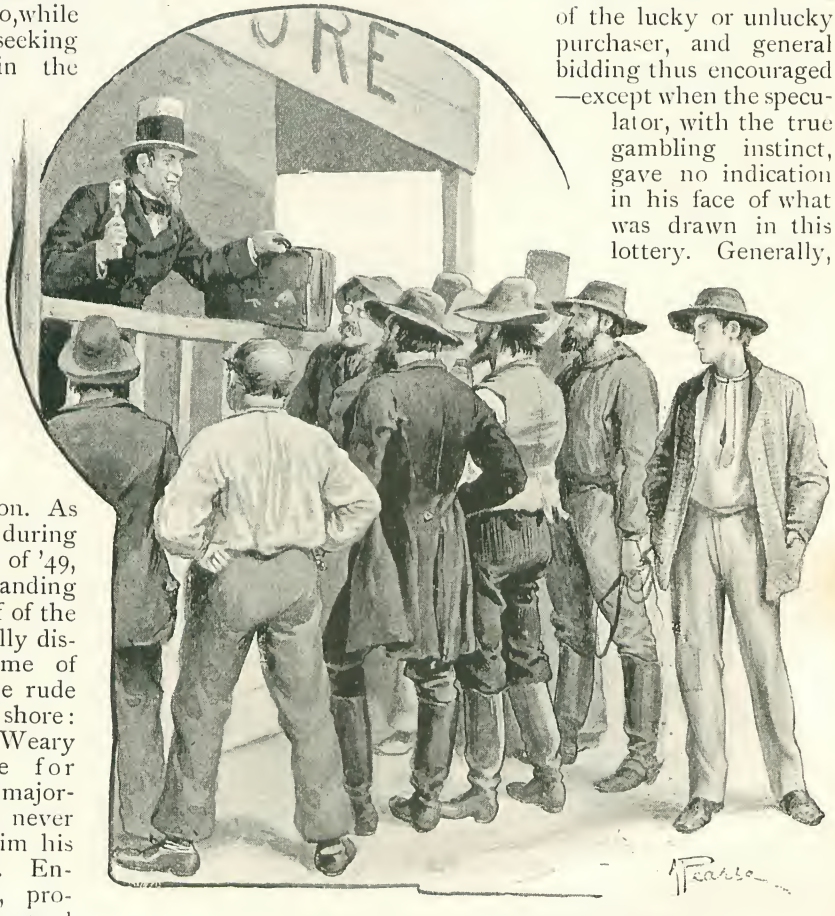
In the old days the poor blind were educated as beggars, and the more intelligent of the indigent blind were appropriately nicknamed by Theodore Hook the indignant blind. Dr. Campbell does not mind where his pupils come from. Whatever they may be when they are admitted to the College, there is only one thing to be said of nearly every one of those who leave it—they are ladies and gentlemen in education and deportment, equally able to earn their own living and to grace the society in which they may find themselves. Such a result has been accomplished by terribly hard work. Like Milton, Dr. Campbell "steers right onward." He is a sort of Napier, and only expects others to do what he does not shrink from himself. He is the most kindly of martinets. Blindness with him is no reason for non-punctuality, and if a boy is late in getting out of bed, he orders him to retire at night half an hour earlier, so that he may have the sleep he seems to need. Such punishment is, we may be sure, felt all the more keenly, because the doctor himself sets the example of what is right. For instance, every boy is supposed to be ready for a swim in the splendid bath of the College at a certain hour, and he cannot excuse himself, even to his own mind, for being absent or late on the score that the Doctor enforces rules he does not carry out, for every morning Dr. Campbell takes his plunge with his scholars. He is determined that in everything possible his boys and girls shall go forth into the world unsurpassed by their more fortunate brothers and sisters. His efforts to rob the blind of any sense of dependence on others, which they find so humiliating—efforts which Dr. Armitage fostered with such lavish generosity—and to make them useful citizens instead of the helpless recipients of local doles, are deserving of a support which has hardly been accorded to them. The Royal Normal College for the Blind is a wondrous illustration of the adage that even the darkest cloud has its silver lining. Here, at least, we find the drawbacks consequent on one of the most appalling of human infirmities reduced to a minimum. God alone can restore the light of day to the brain from which it is now excluded, but that He has delegated to man the power to do almost all else, let the College we have now described so fully bear witness.

Out of a Pioneer's Trunk.

By Bret Harte.

IT was a slightly cynical, but fairly good-humoured crowd that had gathered before a warehouse on Long Wharf in San Francisco, one afternoon in the summer of '51. Although the occasion was an auction, the bidders' chances more than usually hazardous, and the season and locality famous for reckless speculation, there was scarcely any excitement among the bystanders, and a lazy, half-humorous curiosity seemed to have taken the place of any zeal for gain.

It was an auction of unclaimed trunks and boxes—the personal luggage of early emigrants—which had been left on storage in hulk or warehouse at San Francisco, while the owner was seeking his fortune in the mines. The difficulty and expense of transport, often obliging the gold-seeker to make part of his journey on foot, restricted him to the smallest *impedimenta*, and that of a kind not often found in the luggage of ordinary civilisation. As a consequence, during the emigration of '49, he was apt on landing to avail himself of the invitation usually displayed on some of the doors of the rude hostelries on the shore: "Rest for the Weary and Storage for Trunks." In a majority of cases he never returned to claim his stored property. Enforced absence, protracted equally by good or evil fortune, accumulated the high storage charges until they usually far exceeded the actual value of the goods; sickness, further emigration, or death also reduced the number of possible claimants, and that more wonderful human frailty—absolute forgetfulness of deposited possessions—combined together to leave the bulk of the property in the custodian's hands. Under an understood agreement they were always sold at public auction after a given time. Although the contents of some of the trunks were exposed, it was found more in keeping with the public sentiment to sell the trunks *unlocked* and *unopened*. The element of curiosity was kept up from time to time by the incautious disclosures of the lucky or unlucky purchaser, and general bidding thus encouraged—except when the speculator, with the true gambling instinct, gave no indication in his face of what was drawn in this lottery. Generally,



"IT WAS AN AUCTION OF UNCLAIMED TRUNKS AND BOXES."

however, some suggestion in the exterior of the trunk, a label or initials; some conjectural knowledge of its former owner, or the idea that he might be secretly present in the hope of getting his property back for less than the accumulated dues, kept up the bidding and interest.

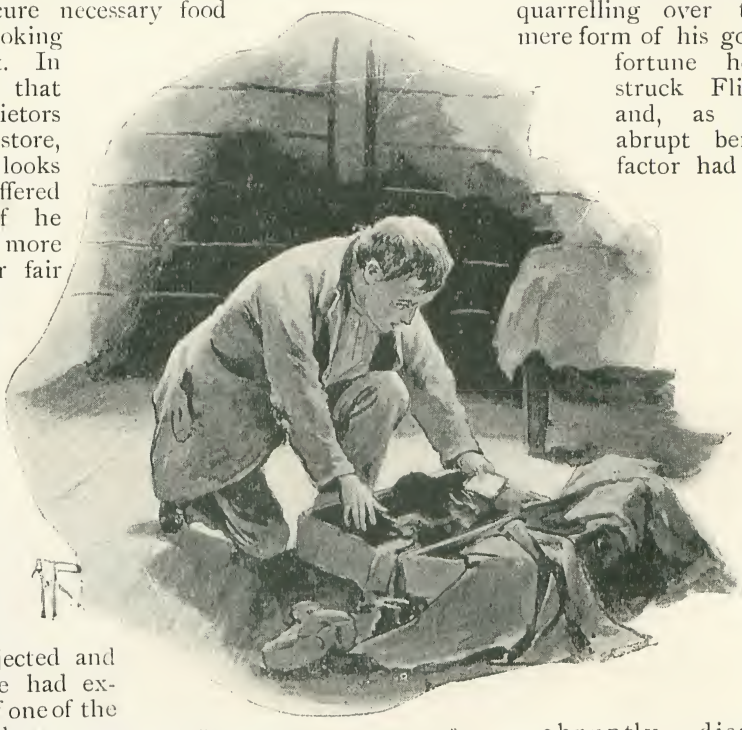
A modest-looking, well-worn portmanteau had been just put up at a small, opening bid, when Harry Flint joined the crowd. The young man had arrived a week before at San Francisco friendless and penniless, and had been forced to part with his own effects to procure necessary food and lodging while looking for an employment. In the irony of fate that morning the proprietors of a dry-goods store, struck with his good looks and manners, had offered him a situation, if he could make himself more presentable to their fair clients. Harry Flint was gazing half abstractedly, half hopelessly, at the portmanteau without noticing the auctioneer's persuasive challenge. In his abstraction he was not aware that the auctioneer's assistant was also looking at him curiously, and that possibly his dejected and half-clad appearance had excited the attention of one of the cynical bystanders, who was exchanging a few words with the assistant. He was, however, recalled to himself a moment later when the portmanteau was knocked down at fifteen dollars, and considerably startled when the assistant placed it at his feet with a grim smile. "That's your property, Fowler, and I reckon you look as if you wanted it back bad."

"But—there's some mistake," stammered Flint. "I didn't bid."

"No, but Tom Flynn did for you. You see, I spotted you from the first, and told Flynn I reckoned you were one of those chaps who came back from the mines dead broke. And he up and bought your things for you—like a square man. That's Flynn's style, if he is a gambler."

"But," persisted Flint, "this never was my property. My name isn't Fowler, and I never left anything here."

The assistant looked at him with a grim, half-credulous, half-scornful smile. "Have it your own way," he said, "but I oughter tell ye, old man, that I'm the warehouse clerk, and I remember *you*. I'm here for that purpose. But as that thar valise is bought and paid for by somebody else and given to you, it's nothing more to me. Take or leave it."

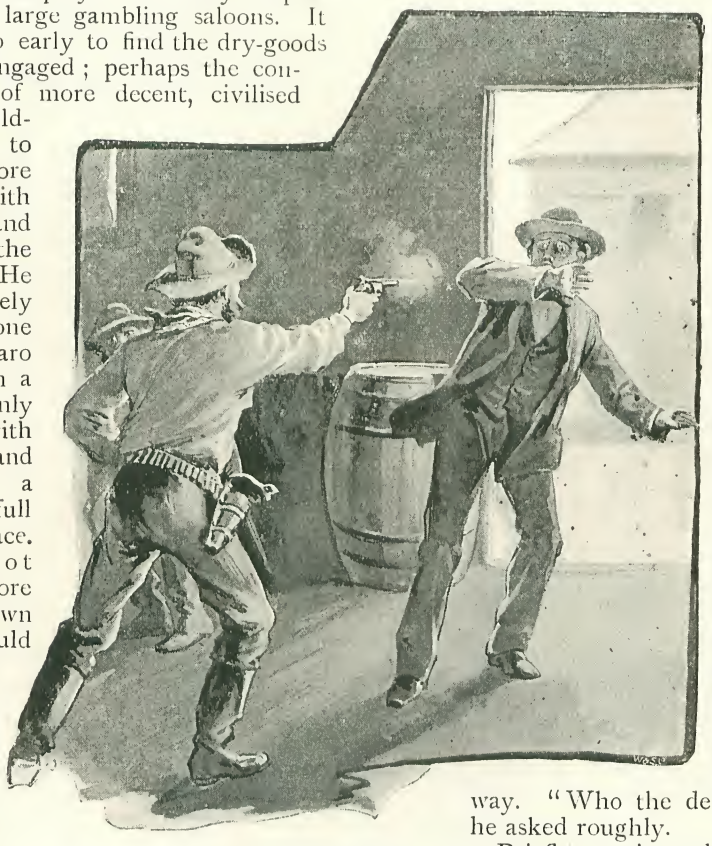


"HE EXAMINED ITS CONTENTS."

The ridiculousness of quarrelling over the mere form of his good fortune here struck Flint, and, as his abrupt benefactor had as abruptly disappeared, he hurried off with his prize. Reaching his cheap lodging-house, he examined its contents. As he had surmised, it contained a full suit of clothing of the better sort, and suitable to his urban needs. There were a few articles of jewellery, which he put religiously aside. There were some letters, which seemed to be of a purely business character. There were a few daguerreotypes of pretty faces, one of which was singularly fascinating to him. But there was another, of a young man, which startled him with its marvellous resemblance *to himself!* In a flash of intelligence he understood it all now. It was the likeness of the former owner of the trunk,

for whom the assistant had actually mistaken him! He glanced hurriedly at the envelopes of the letters. They were addressed to Shelby Fowler, the name by which the assistant had just called him. The mystery was plain now. And for the present he could fairly accept his good luck, and trust to later fortune to justify himself.

Transformed in his new garb, he left his lodgings to present himself once more to his possible employer. His way led past one of the large gambling saloons. It was yet too early to find the dry-goods trader disengaged; perhaps the consciousness of more decent, civilised garb emboldened him to mingle more freely with strangers, and he entered the saloon. He was scarcely abreast of one of the faro tables when a man suddenly leaped up with an oath and discharged a revolver full in his face. The shot missed. Before his unknown assailant could fire again the astonished Flint had closed with him, and instinctively clutched the weapon. A brief but violent struggle ensued. Flint felt his strength failing him, when suddenly a look of astonishment came into the furious eyes of his adversary, and the man's grasp mechanically relaxed. The half-freed pistol, thrown upwards by this movement, was accidentally discharged point blank into his temples, and he fell dead. No one in the crowd had stirred or interfered.



"THE SHOT MISSED."

"You've done for French Pete this time, Mr. Fowler," said a voice at his elbow. He turned gaspingly, and recognised his strange benefactor, Flynn. "I call you all to witness, gentlemen," continued the gambler, turning dictatorially to the crowd, "that this man was *first* attacked and was *unarmed*." He lifted Flint's limp and empty hands and then pointed to the dead man, who was still grasping the weapon. "Come!" He caught the half-paralysed arm of Flint and dragged him into the street.

"But," stammered the horrified Flint, as he was borne along, "what does it all mean? What made that man attack me?"

"I reckon it was a case of shooting on sight, Mr. Fowler; but he missed it by not waiting to see if you were armed. It wasn't the square thing, and you're all right with the crowd now, whatever he might have had agin you."

"But," protested the unhappy Flint, "I never laid eyes on the man before, and my name isn't Fowler."

Flynn halted, and dragged him in a doorway. "Who the devil are you?" he asked roughly.

Briefly, passionately, almost hysterically Flint told him his scant story. An odd expression came over the gambler's face.

"Look here," he said abruptly, "I have passed my word to the crowd yonder that you are a dead-broke miner called Fowler. I allowed that you might have had some row with that Sydney Duck, Australian Pete, in the mines. That satisfied them. If I go back now, and say it's a lie, that your name ain't Fowler, and you never knew who Pete was, they'll jest pass you over to the police to deal with you, and wash their hands of it altogether. You may prove to the police who you are, and how that d——

clerk mistook you, but it will give you trouble. And who is there here who knows who you really are?"

"No one," said Flint, with sudden hopelessness.

"And you say you're an orphan, and ain't got any relations livin' that you're beholden to?"

"No one."

"Then, take my advice, and *be* Fowler, and stick to it! Be Fowler until Fowler turns up, and thanks you for it; for you've saved Fowler's life, as Pete would never have funked and lost his grit over Fowler as he did with you; and you've a right to his name."

He stopped, and the same odd, superstitious look came into his dark eyes.

"Don't you see what all that means? Well I'll tell you. You're in the biggest streak of luck a man ever had. You've got the cards in your own hands! They spell 'Fowler'! Play Fowler first, last, and all the time. Good-night, and good luck, *Mr. Fowler*."

The next morning's journal contained an account of the justifiable killing of the notorious desperado and ex-convict, Australian Pete, by a courageous young miner by the name of Fowler. "An act of firmness and daring," said *The Pioneer*, "which will go far to counteract the terrorism produced by those lawless ruffians."

In his new suit of clothes, and with this paper in his hand, Flint sought the dry goods proprietor—the latter was satisfied and convinced. That morning Harry Flint began his career as salesman and as "Shelby Fowler."

From that day Shelby Fowler's career was one of uninterrupted prosperity. Within the year he became a partner. The same miraculous fortune followed other ventures later. He was mill owner, mine owner, bank director—a millionaire! He was popular, the reputation of his brief achievement over the desperado kept him secure from the attack of envy and rivalry. He never was confronted by the real Fowler. There was no danger of exposure by others—the one custodian of his secret, Tom Flynn, died in Nevada the year following. He had quite forgotten his youthful past, and even the more recent lucky portmanteau; remembered nothing, perhaps, but the pretty face of the daguerreotype that had fascinated him. There seemed to be no reason why he should not live and die as Shelby Fowler.

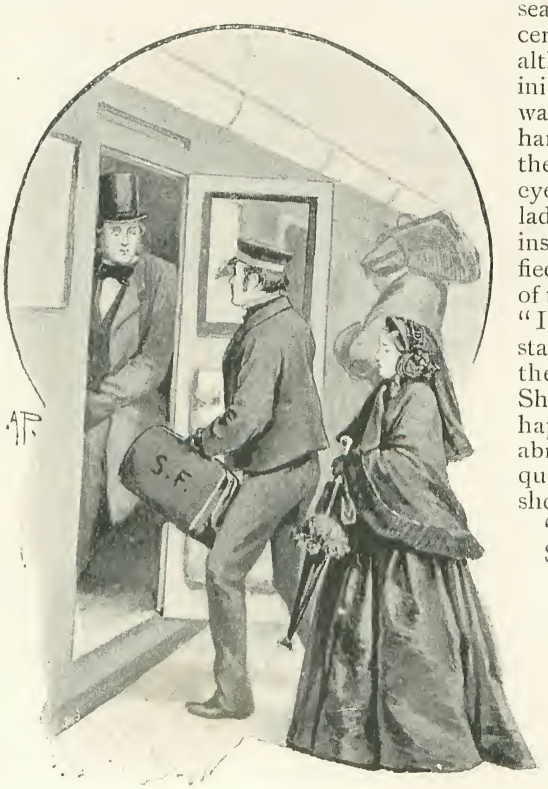
His business a year later took him to Europe. He was entering a train at one of the great railway stations of London, when the porter, who had just deposited his portmanteau in a compartment, reappeared at the window followed by a young lady in mourning.

"Beg pardon, sir, but I handed you the wrong portmanteau. That belongs to this young lady. This is yours."

Flint glanced at the portmanteau on the seat before him. It certainly was not his, although it bore the initials "S. F." He was mechanically handing it back to the porter, when his eyes fell on the young lady's face. For an instant he stood petrified. It was the face of the daguerreotype. "I beg pardon," he stammered, "but are these your initials?" She hesitated, perhaps it was the abruptness of the question, but he saw she looked confused.

"No. A friend's."

She disappeared into another carriage, but from that moment Harry Flint knew that he had no other aim in life but to follow this clue and the beautiful girl



"THE PORTER REAPPEARED AT THE WINDOW."

who had dropped it. He bribed the guard at the next station, and discovered that she was going to York. On their arrival, he was ready on the platform to respectfully assist her. A few words disclosed the fact that she was a fellow-countrywoman, although residing in England, and at present on her way to join some friends at Harrogate. Her name was West. At the mention of his, he again fancied she looked disturbed.

They met again and again ; the informality of his introduction was overlooked by her friends, as his assumed name was already respectably and responsibly known beyond California. He thought no more of his future. He was in love. He even dared to think it might be returned ; but he felt he had no right to seek that knowledge until he had told her his real name and how he came to assume another's. He did so alone—scarcely a month after their first meeting. To his alarm, she burst into a flood of tears, and showed an agitation that seemed far beyond any apparent cause. When she had partly recovered, she said, in a low, frightened voice :

"You are bearing *my brother's* name. But it was a name that the unhappy boy had so shamefully disgraced in Australia that he abandoned it, and, as he lay upon his death-bed, the last act of his wasted life was to write an imploring letter begging me to change mine too. For the infamous companion of his crime who had first tempted, then betrayed him, had possession of all his papers and letters, many of them from *me*, and was threatening to bring them to our Virginia home and expose him to our neighbours. Maddened by desperation, the miserable boy twice attempted the life of the scoundrel, and might have added that blood guiltiness to his other sins, had he lived. I *did* change my name to my mother's maiden one, left the country, and have lived here to escape the revelations of that desperado, should he fulfil his threat."

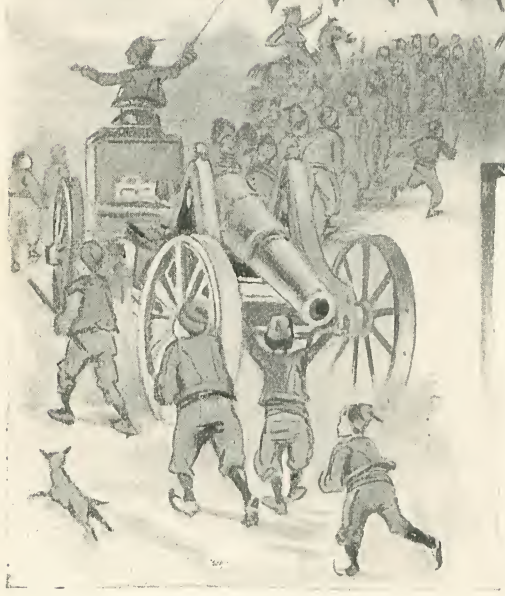
In a flash of recollection Flint remembered the startled look that had come into his assailant's eye after they had clinched. It was the same man who had too late realised that his antagonist was not Fowler. "Thank God ! you are for ever safe from any exposure from that man," he said, gravely, "and the name of Fowler has never been known in San Francisco save in all respect and honour. It is for you to take back—fearlessly and alone ! "

She did—but not alone, for she shared it with her husband.

ANECDOTES OF THE WAR PATH

BY

IRVING MONTAGU



"ONE never can tell." This is a world of change, and anything beyond the limits of the most fertile imagination may happen to anyone, anywhere, at any moment.

Were I a bellicose Bellamy, I might incline towards "Looking backwards" from the standpoint of a hundred years hence, and thus, posing as a special of 1991, might sigh for the shortcomings of the past, and picture myself crossing, on an aërial machine, the erst dark Continent (now lit by electric light) at a pace which would have even shattered the nerves of the driver of an old Brighton express—"a ponderous steam conveyance which, a hundred years ago, succeeded the stage coach." Again, I might suppose myself sending sketches or despatches from remote battlefields by means of "the electric communicator," a coil carried in one's portmanteau, and which, by a simple mechanical arrangement—one end being secured at the office of your newspaper in Fleet-street or the Strand—unwinds as you travel, so that, wherever the fates have destined you to go, you may be in immediate communication with the editor of the journal you represent; nay, more, the electric current passing through your pen or pencil, simultaneously producing copy or sketches with a corresponding pen or pencil at the other end. I say, were I a sort of bellicose Bellamy, I might compare the possible perfection of the future with the shortcomings of to-day; but then, you see, I'm not, and, though quite content to admit that "one never can tell," I'm still more disposed in these "Anecdotes of the War-path," by sticking to the practical present, to convey some idea of the doings of correspondents at the front.

To begin with, an iron constitution is the best basis on which to build up the war special, whose gifts with pen or pencil will depend entirely on the diplomacy he possesses by means of which to get to the front himself, and, at the same time, keep sufficiently in touch with the rear, to be in perpetual communication with his own headquarters at home.

I remember how one, otherwise most brilliant Special, whose talent won for him a reputation which he continues to enjoy, came utterly to grief through want of that tact which enabled others, during the siege of Plevna, to get their articles and sketches through. Between the slowly, very slowly contracting girdle of Muscovite steel which encircled that place and the Danube, there was a perfectly free communication. The historic bridge of boats was crossed without difficulty, and, Roumania being thus reached, one was in direct, uninterrupted correspondence with the street beloved of Doctor Johnson. The Special in question, however, being assured by suave, courteous, and in many cases English-speaking officers, that the Russian Bear was the soul of

honour, and the Russian field-post the most convenient mode of conveyance, put his despatches into the military post bags at Plevna. Then, "with a smile that was childlike and bland," did those Muscovite postal authorities receive them, stamp them officially—and—well, they were never seen again! Thus was a most daring Special, possessed of marvellous talent (I will not say if with pen or pencil) recalled to England, and, in that capacity, lost to the world. He lacked a diplomatic faculty, without which success is impossible to the war correspondent.

A case of a camp-kettle, too, comes vividly back to me, in which a man delayed his departure from London for three days in consequence of some fad about a peculiar commodity of this kind which was being specially made for him, and this when Europe was ablaze with war. Through that confounded camp-kettle he might lose the key to the position, yet the tinker came in *facile princeps* and that knight of the pen was nowhere. Happily, however, "fads" very seldom get to the front at all, or, if they do, change front themselves soon after their arrival.

It seems to me that the man who would win his spurs on the war-path must, by being ready to start at any moment, accept the inevitable in the light of "Kismit," and be prepared to turn circumstances, good, bad, or indifferent, to the best account possible; he will meet with fewer difficulties, and be better able to cope with those he does experience.

By the way, were you ever shadowed? The sensation, novel to begin with, is trying in the long run, and infinitely less endurable than being made prisoner of war, pure and simple.

I had this experience shortly after the entry of the Versailles troops into shattered, still burning, Paris.

My wandering propensities and the notes I from time to time made led to my being so persecuted that I would have done much to change places with Peter Schimmel, of shadowless fame. I think my nose, which, in polite society, might be called *retroussé*, must have suggested the tip-tilted organ of the typical Teuton, and that hence suspicions of fresh complications were aroused. Suffice it to say I was shadowed by a hawk-eyed, hook nosed, beetle-browed, oily-looking, parchment-faced being, who seemed, by his very pertinacity, becoming my second self. I hurried from place to place in quest of incident, the pattering feet of my shadow—if I may so put it—announced his presence everywhere. I mounted an omnibus, and there was a double ascent up those spiral steps which led to the roof, that hawk-eyed shade was seated either by my side or with his back to me. In the evening I strolled down, say, the Boulevard des Capucines, while, with measured tread, smoking a cigarette the while, I was followed by the oily one; in short, through the many occupations of my life he was ever in my wake, till at last release came.

I was arrested and taken before the Commissary of Police, when it was discovered I had been mistaken for somebody else, and, with many apologies and regrets that I was *not* the rogue I might have been, I was released, my shadow being "unhooked," so to speak. And now, oddly enough, I had a morbid satisfaction in remembering the wild-goose chases I had taken that Government spy—up one street, down another, away into the suburbs of Paris, back to its centre, only to repeat the dose when I had time, till, more attenuated and cadaverous than ever, that hawk-eyed minion of the law could barely drag one leg after another. Strange as it may seem, when rid of him, I missed him, missed him awfully, I assure you; feeling quite lonely and incomplete without him, and should have been almost pleased to have had him tacked on again.

"A SUBSTANTIAL SHADOW"

Those Parisian shadows suggest to me a strange shadow pantomime I once saw in Spain, during the Carlist campaign, at an engagement at Behobie. The fighting began at about five in the morning in a dense white fog, when the Carlists made a desperate effort to take that small town from an inferior but unflinching force. The effect was, on approaching the scene, most ludicrous. In the first place, one was strangely impressed by mingled sounds as of the barking of dogs and the quacking of ducks, which turned out to be only terms of derision which each side was hurling at the other. Then, on coming closer still, the shadow pantomime of which I have spoken presented itself, just for all the world like mimic war on a white sheet, till, the veil of fog lifting, fighting—literally to the knife—presented itself in all its terrible reality. Under cover of that fog the Carlist hordes had come down from their Pyrenean retreats without the aid of those arranged ruses which the armies of all nations have so often to fall back upon. Amongst these is the common one, when wind and locality serve, of attacking under cover of the smoke of burning forests or furze bushes. One ruse during the siege of Plevna has always struck me in this connection as having been cleverly conceived.

The Turks, on the occasion of a sortie, secured as many uniforms of dead Russians as was possible. These they promptly put on, and, covering their main body, advanced *backwards*, as if retreating in good order on a strong Russian position. The Turkish officer in command—understanding the Russian tongue—gave the order to "Retire." Seeing and hearing this, the Russians, supposing it to be an unexpected retreat of their own men, made no defence, till, when too late, they discovered them to be Moslems in Muscovite garb, who, after a most sanguinary fight, succeeded in occupying the vantage point they had gained.

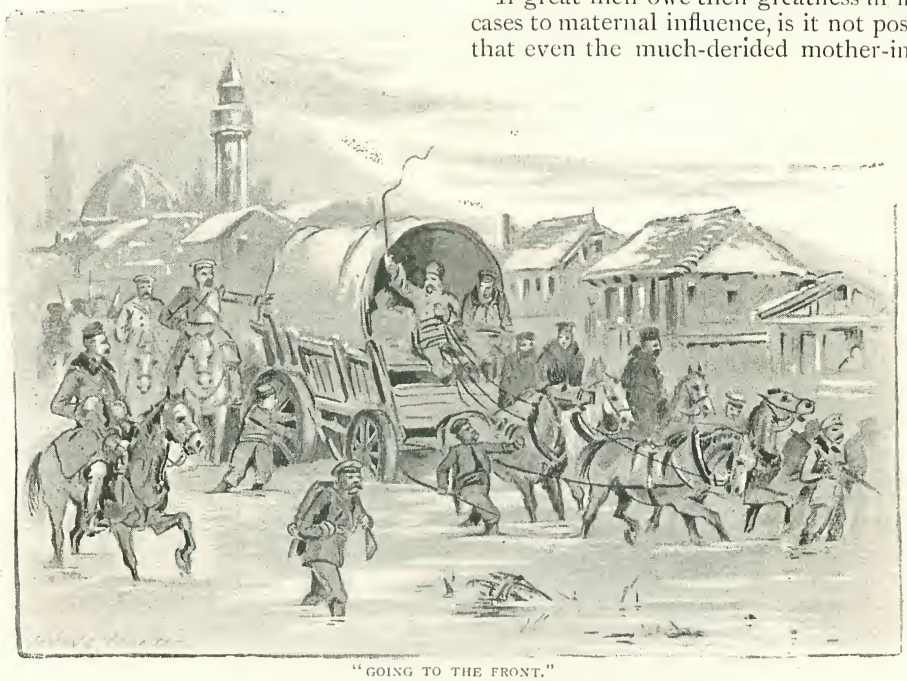
The eccentricities of bullets, too, are not a little interesting. There was a case in Asia Minor of a bullet which made six distinct holes of entry and exit in a man's body, without materially injuring him, before it passed away into the open. It may be explained that the man was in a kneeling position and firing at the time he was struck. This erratic ball passed first through the biceps of his right arm, between his ribs, and again through the triceps of his left arm. In Spain, also, I remember an instance in which a bullet passed through an officer's chacot, the draught of which stunned him; he was found quite insensible, though uninjured, while that chacot had been drilled with the ball which had thus prostrated him. On two occasions I have myself had similar and most providential escapes—once at a place known as La Puncha, on the banks of the Bidassoa, where, when sketching for *The Illustrated London News*, I was brought suddenly to the ground by a Carlist bullet, *with one leg completely shattered*, but then, you see, it was the leg of the camp stool on which I was seated; the other was when Conigsby, *The Times*' correspondent, and myself were going in a drosky in the direction of Zimnitza, to join the Russians at Plevna.

Our route lay for some considerable distance along an exposed road by the side of the Danube, and it was then that the Turkish batteries on the opposite shore opened a deliberate fire on us with such telling effect that the back of our conveyance was considerably splintered, and a portmanteau against which I was leaning completely smashed, its contents being hardly recognisable. I am reminded, while on this subject, of how the correspondent to the Macon journal was once in imminent peril of being blown to atoms, a circumstance to which I was an eye-witness.

He was about to return through a huge wooden gate into a besieged Spanish town. During his absence of only about ten minutes, however, a large mortar had been put in position behind it, and a large roughly sawn aperture made. Just at the very moment of his return, it was fired, the draught sending him flying for some considerable distance!

Though within a hair's breadth of death, he was happily only bruised, while thus unwittingly seeking "the bubble reputation even at the cannon's mouth." Nor are the eccentricities of shot and shell more curious than those of cold steel, the most remarkable instance which I remember being that of a Russian and a Turk, who, meeting, fought to the death with fixed bayonets in a wood in Anatolia. The fatal thrusts must have been simultaneous, the strange fact being that both stood, with their legs much apart, each with his bayonet embedded deeply in his adversary's breast, for several days, and were to be seen, still erect, in the attitude of their last terrible death-struggle.

But it's not with men alone that the wanderer on the war-path is in touch. His faithful ally, the horse, has a share of his sympathy, specially if in the course of his peregrinations he waded through the mud to headquarters in Bulgaria in 1877. Facts are stubborn things, and, when I say it was a matter of statistics that twenty-two thousand draught and other horses alone fell between Sistova and Plevna from the combined effect of fatigue and mud, it will be seen that "going to the front" is as difficult as getting to the rear—touching which, by the way, I may on another occasion have something interesting to say.



"GOING TO THE FRONT."

Mud! why, we were in a very sea of mud; it found its way over the tops of our jack-boots till it saturated our socks, this always happening when, and it was often, we dismounted to lend a hand at the spokes of our supply waggon, from the bottom of which came many-coloured streams of half-diluted coffee, weak tea, and moist, very moist sugar. Crimean mud is historic, yet one who had gone through that campaign and who was with me in Bulgaria assured me we ran it very close.

Dead horses were to be seen here, there, and everywhere, some having died in the most grotesque attitudes, and all the victims of that muddy deluge. In some cases, reaching as it did to our own horses' girths, we came to a standstill altogether, and it was only after hiring at enormous cost many others, to which we sometimes added oxen, that we could plough our way through it at all to some more elevated spot, with the prospect on our arrival of descending into an equally deep and depressing slough of despond within the next five minutes on the other side.

Did it ever strike you that the mother-in-law is often a much-misunderstood and under-valued individual?

If great men owe their greatness in many cases to maternal influence, is it not possible that even the much-derided mother-in-law may sometimes have had hers, too, on the destinies of mankind? Yet, it would seem in Servia—at least, when I was there, during that short but sharp campaign—that the mother-in-law was at a greater discount than here. And this is my reason—not a bad one, I take it—for coming to that conclusion. One morning, when in Belgrade, I saw a sturdy Serb being roughly hustled off to prison. Inquiring the cause, I found he had been condemned for the murder of his mother-in-law to five years' penal servitude, but that his conduct had been so exemplary that he had for some weeks been out on a sort of Servian ticket-of-leave. When I saw him, however, he had just committed an offence beside which

the "ineffectual fire" of murder paled—he had stolen a leaden spoon from an ice-shop, and for this theft he was promptly executed the following morning—by which, I take it, leaden spoons must have been very scarce in Belgrade at that time, and mothers-in-law very plentiful.

Looking from that capital, which, unpicturesque in itself, is picturesquely situated at the juncture of the Trave and the Danube, the panorama presented of the shores of Hungary is most inviting, and at the time of which I am writing its effectiveness was added to by a large encampment of Pharaoh Nepeks—Hungarian gipsies. Ever on the alert for subjects for my pencil, I was not long before I chartered a small boat, and joined those wanderers, with whose brethren I had forgathered in many countries, and concerning whom I had written much and made innumerable sketches, and by whom I had always been received as a "Romany rye." This, however, was my first acquaintance with the Pharaoh Nepeks, of whose hospitality I cannot speak too highly. It appeared, however, that I had arrived at the moment of a political crisis. What the particular disagreement may have been—not understanding Romany sufficiently—I am unable to say. I only know that I had not been there many hours before a wordy warfare led to blows, and that encampment of about seven or eight hundred gipsies was at desperate loggerheads. Indeed, I have only on one occasion seen more frantic hand-to-hand fighting at close quarters in actual war.

"A NEPEK BEAUTY."

Rushing on each other with long-bladed knives, they fought with a skill which must have been begotten of long practice, and terrible were the wounds which were presently inflicted; in fact, the matter was looked on as so serious that troops from the Hungarian garrison of Semlin, hard by, were sent to put a stop to the disturbance. This at once caused a diversion. Whatever their intestine troubles may have been, they were one against the invaders of their camp.

It was at this moment, fired by the wildest enthusiasm, that a perfectly bewitching gipsy girl rushed forward and led her tribe against the common enemy. Bayonets, however, if sometimes brittle, are often stubborn things, and the steadily advancing lines of Hungarian troops quieted at last those desperate Nepeks; not, however, before many were severely wounded and numbers of prisoners taken, amongst whom I found myself being hurried off to a guard tent, much to my annoyance, since night was approaching, and I wanted to get back to Belgrade before sundown. That annoyance, however, was short-lived, since I found myself placed in the same tent as that lovely young gipsy girl, to whom I had lost my all-too-susceptible heart an hour ago; indeed, then it was that I made the rough sketch which illustrates this article. Her chiselled features, the wildfire in her sloe-black eyes, her dishevelled hair, and the coins and beads with which those locks were interwoven, her torn green velvet bodice and coarse salmon-coloured skirt are all as vividly before me now as then. Nor did she seem averse to my companionship, especially when she found I could make myself understood through the medium of two languages—that of Romany,

which is, of course, common to gipsies of all nationalities, and that of the eye, which is common to humanity at large. Indeed, when, later on, we were liberated, my freedom came all too soon. I had been made captive by one who now had to return to her kinsfolk, while I, in melancholy mood, was pulled across "the Danube's blue waters" in the direction of Belgrade, casting, as I did so, many furtive glances behind at my fair fellow-prisoner, who, with several others, was waving me adieux from the shore; and I think, if I remember rightly, in my dreams that night, coils of dishevelled raven hair and sloe-black eyes played a conspicuous part.

Should you ever be called upon to assist at an operation on the leg of a fellow-creature under circumstances in which chloroform is not obtainable, insist on holding the wounded or otherwise affected limb. I speak advisedly, since I recall, while writing, a little incident which happened to me in the hospital at Belgrade on the occasion of my bringing to that place several men who had been wounded at Delegrad and Alixenatz. One of these had to go through the painful process of probing for a bullet, which had taken up its quarters somewhere in the calf of his *left* leg.

"Hold his *right* leg, Montagu," said Dr. McKeller, the head of the medical staff (than whom there was never a more brilliant Britisher on the war-path); "hold on to the right, and we'll look after the left." There was a merry twinkle in his eye which, at the time, I only attributed to his natural good humour.

Directly the probe made itself felt, that right leg was drawn up till the knee almost touched the nose of the patient, when, the pain becoming unbearable, that leg, to which I was still clinging, shot out straight, and, striking me in the chest, sent me, like a pellet from a catapult, flying across the ward, greatly to the merriment of the assembled doctors and nurses. Never, I say, under any circumstances, unless you are a Hercules, undertake, unaided, to hold —*the other* leg.

In these rambling reminiscences I wish rather to give to the reader a rough *résumé* of some few of my experiences than make any attempt at an abbreviated story of my life. Thus it is I pass in rapid review such incidents as in accidental succession present themselves. Indeed, as I write, I am reminded, by the snarls and contention for a bone of several dogs in the street below, of the Fosse Commune at Erzeroum, a deep entrenchment across which those who would from any point enter that grimy Oriental city have to pass on rough wooden bridges.

There must be some Eastern sentiment which necessitates the

"WAR, PESTILENCE, AND FAMINE."

Turks of Anatolia being more or less in touch with the dead—otherwise why those mangy man-eaters (no, not tigers, but half savage dogs) which prowl about o' nights in the by-ways of Erzeroum, or scratch up in the graveyards, as they too often do, all that remains of poor humanity, which, in this part of the world, is but thinly and lightly covered with mother earth? The backs of these scavengers, raw, and sometimes bleeding, tell too plainly the nature of their calling, since they suffer from a peculiar scurvy so induced. When the commissariat is low, they go further afield, even to that cordon of corruption outside the place, where vultures, hawks, owls, and other birds of prey fight or forgather with wolves and such like four-footed adventurers, and where, though metaphorically the man-eater takes a back seat, he still picks up some loathsome trifles—the *menu* is not perhaps so choice as in his own graveyards, but the supply is plentiful enough in all conscience—everything corruptible, from a dead cat to a dead camel, finding a last resting-place somewhere within that seething circle.

Hark! Do you hear the thunder of the guns in the *Devé Boyun* Pass yonder? Do you see the smoke mingling with the fleeting clouds in the far distance? How complete a picture this—could you see it as I do now in my mind's eye—of "war, pestilence, and famine!"

It's a far cry from Anatolia to Bulgaria, from Erzeroum to the Russian lines round about Plevna; but such a flight to pen and pencil on the plains of paperland is nothing. Thus do we now, on the wings of fancy, find ourselves at Porodim, in the Cossack camp, during Osman Pasha's stubborn resistance—where Conigsby, of *The Times*, and McGahan, of *The Daily News*, and many others, including myself, were later on sending home news or sketches, and awaiting developments.

"TIT-BITS AT THE FRONT."

Not unlike a sack of potatoes on legs, your average Cossack, when he has dismounted, has more the clumsiness of the clown than the cut of the crack cavalry soldier about him, while his peculiar aversion to water at once negatives any notion of personal smartness, from a European point of view. On the other hand, put him in the stirrups, mount him with all his paraphernalia on his shaggy little steed, and he will ride, if need be, "through fire, and—if quite unavoidable—water," too, if it be only the will of the Czar.

It's a beautiful, nay, touching sight to see the Cossack of the Don at the first streak of early dawn on commissariat duty. As an explorer and discoverer of dainties in obscure hen-roosts, he stands—save for Reynard himself—alone; seldom returning without bringing in trophies on his lance-head which will give a zest to the Major's breakfast—or—his own.

One morning at Porodim several correspondents and myself were making desperate efforts to break the ice with a view to something like a lame apology for the homely tub. At length, having succeeded in doing so, we commenced our ablutions, and soon found ourselves the subject of comment on the part of several burly fellows, who seemed quite entertained at our proceedings.

"Wonderful!" said a Cossack Corporal, turning to my interpreter Nicholoff. "Wonderful! Englishmen, are they? Why, they wash in the winter time!"

While on the subject of Cossacks, several odd incidents present themselves:

The Times correspondent and myself having one day secured (no matter how) a fowl, promptly proceeded to pluck, cook, cut up and—but no, I mustn't put the cart before the horse—we were interrupted in our arrangements for the mid-

day meal by the passing of a number of ox-teams, taking supplies of all kinds to the front, which were driven by Cossack camp followers. One of these, allowing his oxen to continue the even tenor of their way, stopped for a moment to take in the situation. Our preparations evidently amused him, and we, noting his interest in our movements—more especially, *The Times* correspondent—indulged in a certain amount of Anglo-Saxon badinage, at which that Cossack seemed to wonder more vaguely than before, till my companion felt it quite safe to say—in the vulgar vernacular, holding up at the same time *his* half of that mutilated fowl before the burly bullock driver—"There now, I dare say you'd make small bones of that if you could get it, wouldn't you?"

In an instant the Cossack had seized the dainty morsel in his grimy grip; the next it was quite beyond reclaim between his teeth, and then, to our utter astonishment, in unmistakable North Country dialect he said:—

"Wull, p'raps I shall, now I've got 'un; I'm a Yarkshermun, I am." And with this, munching to his infinite satisfaction that drum-stick as he went, he turned on his heel and rejoined his oxen.

On inquiry we found him to be a Yorkshire ne'er-do-weel, who, after many vicissitudes, had somehow enlisted in the Cossack contingent.

Before the siege was over, however, we had more than forgiven the unexpected appropriation of the succulent drum-stick.

One night—one of the most severe of that terrible winter—when such little wood as was obtainable was almost too damp to ignite, myself and several other correspondents were sitting in sorry plight round an apology for a camp fire, half frozen, and utterly demoralised, in a condition, in fact, of benumbed misery, which I at least have never before or since experienced. Save for the lurid glare of Plevna, like a smouldering volcano in the distance, and the tread now and again of a sentry in the crisp snow, we might have been, as indeed we in some senses were, in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Presently, however, a sound broke the stillness of the night—a sound which caused our hearts to throb, and circulated anew the blood in our half-frozen veins, a sound which spoke to each of "England, home, and beauty," of a welcome in store for us in the old country, of hopes realised, and promises fulfilled—that sound took the form of music, and probably the most acceptable form music, at such a moment, could take; for, proceeding from a rough reed pipe, there floated across to us on the cold night air the welcome old strains of "Home, sweet home:" sympathetically, exquisitely rendered, it seemed literally to resuscitate us. Yes, indeed, we had each of us something to live for, much to be thankful for, and when afterwards we ascertained the player to have been none other than our Yorkshire Cossack, it was pleasant to reflect that if he had once played the dickens with our dinner he had more than recompensed us with "Home, sweet home."

Although we were sometimes in such sorry plight as I've referred to, Conigsby was well pleased to mix with the Muscovites; he had previously been accredited to the Turks, and at Philippopolis, Adrianople, and elsewhere, had been frequently warned that the strong Russian bias of his letters to *The Times* boded him no good; indeed, that "a cup of black coffee," as poison is politely termed by the Moslems, was in active preparation for him.

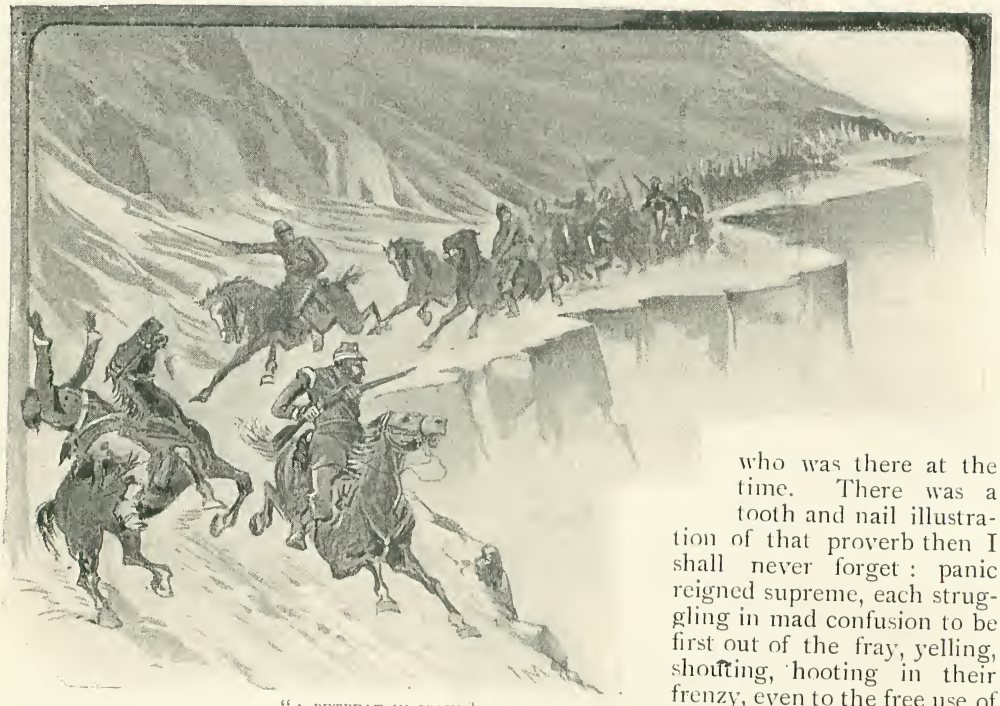
"HOME, SWEET HOME."

Loth to accept these hints, it's more than probable he would never have come to Plevna at all, had not a very forcible argument been presented to him. It happened thus:—The representative of Printing House-square—quite innocent of coming events—rose one morning rather earlier than usual. His room seeming unusually dark, he proceeded at once to draw up the blind, when, to his intense horror, he suddenly found himself face to face with a corpse—the corpse of a Bulgarian

traitor – which, during the night, had been hoisted by means of pulleys outside his bedroom window. The Turks, to say the least of it, had a design on his appetite for breakfast. This gentle reminder was sufficient for him; he quite understood now how matters stood, and so exchanged as soon as possible to the Russian lines.

His successor, whose views, alas! were also Russophile, sent only a limited number of despatches to *The Times*. It was *café noir* that did it. I think he was buried at Scutari.

I have heard it remarked by some stay-at-home critics of war that they "don't know what fear is," that they are, in other words, ready-made heroes for whom there is, unfortunately, no scope. To such I would recommend some of the minor emergencies of a campaign as tests worth trying. Personally, I am quite willing to confess to having experienced at times painfully unpleasant qualms, and fully believe that to do so is only human. Overcoming fear is declared by some to be heroic, and individual acts of unselfish bravery under such circumstances cannot certainly be too generously commended; but defend me from the untried swash-buckler who "doesn't know what fear is." Let him, as soon as occasion serves, take a dose of ignominious retreat—*one* dose before bedtime will be found quite sufficient. Let him experience a retreat, say, down a rugged mountain defile in Spain, with the enemy in comparatively close proximity on a parallel ridge, a deep gorge between them, pouring in a deadly fire on retreating artillery and cavalry. This I experienced once not far from San Sebastian. "Everyone for himself, and the devil take the hindmost." I cite the apt quotation of my old friend Edmund O'Donovan, of *The Daily News*, who was there at the time. There was a tooth and nail illustration of that proverb then I shall never forget: panic reigned supreme, each struggling in mad confusion to be first out of the fray, yelling, shouting, hooting in their frenzy, even to the free use of the butt ends of carbines and revolvers, anything, in short, to clear the way for that best beloved and all-important "Number One."



"A RETREAT IN SPAIN."

It's astonishing, isn't it, with what jealous care poor humanity looks after number one, even though life be at a discount, as it was during the siege of Plevna, when one morning Conigsby and myself sallied forth in opposite directions in quest of material for our respective papers? Each in turn, though separated by some miles, found himself under a withering fire from Turkish rifle pits, and later on each found himself hastening for the kindly protection of the same advanced Russian earthworks.

"This, Montagu," said Conigsby, "is an

incident which should not be overlooked. A sceptical world will never believe it—yet stay—unless—oh, yes, I have it. You do a picture for *The Illustrated News* representing our noble selves, specially your humble servant, you know, as we now are in the forefront of the fighting, while I write up the occurrence in *The Times*. Such corroborative evidence, which is, moreover, absolutely true, will place our zeal beyond question, and show the reading and picture-loving public that life at the front is not all 'beer and skittles.'"

That day is particularly marked on my memory as having been one of exceptional interest, incident, and hard work, terminating in a night made almost unbearable by the howling of wolves and the neighing of terror-stricken horses. With this—"An Attack on the Encampment of *The Times* and *Illustrated London News*," forming a subject for the pages of that journal—and with Conigsby's version of the experience (it may be taken with several grains of salt), which he gave at a Press dinner on our return, I will bring this chapter of accidents and incidents to a close.

"Never, gentlemen," said he, "never on any account go to the front with a war artist. They are dangerous individuals, I assure you. Most of you will remember a certain illustration of Montagu's in which our camp was represented as being attacked by wolves; but you don't, I think, know the true story concerning it.

"One night, wearied beyond measure with a long day at the front, I was striving in vain to sleep through a medley of sounds in which the short, quick, raspy barking of wolves, and shouts of men striving to pacify scared horses, combined to make night hideous, when, unable to stand it any longer, I rushed into Montagu's tent—for, without enlisting his aid, I felt apoplexy must be the end of it—and aroused him.

"Montagu, my dear fellow, do you hear those wolves? They are simply unbearable. I have tried every expedient but one—it's our last resource. If there's one thing in this world more than another calculated to scare wolves it will be one of your pictures for *The Illustrated London News!* Whereupon I seized one of his latest productions, and, rushing out, faced those fiery invaders.

"The result was instantaneous. With a fearfully prolonged yelp they scuttled off helter-skelter to the hills, where they were very soon lost to sight.

"But, remember, I have already warned you against going to the front with a war artist, and would ask you now to listen to Montagu's terrible retaliation. Goodness knows, I am loth enough to admit it.

"Those wolves came back again, and then it was that he, rushing into my tent, said that lunacy, ay, raving madness, stared him in the face, unless the last die were cast—if that wouldn't settle them, nothing would. With this he grasped a half-finished article of mine to *The Times*, and confronting those wolves, read aloud to that astonished pack the first short paragraph. Then it was that, utterly panic-stricken, they fled, howling in wild confusion, to the Balcans, and I understand they have been scarce in Bulgaria ever since. Who, after this, will question for one moment the far-reaching influence of the British press?"

(*To be continued.*)

The Rynard Gold Reef Co'y Ld

By Walter Besant.

Act I.

"YOU dear old boy," said the girl, "I am sure I wish it could be—with all my heart—if I have any heart."

"I don't believe you have," replied the boy, gloomily.

"Well, but Reg, consider; you've got no money."

"I've got five thousand pounds. If a man can't make his way upon that, he must be a poor stick."

"You would go abroad with it and dig, and take your wife with you—to wash and cook."

"We would do something with the money here. You should stay in London, Rosie."

"Yes. In a suburban villa, at Shepherd's Bush, perhaps. No, Reg, when I marry, if ever I do—I am in no hurry—I will step out of this room into one exactly like it." The room was a splendid drawing-room in Palace Gardens, splendidly furnished. "I shall have my footmen and my carriage, and I shall——"

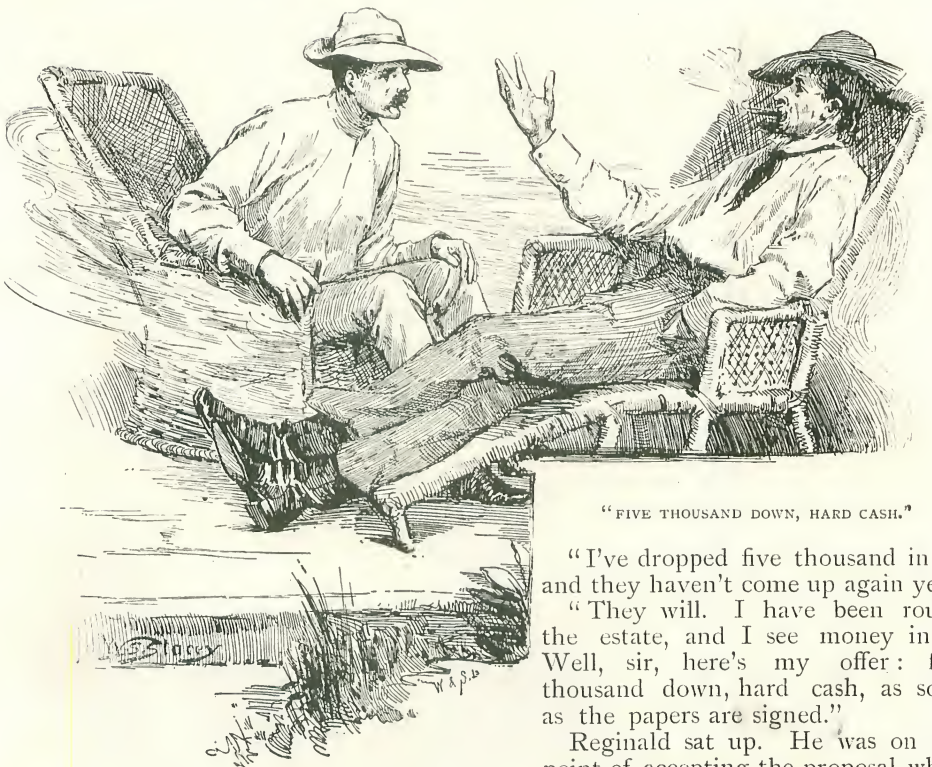
"Rosie, give me the right to earn all these things for you!" the young man cried impetuously.

"You can only earn them for me by the time you have one foot in the grave. Hadn't I better in the meantime marry some old gentleman with his one foot in the grave, so as to be ready for you against the time when you come home? In two or three years the other foot I dare say would slide into the grave as well."

"You laugh at my trouble. You feel nothing."

"If the pater would part—but he won't—he says he wants all his money for himself, and that I've got to marry well. Besides, Reg"—here her face clouded and she lowered her voice—"there are times when he looks anxious. We didn't always live in Palace Gardens. Suppose we should lose it all as quickly

"THIS HEARTLESS HAND."



"FIVE THOUSAND DOWN, HARD CASH."

as we got it. Oh!" she shivered and trembled. "No, I will never, never marry a poor man. Get rich, my dear boy, and you may aspire even to the valuable possession of this heartless hand."

She held it out. He took it, pressed it, stooped and kissed her. Then he dropped her hand and walked quickly out of the room.

"Poor Reggie!" she murmured. "I wish—I wish—but what is the use of wishing?"

ACT II.

Two men—one young, the other about fifty—sat in the verandah of a small bungalow. It was after breakfast. They lay back in long bamboo chairs, each with a cigar. It looked as if they were resting. In reality they were talking business, and that very seriously.

"Yes, sir," said the elder man, with something of an American accent, "I have somehow taken a fancy to this place. The situation is healthy."

"Well, I don't know; I've had more than one touch of fever here."

"The climate is lovely——"

"Except in the rains."

"The soil is fertile——"

"I've dropped five thousand in it, and they haven't come up again yet."

"They will. I have been round the estate, and I see money in it. Well, sir, here's my offer: five thousand down, hard cash, as soon as the papers are signed."

Reginald sat up. He was on the point of accepting the proposal, when a pony rode up to the house, and the rider, a native groom, jumped off, and gave him a note. He opened it and read. It was from his nearest neighbour, two or three miles away: "Don't sell that man your estate. Gold has been found. The whole country is full of gold. Hold on. He's an assayer. If he offers to buy, be quite sure that he has found gold on your land.—F. G."

He put the note into his pocket, gave a verbal message to the boy, and turned to his guest, without betraying the least astonishment or emotion.

"I beg your pardon. The note was from Bellamy, my next neighbour. Well? You were saying——"

"Only that I have taken a fancy—perhaps a foolish fancy—to this place of yours, and I'll give you, if you like, all that you have spent upon it."

"Well," he replied, reflectively, but with a little twinkle in his eye, "that seems handsome. But the place isn't really worth the half that I have spent upon it. Anybody would tell you that. Come, let us be honest, whatever we are. I'll tell you a better way. We will put the matter into the hands of Bellamy. He knows what a coffee plantation is worth. He shall name

a price, and if we can agree upon that, we will make a deal of it."

The other man changed colour. He wanted to settle the thing at once as between gentlemen. What need of third parties? But Reginald stood firm, and he presently rode away, quite sure that in a day or two this planter, too, would have heard the news.

A month later, the young coffee-planter stood on the deck of a steamer homeward bound. In his pocket-book was a plan of his auriferous estate, in a bag hanging round his neck was a small collection of yellow nuggets; in his boxes was a chosen assortment of quartz.

ACT III.

"Well, sir," said the financier, "you've brought this thing to me. You want my advice. Well, my advice is, don't fool away the only good thing that will ever happen to you. Luck such as this doesn't come more than once in a lifetime."

"I have been offered ten thousand pounds for my estate."

"Oh! Have you! Ten thousand? That was very liberal—very liberal indeed. Ten thousand for a gold reef."

"But I thought as an old friend of my father you would, perhaps——"

"Young man, don't fool it away. He's waiting for you, I suppose, round the corner, with a bottle of fizz ready to close."

"He is."

"Well, go and drink his champagne. Always get whatever you can. And then tell him that you'll see him——"

"I certainly will, sir, if you advise it. And then?"

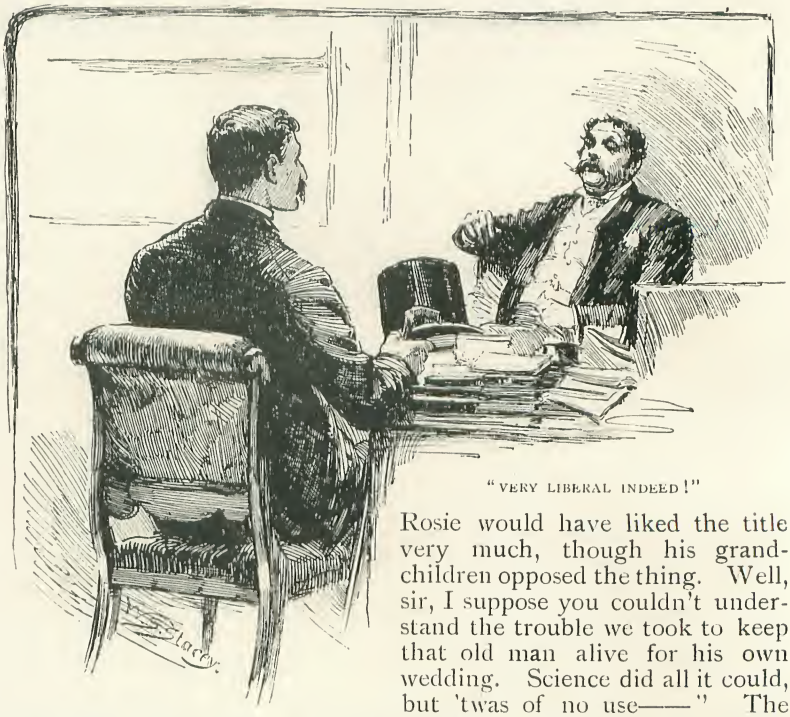
"And then—leave it to me. And—young man—I think I heard, a year or two ago, something about you and my girl Rosie."

"There was something, sir. Not enough to trouble you about it."

"She told me. Rosie tells me all her love affairs."

"Is she—is she unmarried?"

"Oh yes, and for the moment I believe she is free. She has had one or two engagements, but, somehow, they have come to nothing. There was the French Count, but that was knocked on the head very early in consequence of things discovered. And there was the Boom in Guano, but he fortunately smashed, much to Rosie's joy, because she never liked him. The last was Lord Evergreen. He was a nice old chap when you could understand what he said, and



"VERY LIBERAL INDEED!"

Rosie would have liked the title very much, though his grandchildren opposed the thing. Well, sir, I suppose you couldn't understand the trouble we took to keep that old man alive for his own wedding. Science did all it could, but 'twas of no use——" The financier sighed. "The ways of Providence are inscrutable. He died, sir, the day before."

"That was very sad."

"A dashing of the cup from the lip, sir. My daughter would been a Countess. Well, young gentleman, about this estate of yours. I think I see a way—I think, I am not yet sure—that I do see a way. Go now. See this liberal gentleman, and drink his champagne. And come here in a week. Then, if I still see my way, you shall understand what it means to hold the position in the City which is mine."

"And—and—may I call upon Rosie?"

"Not till this day week, not till I have made my way plain."

ACT IV.

"And so it means this. Oh, Rosie, you look lovelier than ever, and I'm as happy as a king. It means this. Your father is the greatest genius in the world. He buys my property for sixty thousand pounds—sixty thousand. That's over two thousand a year for me, and he makes a company out of it with a hundred and fifty thousand capital. He says that, taking ten thousand out of it for expenses, there will be a profit of eighty thousand. And all that he gives to you—eighty thousand, that's three thousand a year for you; and sixty thousand, that's two more, my dearest Rosie. You remember what you said, that when you married you should step out of one room like this into another just as good?"

"Oh, Reggie"—she sank upon his bosom—"you know I never could love anybody but you. It's true I was engaged to old Lord Evergreen, but that was only because he had one foot—you know—and when the other foot went in too, just a day too soon, I actually laughed. So the pater is going to make a company of it, is he? Well, I hope he won't put any of his own money into it, I'm sure, because of late all the companies have turned out so badly."

"OH, ROSIE, YOU LOOK LOVELIER THAN EVER!"

"But, my child, the place is full of gold."

"Then why did he turn it into a company, my dear boy? And why didn't he make you stick to it? But you know nothing of the City. Now, let us sit down, and talk about what we shall do — Don't, you ridiculous boy!"

ACT V.

Another house just like the first. The bride stepped out of one palace into another. With their five or six thousand a year, the young couple could just manage to make both ends meet. The husband was devoted; the wife had everything that she could wish. Who could be happier than this pair in a nest so luxurious, their life so padded, their days so full of sunshine?

It was a year after marriage. The wife, contrary to her usual custom, was the first at breakfast. A few letters were waiting for her—chiefly invitations. She opened and read them. Among them lay one addressed to her husband. Not looking at the address, she opened and read that as well:

"DEAR REGINALD,—I venture to address you as an old friend of your own and schoolfellow of your mother's. I am a widow with four children. My husband was the Vicar of your old parish—you remember him and me. I was left with a little income of about two hundred a year. Twelve months ago I was persuaded in order to double my income—a thing which seemed certain from the prospectus—to invest everything in a new and rich gold mine. Everything. And the mine has never paid anything. The Company—it is called the Rynard Gold Reef Company—is in liquidation because, though there is really the gold there, it costs too much to get it. I have no relatives anywhere to help me. Unless I can get assistance my children and I must go at once—to-morrow—into the workhouse. Yes, we are paupers. I am ruined by the cruel lies of that prospectus, and the wickedness which deluded me, and I know not how many others, out of my money. I have been foolish, and am punnished: but those people, who will punish them? Help me, if you can, my dear Reginald. Oh! for *God's* sake, help my children and me. Help your mother's friend, your own old friend."

"This," said Rosie, meditatively, "is exactly the kind of thing to make Reggie uncomfortable. Why, it might make him unhappy all day. Better burn it." She

dropped the letter into the fire. "He's an impulsive, emotional nature, and he doesn't understand the City. If people are so foolish. What a lot of fibs the poor old pater does tell, to be sure. He's a regular novelist—Oh! here you are, you lazy boy!"

"Kiss me, Rosie." He looked as handsome as Apollo and as cheerful. "I wish all the world were as happy as you and me. Heigho! Some poor devils, I'm afraid——"

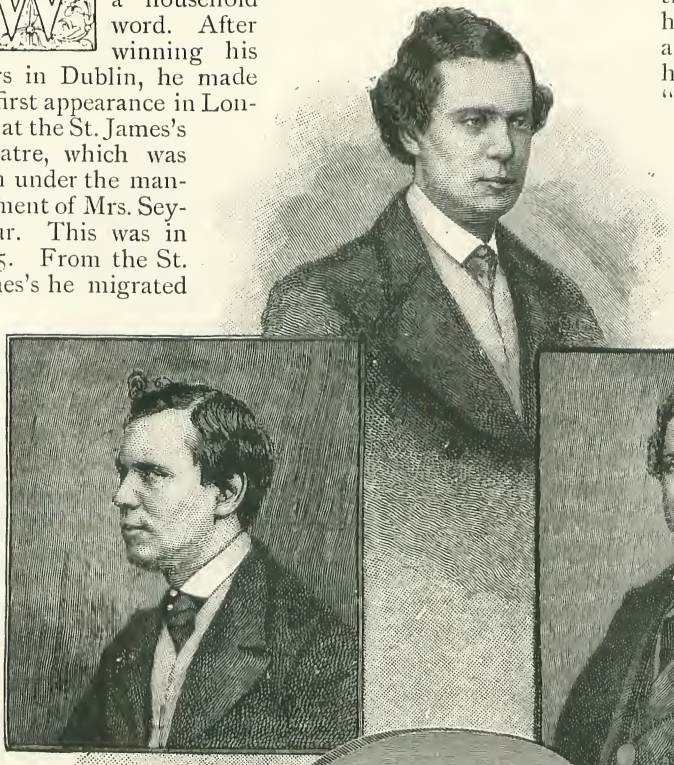
"Tea or coffee, Reg?"

Portraits of Celebrities at different times of their Lives.

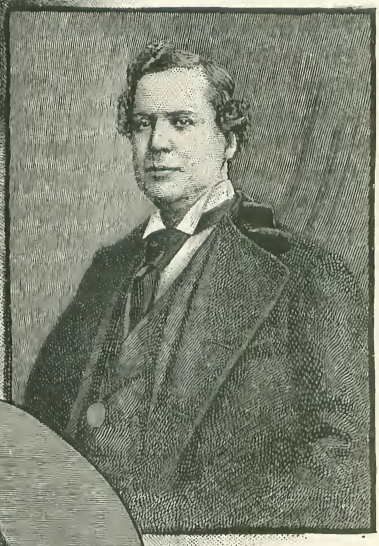
JOHN LAWRENCE TOOLE.

WHEREVER the English tongue is spoken the name of J. L. Toole is a household word. After winning his spurs in Dublin, he made his first appearance in London at the St. James's Theatre, which was then under the management of Mrs. Seymour. This was in 1855. From the St. James's he migrated to the Lyceum, where he played, among other characters, *Flip Flap* to Charles Dillon's *Belphegor*, Mrs. Bancroft, then Marie Wilton, being in the cast. It was but a step from the Lyceum to the Adelphi; and his merry reign there, in conjunction with Paul Bedford, will be always remembered in connection with that theatre. It was during this period that our first two portraits were taken. The third portrait represents him at forty-five years of age, before which time he had produced Byron's "Dearer than Life" at the Queen's, Henry Irving playing *Bob Gassett*, and Lionel Brough *Uncle Ben*. The theatre he built for himself in King William-street was opened in 1879. Our fourth portrait was taken in Dunedin, New Zealand, about five months ago, in the course of his remarkably successful tour through the Australasian colonies.

From a] AGE 20. *[Photo.*



AGE 25.
From a Photo.



AGE 45.
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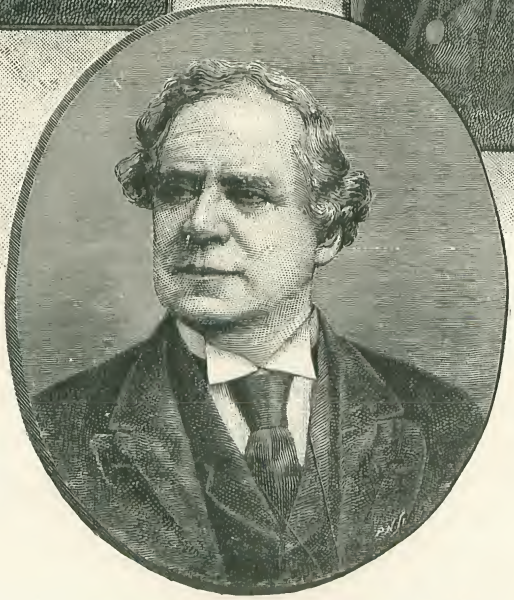


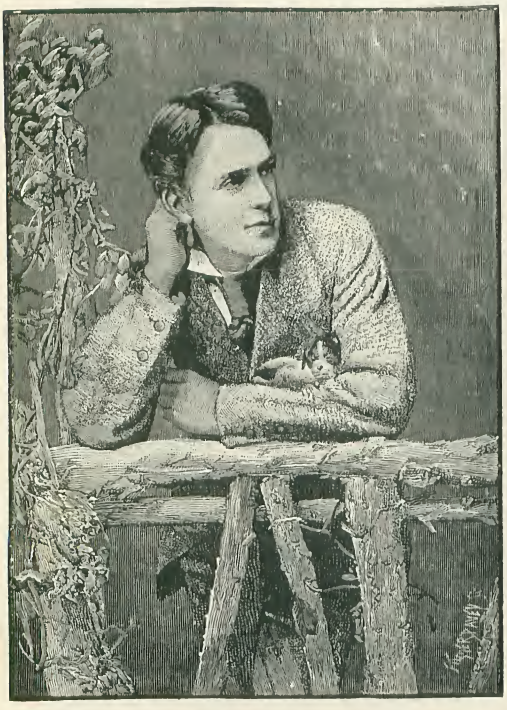
From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Burton Bros., Dunedin.*

For these portraits we are indebted to Mr. Toole's courtesy.

EDWARD S. WILLARD.

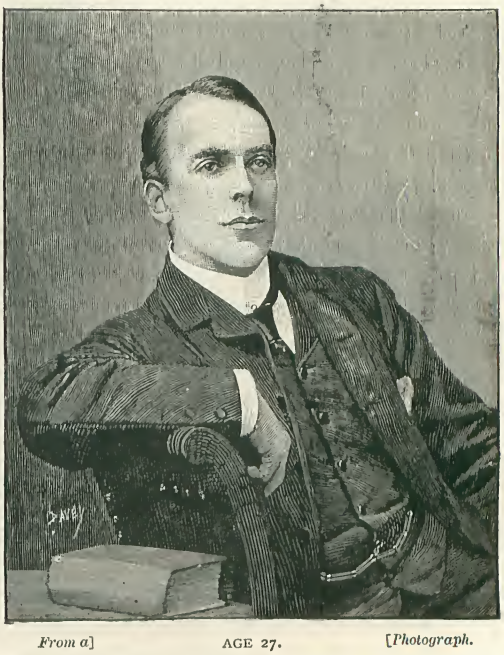
BORN 1854.

MR. E. S. WILLARD, whose career at the Shaftesbury Theatre within the last two years firmly established his claim to be regarded as one of our few really great actors,

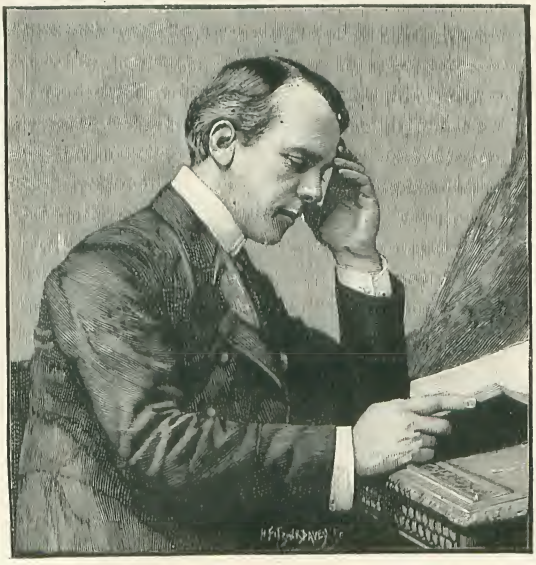


From a] AGE 18. *[Photograph.*

made his first bow to a theatrical audience at the Theatre Royal, Weymouth, in December, 1869, and afterwards gained some useful experiences on the "Western Circuit." In 1875 he married Miss Emily Waters, now well known in literary circles as "Rachel Penn," and then he made his first appearance in London at the Covent Garden Theatre. Five years of hard work in the provinces followed, leading to his engagement at the Princess's under the management of Mr. Wilson Barrett. His performance of the *Spider* in "The Silver King" was no less popular than that of his chief. Although Mr. Willard's position in the first rank of actors could not have been long delayed, his sudden leap to the front was almost the result of a fortunate accident. He had accepted a long engagement from Mr. Hare for the new Garrick Theatre,



From a] AGE 27. *[Photograph.*



From a Photo. by] AGE 36. *[J. Templeton Grove.*

which, fortunately for Mr. Willard, was cancelled by him when he refused to play the opening part assigned to him. This left him free to assume the reins of management at the Shaftesbury Theatre, where his remarkable performances of *Cyrus Blenkarn* and *Judah* established his claim to pre-eminence, and more than justified the faith and confidence of his numerous admirers.

AGE 12.

AGE 16.

MISS KATE RORKE.

MISS KATE RORKE, at the age at which our first portrait represents her, was already on the stage, in the character of one of the little school-girls in "Olivia." At fourteen she was still a stage school-girl, this time in the Bancrofts' production of "School" at the Haymarket. Soon afterwards she joined Mr. Charles Wyndham's touring company, and at the age of our third portrait was delighting the audiences of the chief provincial theatres in a variety of characters. These early studies, combined with great natural abilities, have borne the fruit to be expected; and to-day Miss Rorke, as the frequenters of the Garrick Theatre know to their delight, is one of the most charming and finished actresses at present on the English stage.

AGE 14.

PRESENT DAY.

AGE 5.
From a Photo. by Messrs. W. & D. Downey.

AGE 7.
From a Photo. by Messrs. W. & D. Downey.

AGE 14.
From a Photo. by Messrs. W. & D. Downey.

AGE 19.
From a Photo. by Messrs. W. & D. Downey.

THE DUKE OF CLARENCE AND AVONDALE.

BORN 1864.

AT the age of seven Prince Albert Victor was receiving his education at home. At fourteen — at which age he is here depicted in a Highland costume—he was, like his brother George, a cadet on board H.M.S. *Britannia* at Dartmouth. At nineteen, he became an undergraduate at Trinity College, Cambridge ; after which he was transferred to Aldershot to study military science.

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From a Photo. by] AGE 6. [*Messrs. W. & D. Downey.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 15. [*Messrs. W. & D. Downey.*

THE DUCHESS OF FIFE.

THE Duchess of Fife, as our readers are aware, inherits in no small degree the conspicuous gifts of grace and beauty for which her Royal mother is so pre-eminently distinguished. That such has been the case throughout her life is manifested by the charming portraits which here represent her from the age when, as a solemn baby, her first photograph was taken, down to her appearance at the present day.

These portraits are reproduced by special arrrangement with Messrs. W. and D. Downey.

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From a Photo. by] AGE 5. *[Messrs. W. & D. Downey.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 14. *[Messrs. W. & D. Downey.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 18. *[Messrs. W. & D. Downey.*

PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES.

BORN 1865.

IF Prince George at the ages of three and five we have nothing to record; but at the time at which our third portrait represents him, he was a middy on board H.M.S. *Britannia*. A sailor is always a popular member of all classes of society, and "our sailor prince" enjoys the reputation of being among the most popular of his profession.

These portraits are reproduced by special arrangement with Messrs. W. and D. Downey.

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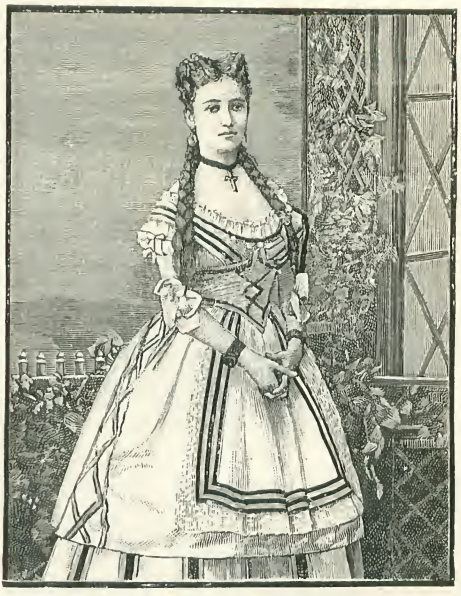
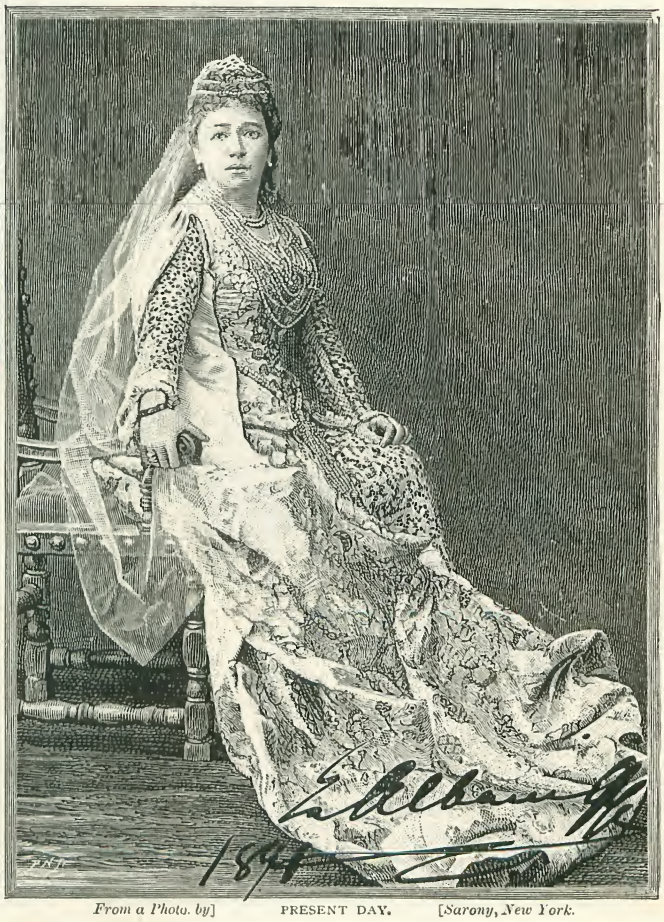


From a Photo. by] AGE 19. *[Bergamasco, St. Petersburg.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 25. *[Sarony, New York.*

MME. ALBANI.

THE first portrait we give of Mme. Albani-Gye shows her at eighteen years, when a student under M. Duprez, of Paris. The second represents her at nineteen, as *La Sonnambula*, in which *rôle* she made a triumphant *début* in 1872 at Covent Garden. Mme. Albani spent her 25th birthday in New York, where she created the part of *Elsa*. The last photograph represents her as *Desdemona*, a character which particularly appeals to her.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Sarony, New York.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 18. *[M. Hansen, Stockholm.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 27. *Chancellor, Dublin.]*

MISS AGNES JANSEN.

THE first photograph we give of Miss Agnes Jansen brings her before us at eighteen years of age, then a student at the Royal Academy of Music in Stockholm. Under the guidance of her accomplished master, Hugo Beyer, she made such marked progress that she was shortly afterwards engaged to appear in the leading contralto *rôles* at the Opera House of her native city. In 1885, on pleasure bent, she came to England, and, in the cause of a charity, made her *début* at the Albert Hall, since when she has been continually sought for concerts in town and country. Only a few weeks back she appeared for the first time in a London opera at Covent Garden, where she is now performing.

From a Photo. by] AGE 24. *[Florman.*

From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[The Stereoscopic Co.*

Humours of the Post Office.

WITH FAC-SIMILES.

II.

THE pages in the "Post Office Album," through which we were looking in our last number, are by no means exhausted. There is yet another curiously addressed missive to Her Majesty—"To the lady queen vicktorieha queens pallice London" (Fig. 1); the late

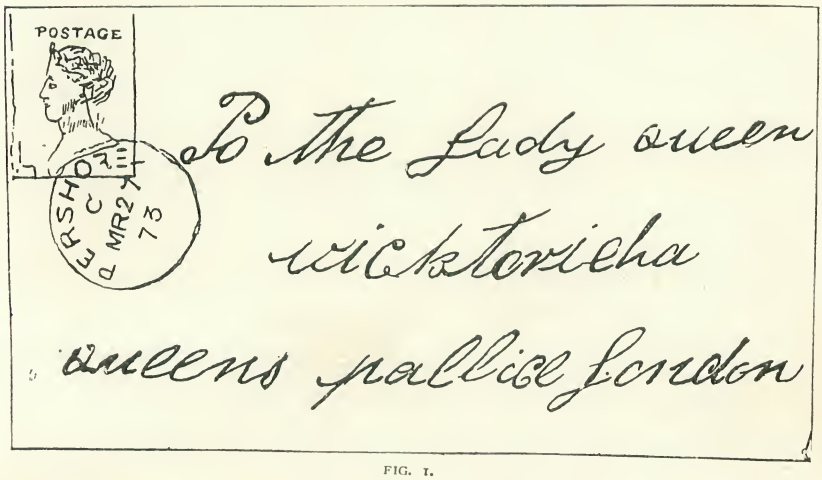


FIG. 1.

Earl of Beaconsfield was also signalled out for an hieroglyphic wrapper (Fig. 2); the gentleman occupying the civic chair at the Mansion House in 1886 was the recipient of a somewhat remarkable envelope — sufficiently suggestive, however, to reach him (Fig. 3); whilst the Receiver and Account-ant-General of the Post Office received a veritable puzzle in "Receive the county general Cheapy hall London" (Fig. 4). One remaining specimen (Fig. 5) here reproduced —which was actually delivered to the proper persons for whom it was intended — we will leave to those of our readers who revel in the unravelling of the mysterious.

Turn over another leaf, and you are requested to make yourself acquainted with an interesting little Welsh town in Merionethshire, familiarly known as "Llanllanfairpyllghyllgheryogogogoch"; and the next page gives rise to unbounded sympathy for the unfortunate postman who dutifully delivered a letter to—

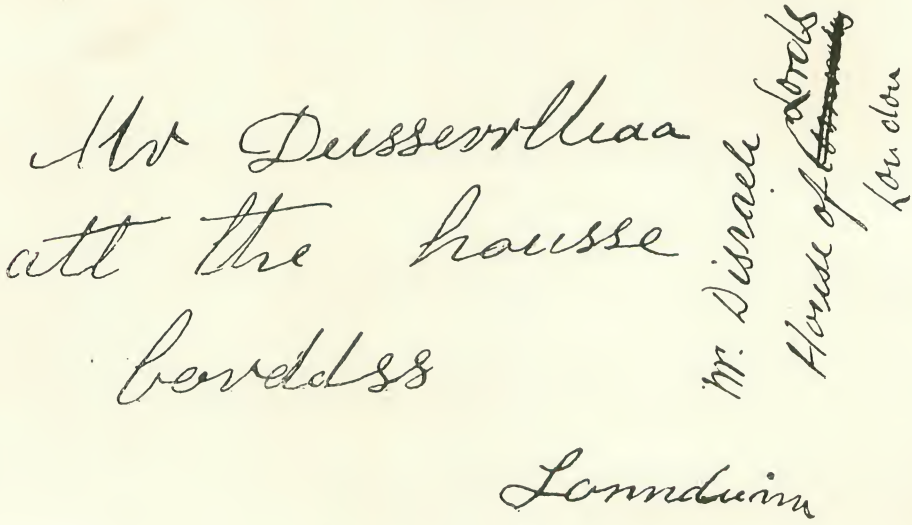


FIG. 2.

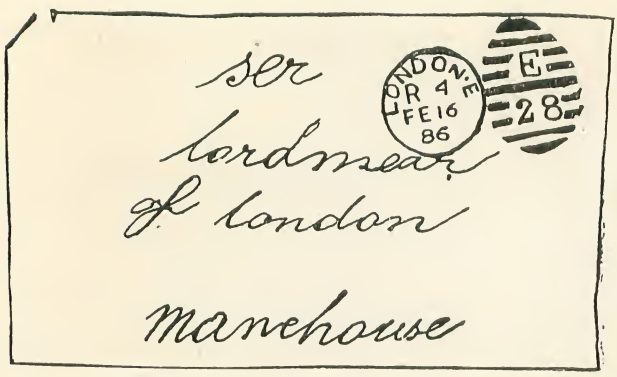


FIG. 3.

account by a foreign one. A minister, evidently just ordained, and residing in Jamaica, is depicted in the pulpit with his old college cap and boots in the distance, with the reminder to "Never forget old friends." One envelope strongly suggests that somebody has a weakness for anything but toast and water, for the gentleman is represented fast asleep, with a huge barrel of beer above him, and the tap still flowing freely into his opened mouth, which is waiting to receive it.

The volumes devoted to humours

"Mr. Paddy O'Rafferty O'Shaugnessy,
'The Beautiful Shamrock'
Next door to Barney Flynn's Whiskey Store.
Knock me down entirely street,
Stratford on Avon
In the County Cork if ye like
Dublin."

One gentleman is evidently partial to boxing—all his envelopes are pugilistically illustrated, whilst another individual's wrappers always bear a request—in big capitals—to carry his communication by a British vessel, and on no

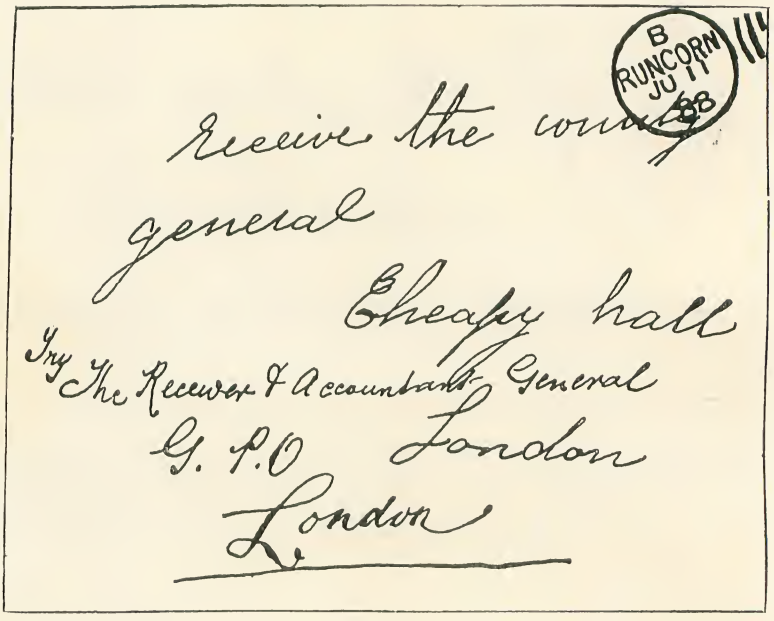


FIG. 4.

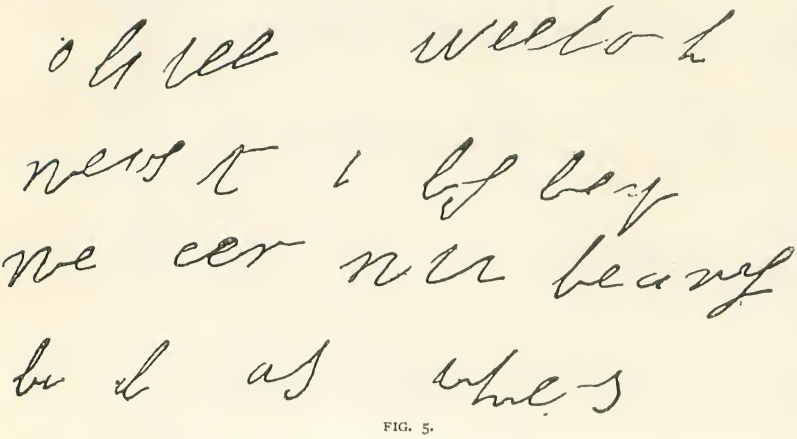


FIG. 5.

nearer at home are brimming over with merriment, whilst not a few leaves contain somewhat serious impressions. Suggestions of holiday making form a prominent feature. Pretty and effective views of the sea and country lanes, picturesque valleys and mountains, are liberally displayed on the

various envelopes. One lady is at Margate, attired in such masculine clothing, with binocular under her arm, that the artist has added a flowing beard to her face. There is a landlady presenting a bill, whilst the next is really a very original idea of the various stages of matrimony. On a number of boards resting on an easel, is one marked "1883," with a pair of lovers drifting down a stream in a boat, whilst "1884" finds the same pair in wedding garments. Other "years" are waiting for their events in the lives of the young people.

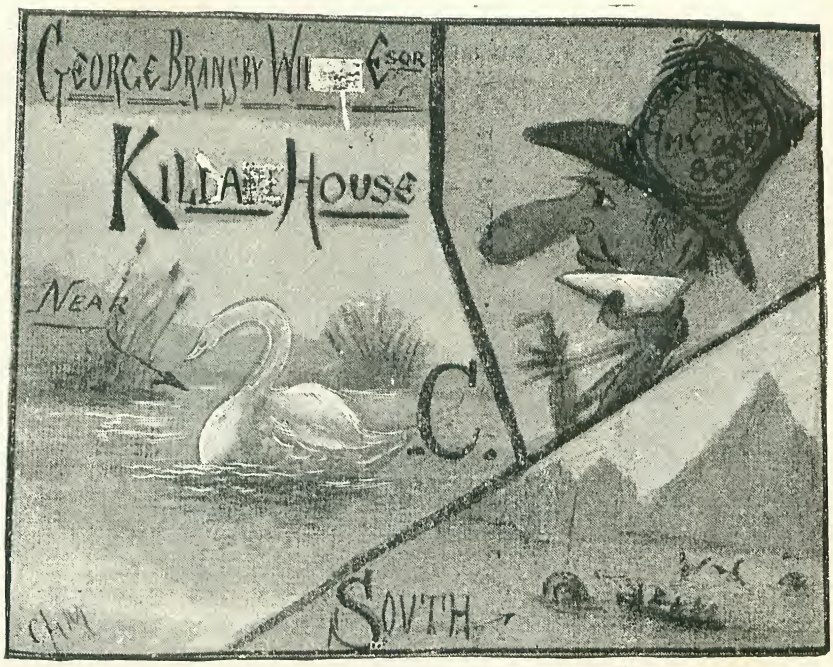


FIG. 6.

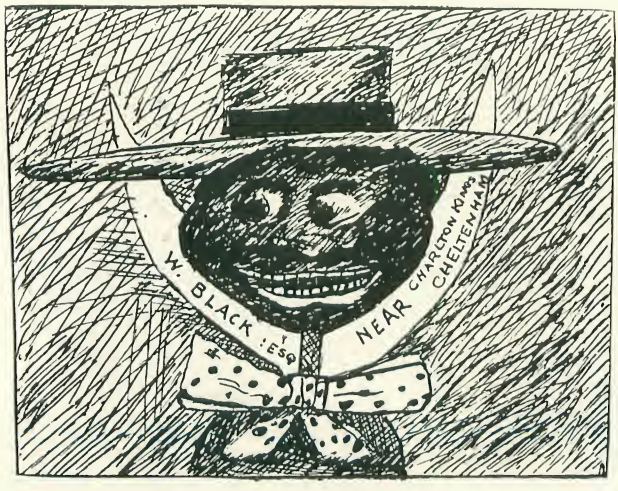


FIG. 7.

Poetical addresses are as numerous as they are varied. Here are one or two examples. A postman read the following instructions :—

"Near Bristol City may patience lead thee ;
At Totterdown Row—postman, heed me—
Stands Gordon House, 'tis passing fair,
And Mr. Brittain dwelleth there.

Another envelope, bearing the Peckham post-mark, thus silently appeals :—

"To Exeter fair city, by Western Mail,
Good postman, send me without fail ;
And when in Devonshire I arrive,
Over Exe Bridge and through St. Thomas drive,
Past the old turnpike, and up the hill
Held sacred to Little John's ✠ still,
Just where the road begins to turn,
You'll find Rose Cottage and Mrs. Hearn.
Ask her if there's a fair young lass
Come down from London her holidays to pass ;
To her please deliver without delay,
For I'm postage paid, and so you need not stay."

The poetry is not great, but it is suggestive.

An eminent maker of umbrellas received a most artistic wrapper, with numerous illustrations showing the position his umbrellas held amongst the community. Gentlemen are using them as a means of roaming the seas, whilst a more adventuresome spirit, remarking that "Umbrellas make you rise in the world," is going up *à la* balloon with one. Finally, at the death of the worthy manufacturer his own umbrella is carried in state followed by an appreciative populace, and the head of his memorial stone is further decorated by a number of these very useful pro-

FIG. 8.

tectors. The uncertainty of our glorious climate is the subject for another wit, who has drawn a monumental stone over which a watering can is freely flowing with the words—

Sacred
to the
memory of the fine weather
which departed from this land
June, 1888.

Also
the sun of the above.

One envelope has an ingenious direction on it. It is intended for s.s. *Kaisow*, lying in the Red Sea. It shows a very intelligent-looking sow labelled K, with a belt round it in the form of the letter C painted red.

A somewhat similarly addressed wrapper is one despatched to Wales. Swansea is represented by a swan with a capital C in the immediate vicinity of its tail (Fig. 6); whilst following the word South is a representation of a number of enthusiastic fishermen making every effort to harpoon some whales. A stalwart Highlander, in all his glory, appears upon another, wishing "A guid New Year to ye," and as he holds out a palm almost as large as himself, he merrily exclaims, "And here's *a hand*, my trusty fren'!" An invalid is lying with a heavy box on him, labelled appropriately "A Chest Complaint." John Bull and Young Australia occupy two corners of the wrapper, shaking hands across the sea, whilst the next is a loving message to an ocean roamer, showing an energetic little nigger indulging in what is frankly admitted to be a "mangled version of an old song," to the effect of—

"Good bye, John,
Don't stop long,
Come back soon to your numberless chickabiddies;
My heart is low,
The winds blow so,
And takes away my sailor."

Niggers seem strong favourites for illustrative purposes. A magnificent specimen of a black is that of a gentleman in a huge broad-brimmed straw hat, with the name and address written on an equally prodigious collar. The gentleman destined to

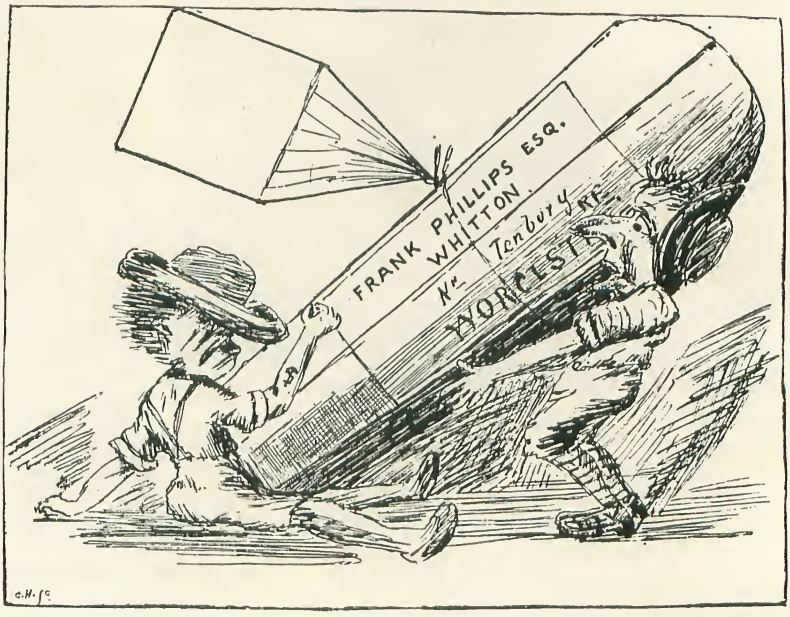


FIG. 9.

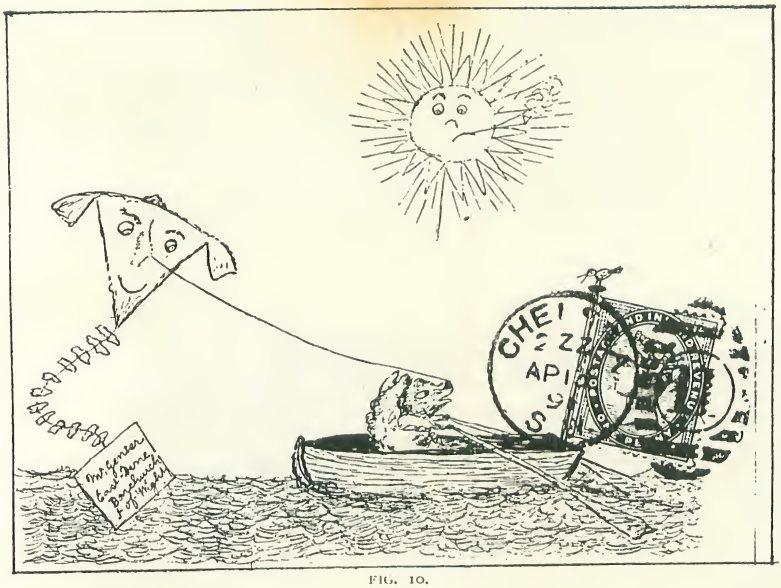


FIG. 10.

receive the letter rejoiced in the name of Black, hence the presence of our dark friend (Fig. 7). Here (Fig. 11) is a merry little drummer boy, whose face is hidden by the paper he is reading, which bears the postage stamp.

A young lady residing at Port Elizabeth probably felt a shock when she found on an envelope from "home," a gentlemanly but gluttonous cannibal making a small lunch out of a venturesome white man, whom he is swallowing at a single bite. "A Native Swallowing a Settler" is the comforting inscription on it. Equally startled, too, probably, was the lady who found that she had been singled out as "Lost, Stolen, or Strayed," with a crowd of interested onlookers—including representatives of the military and police—eagerly scanning the bill on which was set forth her name and address (Fig. 8).

What looks like a sly hint at matrimony was sent by an amorous swain to a young damsel at Cape Town. A gentleman's head, labelled "An unfurnished flat," surely suggests house furnishing. Page after page of the postal scrap-book is replete with illustrations: artists, sculptors, eminent politicians, all classes of the community, all have their own particular "skit"—a musician, probably, and a violinist to wit, receiving his envelope with a pictorial representation suggesting the weight of his instrument, so much so that it took a couple of men to carry it between them, and even then the fiddle and case proved too heavy, and was allowed to fall to the ground, much to the evident hurt of one of those engaged in the job (Fig. 9).

"The lion is a noble animal, and to his keeper he appears to possess no small degree of attachment." So says an envelope with the king of beasts taking his unwary keeper into his paws.

It is needless to say that married people receive a fair share of attention from the envelope artist. The "delighted parent" is in strong evidence, whilst the nurse approaches with gladdened step and joyfully exclaims "Twins, sir!"

And a wit winds the series up with a request on his missive addressed to the care of a post-office to the effect:—"Don't give him this unless he calls for it."

We append a couple of illustrations

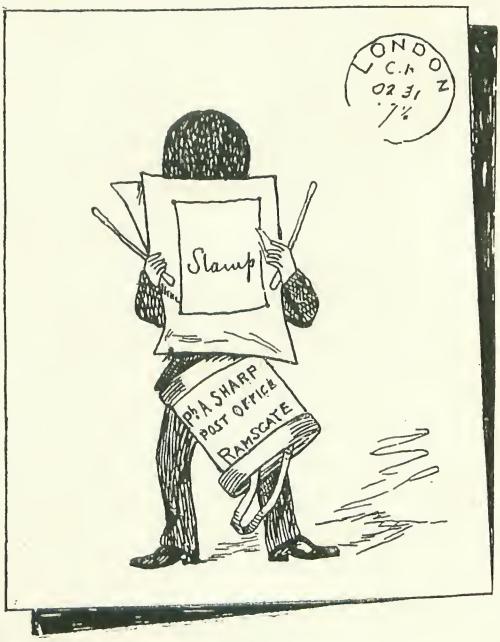


FIG. 11.

which seem to have escaped the usually keen eye of those at the Post Office, always on the look-out for these little curiosities in envelopes. One is kindly forwarded by a gentleman interested in these "Postal Humours," and shows a boar partial to boating playfully flying a kite, on the tail of which is the name and address. The sun looks on somewhat dubiously from above (Fig. 10). The second is a specimen of many similar ones which arrive at the office of *Tit-Bits*, and depicts the various stages through which a letter passes whilst on its way to compete for the weekly "Vigilance Prize," until it is finally handed in at its proper destination (Fig. 12).

FIG. 12.

Celebrated Beauties.

"Woman, be fair, we must adore you ;
Smile, and the world is all before you."

LOOKING back across the gulf of years which divides us from the latter portion of the last century, we must be struck by the total change that has passed over society generally. No men like those giants in intellect, Chatham, Fox, Swift, Johnson, now fill the canvas ; no fine gentlemen, who, as Thackeray says, were in themselves a product of the past, and for which the finikin, white-vested masher is but a poor substitute. And the women !—those wondrously fair creatures, whose faces have been handed down to us by Reynolds or Gainsborough, and who smile at us from their gilt frames. What witchery in the almond-shaped eyes, long and languishing ; what pouting lips ; what arched and lovely necks ; what queenly dignity in their gait and carriage, and withal nothing of the voluptuous immodesty which marks the wanton beauties of Charles II.'s Court : they were mistresses, these were wives.

ELIZABETH GUNNING (DUCHESS OF HAMILTON).
(From the Picture by C. Read.)

There was never a period when so much homage was paid to beauty as in the last century. Men went mad for a lovely face, fought duels for a smile or a flower given by their mistress to a rival, and threw prudence to the winds to obtain her. We are now going to take a glance at some of these fair magicians, whose stories read, many of them, like fairy tales ; Cinderella, for instance, pales before the history of the two Irish girls who, more than 150 years ago, crossed the fish-pond which divides the sister countries, and came to seek their fortunes, with only their lovely faces *pour tout potage*. The surpassing beauty of the sisters has become matter of history, nor, perhaps, is there a parallel instance of mere beauty exciting so extraordinary a sensation as that produced by these portionless girls.

Horace Walpole, writing to Sir Horace Mann, says :—"You who know England in other times will find it difficult to conceive what indifference reigns with regard to Ministers ; the two Miss Gunnings are twenty times more the subject of conversation than the Duke of Newcastle or LordGranville."

Again he says : — "The Gunning girls have no fortune, and are scarce gentlewomen, but by their mother. (She was the Honourable Bridget Bourke, third daughter to Theobald, sixth Viscount Mayo.) The Bourkes have Plantagenet blood, quite enough to compensate for the inferior tap of the Gunnings."

Maria was the eldest of "the goddesses,"

as Mrs. Montagu styles the two girls. She was born in 1733, Elizabeth two years later. Consequently, when they appeared in London, one was nineteen, the other seventeen.

The character of the beauty of the Gunnings will be seen in the accompanying portrait of Elizabeth — long swimming eyes, and small, delicate mouth, and the soft, composed face, breaking from between the two lace lappets, secured in a top-knot over the head.

Soon both sisters had admirers. "Lord Coventry, a grave lord of the remains of the patriot breed," dangled after Maria, while Elizabeth was singled out by the Duke of Hamilton, who was wild and dissipated. He fell desperately in love with the young beauty, who, on her side, was well tutored by her Plantagenet mother how to play the noble fish she had on her line. The sequel is well known; how the Duke, inflamed by Elizabeth's coyness and coquetry, insisted upon the extempore marriage at midnight, the curtain-ring doing duty for a golden fetter. Her sister's good fortune decided the fate of Maria, who in a short time wedded her grave lord.

It is an old maxim that "Nothing succeeds like success," and the furore caused by the "goddesses" increased after their elevation to the peerage. "The world is still mad about the Gunnings.* The Duchess of Hamilton was presented on Friday; the crowd was so great that even the noble crowd in the drawing-room clambered upon chairs and tables to look at her. There are mobs at their doors to see them get into their chairs, and people go early to get places at the theatre when it is known they will be there. Doctor Sacheverell never made more fuss than these two beauties." A shoemaker got two guineas for showing a shoe he was making for Lady Coventry. But the mind of her ladyship was not equal to her beauty, the fact being that neither of the girls had been educated decently. The Duchess, however, concealed her deficiency better than Lady Coventry, who, Horace Walpole tells us, said every day some new "sproposits." Stories flew about of her sayings which, no doubt, lost nothing in the repetition; as when she told the good-natured king that the only sight she wished to see was a coronation. It was to him she also complained that she could not walk in the park, the people stared at her so much; upon which George II. sent her a guard to keep the starers in order. This incident caused the circulation of the accompanying ballad, composed by Horace Walpole:—

"Shut up the park, I beseech you,
Lay a tax upon staring so hard;
Or, if you're afraid to do that, sir,
I'm sure you will grant me a guard.

"The boon thus requested was granted,
The warriors were drawn up with care.
With my slaves and my guards I'm surrounded,
Come, stare at me now, if you dare!"

The beautiful Coventry enjoyed her title but a short time, killing herself by the excessive use of white paint. She died at the early age of twenty-eight, and it was a tribute to her that she was regretted by all who had known her; even the heartless set who made up her world have a word of sorrow for this beautiful simpleton.

Elizabeth was more prosperous. Her life from end to end was a success. She was double-duchessed, marrying, a second time, after a year's widowhood, Colonel Campbell, who succeeded to the Dukedom of Argyle. The Duke of Bridgewater had also proposed for her. She was created Baroness in her own right, and given the office of Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Charlotte. She died in 1791, having been mother to four dukes and wife to two, a dignity which few women could claim.

Here come another pair of charming sisters, Catherine and Mary Horneck, daughters to Reynolds' kinsman, Captain Kane Horneck; they are best known to this generation through the medium of Oliver Goldsmith's admiration for them, just as the Miss Berrys' best claim to celebrity is Horace Walpole's quasi-Platonic friendship. The loving nicknames of the "Jessamy Bride" and "Little Comedy," which were given to the sisters by Oliver, show the terms of intimacy upon which he stood. And this friendship seems to have brought out some of the best points in the character of the lovable author of the "Immortal Vicar." Now we see him leading them through the crowded masquerade at the Pantheon, arrayed in his plum-coloured suit and laced hat; or he is conducting them and their mother on a trip to Paris, his simple, harmless vanity highly pleased at being the escort of such a lovely trio (for Mrs. Horneck was as handsome as her daughters). As usual, his innocent pride was misinterpreted. Boswell, whom Horace Walpole calls the "Mountebank to a Zeno," talks of his envious disposition,

* Horace Walpole's letters.

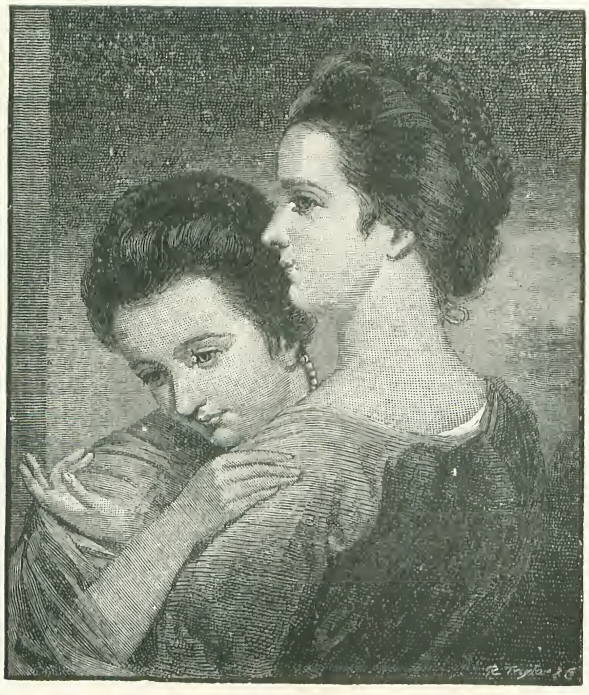
and adds that when accompanying two beautiful young women with their mother on a tour in France, he was seriously angry that more attention was paid to them than to him. But Boswell seems always to have hated Goldsmith.

Of the two sisters, Mary, the younger, the "Jessamy Bride," seems to have exerted a strange fascination over him. "Heaven knows," as his biographer, Mr. Forster says, "what impossible dreams may have come to the awkward, unattractive man of letters," but he never aspired to other regard than his genius and simplicity might claim at least, for the sisters heartily liked him, and perhaps the happiest years of his life were passed in their society."

One is glad to hear of even a ray of happiness crossing the path of the poor, sensitive poet; but it was nevertheless through his admiration for the "Jessamy Bride" that he met one of those mortifications which press keenly upon one of his highly strung, nervous temperament. This annoyance came when he was in the full tide of the success of "She Stoops to Conquer." We may assume that the sweetest part of this success had been that it raised him in the eyes of his dear Mary. Nine days after, *The London Packet*, in an abusive article directed against the author of the new comedy, attacked him coarsely. "Goldsmith had patiently suffered worse attacks, and would doubtless here have suffered as patiently, if baser matters had not been introduced, but the libeller had invaded private life and dragged in the 'Jessamy Bride.' 'Was but the lovely H——k as much enamoured, you would not sigh, my gentle swain, in vain.'"

On reading this, Goldsmith fell into one of his sudden furies. He rushed off to the publisher, Evans, and beat him with his cane. Evans, who was a sturdy man, returned the blows; the combatants were at last separated, and Goldsmith was sent home in a coach much disfigured. The affair did not end here; the poor, sensitive poet was abused in every newspaper of the day, all steadily ignoring the *real* ground of offence. He had in the end to pay fifty pounds to Evans for the assault.

It is pleasant to think that during the lifetime of the poet no rival disturbed his peace of mind. Catherine, "Little Comedy," married early Mr. Bunbury, second son to Sir Charles Bunbury, of good Suffolk family, but up till the time of Oliver's death, the "Jessamy Bride" had no declared lover, nor did she marry Colonel Gwynn until three years later. Both sisters mourned their gentle friend sincerely. At their request his coffin was opened that a lock of hair might be cut from his head for them. It was in Mrs. Gwynn's possession when she died nearly seventy years later. She lived to a great age, preserving her beauty even in years. The Graces in her case had triumphed over Time. Haslett met her at Northcote, the artist's; she was talking of her favourite, Dr. Goldsmith, with recollection and affection, unabated by age. "I could almost fancy the shade of Goldsmith in the room," adds Haslett, "looking round with complacency."



MARY AND CATHERINE HORNECK.
(*From the Picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds.*)

Let us make place now for the most lovely of all Sir Joshua's lovely creations —and the

woman in the flesh was quite as beautiful. Her beauty got her a royal husband, hers legally with all sanction of Church, but not of State. Ah! there was the sore place. It was, in fact, her beguiling of the Duke from the right path of royalty that induced the famous Marriage Act of 1772. The Duke of Cumberland, third brother to George III., was little more than an overgrown schoolboy; his manners, Wraxall says, made his faculties, which were limited enough, appear even meaner. He was immensely attracted by Lady Anne Horton, recently a widow, and daughter to Colonel Simon Luttrell, of famous, or rather infamous memory; an Irishman of wild, roistering habit, who had been put forward to fight Wilkes, and so made Lord Carhampton.

ANN, DUCHESS OF CUMBERLAND.
(From the Picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds.)

Anne Horton is described as having bewitching, languishing eyes, which she could animate to enchantment if she pleased. Her coquetry was so active, so varied, and yet so habitual, that it was difficult not to see through it, and yet as difficult to resist. She danced divinely, sang charmingly, and was by no means deficient in talent. Like all the members of her family, who were cunning and specious, she laid her snares for the weak prince so adroitly that he fell in with all her plans; and, her marriage being duly witnessed, she had none of the heart-burnings and uncertainty which poisoned the life of Lady Waldegrave, who had married the Duke of Gloucester, but had left matters very much to his honour. Both ladies, to say the truth, had a troublous time. It was hardly worth the fuss and the turmoil, the ups and the downs, the humiliations and the slights inflicted upon them by the Royal pair, and their subservient Court.

Here we have another group of sisters—Irish too—the Miss Montgomerys, daughters to Sir William Montgomery. They are painted by Sir Joshua as twining wreaths round a statue of Hymen, a pretty allegory, for the three girls were standing hand in hand on the threshold of Hymen, one of them being engaged to Mr. Gardiner, afterwards Lord Blessington; the other to the Honourable J. Beresford; the third and handsomest to the Marquis of Townshend, then Viceroy of Ireland. The Marquis, who was son to the odd Lady Audrey, who figures in Walpole and Selwyn, was a frank and fearless soldier, having fought at Dettingen and Fontenoy. His fancy had been taken by Miss Montgomery, whom he had seen some two years before performing in a Masque of Comus at Marlay, the residence of Mr. Latouche. He had then prophesied she would be a lovely woman, and felt bound to set the seal of his approval upon the fair creation. Mrs. Delaney says that the women did not admire Lady Townshend, which, no doubt, is a proof that she attracted the admiration of the worthier sex. In Sir Joshua's picture she fills the canvas—her attitude is commanding, her smile bewitching. Her sisters are of a less majestic type.

What a lovely creature have we here—Elizabeth Linley, whose talents and mental endowments were something surprising, joined as they were to a beauty which seems to have captivated every soul who came near her; indeed, we have only to look at her portraits by Sir Joshua and Gainsborough, both evidently stimulated by love of their subject, to gather an idea of the spell she worked. The expression of the faultless face is so divinely sweet, there is such a mixture of archness and intelligence

in the wondrous eyes, that we can make a guess at what the impression must have been when life animated the lovely picture. So, too, it was with her singing; she was possessed of the double power of delighting an audience equally in pathetic strains and songs of brilliant execution, a combination allowed to few vocalists.

The life of this gifted being was a troubled one. It began in a romance, which added to her interest in the eyes of the public. The Linleys were all musicians; her father, Dr. Linley, was a teacher of great eminence, living at Bath. When the Sheridans came to reside there, the two brothers fell at once in love with the siren Elizabeth, who had already more lovers than she knew how to manage. She preferred, however, Richard Sheridan, and eloped with him to France, to avoid an importunate lover, Captain Matthews. On their arriving in France, the astute Richard worked on his companion's feelings and persuaded her to be married to him at Lille by a clergyman who performed these irregular marriages. The bride at once retired to a convent, where she remained until her father came to fetch her. Of late this version of the incident has been denied, and it is said there was no marriage; anyhow, the father, daughter, and Sheridan returned to London. Richard fought two duels with Captain Matthews, and finally the course of true love ran smooth, and he and Elizabeth were publicly wedded, with all pomp and ceremony, in April, 1773.

LADY TOWNSHEND.
(THE MISS MONTGOMERYS.)
(*From the Picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds.*)

MRS. BERESFORD.

MRS. GARDINER.

From the first the public took the young pair under its protection; they made friends everywhere. It was in truth an ideal union of beauty and talent. Mrs. Sheridan's lovely voice would have ensured them a good income; but her husband would not allow her to sing in public. This resolution on his part earned him the hearty commendation of Johnson:—"He has acted wisely and nobly. Would not a gentleman be disgraced by having his wife singing publicly for hire? No, sir, there can be no doubt here." *Autre temps, autres mœurs*—a gentleman does not now disdain to live by his wife's earnings!

Meantime, admirers crowded round the beautiful Mrs. Sheridan. Sir Joshua's portrait of her as "St. Cecilia" was exhibited in the Academy of 1775. Most simple and beautiful, was the praise of the carping critic, Horace Walpole. Even the excellent and most virtuous King took notice of the young beauty, and it was said ogled her when she sang in oratorios.

The struggle in which Sheridan was more or less engaged during his whole life had begun. A brilliant, erratic genius, such as was the author of the "Rivals," is not a safe guard of domestic happiness; but, after all is said and done, Sheridan

was not so much to blame, and even his worst enemy cannot deny that he had a warm heart.

Moore tells us that, with all her beauty and talent, Mrs. Sheridan was not happy, nor did she escape the censure of the world; but that Sheridan was ever unmindful of her, Moore declares to be untrue. On the contrary, he says he followed her with a lover's eye throughout. Her letters to him would certainly give the reader the idea that she was on the best terms with her husband. They are delightful, fresh, and natural, and perfectly frank .... This gifted woman died early. She was only thirty-one when consumption laid its fatal hand upon her .. During her last illness Sheridan was devoted to her. His grief and his remorse for any shortcomings in his married life are most touching! Miss Le-Fanu, writing an account of the last days to Miss Sheridan, says: "Your brother behaved most wonderfully, although his heart was breaking, and at times his feelings were so violent that I feared he would be quite ungovernable at the last. Yet he summoned up courage to kneel by the bedside till he felt the last pulse of expiring excellence." And Mr. Moore tells us that, some weeks after his wife's death, "a friend, happening to sleep in the room next his, could hear him sobbing through the greater part of the night." But soon after he fell in love with Pamela, and married a Miss Ogle in two years.

MISS LINLEY.
(From the Picture by Gainsborough.)

And now we come to the most beautiful woman of her time, Isabella, Duchess of Rutland. Looking at her picture by Sir Joshua, we cannot but be struck by the infinite grace of the attitude, the queenly dignity mixed with womanly sweetness. The Duchess was in fact eminently womanly, although acknowledged to be a queen of beauty. No word of scandal touched her name; and this in an age of Sneerwells and Backbites.

In *The European Magazine* of 1782 there is this curious testimony to her Grace's devotion to her lord:—

"Annexed to the respective names are the amusements which the following women of fashion principally delight in:—

Lady Spencer, riding.
Lady Salisbury, dancing.
Lady Craven, acting.
Lady Pembroke, Viol de Gambe.
Mrs. Damer, platonics
Mrs. Greville, poetry.
Duchess of Devonshire, admiration.
Lady Weymouth, mankind.
Lady Huntingdon, The Tabernacle.
Lady South, the last word.
The Duchess of Rutland, her husband."

In 1782 the Duchess accompanied the Duke to Ireland, where he filled the post of Lord Lieutenant. She was well fitted to win the hearts of the Irish people, who were then, as now, easily impressed by beauty. The magnificence of the little Court had never been equalled, while at the same time decorum and a certain order were preserved, which had not always been the case. Under Lords Chesterfield and Townshead, Mrs. Deans talks of the guests carrying the dishes off the supper tables, and in Lady Hardwicke's time there it was that the romping bouts and the famous

Cutchacutchoo prevailed, but no wicked tales are told of our Duchess's Viceroyalty. Once only did she descend from her pedestal of dignity: it might be that the breath of frolic was too strongly in the air for even a Saxon nature to resist. Anyhow she *did* repair to the Irish Ranelagh Gardens to see the fun, disguised in the dress of one of her own waiting-women. She was of course recognised, and mobbed.

On another occasion, her jealousy was excited by hearing the Duke say he had accidentally seen the loveliest woman he had ever beheld. She never rested until she found out the residence of this Mrs. Dillon, and forced her way into her presence, when a glance told her she was both beautiful and virtuous. Ashamed of her suspicions, she frankly told what had brought her, and warmly invited the other to return the visit. This, however, Mrs. Dillon had the good sense and dignity to decline.

ISABELLA, DUCHESS OF RUTLAND.
(*From the Picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds.*)

In Mr. Gilbert's interesting history of Dublin, he mentions that the body of the Duke was waked (according to the Irish custom) in the House of Lords for three nights. The coffin was then carried by bearers to Christ Church Cathedral, where it lay in State. The Duchess returned to England, and never married again.

Three Birds on a Stile.

By B. L. Farjeon.

A LEARNED bishop has declared that the night before men and women are married should be spent in solitude, and devoted to prayer, repentance, and meditation; but a bishop may be very learned, and yet deficient in common sense. Miss Adelaide Dorr, who was to be married to-morrow to Mr. Arthur Gooch, had several sisters, two brothers, and the usual number of parents. With all these around her, popping in and out, asking questions, making remarks, laughing, crying, teasing, and kissing, and trying on things, you may imagine the state she was in. Arthur had put in an appearance, but he had gone away early, he had so much to do to complete his arrangements for to-morrow. There was, of course, a tender leave-taking in the passage, from which Adelaide came in rather quieter than usual, but she was not allowed to be quiet long. The entire house was in a flutter of excitement, and had the charming girl expressed a desire for solitude, for the purpose of following the learned bishop's advice, it would instantly have been feared that the prospect of approaching bliss had turned her head. She had no wish for solitude, and as to her having anything to repent, the idea was monstrous and absurd. There is little doubt that before she fell asleep on this important night in her young life she would breathe a prayer, but it would not be exactly such a prayer as the bishop had in view. And it is true she thought a great deal of Arthur; indeed, she thought of little else—a statement, perhaps, which my female readers will dispute when they take into consideration the wedding dress and the trousseau. All I can advance in proof of my assertion is that Adelaide was very much in love, and that there are circumstances—rare, I grant—in which dress does not occupy the first place in a woman's mind.

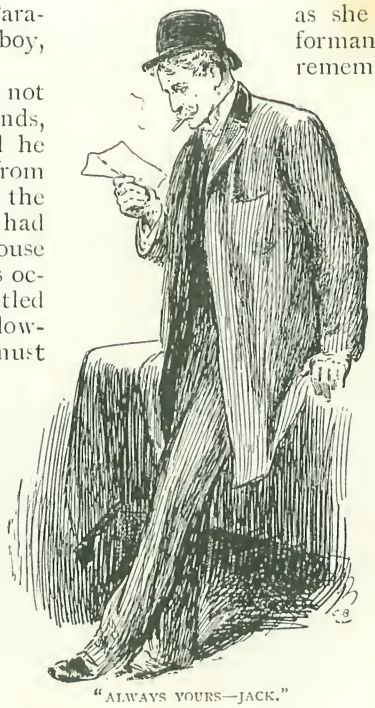
Neither did Arthur Gooch, who was as much in love as Adelaide, spend the last night of his bachelor existence in solitude and repentance. When he left Adelaide, he jumped into a hansom, and was driven to his chambers, where he expected to find a letter of pressing importance. He was not a man of fortune; he had good prospects, which were almost certain of realisation, and he had a little investment or two which paid him fair interest, and which could not, without loss, be turned immediately into cash. Now, the expenses of the coming wedding, and the furnishing and decoration of a house he had taken on lease, had made more serious inroads on his bank balance than he expected. Calculating the expenses of the honeymoon trip on the Continent, he found that he would run short of money, and in this dilemma he applied to a friend, Jack Stevens by name, for a loan of seventy-five pounds, which, with seventy-five of his own, which he had by him, would carry him and his pretty bride comfortably through. It was Jack Stevens' answer to his letter asking for the loan that he was expecting as he rode to his chambers with the image of Adelaide in his mind. What a dear girl she was! Was there ever such another? Was he not the happiest man in the world? And so on, and so on. Who is not familiar with a true lover's rhapsodies? Arthur was the sort of man who would have rivalled Orlando, had the positions been similar. He would have carved Adelaide's name on every tree.

Running up to his rooms, which were at the top of the house, he found half a dozen letters in his letter box, and among them one from his friend. It may be mentioned that Jack Stevens would have been his best man, had it not been that his presence was imperatively demanded in another part of the country on the day of the wedding. It was provoking, but it could not be helped.

"Dear Arthur," said Jack Stevens in his letter, "certainly you can have the money, and more if you want it. As time is so short, I do not care risking it through the post, and a crossed cheque might not suit you. I have to catch an early train in the morning for Manchester, as you know, but I shall be at Lady Weston White's 'At Home' between eleven and twelve o'clock to-night. I saw a card for the crush stuck in your looking glass. Look me up there, and I will hand you the notes. I am awfully sorry to give you the trouble, but I can't come to you, and I am anxious to be certain that you are properly furnished before you

and your bride start for Paradise. Always yours, dear boy, JACK."

Lady Weston White was not one of Arthur's intimate friends, but he was on her list, and he generally received cards from her three or four times in the course of the year. He had not intended to go to her house in Grosvenor-street on this occasion, but Jack's letter settled it, and he got out his swallow-tail. The money he must have, and there was no other way of getting it. There were letters to write, and a lot of things to be attended to which he calculated would keep him up till one o'clock in the morning. Well, he would have to stop up another hour or so, that was all. At half-past eleven he was in Grosvenor-street, engulphed in one of those London crowds of ladies and gentlemen which contribute to the success of a London season. The beautiful house was literally packed; to ascend a staircase was a work of several minutes, and to find his friend Jack in such a vast assemblage a matter of considerable difficulty. It was a notable gathering; the *élite* of society were present, distinguished men and fair women, and Arthur, as he squeezed his way along, thought he had never seen so wonderful a profusion of diamonds and lovely dresses. The ladies seemed to vie with each other in the display of jewels. They glittered in the hair, round the necks, in the ears, on the arms and bosoms, on shoes, and fans, and ravishing gowns; and Arthur observed that a new fashion was coming into vogue, diamond buttons on ladies' gloves. "If any of the light-fingered fraternity were here," thought Arthur, "they could gather a fine harvest." And said aloud, "Allow me." A lady had dropped her fan, and Arthur managed to rescue it from the crush of feet. It sparkled with diamonds. At length Arthur reached the hostess, who held out two fingers to him.



"ALWAYS YOURS—JACK."

Lady Weston White was a woman of great penetration, and, as became a society leader, of perfect self-possession. She never forgot a face or a circumstance, and, busy as she was at present in the performance of her arduous duties, she remembered that Arthur Gooch was to be married within a few hours; she remembered, also, that to her R. S. V. P. she had received a line from him regretting he could not accept her kind invitation. She said nothing, however, but gave him rather a questioning look as he passed on to allow other guests behind him to pay their respects to their hostess. The look puzzled him somewhat; it seemed to ask, "What brings you here?" He had quite forgotten that he had declined her invitation. At length, after much polite squeezing and hustling, after dropping his handkerchief and picking it up again, to the annoyance of some neighbours who had become fixtures and could scarcely move for the crush, he saw Jack Stevens in the distance. They were both tall men, and communication being established between them they made simultaneous efforts to get to each other. This accomplished, Arthur hooked Jack's arm, and said:

"Let us get out of this as quick as we can."

It happened that Lady Weston White was close enough to hear the words, of which fact Arthur was oblivious, but as they moved on he turned in her direction, and caught another strange look from her. "What on earth does she look at me in that manner for?" he thought. "One might suppose I came without an invitation." He and Jack got their hats and coats, and going from the house, stopped at the corner of a street a few yards off.

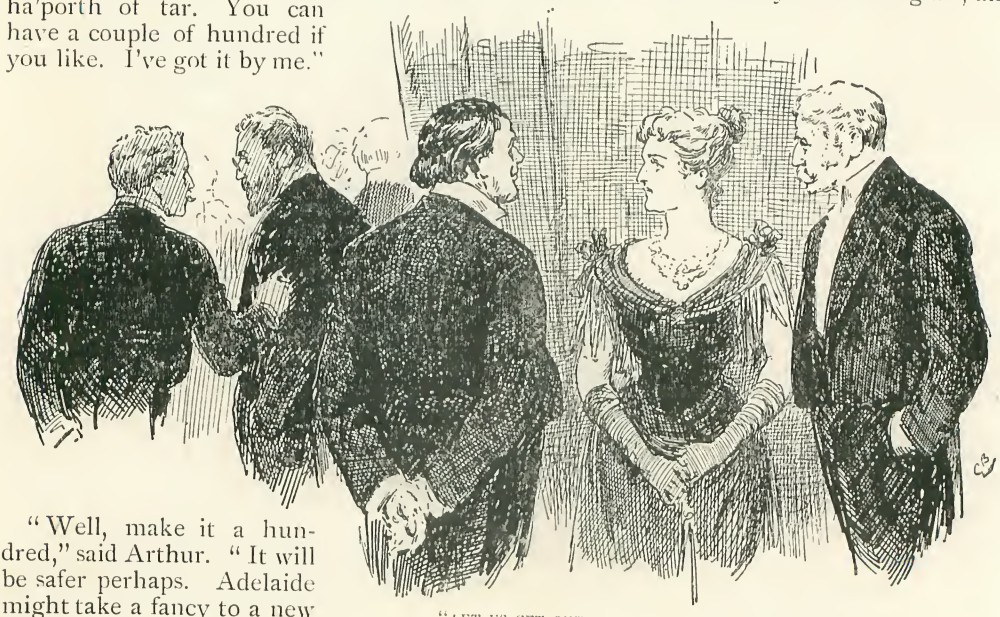
"I haven't a moment to spare, Arthur," said Jack, "nor have you, I should imagine. I had almost given you up; it is a mercy we met each other in that crowd." He took out his pocket-book. "I would walk home with you, old fellow, if I had time; you must take the will for the deed."

"All right, old man," said Arthur; "it was very good of you to take all this trouble for me. I don't know how it was I miscalculated my finances so stupidly."

"Oh, these accidents happen to all of us. Feel nervous about to-morrow?"

"It makes me rather serious, you know."

"Of course. Wish I could be there. Now, no nonsense, Arthur. Will seventy-five be enough? Isn't it cutting it rather close? Don't spoil the honeymoon for a ha'porth of tar. You can have a couple of hundred if you like. I've got it by me."



"LET US GET OUT OF THIS AS QUICK AS WE CAN."

"Well, make it a hundred," said Arthur. "It will be safer perhaps. Adelaide might take a fancy to a new bonnet."

"Or to some chocolate creams, or to the moon and stars," said Jack, with a good-humoured smile, "and you'd get them for her. Say a hundred and fifty."

"All right. A hundred and fifty."

Jack Stevens, shaded by his friend's tall form—for several persons passed them as they were talking—counted out thirty five-pound Bank of England notes, and slipped them into Arthur's hand.

"Thank you, Jack."

"Not necessary. Good night, old fellow, and good luck to you. Kiss the pretty bride for me, and give her my love."

"I will, old man."

A few minutes afterwards Arthur Gooch was in his chambers, "clearing up," as he called it. He wanted to leave things as orderly as he could, and in the accomplishment of this laudable design there was a great deal to do. All the time he was writing and tearing up papers and burning them, and packing bags and portmanteaux, he was thinking of Adelaide.

"Dear little woman! I wonder if she is asleep. She hasn't left things to the last as I have done. Altogether too tidy for that. While I am fussing about in this musty room—what a cosy nest we shall come home to after the honeymoon!—there she lies, with a smile on her pretty mouth, dreaming of me. Your health, my darling!"

He had opened a bottle of champagne, of which he had already drunk a glass, and now he poured out another, and as he held it up to the light he saw Adelaide's bright eyes amid the sparkling bubbles.

"Your health, my darling, and God bless you!"

He drained the glass, and set it down.

It was really a love match, of which there are more in this prosaic world than cynics will admit. These young people were all the world to each other, and if anything had occurred to prevent the wedding coming off their hearts would have been broken.

Arthur set the glass upon the table with a tender light in his eyes, and as he did so he heard a ring at the street door below. As has been stated, his chambers were at the top of the house, but everything was very quiet, and that is why he heard the bell so plainly. The window of the room in which he was working looked out upon the street. He took no notice of the ringing, and proceeded dreamily with his packing. The wine he had drunk intensified his sentimental mood, and he paused many times to gaze upon the portrait of his darling which stood in the centre of the mantelpiece. It was a speaking likeness of the beautiful face; the eyes seemed to look

at him with looks of love; the lovely lips seemed to say, "I love you, I love you." And Arthur pressed his lips to the sweet face, and murmured in response, "I love you, I love you! With all my heart and soul, I love you, and will be true to you."

Suddenly it occurred to him that the street door bell continued to ring. The sound jarred upon his ears. Throwing up his window he leaned forward, and at the top of his voice inquired who it was that continued to ring so pertinaciously.

"I have come to see Mr. Arthur Gooch," was the answer.

"To see me?" he cried in wonder.

"Yes, you, if you are Mr. Gooch."

"What for?"

"On most particular business."

Wondering more and more, the young man ran down the stairs and opened the street door. In the dim light he saw the figure of a gentleman with whose face he was not familiar.

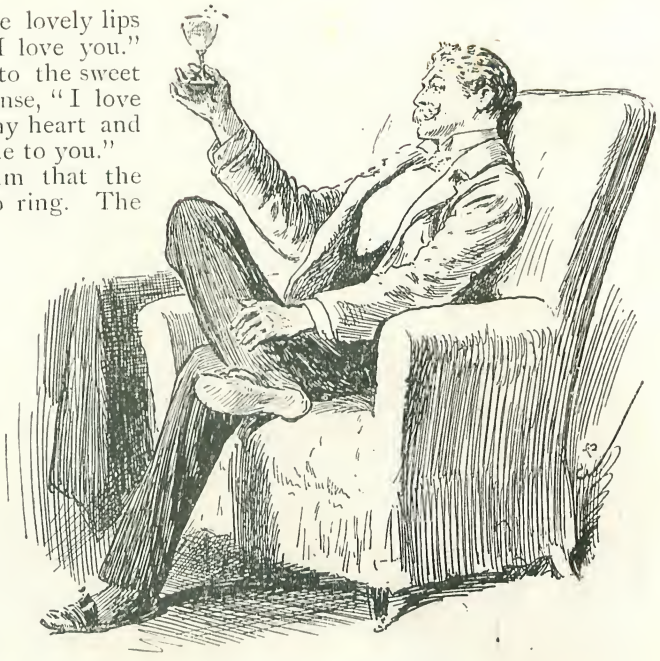
"What do you want with me?" he asked.

"It will be best for us to speak privately," replied the stranger. "It is a most delicate matter."

"A most delicate matter!" stammered Arthur.

"A most delicate matter!" repeated the stranger in a grave tone.

The young man did not reflect upon the imprudence of asking a stranger up to his rooms at such an hour of the night. With the exception of the housekeeper, who occupied the basement, and who had been heard to declare that nothing less than an earthquake would wake her, once she was asleep, Arthur Gooch was the only night resident in the house. All the chambers, with the exception of his, were let as offices, and were tenanted only during the day. It is scarcely probable, however, if Arthur had given the matter a thought, that he would have acted differently. Here was a stranger paying him a visit, at an untimely hour it was true, but upon a delicate matter, which had best be disclosed in private. Arthur was a man of muscle, and stood six feet and half an inch in his stocking feet. The man who had intruded himself upon him was about five feet eight, a weed of a man in comparison with him. There was, moreover, no lack of physical courage in Arthur—a quality, it may be remarked, very different indeed from moral courage, in which respect a pigmy may be superior to a giant.



"YOUR HEALTH, MY DARLING!"

"Come up," said Arthur, and the two men ascended the stairs. "Now," he said, when they were together in his room, with the door closed, "you see that I am very busy. Explain your errand as briefly as possible. What is this delicate matter you speak of? I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance. Oh," he said, looking at a card presented by his visitor, "Mr. P. Foreman. Your name is as strange to me as your face. Who are you? What are you?"

"I am a private detective," said Mr. P. Foreman.

"A private detective!" cried Arthur, with an ominous frown. "And what business can you have with me at this hour of the night? I've a mind to pitch you out of window."

"Don't try it," said Mr. P. Foreman. "I should be bound to resist, and my shouts would be certain to bring someone to my assistance. As to my business, it is, as I have informed you, of a delicate nature."

"Speak in plain English if you have any regard for yourself."

"It is a very simple affair," said Mr. P. Foreman, "and it rests with you whether I shall take my leave of you with an apology, or adopt other measures. You were at Lady Weston White's 'At Home' a couple of hours ago."

"I was. What of it?"

"I am employed by her ladyship," proceeded Mr. P. Foreman. "She has given other 'At Homes' this season."

"DON'T TRY IT."

"She has, and I have been present at them."

"So I understand. Very serious things have occurred at those parties of her ladyship's at which you were present. Some of her guests have made complaints to her, and it is only at great expense and trouble that these complaints, and their very serious nature, have been kept out of the society papers."

"What has all this rhodomontade to do with me?" demanded Arthur, impatiently.

"I am about to tell you. Valuable diamonds have been lost at her ladyship's 'At Homes,' and have not been recovered. Her ladyship is naturally anxious to put a stop to this, and to bring the—" (Mr. P. Foreman hesitated, and chose another word than the one he intended to use)—"the offenders to justice."

"Quite proper," said Arthur. "Go on, and cut it short."

"The display to-night was brilliant, and knowing that it would be so her ladyship employed me and one or two others to keep watch upon suspicious persons. As you see"—he unbuttoned his light overcoat—"I am in evening dress. I was supposed to be present as a guest, but I was really there in my professional capacity, keeping my eyes open. Had it been regular pickpockets whom her ladyship suspected I should have found it an easy job, as I know most of them, but it was not. She suspected certain gentlemen upon her list, to whom she was in the habit of sending cards."

Mr. P. Foreman spoke in a significant tone, and there was no mistaking his meaning. Arthur laughed.

"Does her ladyship do me the honour to suspect me?"

"I am not at liberty to say; my orders are to speak not one word that might compromise her ladyship."

"A very prudent instruction. Well?"

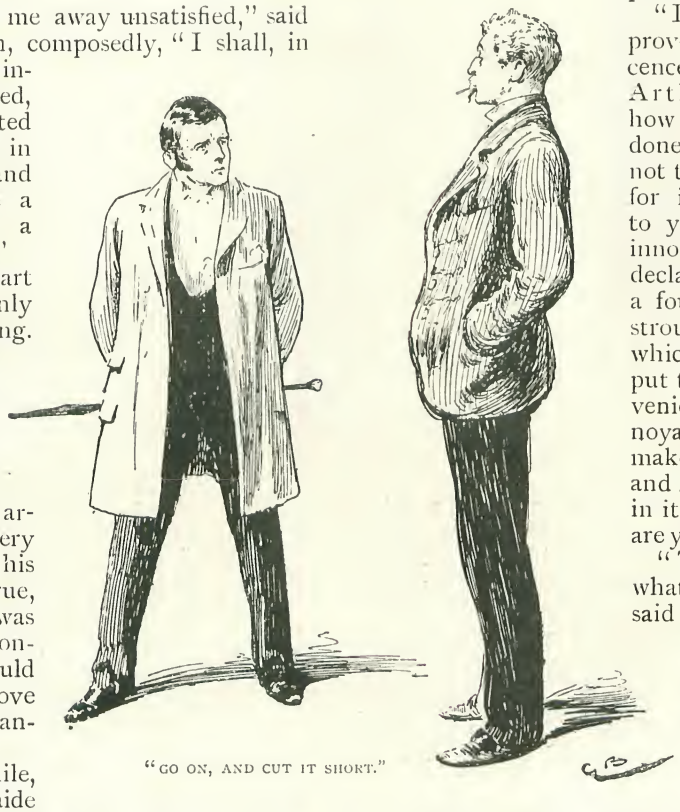
"Certain articles of jewellery have been lost to-night in her ladyship's house. A crescent diamond brooch, another with the device of three birds on a stile, and a pin of brilliants with a pearl in the centre. There may be other articles missing, but we have not heard of them. Of the three ornaments I have mentioned the one most easily traced is the three-birds-on-a-stile brooch. The birds are perched upon a stile of gold; one is set with sapphires, one with brilliants, and one with rubies. I remarked to her ladyship that it was a pretty device. She is quite determined to make the matter public, and to bring the—the offenders to justice without an hour's

delay, if we are fortunate enough to track them down."

"I infer," said Arthur, glaring at his visitor, "from the very guarded answer you gave to a question I put to you that her ladyship really does suspect me. I am greatly obliged to her ladyship." He recalled the strange looks which Lady Weston White had given him, and believed that he could now interpret them. He strode to the door and threw it open. "If you have any regard for your bones, you will now take your departure. I give you just one minute."

"If you send me away unsatisfied," said Mr. P. Foreman, composedly, "I shall, in accordance with instructions received, have you arrested the first thing in the morning, and brought before a magistrate on a distinct charge."

Arthur's heart seemed suddenly to cease beating. There was no mistaking that the man was in deadly earnest, and would carry out his threat. What! To be arrested on the very morning of his wedding! True, the charge was false and monstrous, but it would take time to prove it so, and meanwhile—



"GO ON, AND CUT IT SHORT."

Yes, meanwhile, there was Adelaide in her bridal dress waiting for her bridegroom. Indignant as he was he could not but inwardly acknowledge that his best course would be to hush up the affair if possible—not for his own sake, but for Adelaide's. The shock to her feelings would be too great; she might never recover from it, and the happiness of her life might be for ever destroyed. Mr. P. Foreman, standing rather timidly near the open door, kept his eyes fixed upon Arthur's face. He shrank back as Arthur approached him.

"I am not going to hurt you," said the young man. "Come in and shut the door." Mr. P. Foreman obeyed. "You said at the commencement of this interview that it rested with me whether you would take leave of me with an apology, or adopt other measures. By other measures you meant my arrest." Mr. P. Foreman nodded. "But how do you propose to arrive at the apology?"

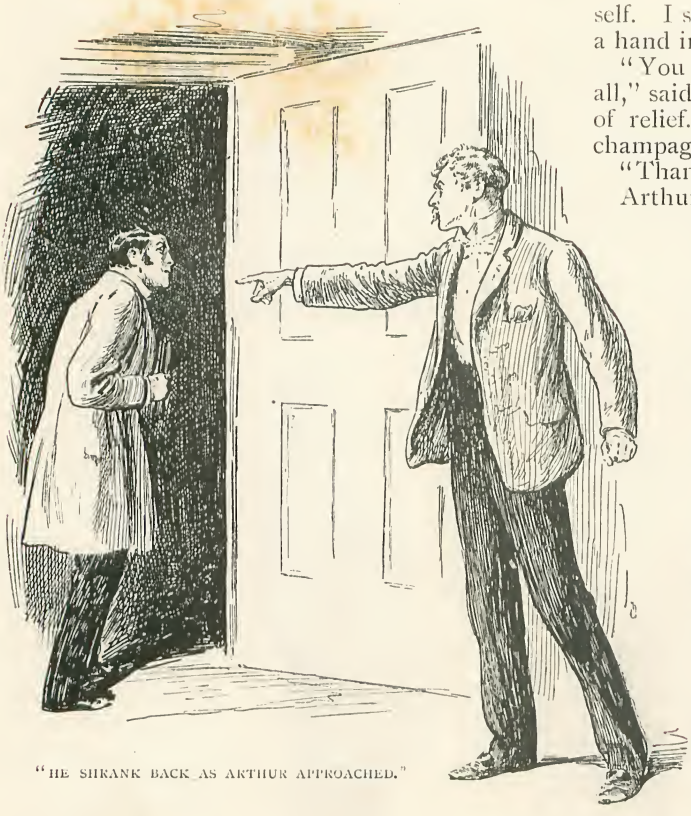
"It is entirely in your hands," replied Mr. P. Foreman. "You have only to prove your innocence, and I apologise. Her ladyship trusts everything to me, and will be guided entirely by the report I present to her."

"I have only to prove my innocence!" exclaimed Arthur. "But how can that be done if you will not take my word for it? I swear to you that I am innocent, and I declare this to be a foul and monstrous charge, for which, if I am put to any inconvenience or annoyance, I will make her ladyship and all concerned in it suffer. Now are you satisfied?"

"That is not what I meant," said Mr. P. Foreman, quietly. "What I require is *proof* of your innocence. I cannot take your word. Any other gentleman would say as much."

Arthur could not help admitting that this was true. "Again I ask you," he cried, "how can I prove my innocence, except by my word?"

"It is very easily done. You have not changed your clothes. You have on your dress trousers and waistcoat; your dress coat hangs upon the back of that chair. If none of the missing articles are in the pockets I will offer you the completest apology in my power, and shall sincerely regret that I have caused you so much uneasiness."



"HE SHRANK BACK AS ARTHUR APPROACHED."

Mr. P. Foreman was a private detective, but he certainly spoke like a gentleman. Throughout the interview he had conducted himself with moderation ; there was even a sadness in his manner which, now that so reasonable a course was suggested, impressed itself upon Arthur.

"I am quite willing," he said, "to do what you ask, though I dispute your right, mind."

"I understand that," said Mr. P. Foreman.

"It is only," continued Arthur, "because I am to be married in the morning, and wish to spare a young lady's feelings, that I submit."

There was a deeper sadness in Mr. P. Foreman's voice as he observed, "To be married in the morning ! I must be mistaken." He took a step towards the door.

"No, you don't go now," exclaimed Arthur. "I insist upon your stopping, and being completely satisfied. There's my coat. Search the pockets."

But Mr. P. Foreman would not touch the garment. "If you insist," he said, "you must go through the formality yourself. I should be ashamed to have a hand in it."

"You are a good fellow, after all," said Arthur, with a great sigh of relief. Will you have a glass of champagne ?"

"Thank you," said Mr. P. Foreman.

Arthur filled two glasses. "Your health," he said.

"Your health," said Mr. P. Foreman. "Allow me to wish you joy and happiness."

"Now you shall see," said Arthur, in a gay tone. "Come a little nearer ; I might be a master of legerdemain."

A melancholy smile crossed Mr. P. Foreman's mouth, and he stood, apparently unconcerned, while Arthur turned out the pockets of his waiscoat and trousers.

"Nothing there," he said.

"Nothing there," said Mr. P. Foreman, and again moved towards the door.

"Stop a moment," said Arthur, "there is my coat."

He turned out the pockets upon the table ; from the breast pocket he produced the bank notes he had received from his friend, Jack Stevens ; from the tail pockets a handkerchief and gloves. Nothing more. He laughed aloud, and lifted the handkerchief from the table. The laugh was frozen in his throat. As he lifted the handkerchief there fell from it a jewelled brooch, the device a stile of gold, with three birds perched thereon, one of sapphires, one of rubies, one of brilliants.

"My God !" he gasped, and sank into a chair.

Mr. P. Foreman did not break the silence that ensued. With sad eyes he gazed upon the crushing evidence of guilt. At length Arthur found his voice.

"You do not, you cannot," he cried in an agonised tone, "believe me guilty !"

Mr. P. Foreman uttered no word. Arthur's face was like the face of death. A vision of his ruined life rose before him, and in that vision the image of his fair young bride, stricken with despair.

"What am I to do ?" moaned the unhappy man. "What am I to do ? As I

hope for mercy in heaven, I swear that I am innocent!"

Mr. P. Foreman in silence pointed to the brooch on the table. It was an eloquent sign, but he seemed to sympathise with the hapless man before him. Arthur rose to his feet, trembling in every limb.

"Have mercy upon me!" he murmured, stretching forth his hands. "Before God I am innocent!"

"I am sorry for the young lady," said Mr. P. Foreman, "deeply, deeply sorry. I have a daughter of my own, whom I hope one day to see happily married. But she is in delicate health."

"HE GASPED, AND SANK INTO A CHAIR."

There was a plaintiveness in his voice, and Arthur, overwhelmed as he was, caught at the despairing hope which presented itself to his distracted mind. He and the man who held his fate in his hands were alone; there were no witnesses, and not a sound reached them from house or street.

"Save me!" implored Arthur. "As you hope for your daughter's happiness, save an innocent man—save an innocent girl from despair and death!"

Mr. P. Foreman put his hands before his eyes. "My duty!" he murmured.

"You owe a duty elsewhere," said Arthur, in a rapid, feverish voice. "The lady who has employed you trusts you implicitly, and will receive your report without question."

"I do not grasp your meaning," said Mr. P. Foreman.

"Your daughter is in delicate health, you say," continued Arthur. "You hope to see her one day happily married. You are not rich?"

"I am very poor," said Mr. P. Foreman. "Do you think I would otherwise follow this miserable occupation? Fortune has been against me all my life."

"It smiles upon you now," pursued Arthur, desperately; "it offers you a chance. You speak like a gentleman; you have a soul above your station. See here. There are a hundred and fifty pounds in bank notes. Take them; they are yours—and keep my secret, guiltless as I am. You are not a young man; you have had experience of the world; you must know the voice of innocence when you hear it. Could a guilty man plead as I am pleading? By all your hopes of happiness, save me! No one is near; no one knows but you and I. It is so easy, so easy!—and I shall bless you all my life!"

"You tempt me sorely," said Mr. P. Foreman. "My daughter is ordered abroad for her health, and I have no means to take her."

"You have means here, at your hand. Take the money—it is yours; I give it to you freely. No one will be the wiser, and you will be an instrument in the hands of Providence to save two innocent lives!"

"Let me think a moment," said Mr. P. Foreman, and he turned his head. Arthur awaited his decision in an agony of despair. Presently he spoke again. "I will express no opinion of your guilt or innocence, but you have offered what I cannot resist. I will take the money, and will keep your secret, for the sake of the lady you are about to marry, for the sake of my poor daughter. It may be the means of restoring her to health. As for this brooch——"

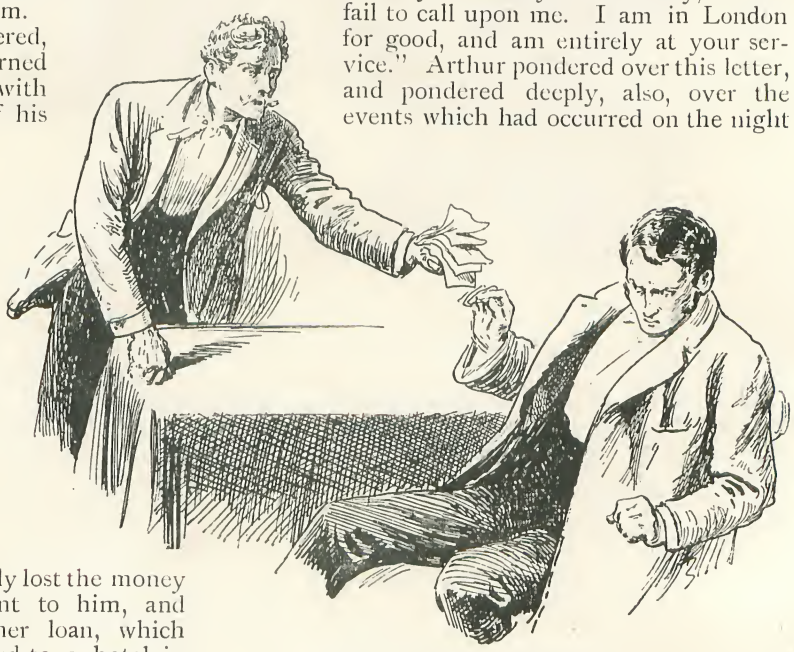
"Take it," cried Arthur, impetuously, "and do what you will with it. It is one of my conditions. Heaven bless you—Heaven bless you!"

"We are accomplices in a transaction that must not be spoken of," said Mr. P. Foreman, who had put the money and the brooch into his pocket. "I pity and despise you, as I pity and despise myself."

He did not wish Arthur good night; seemingly ashamed of the bargain they had made, he went downstairs, accompanied by Arthur, who closed the street door upon him.

Dazed and bewildered, the young man returned to his room, and with great throbbings of his breast at the mysterious danger he had escaped, completed his preparations for the wedding and the honeymoon. Before he threw himself upon his bed in the vain attempt to seek oblivion for an hour or two, he wrote a letter to his friend Jack Stevens, saying he had unfortunately lost the money that had been lent to him, and begging for another loan, which was to be forwarded to a hotel in Paris where he intended to stop with his young wife for a few days.

There is no need to describe the wedding. Everything passed off well, and everybody in church declared they had never seen a lovelier bride; but they observed, at the same time, that the bridegroom appeared far from happy, and one of the spectators remarked that he looked several times over his shoulder, with the air of a man who feared that a ghost was standing behind him. His own people and his new relatives, being in a state of excitement, did not take the same view of it; they said he was nervous, which was quite natural on such an occasion. Adelaide was tremblingly happy, and she and her lover-husband departed on their honeymoon amid the usual showers of rice and hurling of old slippers. In Paris, Arthur received from Jack Stevens a draft for another hundred and fifty pounds; but in the letter which accompanied the welcome draft Jack said he could not understand how Arthur had managed to lose the money. "I saw you," wrote Jack, "put the money in the side pocket of your dress coat, and button your overcoat over it. How could you have lost it? Did you have an adventure, and are you keeping it from me? Make a clean breast of it, old fellow. I should like to know. And if there is anything I can do for you while you are away, do not fail to call upon me. I am in London for good, and am entirely at your service." Arthur pondered over this letter, and pondered deeply, also, over the events which had occurred on the night



"TAKE THE MONEY—IT IS YOURS!"

before the wedding; and the more he pondered the more he was dissatisfied. Once his young wife, who had noticed that something was weighing on her hero's spirits, said to him:

"Arthur, dear, are you happy?"

"Very happy, darling."

"But quite happy, Arthur?"

"Yes, darling, quite happy. Why do you ask?"

"I don't know—only you seem so melancholy sometimes."

"All your fancy, darling."

"I suppose so, Arthur, dear."

But the young bride was not satisfied for all that. She was sure that her hero was keeping something disagreeable from her. However, like a sensible little woman, she did not worry him; no bride could expect greater attention and devotion than he showed towards her, and she lectured herself, and said that she could not expect to know everything about her husband all at once. "I shall have to study him," she said, "and when I know him thoroughly I will make him perfectly, perfectly happy."

On the eighth day of the honeymoon something curious happened. They had travelled from Paris to Geneva, and they put up at the Grand Hôtel de la Paix. The first time they dined in the hotel, Arthur, looking up, saw exactly opposite to him the forms of Mr. P. Foreman and a lady. He turned red and white, and his heart beat furiously. There appeared, however, to be no cause for apprehension; Mr. P. Foreman looked him straight in the face, and evinced no sign of recognition. Perceiving this, Arthur took courage, and glanced at the lady. Again he turned red and white. On the bosom of the lady's dress was affixed a beautiful brooch—a stile of gold, with its three little birds of rubies, sapphires, and brilliants.

"Did you think the lady opposite to us was very pretty, Arthur?" asked Adelaide, as she and her husband stood close together after dinner, looking into the clear waters of the lake.

"I did not take particular notice, dear," replied Arthur, awkwardly.

"Oh, Arthur! I saw your eyes fixed upon her."

Arthur did not dare confess that it was the brooch he was staring at, and not at the lady, so he diverted Adelaide's thoughts by means of those tender secret caresses which render young brides supremely happy. But he thought very seriously, nevertheless. The lady who accompanied Mr. P. Foreman seemed to be in perfect health, and she was not young enough to be his daughter, by a good many years. The dreadful position in which he had stood upon the occasion of Mr. P. Foreman's nocturnal visit to his chambers weighed terribly upon him. He knew himself to be innocent; but the brooch which his accuser had now appropriated was found in his pocket; he had taken it out himself. How had it got there? That was the mystery that was perplexing him, and he felt that he could not be at peace with himself until it was solved. That night he wrote to Jack Stevens, and made a full confession of how he had lost the money, and in his letter he gave a very faithful description of Mr. P. Foreman.

"If you can clear up the mystery," he said in his letter, "for Heaven's sake do so. I do not advise you to go to Lady Weston White to make inquiries, for that might result in attracting attention which, as things stand, I wish to avoid; but do what you can for me, and act as you think best, for the sake of your old and unhappy friend, Arthur." He directed Jack to reply to him at the Hôtel Victoria, Interlaken, where he proposed to take Adelaide after a stay in Geneva. He made his visit to this beautiful city shorter than he intended, so anxious was he to receive Jack's reply. It was not there when he arrived, but on the following mid-day it was delivered to him.

"My dear Arthur," (Jack wrote), "my dear simple friend, my timid love-stricken swain, your letter astonished me, and in your interests I set to work at once. I have a friend who is a real detective—a real one, mark you—and when I entrusted him with your precious secret, and read to him the careful description you have given of your saviour, Mr. P. Foreman, he first looked at me in blank amazement, and then burst into a fit of laughter. 'By Jove!' he cried, when he got over his fit, 'that is my friend Purdy. He's been at his tricks again.' 'Who is your friend Purdy,' I inquired, 'and what are the particular tricks you refer to?' He did not favour me with an answer, but stipulated that I should pay an immediate visit to Lady Weston White, and ask whether the jewels lost in her house on the night before your wedding had been recovered. I did as he bade me, and learned from her ladyship—what do you think? Why, that there were no jewels lost in her house, and never

had been, to her knowledge. I did not enlighten her, old fellow, having some regard for your reputation for shrewdness. I went straight from her to my friend the real detective. Learn from me, O wise young bridegroom, that Mr. P. Foreman, *alias* Purdy, is no more a detective than I am, that he must have slipped the brooch (all false stones, my boy) himself into your pocket, having previously ascertained that you were to be married in a few hours, and that he practised upon you a rather clever trick which he has practised successfully upon other victims as simple as yourself. Now I come to think of it, I shouldn't wonder if he was one of the men who passed us when I gave you the thirty five-pound notes at the corner of the street. My friend the real detective tells me that Purdy is one of the best actors he has ever seen, and that his skill would beat the devil himself. Let us hope he will soon have fellow. Tell your little wife all about it, and tell her at the same time that I have given an order for a brooch, of which I shall beg her acceptance, with the very original design of a gold stile and three little birds perched atop of it. Give her my love, and accept the same from yours ever and ever."

Arthur danced about the room when he read this comforting letter. Adelaide looked up from a novel in which she had been absorbed.

"Why, whatever is the matter with you," she cried, "you dear old goose?"

"Never mind the dear old goose," said Arthur. "Let us have a waltz round the room, you dear young darling!"

A waltz they had, and they made some glasses on the table jingle so that a chambermaid knocked at the door, and asked whether her services were required.

"Not at all," replied Arthur, in very

"BY JOVE!" HE CRIED, "THAT IS MY FRIEND PURDY."

the chance of trying it on with his Satanic majesty. Anyways, he is enjoying himself on the Continong with your money and mine, and, as he has cast a cloud over the first fortnight or so of your honeymoon, I should recommend you to lengthen it by just as many days of happiness as he has robbed you of. And here is another recommendation, my dear, simple, old

indifferent German. "I am only giving madame a lesson."

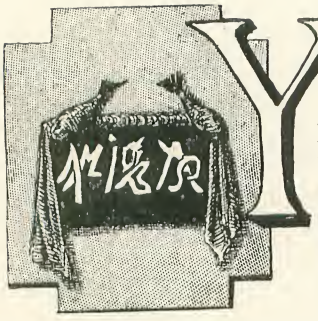
At the end of which lesson Arthur related to his bride what it was that had been disturbing him. How she pitied him! The tears ran down her pretty face as she took his between her little hands, and gave him kisses which he returned with interest. Of that you may be sure.

"Oh, Arthur," said Adelaide, with the fondest of looks, "I am glad I married you; because, you know, you do want someone to look after you."

As for the rest of the honeymoon, I leave you to imagine it. All I will say is, that I wish no newly married young couple a happier.

A Night in an Opium Den.

By the Author of "A Dead Man's Diary.



YES, I have smoked opium in Ratcliff Highway, and in the den which was visited by Charles Dickens, and through the pipe which had the honour of making that distinguished novelist sick.

"And did you have lovely dreams? and what were they like?" asks a fair reader.

Yes, I had lovely dreams, and I have no doubt that by the aid of imagination, and a skilful manipulation of De Quincey, I could concoct a fancy picture of opium-smoking and its effects, which might pass for a faithful picture of what really occurred. But, "My Lord and Jury"— to quote the historic words of Mrs. Cluppins, when cross-examined by Serjeant Buzfuz—"My Lord and Jury, I will not deceive you": what those dreams were, I could not for the life of me now describe, for they were too aërial and unsubstantial to be caught and fixed, like hard facts, in words, by any other pen than that of a Coleridge, or a De Quincey. I might as well attempt to convey to you, by means of a clay model, an idea of the prism-fires and rainbow-hues that circle, and change, and chase each other round the pictured sides of that floating fairy-sphere which we call a soap-bubble, as attempt, unassisted, to describe my dreams in words. Hence it is that in this narrative, I have confined myself strictly to the facts of my experiences.

The proprietor of the den which I visited was a Chinaman named Chang, who positively grinned me over from head to foot — not only when I was first made known to him by the friend who had piloted me to the establishment, but as long as I remained within grinning range. An uninformed onlooker might not unnaturally have concluded that I was stone-deaf and dumb, and that our host was endeavouring to express, by his features, the cordiality he was unable to convey in words. In reply to every casual remark made by my companion, the Chinaman would glance up for a moment at his face, and then turn round to grimace again at me, as though I, and I only, were the subject of their conversation, and he was half afraid I might think he did not take a becoming interest in it. In the few words which I exchanged with him, I found him exceedingly civil, and he

THE PROPRIETOR.

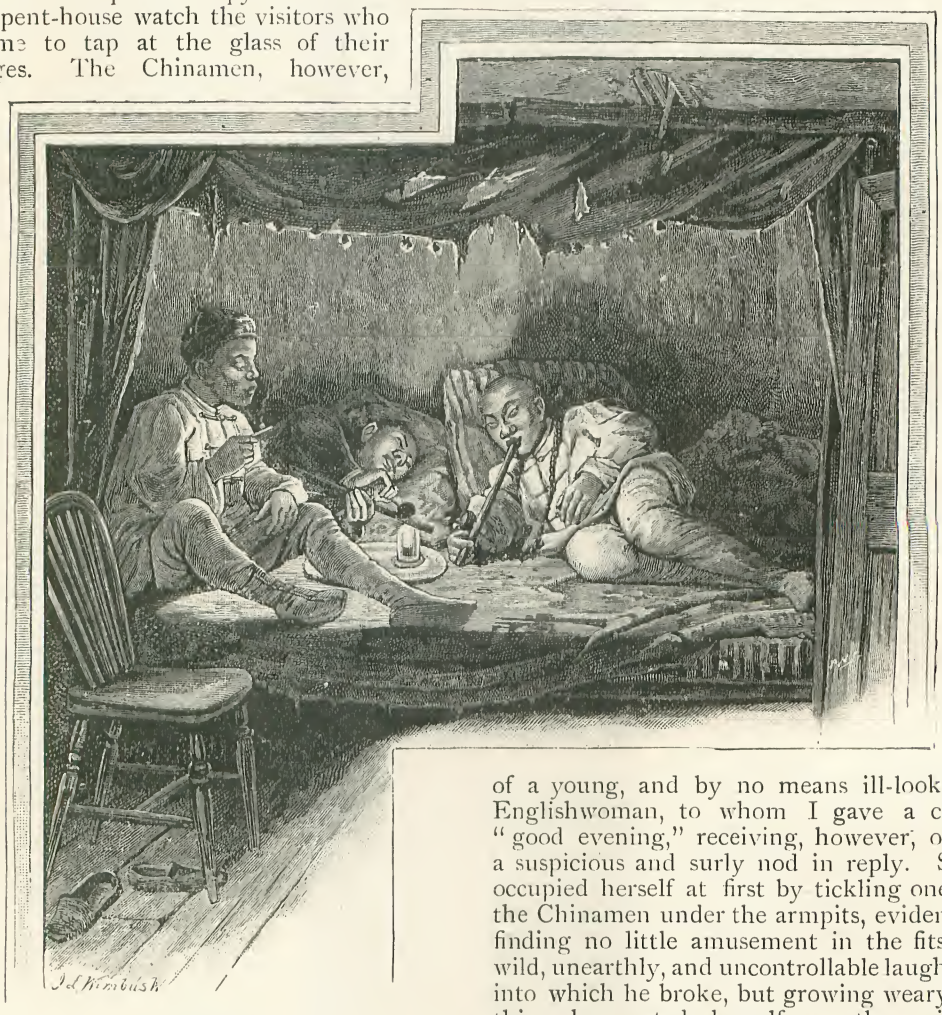
took great pains to explain to me that his wearing no pigtail was attributable, not to his own act and deed, but to the fact that that ornament had been cut off by some person or persons unknown, when he was either drunk or asleep—I could not quite make out which. The deadliest insult which can be offered a Chinaman (so I understood him) is to cut off his pigtail, and it was only when referring to this incident, and to his desire to wreak a terrible vengeance upon the perpetrators, that there was any cessation of his embarrassing smile. The thought of the insult to which he had been subjected, and of his consequent degradation in the eyes of his countrymen, brought so evil a look upon his parchment-coloured features, and caused his small and cunning eyes to twist and turn so horribly, that I was glad to turn the conversation to pleasanter topics, even though it necessitated my being once more fixed by that bland and penetrating smile so peculiarly his own. The smile became more rigid than ever, when I informed him that I was anxious to smoke a pipe of opium. The way in which he turned his face upon me (including the smile, which enveloped and illumined me in its rays) was, for all the world, like the turning-on by a policeman of a bull's-eye lantern. With a final grin which threatened to distort permanently his features, he bade us follow him, and led the way up the most villainously treacherous staircase which it has ever been my lot to ascend.

A VILLAINOUS STAIRCASE.

"Den" was an appropriate name for the reeking hole to which he conducted us. It was dirty and dark, being lit only by a smoking lamp on the mantel-shelf, and was not much larger than a full-sized cupboard. The walls, which were of a dingy yellow (not unlike the "whites" of the smokers' eyes) were quite bare, with the exception of the one facing the door, on which, incongruously enough, was plastered a coarsely-coloured and hideous print of the crucifixion. The furniture consisted of three raised mattresses, with small tables on which were placed pipes, lamps, and opium.

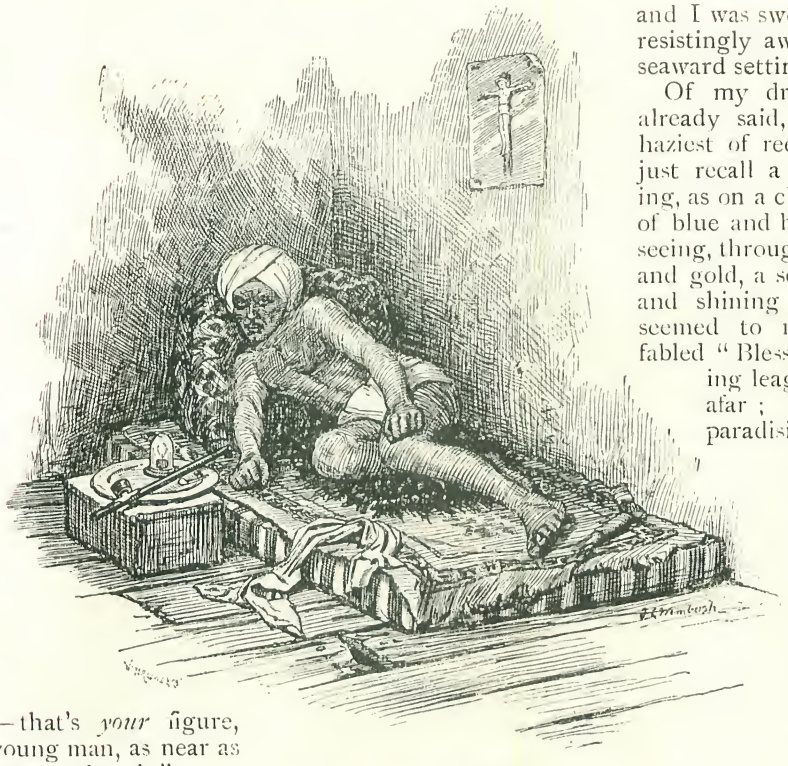
Huddled or curled up on these mattresses lay two wretched smokers — one of them with the whites, or, I should say, "yellows," of his eyes turned up to the ceiling, and another, whose slumbers we had apparently disturbed, staring about him with a dazed and stupefied air. Something in the look of these men—either the ghastly pallor of their complexion, or the listlessness of their bearing—reminded me not a little of the "white lepers" of Norway. I have seen patients in the hospitals there whose general aspect greatly resembled that of these men, although the skin of the white leper has more or a milky appearance — as if it had been bleached, in fact — than that of the opium-smoker, which is dirtier and more yellow. The remaining occupants of the den, two of whom were Chinamen, were wide awake. The third

was a partly naked Malay of decidedly evil aspect, who shrank back on my entrance, and coiled himself up in the recesses of a dark corner, whence he lay furtively watching me, very much in the same way in which the prisoned pythons in a serpent-house watch the visitors who come to tap at the glass of their cages. The Chinamen, however,



IN THE DEN.

seemed pleased to see me; and, after I had handed my cigar-case to the nearest, begging that he and his friend would help themselves, they became quite companionable. One of them, to my surprise, immediately relinquished the drug which he had been smoking, and began to suck with evident relish at the cigar. The other, after pocketing the weed, lay down on his back with his arms behind his head, and with his legs drawn up to his body, in which singularly graceful and easy attitude he carried on a conversation with his friend, watching me narrowly all the time, through the chink between his knees. At this point of my visit, and before I could take any further stock of the surroundings, I was not a little surprised by the entrance of a young, and by no means ill-looking Englishwoman, to whom I gave a civil "good evening," receiving, however, only a suspicious and surly nod in reply. She occupied herself at first by tickling one of the Chinamen under the armpits, evidently finding no little amusement in the fits of wild, unearthly, and uncontrollable laughter into which he broke, but growing weary of this, she seated herself on the raised mattress where I was located, and proceeded to take stock of her visitor. Beginning at my boots, and travelling up by way of trousers and waistcoat, up to my collar and face, she examined me so critically and searchingly from head to foot that I fancied once or twice I could see the row of figures she was inwardly casting up, and could hear her saying to herself, "Boots and trousers, say, sixty bob; and watch and chain, a couple of flimsies each; which, with coat and waistcoat, bring it up to thirty shiners; which, with a couple of fivers for links, loose cash and studs make about forty quid



A MALAY.

—that's *your* figure, young man, as near as I can reckon it."

While this was going on, my host, Mr. Chang, was busily making preparations for my initiatory smoke by sticking small pellets of the opium (a brownish, glue-like substance) upon a pin, and rolling and re-rolling them against the pipe, which is about the size of a small flute, and has a big open bowl with a tiny aperture at the base. Into this aperture the drug-smeared pin is slipped, and the pipe is then held over a lamp, and the fumes of the burning opium inhaled. The occupation is by no means a luxurious one; for, as surely as I removed the pipe from my lips to indulge in a furtive cough (and it did make me cough a bit at first), it inevitably went out. By means of repeated applications to the lamp, however, I managed to get through the allotted number of pipes, and sank slowly and insensibly into the deep waters of slumber, until at last they closed over my head, and I was swept and borne unresistingly away upon the vast seaward setting tide of sleep.

Of my dreams, as I have already said, I have but the haziest of recollections. I can just recall a sensation of sailing, as on a cloud, amid regions of blue and buoyant ether; of seeing, through vistas of purple and gold, a scene of sunny seas and shining shores, where, it seemed to me, I beheld the fabled "Blessed Isles," stretching league beyond league afar; and of peeps of paradisial landscapes that swam up to me as through a world of waters, and then softened and sank away into a blending of beauteous colours, and into a vision of white warm arms and wooing bosoms.

And so we slept on, I and my wretched companions, until, to quote Rossetti:—

> Sleep sank them lower than the tide of dreams,
> And their dreams watched them sink, and slid away.
> Slowly their souls swam up again, through gleams
> Of watered light, and dull drowned waifs of day;
> Till, from some wonder of new woods and streams,
> He woke and wondered more.

Yes, "I woke and wondered more"—woke to wonder where I was, and where were my boots, my hat, and my umbrella; woke to find the faithless friend, who had promised to guard my slumbers, sleeping peacefully at his post; and woke with a taste in my mouth which can only be likened to a cross between onions and bad tobacco. And this taste, in conjunction with a splitting headache and a general lowness of spirits, served, for the next day or two, to keep me constantly in remembrance of my visit to the Opium Den in Ratcliff Highway.

Janko the Musician.

From the Polish of Sienkiewicz.

[Henryk Sienkiewicz is perhaps the most popular of contemporary Polish novelists. He is a realist, but his realism is tempered by a dash of romance. Keenly in sympathy with the poor, the oppressed, the despised, and possessed of a genius for portraying the character of Polish peasants, he has a particular gift for depicting the sufferings of artistic natures dimly conscious of their gifts, or blighted by the curse of mediocrity. Sienkiewicz was born in 1845, and was educated at the University of Warsaw. In 1876 he went to California, and first attracted attention by letters descriptive of the New World contributed to the newspapers of his native country. These sketches were collected, and, together with some short tales, published at Warsaw in 1880 under the title of "Pisma." To his American experiences we owe Sienkiewicz's delightful story, "For Daily Bread," one of the most simple and touching narratives possible. His chief work, "With Fire and Sword," has been translated into English. This gifted writer was almost entirely unknown in this country until recently. At the present day he resides at Warsaw, where he edits a paper.]

WEAK and frail came he into the world. The neighbours, assembled round the bedside, shook their heads over mother and child. The blacksmith's wife, the most experienced amongst them, began to comfort the sick woman after her fashion.

"You just lie quiet," she said, "and I will light a blessed candle. It's all up with you, poor dear, you must make your preparations for another world. Someone had better run for the priest to give you the last Sacraments."

"And the youngster must be baptized at once," said another. "I tell you he won't live till the priest comes, and it will be some comfort not to have an unbaptized ghost spooking about."

As she spoke, she lit a blessed candle, took the baby, sprinkled it with holy water, till it winked its eyes, and at the same time pronounced the words:

"I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, and give thee the name of Jan," adding immediately (with a vague recollection of the form of prayer used for the dying): "And now depart, O Christian Soul! out of this world, and return to the place you came from. Amen."

The Christian soul, however, had not the least intention of departing out of this world. It began, on the contrary, to kick with the legs of the body as hard as ever it could, and to cry, but in a fashion so feeble and whimpering, that it sounded to the women like the mewing of a kitten.

The priest was sent for, discharged his

"THE PRIEST WAS SENT FOR."

sacred office, and retired; but, instead of dying, the mother recovered, and, after a week, went back to work.

The life of the baby hung on a thread; he scarcely seemed to breathe, but, when he was four years of age, the cuckoo cried three times over the cottage roof—a good omen, according to Polish superstition—and after that matters mended so that he somehow attained his tenth year. To be sure, he was always thin and delicate, with a slouching body and hollow cheeks. His hay-coloured hair fell over his clear, prominent eyes, that had a far-away look in them, as if he saw things hidden from others.

In winter the child crouched behind the stove and wept softly from cold, and not unfrequently from hunger if "Mammy" had nothing in the cupboard or in the pot. In summer he ran about in a little white blouse, tied round the waist with a handkerchief, and wore an old straw hat on his head. His flaxen hair poked its way through the holes, and his eager glance darted hither and thither like a bird's. His mother, poor creature! who lived from hand to mouth, and lodged under a strange roof like a swallow, loved him, no doubt, after a fashion, yet she gave him many a cuff, and generally called him a "changeling." At eight years of age he began life on his own account, now driving a flock of sheep, now making his way deep into the forest to look for mushrooms when there was nothing to eat at home. He had Providence only to thank that the wolves did not devour him on one of these expeditions. He was not a particularly precocious boy, and, like all village children, had the habit of sticking his finger into his mouth when addressed. The neighbours prophesied that he would not live long, or that, if he did live, he would not be much of a comfort to his mother, for he would never be strong enough for hard work.

One distinguishing characteristic he had. Who can say why the gift was bestowed in so unlikely a quarter? But music he loved, and his love was a passion. He heard music in everything; he listened to every sound, and the bigger he grew the more he thought of melody and of harmony. If he tended the cattle, or went with a playfellow to gather berries in the forest, he would return empty-handed, and lisp, "O mammy, there was such beautiful music! It was playing like this—la, la, la!"

"YOU GOOD-FOR-NOTHING MONKEY!"

"I'll soon play you a different tune, you good-for-nothing monkey!" his mother would cry angrily, and rap him with the ladle.

The youngster might shriek, and promise not to listen to the music again, but he thought all the more of how beautiful the forest was, and how full of voices that sang and rang. Who or what sang and rang he could not well have told; the pine-trees, the beeches, the birch-trees, the thrushes, all sang; the whole forest sang,

and the echo sang too...in the meadows the blades of grass sang ; in the garden behind the cottage the sparrows twittered, the cherry-trees rustled and trilled. In the evening he heard all imaginable voices, such as are audible only in the country, and he thought to himself that the whole village resounded with melody. His companions could only wonder at him ; they heard none of these beautiful things. When he was set to work to toss out hay he fancied he heard the wind playing through the prongs of his pitchfork. The overseer, who saw him standing idly, his hair thrown back from his forehead, listening intently to the wind's music on the fork, seized a strap, and gave the dreamer a few cuts to bring him to his senses, but it was of no avail. The neighbours, at last, nicknamed him "Janko the Musician."

"OFF TO BED WITH YOU, YOU IMP."

At night, when the frogs croaked, the corncrakes cried across the meadows, the bitterns boomed in the marsh, and the cocks crowed behind the fences, the child could not sleep, he could but listen with delight, and heaven only knows what harmonies he heard in all these mingled sounds. His mother dared not bring him with her to church, for when the organ murmured or pealed, the eyes of the boy grew dim and moist or else brightened and gleamed as if the light of another world illumined them.

The watchman, who nightly patrolled the village and counted the stars, or carried on a low-toned conversation with the dogs in order to keep himself awake, more than once saw Janko's little white blouse scudding through the gloom to the alehouse. The child did not enter the tavern, but crouched close up to the wall and listened. Within, couples revolved merrily to lively music, and now and then a fellow would cry "Hooray!" One could hear the stamping of feet and the affected voices of the girls. The fiddles murmured softly, the big 'cello's deep notes thundered, the windows streamed with light, every plank in the taproom seemed to creak, to sing, to play, and Janko listened to it all. What would he not have given to have a fiddle that would give forth such sounds, a bit of board that would make such music ! Alas ! where was *he* to get it ; how could he make it ? If they would only allow him just to take one in his hand ! . . . But no ! all he could do was to listen, and so he listened till the voice of the watchman would call to him out of the darkness—

"Off to bed with you, you imp !"

Then the little bare feet would patter away to the cabin, and the voices of the violins would follow him as he ran through the night.

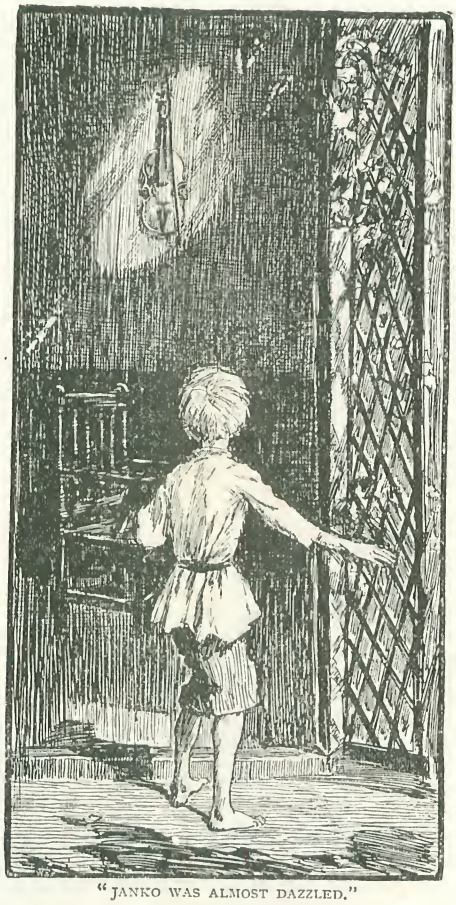
It was a great occasion for him when at harvest time or at a wedding he heard the fiddlers play. At such times he would creep behind the stove, and for days would not speak a single word, looking straight before him with great glowing eyes, like those of a cat at night.

At last he made himself a fiddle out of a shingle, and strung it with horsehair, but it did not sound as beautifully as those in the alehouse ; the strings tinkled softly, ever so softly, they hummed like flies or midges. All the same, he played on them from morning until night, though many a kick and cuff he got till he was black and blue. He could not help himself, it was in his nature.

The child grew thinner and thinner ; his shock of hair became thicker, his eyes grew more staring and swam with tears, and his cheeks and chest became hollower. He had never resembled other children, he

was more like his own poor little fiddle that one could scarcely hear. Moreover, before harvest-time he was almost starving, living as he did chiefly on raw turnips, and on his longing, his intense longing, to own a violin. Alas! this desire bore evil fruit.

Up at the Castle the footman had a fiddle that he sometimes played in the evening to please his pretty sweetheart and his fellow-servants. Janko often crept amongst the climbing plants to the very door of the servants' hall to hear the music, or, at least, to catch a glimpse of the fiddle. It generally hung on the wall, exactly opposite the door, and the youngster's whole soul was in his eyes as he gazed at it, an unattainable treasure that he was unworthy to possess, though he held it to be the most precious thing on earth. A dumb longing took possession of him to touch it just once with his very own hand—or, at any rate, to see it closer. . . . At the thought the poor little childish heart leaped with delight.



"JANKO WAS ALMOST DAZZLED."

One evening there was no one in the servants' hall. The family had for a long time lived abroad, the house was empty, and the footman, with his sweetheart, was elsewhere. Janko, hidden amongst the creepers, had already been looking for many minutes through the half-open door at the goal of his desires.

The moon, at her full, swam high in the heavens; her beams threw a shaft of light across the room, and fell on the opposite wall. Gradually they moved towards where the violin hung, and streamed full upon it. To the child in the darkness a silvery halo seemed to shine around the instrument, illumining it so brightly that Janko was almost dazzled; the strings, the neck, the sides were plainly visible, the pegs shone like glow-worms, and the bow like a silver wand. . . . How beautiful it was; almost magical! Janko gazed with hungry eyes. Crouching amidst the ivy, his elbows supported on his little bony knees, he gazed open-mouthed and motionless at this one object. Now fear held him fast, next moment an unappeasable longing urged him forward. Was it magic, or was it not? The violin, with its rays of glory, absolutely appeared to draw near to him, to hover over his head.

For a moment the glory darkened, only to shine again more brilliantly. Magic, it really was magic! Meantime, the wind murmured, the trees rustled, the creepers whispered softly, and to the child they seemed to say, "Go on, Janko, there is not a soul there. . . . Go on, Janko."

The night was clear and bright. By the pond in the garden a nightingale began to sing—now softly, now loudly. Her song said, "Go on; have courage; touch it." An honest raven flew softly over the child's head and croaked, "No, Janko; no." The raven flew away, but the nightingale remained, and the creepers cried more plainly than ever, "There's no one there."

The fiddle still hung in the track of the moonbeams. The little crouching figure crept softly and cautiously nearer, and the nightingale sang "Go on—on—on—take it."

The white blouse glimmered nearer the doorway. Soon it was no longer hidden by the dark creepers. On the threshold one could hear the quick, panting breath of the delicate child. A moment more and the little white blouse had disappeared,

only one tiny bare foot still stood upon the steps. In vain the friendly raven flew by once more, and cawed "No, no,"—Janko had already entered.

The frogs in the pond began suddenly to croak as if something had frightened them, and as suddenly were silent. The nightingale ceased to sing, the climbing plants to whisper. In the interval Janko had edged nearer and nearer to his treasure, but fear seized him. In the shadow of the creepers he felt at home, like a wild creature in a thicket, now he quivered like a wild creature in a snare. His movements were hasty, his breath came short.

The pulsing summer lightning that glanced from east to west illumined the apartment for an instant, and showed poor trembling Janko almost on his hands and knees, his head stretched out, cowering before the violin, but the summer lightning ceased, a cloud passed before the moon, and there was nothing to be seen nor heard.

Then, after a pause, there sounded through the darkness a low wailing note, as if someone had acccidentally touched a string, and all at once a rough, sleepy voice broke from a corner of the room, asking angrily—

"Who's there?"

A match cracked against the wall. Then there was a little spurt of flame, and then —great heaven!—then were to be heard curses, blows, the crying of a child, appeals, "Oh, for God's sake!" barking of dogs, people running with lights before the windows, uproar in the whole house.

Two days later poor Janko stood before the magistrates. Should he be prosecuted as a thief? Of course.

The justice and the landlord looked at the culprit as he stood in the dock, his finger in his mouth, with staring, terrified eyes, small, emaciated, dirty, beaten, unable to tell why or wherefore he found himself there, or what they were about to do to him. How, thought the justice, could anyone try a wretched little object like that, only ten years of age, and barely able to stand on its legs? Was he to be sent to prison, or what? One must not be too severe with children. Would it not be well if a watchman took him and gave him a few strokes with a cane, so that he might not steal a second time, and so end the matter?

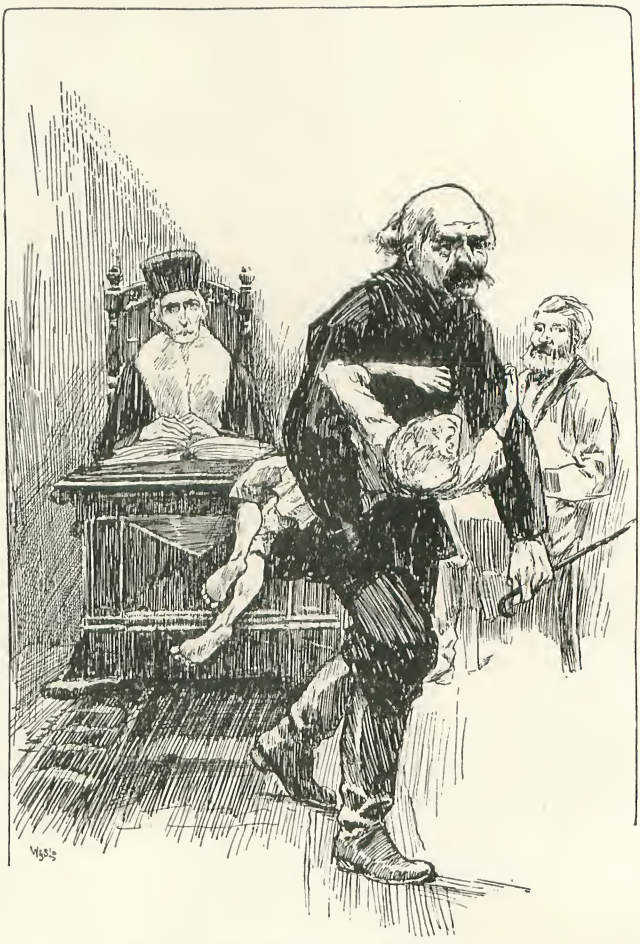
"Just so. A very good idea!"

Stach, the watchman, was called.

"Take him, and give him a caning as a warning."

Stach nodded his stupid, bull head, took Janko under his arm like a kitten, and carried him off to the barn.

Either the youngster did not understand what it was all about, or he was too terrified to speak; in either case he uttered not a word, and looked round him like a little frightened bird. How did he know what they wanted with him. It was only when



"HE TOOK JANKO UNDER HIS ARM LIKE A KITTEN."

Stach seized him, laid him on the barn floor, and, holding him fast with one hand, turned up his little shirt with the cane, that poor Janko shrieked "Mammy!" and after every blow he cried "Mammy, mammy!" but lower and weaker each time, until after a certain number of strokes, the child was silent, and called for his mother no more. . . .

The poor broken fiddle!

You clumsy, wicked Stach! Who ever flogged a child in such a fashion? The poor, tiny fellow was always thin and weakly, and scarcely had breath in his body!

At last the mother came and took the child with her, but she had to carry him home. Next day Janko did not rise. On the third day he breathed out his soul in peace, on the hard bed covered by the horsecloth. . . .

As he lay dying, the swallows twittered in the cherry-tree that grew before the window, a sunbeam peered through the pane, and flooded with glory the child's rough hair and his bloodless face. The beam seemed like a track for the little fellow's soul to ascend to heaven.

Well for him was it that at least at the hour of death he mounted a broad and sunny path, for thorny would have been his road in life. The wasted chest still heaved softly, and the child seemed still conscious of the echoes of the outer world that entered through the open window. It was evening; the peasant girls returning from hay-making passed by and sang as they went; the brook purled close at hand.

Janko listened for the last time to the musical echoes of the village. Beside him, on the horse-cloth, lay the fiddle he had made from a shingle. Suddenly the dying child's face lit up, and his white lips whispered—

"Mammy!"

"What is it, dearie?" asked the mother, her voice stifled with sobs.

"Mammy, God will give me a real fiddle in heaven."

"Yes, darling, yes," replied the mother. She could speak no more, for from her heart the pent-up sorrow burst suddenly forth. She only murmured "Jesus, my Jesus!" and laying her head on the table, wept as those weep from whom death robs their dearest treasure.

And so it was. When she raised her head and looked at the child, the eyes of the little musician were open but fixed, the countenance was grave, solemn, and rigid. The sunbeam had disappeared.

"May you rest in peace, little Janko!"

* * * *

Next day the Baron and his family returned from Italy to the Castle. The daughter of the house and her suitor were there amongst the rest.

"What a delightful country Italy is!" remarked the gentleman.

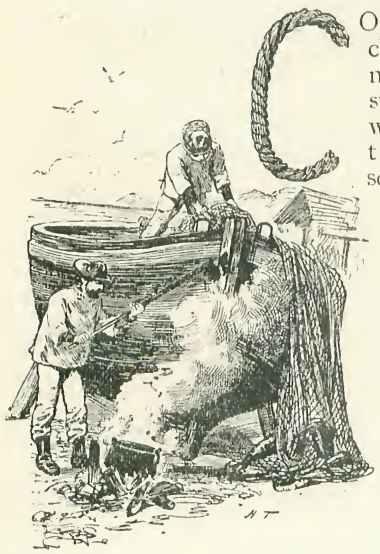
"Yes, and the people! They are a nation of artists! It is a pleasure to note and encourage their talent," answered the young lady.

* * * *

The larches rustled over Janko's grave!

A Silver Harvest.

SHOOTING SEINE-NET.



CORNISH pilchards are, no doubt, sufficiently well known to create some interest in the method by which they are caught. Some years back the fisheries were worked almost entirely by the "seine" net system, and had developed into a most flourishing industry; but, at present, owing principally to the large increase of drift-net boats which, in their more regular expeditions, tend to break up the "schools" or "shoals," the old picturesque way of catching them by the "seine" boats is more or less falling into desuetude. The glory and excitement of the pilchard fishing belongs, however, to the seine-net almost exclusively. For weeks the cliffs are patrolled by anxious watchers, and when once the red streak in the water shows to the practised eye the "school" slowly moving, the cry "heva" or "hubba" is heard shouted from one to another, and every man, woman, and child rushes to the beach. A volunteer colonel the writer once met touring about Cornwall with a camera had skilfully arranged a characteristic group of fishermen and lasses in a disused fish-cellar, and had carefully had an artistic background of nets, lobster-pots, &c., built up after some hours of trouble and difficulty, when, just as he was about to raise the cap, a tap at the little window, a cry of "hubba," and his group flew off like lightning out of the place. He never got them again. For many weeks they were all busy with the pilchards.

Another visitor, not knowing the colloquial terms of the fisher-folk, was alarmed to hear his landlady, in great excitement, shout to a neighbour, "Shot at Cadgwith," and anxiously inquired whether anyone

was hurt or killed. Though the fishing villages as a rule are in communication only through coaches, or more often carts, the news of the first catch rapidly flies; naturally each place anticipating the advent of the pilchards at any moment.

Many of the fishermen are almost practised athletes. Down a long "way" or "slip" the big seine boat is shot, the men hanging on, pushing, or clambering on as the boat is launched into the sea. In a second the big heavy oars are shipped, every man in his place, and pulling with all his strength for the "shoal," guided by the "huer" who, on the top of the cliff, directs

LAUNCHING THE TUCK-BOAT.

them by waving two branches of furze-bush in the direction required. The turn-out of a metropolitan fire-engine is not accomplished more expeditiously. This work, as may be supposed, is very arduous, and on many parts of the coast the manual labour is superseded by steam seine-boats, which are constantly kept at sea on the look-out, the men being paid weekly wages by the proprietors. Occasionally the "school" is missed, and sometimes, in the difficulty of manœuvring the heavy boats in a comparatively rough sea, a small portion only is secured. Many tries have often to be made, the fish sometimes turning out too young and small, and, though these latter are valuable to the sardine factories, many of which are established in Cornwall, the cost of packing and drawing the fish over many miles of rough country prevents it being worth the labour and trouble. And the roads in some places, say, for instance, the way down to Sennen Cove, Lands End, are most decidedly rough, the writer having once seen a poor old blind man, who perambulated the country with a donkey-cart and apples, once literally hung up on a huge boulder of rock in the middle of the road. The fish once reached, the net is thrown into the sea and a complete circle made round them, the net righting itself in the water by the leads at the bottom and the corks at the top. Then comes the "tuck-boat," often launched by women and children, carrying a smaller net, which is fastened inside the bigger "seine," and partly under the fish, by means of which, by gradually lessening the circle, the precious catch is forced to the surface. Large heavy boats, characteristically called "loaders," are used to convey the fish to the shore. Stalwart young men dip the "tuck-basket" into the shoal of live fish, the water naturally draining out when it is raised to the surface, while the pil-

chards are stowed in the "loader" by large wooden shovels, to the accompaniment of the screams of thousands of sea-gulls.

It is almost alarming, too, to see how deep in the water the boats are loaded, within an inch or two of the gunwale, Mr. Plimsoll's load-line evidently not applying; though, fortunately, accidents are rare.

Upon arriving at the shore or landing-place many from their own and neighbouring villages are there to take them up in "creels" to the cellars. We have once seen a large influx of Cornish miners for this work only. They are paid 2d. a basket, and can make £1 a day, though the work is comparatively laborious.

Of course the natives manage at these times to get fairly well provided with fish. The children are very busy picking up the stray pilchards, and the stray ones getting scarce, an apparently accidental stumble on the rough stones may upset a large creel full, which is not worth gathering up when fish is plentiful.

The pay is pretty good for this work, the children even getting 3d. per hour. The pile is then undone, the fish packed with great care in barrels, and by means of a long lever with a heavy stone hooked on at the end, pressed down tightly. It is then ready for the market.

The inland villagers are good customers for pilchards, and, indeed, for all sorts of fish, conger and mackerel being especial favourites with all. They are usually supplied by the country dealers called "jowters," though how the word arose is uncertain; but the biggest market is Italy, several Italians being permanently established in Cornwall in the business. It might be supposed that the fishermen themselves would care but little for fish, but experience shows that few people are so particularly fond of it. We have often heard the natives declare that a bit of fresh or salted fish was better at any time than meat, roast or boiled. In the winter, when unable to go to sea, the storms and gales

DIPPING FOR PILCHARDS.

If large catches, or perhaps two or three catches fill the cellars, an interesting sight is to see the fish packed on the ground by the women and children, salt being plentifully used, of course, and the heads placed outwards. The row of carefully arranged pilchards is then thatched over and left to pickle for about a month.

preventing the men from doing anything for a livelihood, the salted pilchard is the staple article of food. Served with a boiled potato it makes a savoury enough dish, though I think, perhaps, it needs an acquired taste on behalf of the town dwellers to enjoy it thoroughly.

Most of the fishermen have their plot of

PACKING.

land, and in their intervals of enforced leisure are assiduous gardeners, cultivating generally sufficient potatoes to last the winter.

The oil which is pressed out of the fish is drained by little gutters into a small well, and although after some lapse of time it becomes anything but odorous, or even agreeable to the view, it is very valuab'e to the men for dressing their boots, &c., which become so hardened by the sea-water. Many of the fishermen in days gone by have made a considerable lot of money by Cornish pilchards. In some of the fishing villages it is not at all uncommon for the men to have built their own cottages out of their earnings and to have put a little by besides. Formerly, too, the "schools" came along as early as August, but now they are seldom seen until October. No satisfactory reason either for their present apparent scarcity or the change of the time of their appearance can be given, the fishermen themselves being at a loss for an explanation.

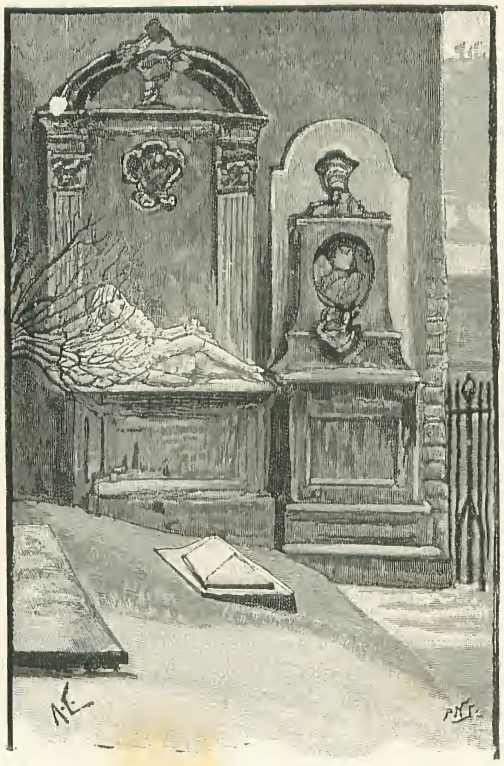
The State of the Law Courts.

III.—THE BAR.

UNDOUBTEDLY the Bar possesses a charm that belongs to no other profession. Not only are its possibilities magnificent, extending as they do to the Woolsack, but it has the further attraction of being the one calling wherein the youthful aspirant may rely upon his personal attributes even more than upon industry and training for success. Many instances could be mentioned of eminent leaders who have been inundated with briefs, and have easily made their £10,000 or more a year, not on account of their legal lore, but because they have been brilliant and persuasive speakers, charming of manner, and quick at repartee.

Perhaps it is natural that most of the smart young graduates who swell the ranks of the Bar should feel themselves fully equipped, if not in their store of learning, at least in personal qualifications. But it is unfortunately a fact that this feeling of youthful confidence, admirable in itself, has in a great measure led to the growth of a numerous army of needy barristers, many of whom are only too anxious to pick up an occasional guinea at the County or the Criminal Courts.

The prizes of the Bar are only for the few, and the disappointments for the many. This uncertainty itself, perhaps, is an attraction to some of the numerous aspirants who would emulate the successes of Cockburn, Ballantine, Russell, Davey, and other great counsel. The advocates' profession is a very ancient one, and goes back to Roman times. The independence of the Bar has always been its greatest boast. Whether it has worthily maintained that characteristic of recent years is a question that we shall discuss later on, but that it did so formerly there can be no doubt. In illustration of this, we may relate a story of a counsel named Wilkins, who was defending a prisoner before Baron Gurney, a very severe judge. Wilkins thought that the judge had made up his mind to convict the prisoner, and, in the course of his address to the jury, he had the temerity to say: "There exist those upon the Bench who have the character of convicting judges. I do not envy their reputation in this world, or their fate hereafter!" The prisoner was in the end acquitted, but whether as the result of this attack, which Baron Gurney felt very keenly, or not, it is impossible to say. It may be doubted whether any advocate nowadays would venture to speak in a similar way. It is possible, however, that Baron Gurney was unaware of his reputation for severity, and Mr. Wilkins' remarks may have had a salutary effect upon him.



THE TEMPLE: "HERE LIES OLIVER GOLDSMITH."

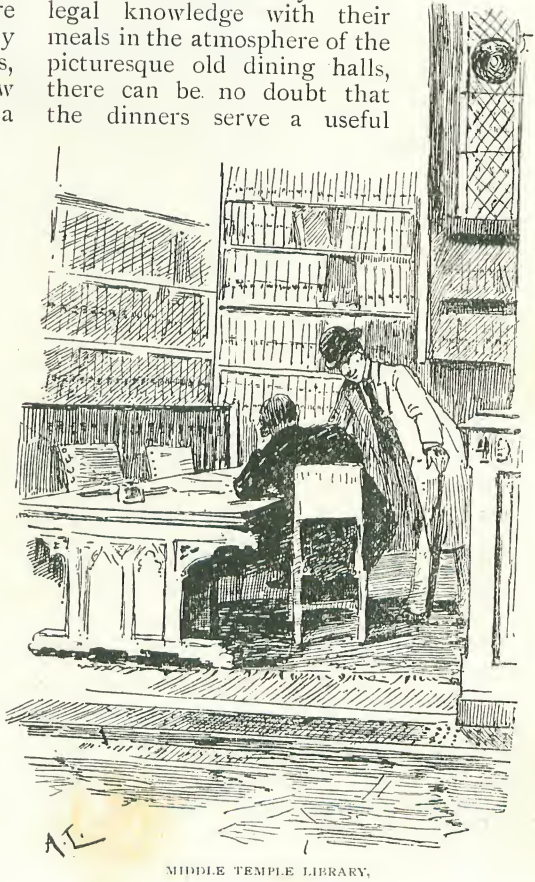
The appointment of barristers is now effected by the four Inns of Court, namely, the Inner Temple, the Middle Temple, Lincoln's Inn, and Gray's Inn. These Inns are voluntary associations, having no statutory powers, and it is only by virtue of

NEW COURT, MIDDLE TEMPLE.

ancient custom that they enjoy the right of calling students to the Bar. They are respectively governed by a self-elected body called "Benchers," who consist of the judges, a number of Queen's counsel, and a few veteran "juniors." The barristers as a class have no voice in the management of the Inns, or in the discipline of their profession. The social status of the Bar has of late years deteriorated, although it is true that barristers are generally drawn from a much higher social level than solicitors. Individual merit is, somewhat erroneously perhaps, supposed to be as great a factor for success as interest, and this, together with other considerations that we have already alluded to, induces a large proportion of the most accomplished University graduates to devote themselves to the Bar in preference to any other profession. University men, however, are not the only aspirants to the Woolsack, whose first step is to obtain a call to the Bar. There is quite a gathering of coloured gentlemen in the Middle Temple, including natives of India, many of whom, no doubt, intend to practise in their own courts; Hottentots, Negroes, Mongolians, dreamy-eyed Japanese, and perhaps an occasional Redskin—many of whom seem to take to the methods of European civilisation quite naturally.

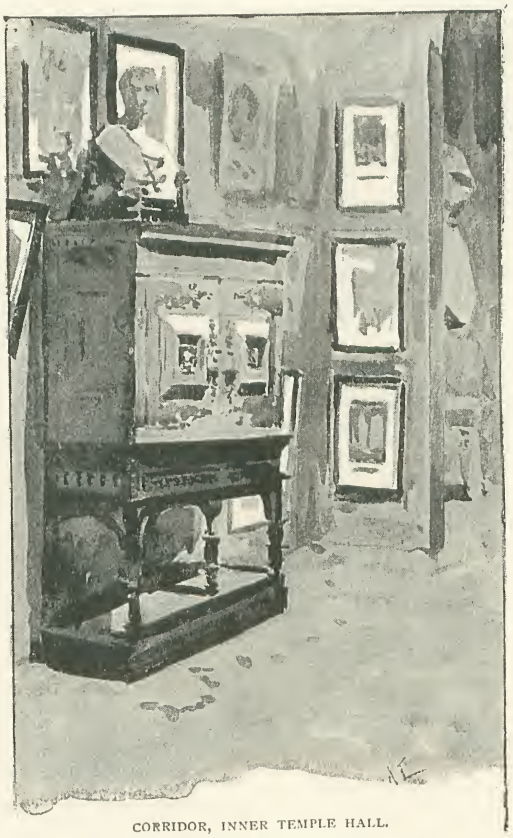
The Inner Temple is considered more fashionable than the Middle, and is preferred by University men, especially perhaps those who are prejudiced in favour of uniformity of colour in their fellow-students. Lincoln's Inn and Gray's Inn call comparatively few men to the Bar.

Some particulars of the process of being "called to the Bar" may be of interest. The aspiring barrister must remain a student for three years, and will have to pay nearly £200 in stamp duty and fees to his Inn. Exception is, however, made in the case of solicitors, who, under recent regulations, can be admitted to the Bar without delay on payment of the fees. Within the last fifteen years an examination has been instituted for all students except solicitors, the latter having been examined by their own society; but, before that time, it was only necessary to eat twenty-four dinners a year for three years in the Hall of the Inn, besides paying the fees, in order to become qualified for the Bar. The dinners are still retained, and although it is not pretended that students insensibly imbibe legal knowledge with their meals in the atmosphere of the picturesque old dining halls, there can be no doubt that the dinners serve a useful



MIDDLE TEMPLE LIBRARY.

purpose in enabling the future barristers to form each other's acquaintance. With what mingled feelings these dinners must be looked back upon in after life! Of two boon companions in student days one may, perhaps, be judge of the High Court, while the other is still struggling for a precarious livelihood in the County Court.



CORRIDOR, INNER TEMPLE HALL.

Students coming from the Universities are only expected to eat twelve dinners a year. The reason for this distinction is shrouded in mystery, but perhaps some solution may occur to the ingenious mind of the reader. It is usual for students to read with junior counsel in large practice, to whom they pay a hundred guineas a year. In return for this they have the run of the papers, from which they are no doubt enabled in some degree to familiarise themselves with the advocate's profession; if they require tuition, they must employ a regular coach. The examinations, however, are by no means severe. They secure a certain amount of legal knowledge on the part of the barrister, which can easily be acquired by a few attendances at the lectures held at the Inn, and a not very assiduous reading of Roman and Common Law. Upon the completion of his three years, the student is called to the Bar, by going through the solemn ceremony of taking a glass of wine with the Benchers of his Inn, and, together with a crowd of his compeers, listening to a friendly monition from the Senior Bencher, or some other venerable greybeard. Having purchased his wig and gown and a brand-new blue bag, the young barrister is then started on his career. He takes chambers in the Temple or Lincoln's Inn, which he probably shares with some other aspirants, and then proceeds on his way to the Woolsack.

The sensations of a young barrister when he first addresses the Court are usually somewhat agonising. Serjeant Ballantine describes his first experience as follows:—"I rose, but could see nothing; the court seemed to turn round and the floor to be sinking. I cannot tell what I asked, but it was graciously granted by the Bench."

He sat down with a parched throat and a sort of sickening feeling that he would never succeed. "Most successful advocates," he adds, "have experienced these sensations, and to this day I believe that many rise to conduct cases of importance with some of their old emotions."

The work of the Bar is divided into several sections, so that the beginner has a fairly wide choice as to which department of his profession he will make his own. There is the Parliamentary Bar, the Common Law Bar, the Equity Bar, and the Criminal Bar; and besides these, several barristers are exclusively occupied with Patents and Conveyancing

But there are sections within sections, consisting of small coteries of specialists who devote themselves to the Divorce Court, to the Privy Council, or to Admiralty work.

While the majority of barristers pass the legal year in the Metropolis, except when on circuit, there are a good many who settle down in populous districts and become known in the profession as local barristers. Both Common Law and Equity men who are, through the pressure of competition, unable to make their way in London, or who perhaps have the advantage of being related

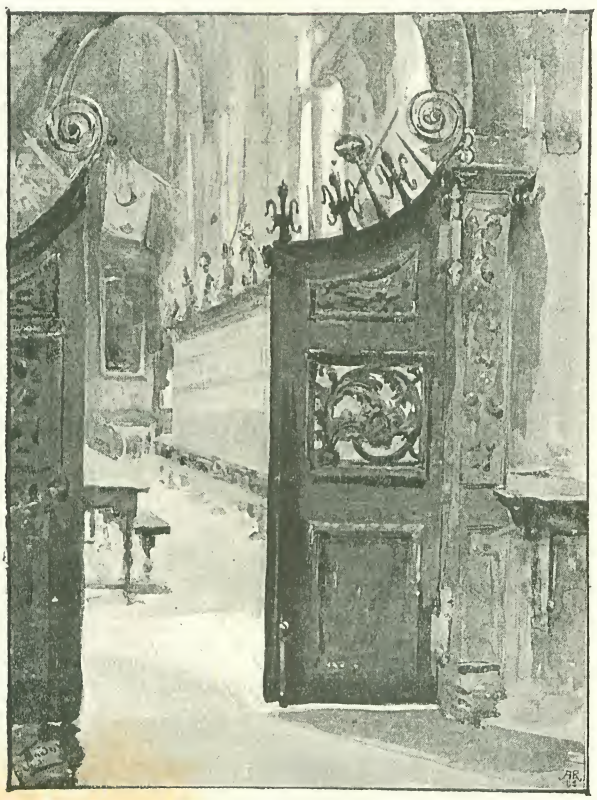
to some eminent firm of provincial solicitors, prefer the certainty of making a decent livelihood in a busy manufacturing town to the keener competition of the Metropolis.

They are somewhat looked down upon by their brethren in London, the work in the provinces being of an inferior kind, mainly confined to the police courts, county courts, and quarter sessions.

The occupation of the local barrister, in fact, does not commend itself to the majority of the Bar, notwithstanding that a few are able to make their £2,000 or £3,000 a year.

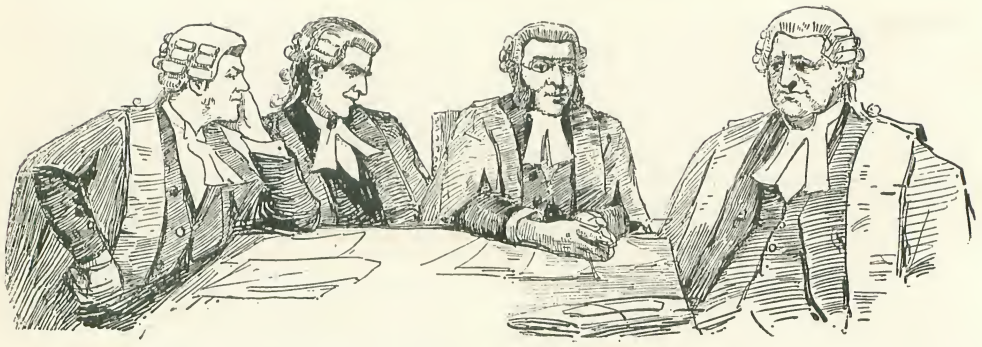
The Parliamentary Bar, probably the most lucrative branch of the profession, is engaged in Private Bill business before Parliamentary Committees. A popular Parliamentary Q.C. will make as much as £20,000 a year, and sometimes even those figures are exceeded. The leading "silks" have always a great number of cases going on at the same time before Committees of the Lords and Commons, and they spend their day in walking from one committee-room to another, opening a case here, replying on a case there, and cross-examining witnesses whose evidence-in-chief they have never heard. This perambulatory practice led to such abuse that in 1861 the committees decided not to allow a barrister to cross-examine who had not been present during the whole of the examination-in-chief, and recently Mr. Hanbury has endeavoured to enforce this rule. No doubt it is, generally speaking, a wholesome regulation, for the reiteration by successive counsel of the same questions leads to an inordinate waste of public time and money. It ought, however, to be enforced with moderation, for it by no means follows that a counsel who has not heard the examination-in-chief is the less able to cross-examine effectively. One of the objects of cross-examination, it should be understood, is to elicit fresh facts, and in that respect it is not necessarily dependent upon evidence-in-chief.

Undoubtedly cross-examination is one of the most difficult as well as one of the most important of a counsel's duties, and a barrister who makes his mark in this particular function is pretty certain to be in general request. It is no less important to know what questions to put than what to refrain from asking. Many counsel are too apt to imagine that by browbeating a witness, and overwhelming him with a multitude of questions, they are conducting their cross-examination effectively. Baron Alderson once withered up an advocate of this character by remarking: "Mr. So-and-so, you seem to think that the art of cross-examination is to examine crossly."



INNER TEMPLE HALL.

The Parliamentary Bar certainly numbers within its ranks several highly-talented counsel, not the least eminent of whom are Mr. Pope, Mr. Bidder, Mr. Littler, and Mr. Pembroke-Stephens, of whom we give portraits. We have already referred to the great incomes that are made in this department of the Bar, and when it is remembered that the work is limited to the time during which Parliament is sitting, it becomes apparent that the fees paid to leading



MR. LITTLER. MR. PEMBROKE-STEPHENS. MR. BIDDER. MR. POPE.

counsel must be enormous. Indeed, the fees marked on their briefs often amount to hundreds of guineas, and the junior gets a sum equal to two-thirds of the amount paid to the leader, except in cases where the latter receives a special fee. And, added to this, both receive a refresher of fifteen guineas a day. Surely such payment is excessive.

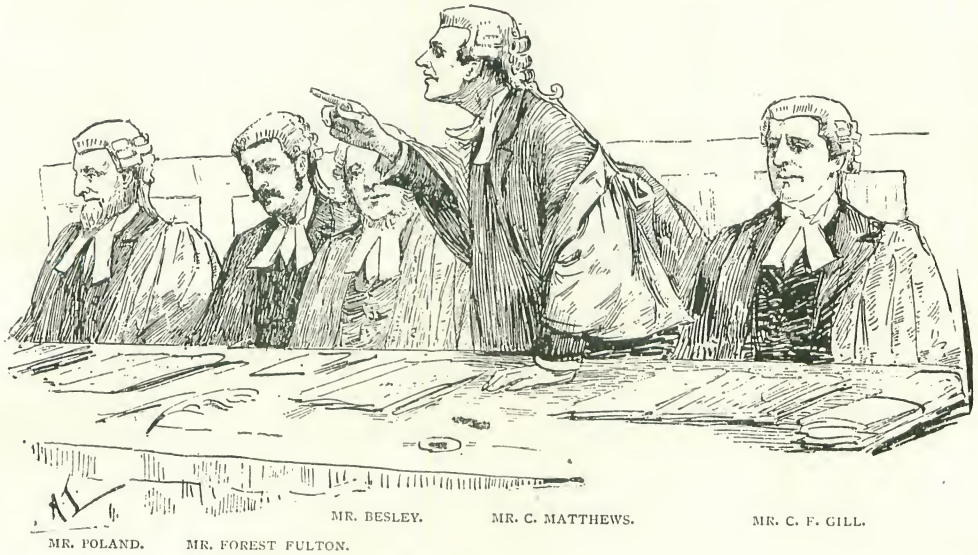
In one very essential particular the members of the Equity Bar differ in their customs from other branches of their profession. Practising before the five Chancery judges and the Chancery Court of Appeal, the leaders of the Equity Bar attach themselves to particular Courts, and invariably decline to leave their own favourite sphere of operations to appear in another Court without a special fee. The result of this arrangement is that litigants employing eminent counsel in Chancery cases can be almost certain of their attendance throughout. However heavy may be the fees paid to counsel of the Equity Bar, it can at least be said that they generally give full value for their money—a gratifying compliment that can hardly be extended to other branches of the profession. But satisfactory as the system may seem to be from the client's point of view, experience shows that it is not without its serious disadvantages. The continuous contact of particular counsel with particular judges is varying in its effects. In some cases it leads to an undue influence on the part of the counsel over the judges, while in others the judges use their power to such an overbearing extent that even eminent Queen's counsel are sometimes subjected to a degree of abasement that is painful to witness. The demeanour of one or two of the Equity judges is, in fact, characterised by an absurd pomposity, and, however great their abilities, they are not so high-minded as to disdain the petty delight of trying to humiliate the leaders of the Bar. There have been several instances of a judge taking a personal dislike to a counsel, and by making him feel it on every possible occasion, practically dismissing him from the Court. Thus it will be recognised that the system gives judges too much power over members of the Bar.

There are always two favourite "silks" in each Court, who practically divide the work between them. The special fees that we have already referred to are, however, frequently obtained by eminent Queen's counsel. The greatest advocates of the Equity Bar—like Sir Horace Davey or Mr. Rigby — do not attach themselves to any Court, and will not, in fact, appear in Court at all without a special fee. The incomes made by some of the most eminent Equity counsel are prodigious. Lord Selborne, when Sir Roundell Palmer, is said to have made over £30,000 a year; and rumour has it that neither Sir Horace Davey nor Mr. Rigby are earning much less than that amount.

Although, as a rule, the members of the Equity Bar do not shine in public life, it has nevertheless associated with it several distinguished names, such as those of Westbury, Cairns, and Selborne, all of whom found in the Chancery Courts the stepping-stone to fame.

The Criminal Bar of London congregates at the Old Bailey (which is the Assize Court for the Metropolis and part of the Home Counties) as well as at the Middlesex and Surrey Sessions, held respectively at Clerkenwell and Newington. In speaking of the Criminal Bar, the brilliant exploits of such men as Ballantine, Parry, Huddleston, Gifford, Hawkins, and Clarke naturally occur to one's memory. But what a sad

falling off is now apparent ! There is not a single name of distinction now associated with the historic Court that has in the past resounded to the eloquence of so many splendid advocates. Nowadays the mention of the Criminal Bar only brings to mind such men as the Government prosecutor (official in all but name), Mr. Poland, and a crowd of lesser lights, among whom Mr. Forest Fulton, M.P., and Mr. Gill stand forth as the most talented. There are at the Criminal Bar a number of newly-fledged barristers, and several indigent and disappointed men who are content to gain a small and precarious livelihood. A handful secure a respectable living, and comparatively large incomes are only made in two



or three cases, notably among those who have Treasury work. The compulsory litigants, who often have to send the hat round among their friends for the purpose, can for the most part only provide small fees, and small as they are, they do not always reach the hands of counsel.

It may be interesting to mention here the curious fact that barristers cannot recover their fees at law. The fee, it appears, is an honorarium, and nothing more. Of course, while barristers have no legal claim for their fees, no action for negligence, however gross, can lie against them ; and it is obvious that, if the power were accorded to them of recovering their fees at law, they would also be liable to action in case of negligence. If we may judge by the very rare occasions of actions for negligence being successful against solicitors, there is no reason why they should have any terrors for counsel. It would certainly be satisfactory to see the barrister's profession put upon a more business-like footing. Advocates are, under the present conditions, sometimes the prey of unscrupulous solicitors, who hand them briefs marked with tempting fees that are never paid, and when these harpies have tired out the patience of one guileless counsel, they devote similarly undesirable attentions to another. Happily, such solicitors are comparatively few ; but even respectable firms often avail themselves of the inability of counsel to recover fees by taking unconscionable credit.

The system should be changed, and if barristers were made liable for negligence it would, perhaps, have a wholesome effect in preventing some of them from accepting briefs to which they or their clerks must know that they cannot attend.

To return to the Criminal Bar, one cannot help observing how great is the disadvantage at which a prisoner is sometimes placed. The unfortunate man has perhaps been unable by himself or his friends to find the necessary funds to instruct a counsel, or perhaps he has managed to scrape together a guinea, which he hands over the dock, as his case is called, to some inexperienced barrister, who thereupon finds himself face to face with a wary and experienced advocate like Mr. Poland or Mr. Gill. The prisoner's chances of vindi-

cating himself, innocent though he may be, must be greatly reduced by the disadvantages under which he labours.

The State, which expends enormous sums for the conviction of criminals, ought, undoubtedly, as is the case in many other countries, to provide legal assistance for the accused in order to secure a fair trial. So far as we are aware, there is only one case in which this is done in England, namely, when an offence, while in the execution of duty, is charged against a member of the police force, a body of men who are in a much better position to secure for themselves legal assistance than the majority of ordinary prisoners.

MR. INDERWICK. SIR EDWARD CLARKE.

Perhaps the deplorable dearth of highly talented men at the Criminal Bar is in some degree accounted for by the curious circumstance that when a man once becomes a criminal lawyer he can be nothing else. The dismal atmosphere of the Old Bailey seems to permeate all his future prospects, and he is rarely able to emerge from it into the higher ranks of his profession. The Lord Chancellor, Mr. Justice Hawkins, and Sir Edward Clarke are, perhaps, the only living instances to the contrary; but even they belong to a somewhat bygone time, and were never exclusively criminal lawyers.

The leading common-law work of the High Court is practically divided among a dozen or so eminent Queen's counsel. It is a matter of common complaint that the leaders accept briefs, knowing well at the time they receive them that they will not be able to attend to them. There is a good deal of truth in this, although the supposed delinquents are able to put forward a very plausible plea of justification. It is certain that they cannot always know what briefs they will be able to give full attention to, seeing that there are a number of Courts engaged in trying cases some of which may last days, and some only minutes. Indeed, a counsel with a very small practice may find that, owing to the unexpected manner in which the cases on the list are sometimes disposed of, the two or three briefs that have been entrusted to him may all require his attention in different Courts on the same day, although when he accepted them he might reasonably have anticipated that the cases would be called on different days. It must, however, be admitted that there are some eminent counsel who accept briefs, although it is morally certain that they will be unable to give them any personal attention.

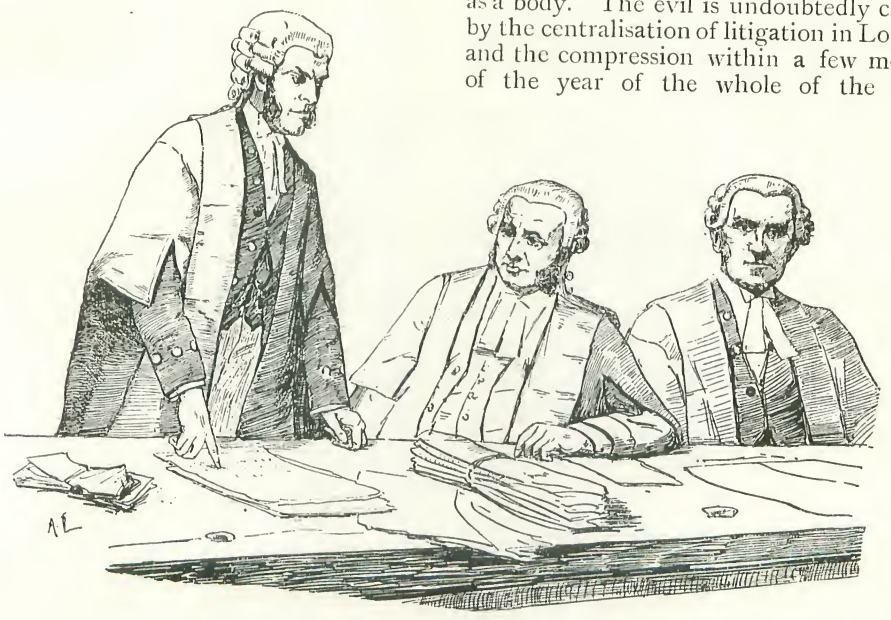
No other professional man expects to be paid for work that he does not perform, and there can be no doubt that the proper course for counsel overwhelmed with briefs to pursue is to return those that he cannot attend to, thereby enabling his client to obtain legal assistance elsewhere, and at the same time distributing a little work among his less fortunate brethren of the Bar. The public are, however, at fault in insisting on retaining an eminent advocate at a fancy price, when their cases could be just as well conducted at much smaller cost by men whose names figure less frequently in the reports of important trials. In any sensational *cause célèbre* it is almost certain that the names of Sir Charles Russell, Sir Edward Clarke, and Mr. Lockwood, will appear on one side or the other. These eminent men have, in fact, the pick of the work, and the same may be said, in regard to

great commercial cases, of Sir R. Webster and Mr. Finlay, and, before his recent elevation to the Bench, of Mr. Henn-Collins.

The work of a somewhat less distinguished character is in the hands of half a dozen Queen's counsel, among whom may be mentioned Mr. Kemp, Mr. Willis, Mr. Jelf, and Mr. Winch, while there is a "tail" of "silks" who, not being fortunate enough to rank as popular favourites, have to content themselves with a very much smaller practice as well as smaller fees. Under the present conditions there is nothing like a fair distribution of work among the leaders of the Bar. This is perhaps in a great measure due to the action of solicitors, who, if they have a rich client in a big action, are sure to run after one of the half-dozen most popular advocates, and with a less wealthy client they will retain one of the next half-dozen. It is indeed curious to observe how slavishly solicitors run after the most eminent counsel on the chance of securing their services, rather than entrust their briefs to less noted men, who, even if their ability be less, would at least make up for it by greater assiduity and closer attention. The result is that these favoured gentlemen may be seen popping in and out of the ten or twelve Queen's Bench Courts that are sitting at the same time, examining a witness in one place, and addressing the jury in another; while their imperfect knowledge of their cases must inevitably tell to the disadvantage of their clients, who perhaps have paid them fees of one or even two hundred guineas, with corresponding refreshers.

From what we have said it will be obvious that it is only the very few who can hope to become wealthy at the Bar, and such a lottery is "taking silk" that many "juniors" refuse to have the distinction conferred upon them, preferring the modest income that they are able to earn to the uncertainty and disappointment that falls to the lot of most of those who become leaders. Even a prosperous junior who gives up his practice to become a Q.C. runs the risk of being left out in the cold altogether.

A state of things that practically places the monopoly of the legal work in a few hands tends neither to the advantage of the public nor to the prosperity of the Bar as a body. The evil is undoubtedly caused by the centralisation of litigation in London, and the compression within a few months of the year of the whole of the High Court business. There is no valid reason why the Courts should not sit the whole year through, and barristers and judges take their holidays as they personally like to arrange. The amalgamation of the two branches of the legal profession has been much discussed in recent years, and it has

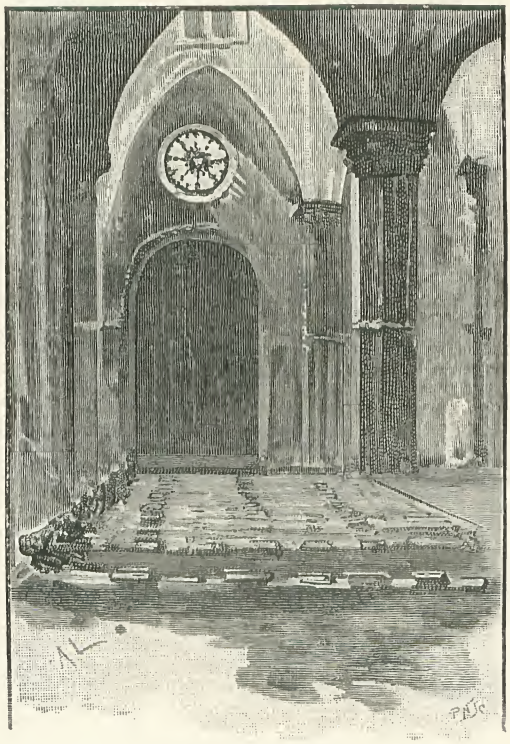


SIR HENRY JAMES. SIR RICHARD WEBSTER. SIR CHARLES RUSSELL.

many warm advocates both among barristers and solicitors, one of the strongest being the Solicitor-General. But no doubt the majority are opposed to the suggested change. Its supporters, in fact, are for the most part to be found among ambitious young solicitors who have acquired a taste for advocacy in the Police and County Courts. They urge that it would cheapen litigation, inasmuch as there would be only one person to pay instead of two, and they point to the United States and to the Colonies as indicating that amalgamation would work well. In great cities, however, the division of labour between the advocate and the solicitor, although theoretically non-existent, is in reality very similar to what it is in this country. The advocate must always be the advocate, and nothing more, and the drudgery of preparing the material for him to work upon must be reserved for other persons, whether they occupy the position of solicitors, partners, or clerks.

Under the present system, a solicitor can exercise his judgment in retaining the counsel most suited to his client's case, an advantage which would disappear if solicitors had barristers for partners. The solicitor, it should be remembered, has multifarious duties in connection with litigation, whilst the barrister is only the adviser on points of law and the advocate. It is further to be observed that the barrister, not being associated with the pecuniary interests of his client, but arguing his case solely on legal grounds, and on the weight of evidence, possesses a degree of independence and a reputation for trustworthiness which, if he were a solicitor as well, he would be unable to enjoy. It is not from an amalgamation, such as that suggested, that an amelioration of the present system is to be looked for. Notwithstanding its high reputation, the Bar, by tamely submitting to a system that works out to its own detriment, is itself responsible not only for its own unsatisfactory condition, whereby the bulk of the profits of the profession go into a few hands, but also in a considerable degree for the gross defects of our judicial system. Recently the members of the Bar have formed among themselves a Bar Committee to protect their interests, but it appears to have done little practical work, and to be little more than a mutual admiration society.

It is obviously to the interest of the leading and wealthy members of the profession, several of whom are legislators, that the present state of things should continue. They make splendid incomes within the short legal year; while the Long Vacation, which completely closes the Courts, prevents the intrusion of competitors during their holidays. The present system practically secures to them a monopoly of work, and gives them an extravagant time for rest and enjoyment. The Long Vacation, then, which is also the chief cause of the law's delay, is at the root of the evil. The younger barristers as well as the less lucky Queen's counsel, who are anxious for work that they are fully capable of performing, would regard with pleasure the abolition or curtailment of the Vacation, as a means of enabling them to share in that work which cannot properly be done within the brief period now occupied.

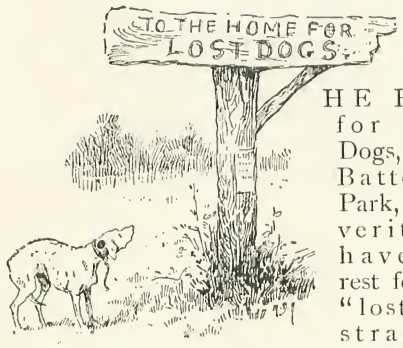


IN THE TEMPLE CHURCH.

Are the members of the Bar, notwithstanding all their boasted independence, afraid to speak out even in their own

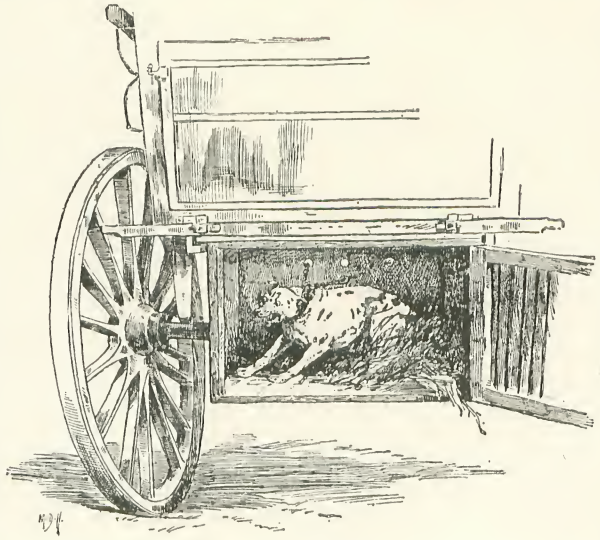
interests? They alone are capable of properly exposing the scandals of our judicial system, and of bringing about improvements that would be as much to the advantage of the public as of themselves; and yet their voice is uniformly silent. It is certain that had the leaders of the Bar opened their lips in the House of Commons, those scandals to which we adverted in former articles would either have been non-existent or would have been promptly remedied. It is not, however, from the leaders of the Bar that reform is to be expected; the first step must be taken by the rank and file, who, by a united movement showing that they do indeed possess independence and grit, will increase their own prosperity and at the same time commend themselves to the public.

The Home for Lost Dogs.



THE Home for Lost Dogs, near Battersea Park, is a veritable haven of rest for the "lost and strayed." It was started in the most unpretentious way, some thirty years ago, in a back kitchen at Islington; to-day its premises possess ample accommodation for the temporary lodging of over 20,000 wanderers every year; indeed, during 1890, no fewer than 21,593 passed through its gates (homes being found for 3,388), 1,771 were restored to their owners, and 1,617 new homes were provided where satisfactory safeguards were assured. Such are the interesting canine statistics given to us as we start on our tour of inspection, under the guidance of Mr. Matthias Colam, the secretary.

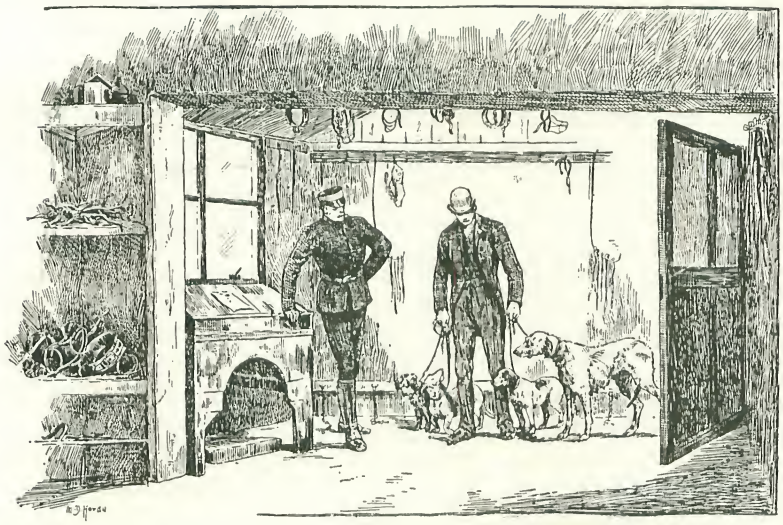
We have entered the great red gates, and stand for a moment upon the threshold of the Receiving House, for a van passes almost at our elbow. Its appearance suggests "police"; at any rate, the driver is an indisputable representative of law and order in mufti. Those familiar cries betray who the inmates are—all sorts and conditions of dogs picked up by the police; this is a deposit of some thirty lost animals about to find apartments for a time. When the muzzling order was first put into force, such a van would have to run over to Battersea three and four times a day, and then leave a load of the lost behind. The conveyance is specially constructed for this purpose. Our friendly "policeman in plain clothes" opens the back door, and there one can see that the interior of the van is made into a tenement of two floors, the bigger dogs being placed below, and the more diminutive species above. Iron rings are arranged round the sides, to which the animals are attached by their chains. A small but important apartment, however, is that placed at the bottom of the van, between the two back wheels. It takes the form of a cage, with iron bars and a grating of fine wire. This is designed for the accommodation of a more than usually troublesome dog, sometimes one that is mad, so that he is carried from the police-station to the "Home" without upsetting the quieter-disposed dispositions of his fellow-animals above.



IN THE CAGE.

Of course some dogs are brought here by kind-hearted individuals other than the police, and as many as 500 from all sources have been received in the course of a day. It is impossible to single out one part of London more famous for its "lost" than another—they arrive from the East and from the West. That delightful little King Charles which is just now cuddled up in a corner of the Receiving House has probably strayed from its customary luxuriousness of a drawing-room in Belgravia—it will surely be claimed in a few hours—whilst its next-door neighbour is a bull-dog, with a prodigious head, which strongly suggests pugilism and Whitechapel. The Receiving House is situated on your immediate right. It is the first room into which the lost dog goes when it claims admission to the home. A dozen dogs are waiting to be examined—collies, fox terriers, and two or three nondescripts in addi-

tion to the tiny King Charles and massive bull-dog already caught sight of. On a beam above, which stretches from one side of the apartment to the other, are hanging the chains and collars of the animals



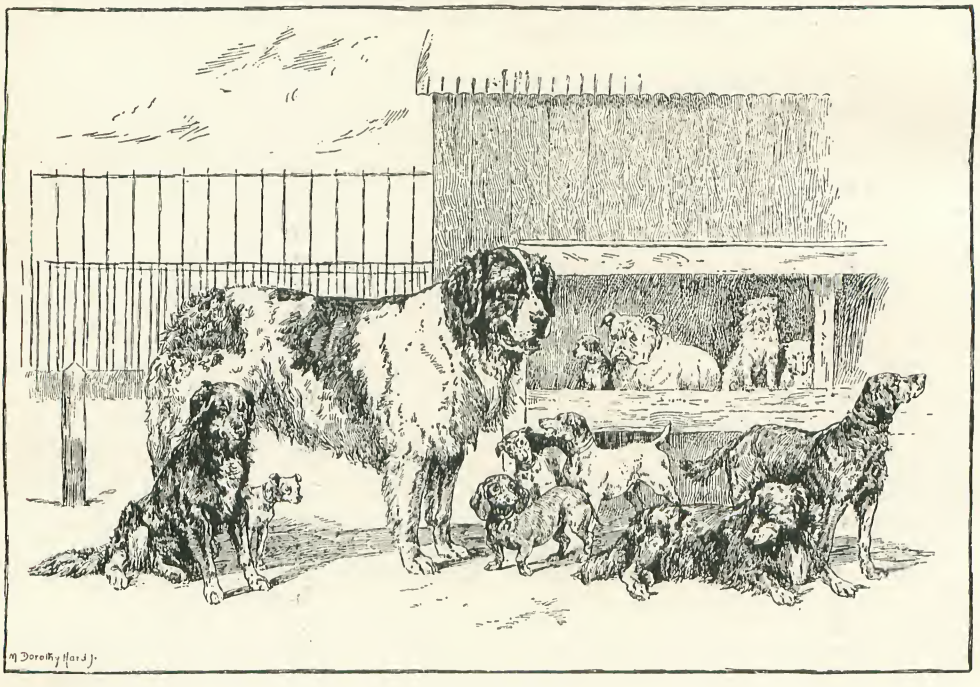
THE RECEIVING ROOM.

admitted during the past week, under their proper divisions of Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and so on. This little collection of a dozen are taken in hand one by one. Should any of them be suffering from rabies, they are at once sent to the "Condemned Cell," to which we shall presently pay a visit. The hon. veterinary surgeon, A. J. Sewell, Esq., is sent for, and if he endorses the opinion of the receiver—himself a man who "knows a dog"—the animal is at once destroyed. Some poor creatures pass a day or two in the Infirmary, and are quickly mended under kind and humane treatment, whilst those dogs who have had their day, and are past all aid, are destroyed.

This Receiving House has been accorded Royal patronage, for amongst what might be called the canine sweepings of London who have found their way here, the Duchess of Teck's dog has looked in; so has the Marquis of Hartington's, and Lord Brassey's. Amongst the rarest of the wanderers located here have been a couple of African sand dogs, little creatures without a vestige of hair on their bodies, saving a relieving tuft on the head. Even at the Dogs' Home many a romance might be found. Think of a poor lost creature being picked up for a few shillings—for dogs may be purchased after a certain lapse of time—and then running away with its new owner and winning an important prize at the Brighton show! More startling still was the case of a bloodhound sold to Mr. Mark Beaufoy, M.P., for a small sum. That dog, once numbered amongst the lost, was destined to become the mother of the champion bloodhound of the world — "Cromwell." Dogs have been sold over and over again and have returned. One little story which we hear as we pass into the main yard is worth repeating. "Bluebeard" was his name, and he was a lively boarhound. All that is known of his early life is that he was found walking about, without visible means of subsistence, in the vicinity of Wandsworth. He was lost—hence, away with him to Battersea. On four separate occasions "Bluebeard" was restored, and every time he found his way back. One night, after the gates were closed, the keeper heard a tap-tap-tap at the entrance. It was the paw of a dog, and when the keeper opened the door it was none other than our old friend "Bluebeard" who had delivered himself up again for the third time. When he crept in he went straight to his former kennel. Eventually, "Bluebeard" was despatched to the country, where, according to the latest reports, he is doing well.

We are now on our way to the kennels—fine, light, airy, and well-built places. We pause just a moment, however, in the playground; for all the bigger kennels have a playground in the rear, where the dogs are let out to enjoy a merry gambol, or indulge in the luxury of a shower-bath, where at one end of the ground a fountain is playing, under the refreshing sprays of which the dogs delight to run. Wooden boxes are provided under which the animals may go in the summer months, when the sun proves too warm for them, or shelter from the rain during an occasional shower, or inclement weather.

This particular play-ground is inhabited principally by large dogs — retrievers, Scotch collies, greyhounds, and even what are generally known as carriage-dogs. We invite them to the sides of the play-ground—round which substantial iron bars run—and what a noise is there! Yet we are assured that at night not a sound is to be heard—the sudden shriek of the whistle of a passing train over the bridge close at hand, or the warning note of a steam tug on the river never disturbs them. Dogs in company seem to ensure contentment. You may peep into half a dozen other play-grounds, where the creatures will be found to be more of a diminutive type—hundreds of fox-terriers; indeed, it would seem that the lost terriers number ten times more than any of the other species, whilst retrievers and collies vie with each other for next place on the roll. And round these immense open cages good people wander with distressful countenances in search of those who have left their kennels in the back garden without notice, or wagged their tails



THE PLAYGROUND.

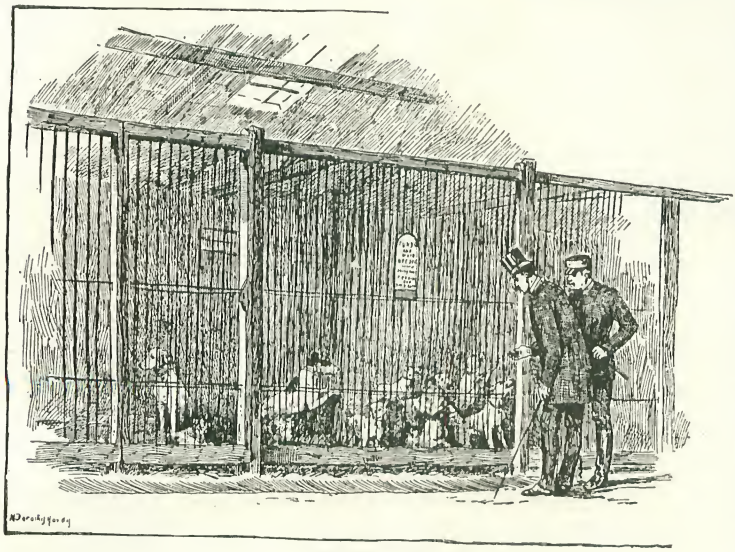
for freedom by forsaking the comforts of the hearth-rug in the front parlour. Suddenly a visitor recognises and is recognised.

"Jack, Jack!" the owner cries. Jack jumps up in mad delight, barks and barks again, makes a frantic effort to pull down the iron bars in its joy, but all to no avail. Then a keeper enters the playground, picks Jack up in his arms, and surely never was a happier recognition. It is really this that those in authority at Battersea depend upon more than anything else, so as to ensure the lost animal being returned to its rightful owner. As a rule, the person losing a dog goes into the yard accompanied by a keeper. He picks out a dog, and it is fastened near the gates, where it can be seen from the office. The owner is invited to this part of the yard, and the keeper watches how the dog and its master meet one another again. This simple plan seldom fails. Furthermore, a set of questions have to be answered by the claimant, and mistakes seldom occur.

It is whilst we are watching the dogs at play, just as Jack—lost no longer—is tripping away merrily over the stones of the yard, that we are entertained with numerous anecdotes by our genial guide. We hear of a devoted owner of a little pet terrier. Hers was but an instance of many who come several miles in search of their favourites. This lady travelled some six or seven miles every day for a week in the hopes of having this same little terrier returned to her. It was

the last day of the week, and there was the affectionate owner scanning eagerly every dog that entered. At last the rumble of the wheels of the police van was heard, and when the door was opened, there amongst the other inmates lay a tiny creature in the corner fast asleep.

"That's Dot! my little Dot!" cried the lady, and at the sound of her voice the wandering terrier jumped up, and seemed as though it would go mad ere one of the assistants could loosen its chain. Dot went away again with its mistress.



THE KENNELS.

It is needless to say—to put it kindly—that wrongful appropriators of dogs occasionally pay a visit to Battersea, and a capital story is told of one of these gentry who had seen a kind-hearted policeman taking in a lost pug that same morning.

"Good mornin', sir," said this worthy, entering the office; "I've lost my dawg, and if you don't mind, I should feel mich obliged if yer'd let me 'ave a look round the 'ome?"

"What sort of a dog was it?" asked the secretary, coming in at that moment, and recognising the man as a well-known dog stealer. "When did you lose it?"

"This mornin', sir. An' it's a pug, with a collar and studs and a blue ribbin round its neck."

"Quite right—we had such a dog come in this morning," the secretary said. "Just wait a moment—sit down."

Our friend from Whitechapel did, evidently much pleased with his tactics.

In a few moments he was invited to step into the yard, where some four or five pugs were held in check by a keeper.

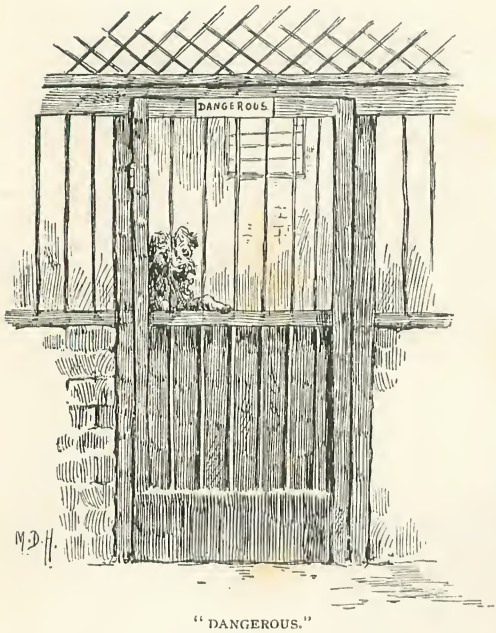
"Which is yours?" was asked.

"Vy, that's it, sir—that with the collar and blue ribbon round 'is neck. See 'ow 'e knows me!"

When this enterprising gentleman was told that the dog he had chosen had been in the home a fortnight, and, further, that the collar and ribbon had been taken off the real dog's neck and temporarily decorated the throat of another animal, Whitechapel was somewhat abashed, and was glad to get away.

The principal kennels are in the centre of the yard, and are divided into compartments denoting the various days on which the dog entered, so that at the completion of the period which the law requires all dogs should be kept, the animal will have been a temporary tenant of all of them in rotation. The two sexes are separated immediately they enter, and you may walk down the centre avenue enjoying the frolics of the merriest of fox-terriers in one cage, and stay to admire the fine coat of a lost St. Bernard, or pat a good-looking collie on the back as they look almost pitifully towards you. This little army of dogs eat some two tons of biscuits and meal in a fortnight. At six o'clock, when the place is closed, the dogs are bedded down with plenty of clean straw and a liberal supply of sawdust, and every hour a night watchman goes his rounds to see that there is no fighting, and to attend to the Crematorium—the latter one of the most important branches in the work of the institution.

There is just a moment to peep in at a substantial looking shed, specially built for the protection of puppies born at the Home. A magnificent St. Bernard is lying convalescent in the corner. Then, in another part of the yard, more kennels are visited, scrupulously clean, patterns of neatness; and one compartment in the far corner rivets our attention for the moment, for a



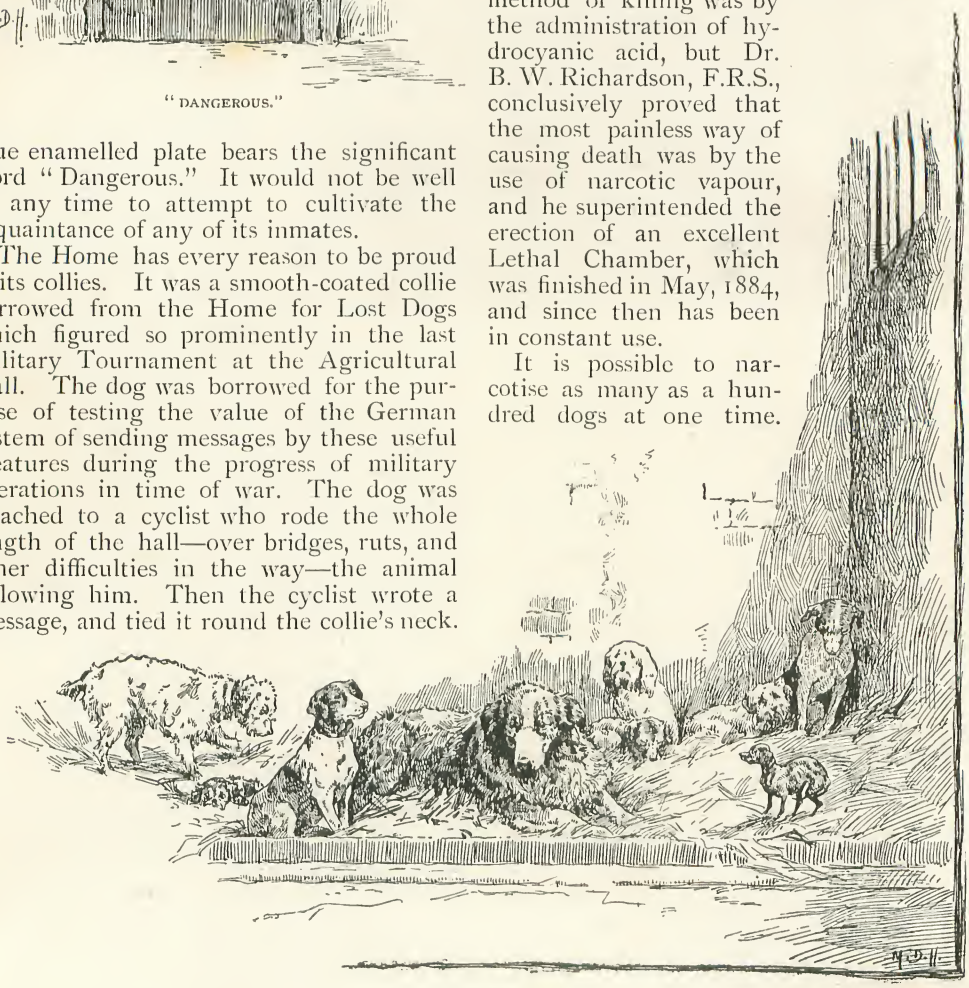
"DANGEROUS."

blue enamelled plate bears the significant word "Dangerous." It would not be well at any time to attempt to cultivate the acquaintance of any of its inmates.

The Home has every reason to be proud of its collies. It was a smooth-coated collie borrowed from the Home for Lost Dogs which figured so prominently in the last Military Tournament at the Agricultural Hall. The dog was borrowed for the purpose of testing the value of the German system of sending messages by these useful creatures during the progress of military operations in time of war. The dog was attached to a cyclist who rode the whole length of the hall—over bridges, ruts, and other difficulties in the way—the animal following him. Then the cyclist wrote a message, and tied it round the collie's neck. The way was pointed out to him, he took a silent view of the road before him, and then, with a sudden bark suggestive that he understood, away the collie went, and delivered the despatch safely as required. This dog is now the property of Major Crabb.

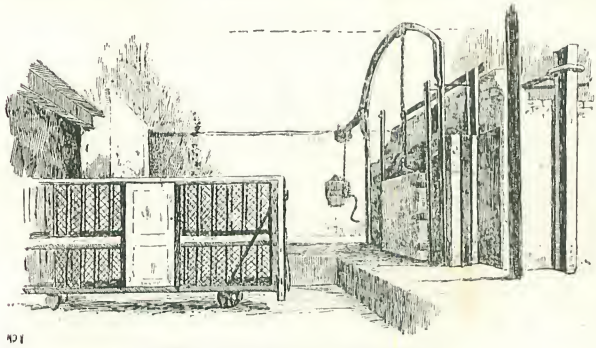
We are now nearing what is, perhaps, the most important part of the Battersea Home, the Infirmary—which is practically the condemned cell—the Lethal Chamber, and the Crematorium. The condemned cell is a huge kennel separated into two compartments, through the iron grating of which often as many as a hundred dogs are to be counted. It should be said that a dog is never put to death unless it is past all cure, and, further, that the means employed are as quick and humane as scientists have yet discovered. For many years the method of killing was by the administration of hydrocyanic acid, but Dr. B. W. Richardson, F.R.S., conclusively proved that the most painless way of causing death was by the use of narcotic vapour, and he superintended the erection of an excellent Lethal Chamber, which was finished in May, 1884, and since then has been in constant use.

It is possible to narcotise as many as a hundred dogs at one time.



THE CONDEMNED CELL.

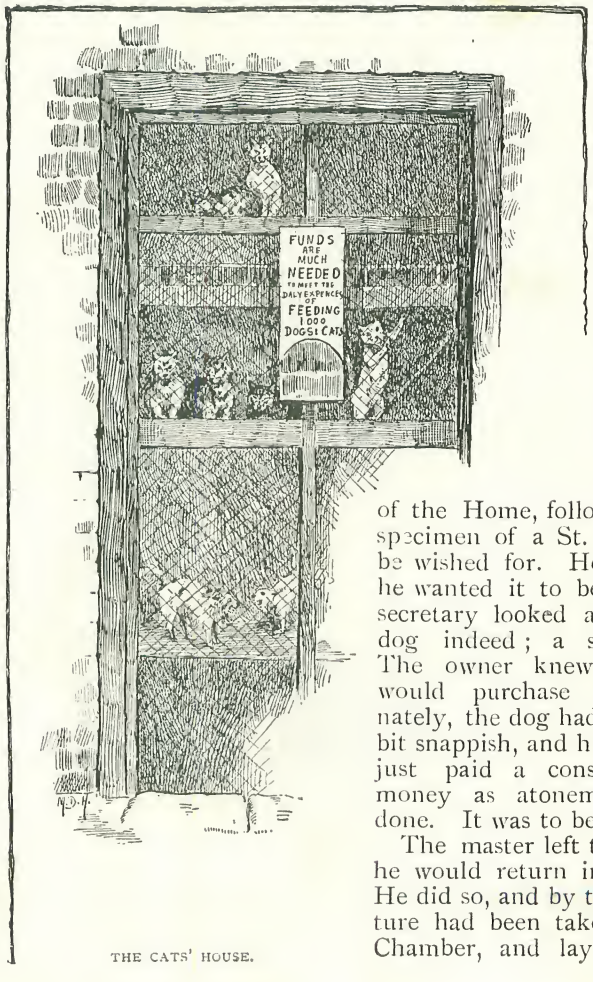
This generally takes place at night. The unfortunate animals are conveyed from the Condemned Cell to a large cage some ten



LETHAL CHAMBER AND CREMATORIUM.

feet long, by four feet in depth and width. Two such cages—each of which is divided into tiers—are here. When the dogs are safely secured in the cage, they are taken to the chamber, the door of which is unlocked, the bar-bolt lifted, and the cage with its inmates is run into the Lethal apartment. Here it remains for some six or seven minutes, during which time the chamber is charged with carbonic acid gas, and a spray of chloroform is pumped in, which the dogs immediately inhale. This process of bringing about all that is needed is not strangulation or suffocation, but is essentially a death sleep. There are also two smaller chambers presented to the Home by Dr. Richardson, constructed on similar principles, intended for use when a dog has to be destroyed at once.

Exactly opposite the Lethal Chamber is the Crematorium. This is a white brick structure, with a chimney some 65 ft. high. It is so built that the bodies of the dogs do not in any way come in contact with the fuel; the heat being obtained from the coke furnace below. The door of the Crematorium is wound up by the means of a windlass, and the interior reveals a space of about 10 ft. long by 9 ft. in width. After the lapse of some five or six hours from leaving the Lethal Chamber, the animals are put in here. By the morning all that remains of them is a few charred bones, and in a corner of the yard may be seen a dozen or so of sacks, containing all that remains of many a domestic pet, waiting for the soap-makers (who buy them) to come and fetch them away. The number of dogs thus destroyed every week averages three hundred.



THE CATS' HOUSE.

A very touching incident occurred just where we are standing, only a few weeks before.

A gentleman entered the gates of the Home, followed by as pure a specimen of a St. Bernard as could be wished for. He said quietly that he wanted it to be destroyed. The secretary looked at it. A valuable dog indeed; a splendid creature. The owner knew it. No money would purchase it, but, unfortunately, the dog had proved himself a bit snappish, and his master had only just paid a considerable sum of money as atonement for damage done. It was to be destroyed.

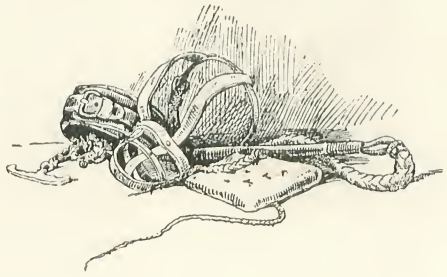
The master left the dog, and said he would return in an hour's time. He did so, and by this time the creature had been taken to the Lethal Chamber, and lay there on a slab

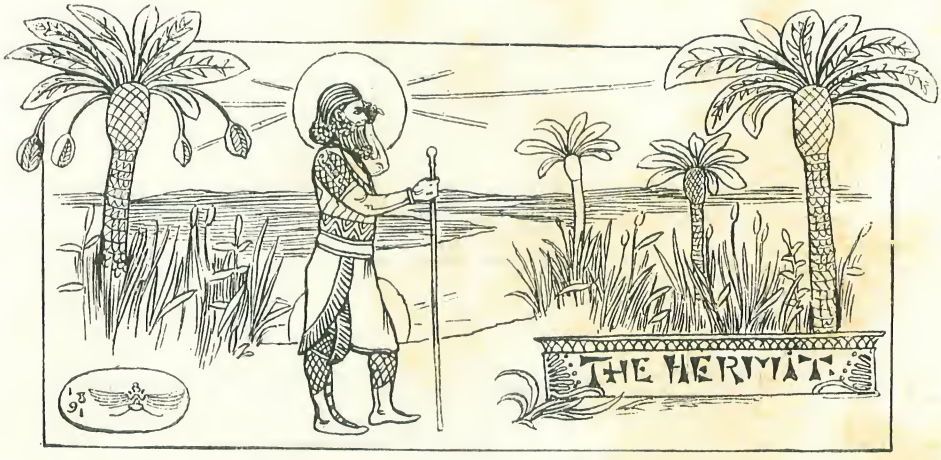
apparently asleep. It was hard for his master to believe that he was dead. The gentleman even felt the dog's heart to see if it was beating, but there was no sign of movement. Then he broke down; the strong, stalwart fellow burst into tears as he talked to his favourite. He told the dead creature that they had been companions for ten years, and he felt the parting more than that of a brother.

Again he went away, but the next day found him once more at the gates. He had had no sleep—could he see his dog again? But it was too late. All that was left of the once envied St. Bernard was a few ashes, and without a word the heart-broken master turned and left the place.

One corner of the premises is particularly interesting, and we look in whilst passing. It is the cats' house. These are in many instances stray cats, picked up in West-end areas, and brought to Battersea by benevolent ladies. They are fed twice a day. In the morning they get new milk, and a varied diet of the customary horse-flesh and fish. Many parcels of fish are sent as presents for the cats. The frolicsome pussies have decidedly comfortable quarters, and they, too, have a playground, in which are planted tree trunks, of which they freely avail themselves. One of the cats' houses is peculiarly noticeable. These are the boarders, for cats may be left here at a charge of 1s. 6d. per week. This little collection in front of us is the property of a lady who has no fewer than a dozen here. All have their pet names, and she frequently comes to feed them herself. These splendid Persians and Angoras—the latter with a marvellous tail—have been residents here for some three years, and amongst them may be seen a fine specimen of a Russian cat with a wonderful head, which seems to while away its time by curling itself up in its own particular box or sleeping apartment; and a bob-tail may also be found playing merrily.

As we leave the yard, we look in at the men's reading-room, plentifully supplied with newspapers, and a small library, the shelves of which are principally taken up by volumes of a "doggy" nature. The office, too, must not be forgotten. These rows of immense ledgers contain the records of hundreds of thousands of dogs which have enjoyed the hospitality of the Institution at some time or other. The Board-room is a fine apartment, and round the sides of its walls legacies and donations are chronicled in letters of gold. Framed missives from Royalty may be read in abundance—Her Majesty the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Cambridge are the patrons of the Home. There is recorded in a book at Battersea an expression of opinion, none other than that of Her Majesty, which is worthy of being quoted in these pages. On the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee an address was presented by those interested in the work in connection with this very admirable institution. Her Majesty made reply and said:—"The objects of your association appear to be deserving of the greatest sympathy and commendation; and your solicitude for the welfare of dogs, the friends of man, who have shown so much zeal, fidelity, and affection in the service of mankind, is the fitting complement of the charity which strives to comfort and succour the unfortunate and afflicted members of our own race."





A STORY FOR CHILDREN: FROM THE FRENCH OF VOLTAIRE.

IN the reign of King Moabdar there lived at Babylon a young man named Zadig. He was handsome, rich, and naturally good-hearted; and at the moment when this story opens, he was travelling on foot to see the world, and to learn philosophy and wisdom. But, hitherto, he had encountered so much misery, and endured so many terrible disasters, that he had become tempted to rebel against the will of Heaven, and to believe that the Providence which rules the world neglects the good, and lets the evil prosper. In this unhappy spirit he was one day walking on the banks of the Euphrates, when he chanced to meet a venerable hermit, whose snowy beard descended to his girdle, and who carried in his hand a scroll which he was reading with attention. Zadig stopped, and made him a low bow. The hermit returned the salutation with an air so kindly, and so noble, that Zadig felt a curiosity to speak to him. He inquired what scroll was that which he was reading.

"It is the Book of Destiny," replied the hermit, "would you like to read it?"

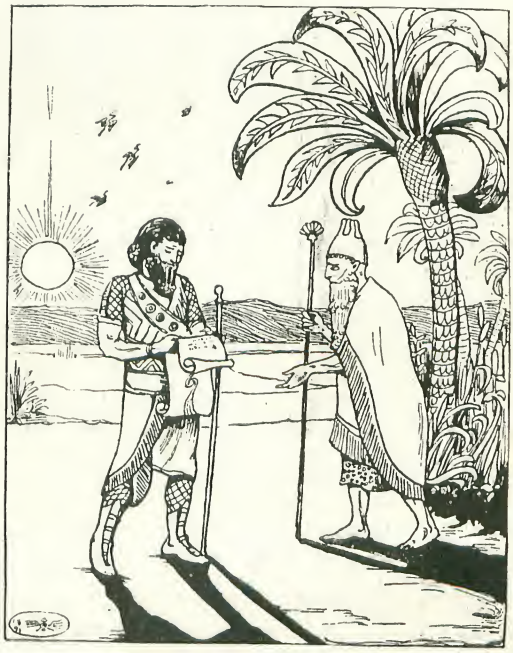
He handed it to Zadig; but the latter, though he knew a dozen languages, could not understand a word of it. His curiosity increased.

"You appear to be in trouble," said the kindly hermit.

"Alas!" said Zadig, "I have cause to be so."

"If you will allow me," said the hermit, "I will accompany you. Perhaps I may be useful to you. I am sometimes able to console the sorrowful."

Zadig felt a deep respect for the appearance, the white beard, and the mysterious scroll of the old hermit, and perceived that



THE MYSTERIOUS SCROLL.

his conversation was that of a superior mind. The old man spoke of destiny, of justice, of morality, of the chief good of life, of human frailty, of virtue and of vice, with so much power and eloquence, that Zadig felt himself attracted by a kind of charm, and besought the hermit not to leave him until they should return to Babylon.

"I ask you the same favour," said the hermit. "Promise me that, whatever I may do, you will keep me company for several days."

Zadig gave the promise; and they set forth together.

That night the travellers arrived at a grand mansion. The hermit begged for food and lodging for himself and his companion. The porter, who might have been mistaken for a prince, ushered them in with a contemptuous air of welcome. The chief servant showed them the magnificent apartments; and they were then admitted to the bottom of the table, where the master of the mansion did not condescend to cast a glance at them. They were, however, served with delicacies in profusion, and after dinner washed their hands in a golden basin set with emeralds and rubies. They were then conducted for the night into a beautiful apartment; and the next morning, before they left the castle, a servant brought them each a piece of gold.

"THEY WERE SERVED WITH DELICACIES."

"The master of the house," said Zadig, as they went their way, "appears to be a generous man, although a trifle haughty. He practises a noble hospitality." As he spoke, he perceived that a kind of large pouch which the hermit carried appeared singularly distended; within it was the golden basin, set with precious stones, which the old man had purloined. Zadig was amazed; but he said nothing.

At noon the hermit stopped before a little house, in which lived a wealthy miser, and once more asked for hospitality. An old valet in a shabby coat received them very rudely, showed them into the stable, and set before them a few rotten olives, some mouldy bread, and beer which had turned sour. The hermit ate and drank with as much content as he had shown the night before; then, addressing the old valet, who had kept his eye upon them to make sure that they stole nothing, he gave him the two gold pieces which they had received that morning, and thanked him for his kind attention. "Be so good," he added, "as to let me see your master."

The astonished valet showed them in.

"Most mighty signor," said the hermit, "I can only render you my humble thanks for the noble manner in which you have received us. I beseech you to accept this golden basin as a token of my gratitude."

The miser almost fell backwards with amazement. The hermit, without waiting for him to recover, set off with speed, with his companion.

"Holy Father," said Zadig, "what does all this mean? You seem to me to resemble other men in nothing. You steal a golden basin set with jewels from a Signor who receives you with magnificence, and you give it to a curmudgeon who treats you with indignity."

"My son," replied the hermit, "this

mighty lord, who only welcomes travellers through vanity, and to display his riches, will henceforth grow wiser, while the miser will be taught to practise hospitality. Be amazed at nothing, and follow me."

Zadig knew not whether he was dealing with the most foolish or the wisest of all men. But the hermit spoke with such ascendency that Zadig, who besides was fettered by his promise, had no choice except to follow him.

That night they came to an agreeable house, of simple aspect, and showing signs of neither prodigality nor avarice. The owner was a philosopher, who had left the world, and who studied peacefully the rules of virtue and of wisdom, and who yet was happy and contented. He had built this calm retreat to please himself, and he received the strangers in it with a frankness which displayed no sign of ostentation. He conducted them himself to a comfortable chamber, where he made them rest awhile ; then he returned to lead them to a dainty little supper. During their conversation they agreed that the affairs of this world are not always regulated by the opinions of the wisest men. But the hermit still maintained that the ways of Providence are wrapt in mystery, and that men do wrong to pass their judgment on a universe of which they only see the smallest part. Zadig wondered how a person who committed such mad acts could reason so correctly.

At length, after a conversation as agreeable as instructive, the host conducted the two travellers to their apartment, and thanked heaven for sending him two visitors so wise and virtuous. He offered them some money, but so frankly that they could not feel offended. The old man declined, and desired to say farewell, as he intended to depart for Babylon at break of day. They therefore parted on the warmest terms, and Zadig, above all, was filled with kindly feelings towards so amiable a man.

When the hermit and himself were in their chamber, they spent some time in praises of their host. At break of day the old man woke his comrade.

"We must be going," he remarked. "But while everyone is still asleep, I wish to leave this worthy man a pledge of my esteem." With these words, he took a torch and set the house on fire.

"THE HERMIT DREW HIM AWAY."

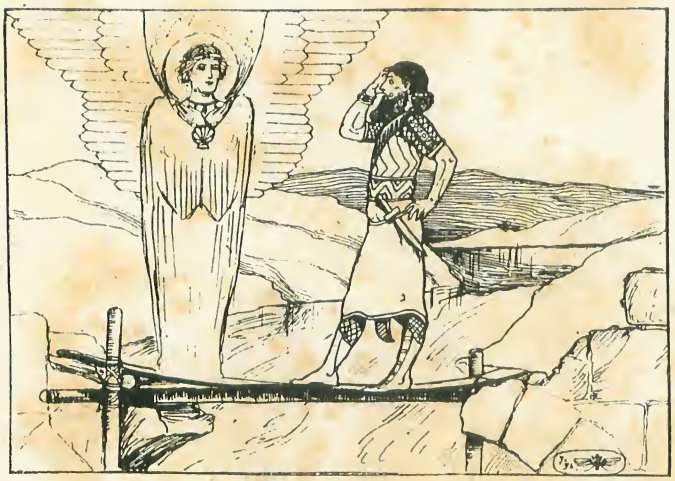
Zadig burst forth into cries of horror, and would have stopped the frightful act. But the hermit, by superior strength, drew him away. The house was in a blaze ; and the old man, who was now a good way off with his companion, looked back calmly at the burning pile.

"Heaven be praised!" he cried, "our kind host's house is destroyed from top to bottom!"

At these words Zadig knew not whether he should burst out laughing, call the reverend father an old rascal, knock him down, or run away. But he did neither. Still subdued by the superior manner of the hermit, he followed him against his will to their next lodging.

This was the dwelling of a good and charitable widow, who had a nephew of fourteen, her only hope and joy. She did her best to use the travellers well ; and the next morning she bade her nephew guide them safely past a certain bridge, which, having recently been broken, had become dangerous to cross over. The youth, eager to oblige them, led the way.

"Come," said the hermit, when they were half across the bridge, "I must show my gratitude towards your aunt ;" and as he spoke he seized the young man by the hair and threw him into the river. The youth



"ANGEL OF HEAVEN" CRIED ZADIG.

fell, reappeared for an instant on the surface, and then was swallowed by the torrent.

"Oh, monster!" exclaimed Zadig, "oh, most detestable of men!"——

"You promised me more patience," interrupted the old man. "Listen! Beneath the ruins of that house which Providence saw fit to set on fire, the owner will discover an enormous treasure; while this young man, whose existence Providence cut short, would have killed his aunt within a year, and you yourself in two."

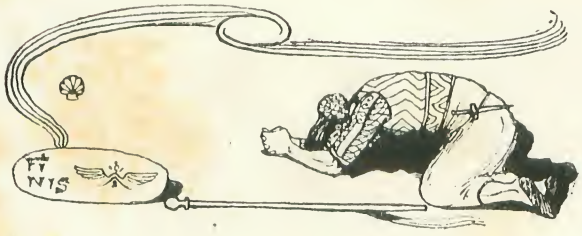
"Who told you so, barbarian?" cried Zadig, "and even if you read the issue in your Book of Destiny, who gave you power to drown a youth who never injured you?"

While he spoke, he saw that the old man had a beard no longer, and that his face had become fair and young; his hermit's frock had disappeared; four white wings covered his majestic form, and shone with dazzling lustre.

"Angel of heaven!" cried Zadig, "you are then descended from the skies to teach an erring mortal to submit to the eternal laws?"

"Men," replied the angel Jezrael, "judge all things without knowledge; and you, of all men, most deserved to be enlightened. The world imagines that the youth who has just perished fell by chance into the water, and that by a like chance the rich man's house was set on fire. But there is no such thing as chance; all is trial, or punishment, or foresight. Feeble mortal, cease to argue and rebel against what you ought to adore!"

As he spoke these words the angel took his flight to heaven. And Zadig fell upon his knees.



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